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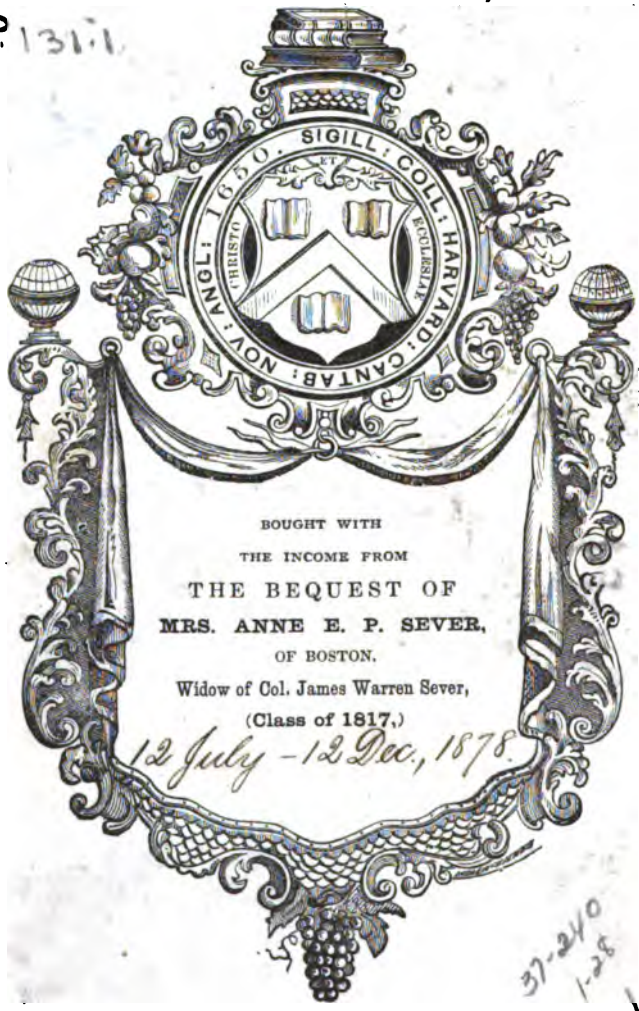

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JOHN CALDIGATE.—PART IV.

CHAPTER XIII.—COMING BACK.

The letter which Caldigate wrote to his father from Ahalala, telling him of the discovery of gold upon their claim, contained the first tidings which reached Folking of the wanderer, and that was not received till seven or eight months had passed by since he left the place. The old squire, during that time, had lived a very solitary life. In regard to his nephew, whom he had declared his purpose of partially adopting, he had expressed himself willing to pay for his education, but had not proposed to receive him at Folking. And as to that matter of heirship, he gave his brother to understand that it was not to be regarded as a settled thing. Folking was now his own to do what he liked with it, and as such it was to remain. But he would treat his nephew as a son while the nephew seemed to him to merit such treatment. As for the estate, he was not at all sure whether it would not be better for the community at large, and for the Caldigate family in particular, that it should be cut up and sold in small parcels. There was a long correspondence between him and his brother, which was ended by his declaring that he did not wish to see any of the family just at present at Folking. He was low in spirits, and would prefer to be alone.

He was very low in spirits and completely alone. All those who knew anything about him,—and they were very few, the tenants, perhaps, and servants, and old Mr Bolton,—were of opinion that he had torn his son out from all place in his heart, had so thoroughly disinherited the sinner, not only from his house and acres, but from his love, that they did not believe him capable of suffering from regret. But even they knew very little of the man. As he wandered about alone among the dikes, as he sat alone among his books, even as he pored over the volumes which were always in his hand, he was ever mourning and moaning over his desolation. His wife and daughters

had been taken from him by the hand of God;—but how had it come to pass that he had also lost his son, that son who was all that was left to him? When he had first heard of those dealings with Davis, while John was amusing himself with the frivolities of Babington, he had been full of wrath, and had declared to himself that the young man must be expelled, if not from all affection, yet from all esteem. And he had gone on to tell himself that it would be unprofitable for him to live with a son whom he did not esteem. Then it had come to pass that, arguing it out in his own mind, rationally, as he had thought, but still under the impulse of hot anger, he had determined that it was better that they should part, even though the parting should be for ever. But now he had almost forgotten Davis,—had turned the matter over in his mind till he had taught himself to think that the disruption had been altogether his son's work, and in no degree his own. His son had not loved him. He had not been able to inspire his son with love. He was solitary and wretched because he had been harsh and unforgiving. That was his own judgment as to himself. But he never said a word of his feelings to any human being.

John had promised to write. The promise had not been very enthusiastically given; but still, as the months went by it was constantly remembered. The young man, after leaving Cambridgeshire, had remained some weeks at the Shands' house before he had started;—and from thence he had not written. The request had been that he should write from Australia, and the correspondence between him and his father had always been so slight, that it had not occurred to him to write from Pollington. But Mr Caldigate had,—not expected, but hoped that a letter might come at the last moment. He knew to a day, to an hour, when the vessel would sail from Plymouth. There might have been a letter from Plymouth, but no letter came. And then the months went by slowly. The son did not write from Melbourne, nor from Nobble,—nor from Ahalala till gold had been found. So it came to pass that nearly eight months had passed, and that the father had told himself again and again that his son had torn himself altogether away from all remembrance of his home, before the letter came.

It was not a long letter, but it was very satisfactory. The finding of the gold was in itself, of course, a great thing; but the manner in which it was told, without triumph or exultation, but with an air of sober, industrious determination, was much more; and then there was a word or two at the end: "Dear father,—I think of you every day, and am already looking forward to the time when I may return and see you again." As he read it, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and unluckily the old housekeeper came into the room at the same time.

"Is it from Mr John, sir?"

He had to recover himself, and to get rid of his tears, and to answer the old woman in an unconcerned tone, all in a moment,—and it disconcerted him.

"Yes,—yes;" he said. "I'll tell you all about it another time."

"Is he well, sir?"

"I daresay he is. He doesn't say. It's about business. Didn't you hear me say that I'd tell you another time?" And so the old woman was turned out of the room, having seen the tear and heard the little gurgle in the throat.

"He seems to be doing well," the squire said to Mr Holt. "He has

got a couple of partners, and they have succeeded in finding gold. He may probably come back some day; but I don't suppose it will be for the next twenty years."

After that he marked the posts, which he knew came from that part of the world by San Francisco, and had resolved not to expect anything by that of the next month,—when there came, a day before its time, a much longer letter than the last. In this there was given a detailed description of the "claim" at Ahalala, which had already been named Folking. Much was said of Mick, and much was said of Dick, both of whom were working "as steady as rocks." The number of ounces extracted was stated, with the amount of profits which had been divided. And something was said as to the nature of their life at Ahalala. They were still living under their original tent, but were meditating the erection of a wooden shanty. Ahalala, the writer said, was not a place at which a prosperous miner could expect to locate himself for many years; but the prospects were good enough to justify some present attention to personal comforts. All this was rational, pleasant, and straightforward. And in the letter there was no tone or touch of the old quarrel. It was full and cordial,—such as any son might write to any father. It need hardly be said that there was no mention made in it of Mrs Smith. It was written after the return of John Caldigate from Sydney to Ahalala, but contained no reference to any matrimonial projects.

Letters then came regularly, month by month, and were always regularly answered,—till a chance reader would have thought that no father and no son stood on better terms with each other. There had been misfortunes; but the misfortunes did not seem to touch John Caldigate himself. After three months of hard work and steady conduct Mick Maggott had broken out and had again taken to drinking champagne out of buckets. Efforts were made, with infinite trouble, to reclaim him, which would be successful for a time,—and then again he would slip away into the mud. And then Shand would sometimes go into the mud with him; and Shand, when drunk, would be more unmanageable even than Mick. And this went on till Mick had—killed himself, and Dick Shand had disappeared. "I grieve for the man as for a dear friend," he said in one of his father's letters; "for he has been as true to me as steel in all things, save drink; and I feel that I have learned under him the practical work of a gold-miner, as it cannot be learned except by the unwearied attention of the teacher. Could he have kept from spirits, this man would have made a large fortune, and would have deserved it; for he was indefatigable and never-ending in resources." Such was the history of poor Mick Maggott.

And Shand's history was told also. Shand strayed away to Queensland, and then returning was again admitted to a certain degree of partnership, and then again fell into drink, and at last, deserting the trade of a miner, tried his hand at various kinds of work, till at last he became a simple shepherd. From time to time Caldigate sent him money when he was in want of it, but they had not again come together as associates in their work.

All this was told in his monthly letters which came to be expected at Folking, till each letter was regarded as the rising of a new sun. There is a style of letter-writing which seems to indicate

strength of purpose and a general healthy condition on the part of the writer. In all his letters, the son spoke of himself and his doings with confidence and serenity, somewhat surprising his father after a while by always desiring to be remembered to Mr, Mrs, and Miss Bolton. This went on not only from month to month, but from year to year, till at the end of three years from the date at which the son had left Folking, there had come to be a complete confidence between him and his father. John Caldigate had gone into partnership with Crinkett,—who had indeed tried to cheat him wretchedly but had failed,—and at that time was the manager of the Polyeuka mine. The claim at Ahalala had been sold, and he had deserted the flashy insecurity of alluvial searchings for the fundamental security of rock-gold. He was deep in the crushing of quartz, and understood well the meaning of two ounces to the ton,—that glittering boast by which Crinkett had at first thought to allure him. From time to time he sent money home, paying back to his father and to Bolton's bank what had been borrowed on the estate. For there had passed between them many communications respecting Folking. The extravagancies of the son became almost the delight of the father, when the father had become certain of the son's reform. There had been even jocular reference to Davis, and a complete understanding as to the amount of money to be given to the nephew in compensation for the blighted hopes as to the reversion of the property.

Why it should have been that these years of absence should have endeared to John Caldigate a place which, while it was his home, had always been distasteful to him, I cannot perhaps explain to those readers who have never strayed far from their original nests;—and to those who have been wanderers I certainly need not explain it. As soon as he felt that he could base the expression of his desires as to Folking on the foundation of substantial remittances, he was not slow to say that he should like to keep the place. He knew that he had no right to the reversion, but perhaps his father would sympathise with his desire to buy back his right. His father, with all his political tenets as to land, with his often-expressed admiration as to the French system, with his loud denunciations of the absurdity of binding a special family to a special fraction of the earth's surface, did sympathise with him so strongly, that he at once accepted the arrangement. "I think that his conduct has given him a right to demand it," he said to Mr Bolton.

"I don't quite see that. Money certainly gives a man great powers. If he has money enough he can buy the succession to Folking if you choose to sell it to him."

"I mean as my son," said the father, somewhat proudly. "He was the heir."

"But he ceased to be so,—by his own doing. I advised you to think longer over it before you allowed him to dispossess himself."

"It certainly has been all for the best."

"I hope so. But when you talk of his right, I am bound to say that he has none. Folking is now yours, without encumbrance, and you can give it to whom you please."

"It was he paid off the mortgage."

"You have told me that he sent you part of the money;—but that's between you and him. I am very glad, Caldigate, that your son has done so well;—and the more so perhaps because the early promise was not good. But it may be

doubted whether a successful gold-digger will settle down quietly as an English country gentleman."

There can be no doubt that old Mr Bolton was a little jealous, and, perhaps, in some degree incredulous, as to the success of John Caldigate. His sons had worked hard from the very beginning of their lives. With them there had been no period of Newmarket, Davis, and disreputation. On the basis of capital, combined with conduct, they had gradually risen to high success. But here was a young man, who, having by his self-indulgence thrown away all the prospects of his youth, had rehabilitated himself by the luck of finding gold in a gully. To Mr Bolton it was no better than had he found a box of treasure at the bottom of a well. Mr Bolton had himself been a seeker of money all his life, but he had his prejudices as to the way in which money was to be sought. It should be done in a gradual, industrious manner, and in accordance with recognised forms. A digger who might by chance find a lump of gold as big as his head, or might work for three months without finding any, was to him only one degree better than Davis, and therefore he did not receive his old friend's statements as to the young man's success with all the encouragement which his old friend would have liked.

But his father was very enthusiastic in his return letter to the miner. The matter as to the estate had been arranged. The nephew, who, after all, had not shown himself to be very praiseworthy, had already been—compensated. His own will had already been made,—of course in his son's favour. As there had been so much success,—and as continued success must always be doubtful,—would it not be well that he should come back as soon as possible? There would be enough now for them all. Then he expressed an opinion that such a place as Nobble could not be very nice for a permanent residence.

Nobble was not very nice. Over and beside his professional success, there was not much in his present life which endeared itself to John Caldigate. But the acquisition of gold is a difficult thing to leave. There is a curse about it, or a blessing—it is hard to decide which—that makes it almost impossible for a man to tear himself away from its pursuit when it is coming in freely. And the absolute gold,—not the money, not the balance at one's bankers, not the plentiful so much per annum,—but the absolute metal clinging about the palm of one's hands like small gravel, or welded together in a lump too heavy to be lifted, has a peculiar charm of its own. I have heard of a man who, having his pocket full of diamonds, declared, as he let them run through his fingers, that human bliss could not go beyond that sensation. John Caldigate did not shoe his horse with gold; but he liked to feel that he had enough gold by him to shoe a whole team. He could not return home quite as yet. His affairs were too complicated to be left just at a moment's notice. If, as he hoped, he should find himself able to leave the colony within four years of the day on which he had begun work, and could then do so with an adequate fortune, he believed that he should have done better than any other Englishman who had set himself to the task of gold-finding. In none of his letters did he say anything special about Hester Bolton; but his inquiries about the family generally were so frequent as to make his father wonder why such questions should be asked. The squire himself, who

was living hardly a dozen miles from Mr Bolton's house, did not see the old banker above once a-quarter perhaps, and the ladies of the family certainly not oftener than once a-year. Very little was said in answer to any of John's inquiries. "Mr and Mrs and Miss Bolton are, I believe, quite well." So much was declared in one of the old squire's letters; and even that little served to make known that at any rate, so far, no tidings as to marriage on the part of Hester had reached the ear of her father's old friend. Perhaps this was all that John Caldigate wanted to learn.

At last there came word that John intended to come home with the next month's mail. This letter arrived about midsummer, when the miner had been absent three years and a half. He had not settled all his affairs so completely but that it might be necessary that he should return; but he thought that he would be able to remain at least twelve months in England. And in England he intended to make his home. Gold, he said, was certainly very attractive; but he did not like New South Wales as a country in which to live. He had now contracted his ventures to the one enterprise of the Polyeuka mine, from which he was receiving large monthly dividends. If that went on prosperously, perhaps he need not return to the colony at all. "Poor Dick Shand!" he said. "He is a shepherd far away in the west, hardly earning better wages than an English ploughman, and I am coming home with a pocket full of money! A few glasses of whisky have made all the difference!"

The squire when he received this felt more of exultation than he had ever known in his life. It seemed as though something of those throbbings of delight which are common to most of us when we are young, had come to him for the first time in his old age. He could not bring himself to care in the least for Dick Shand. At last,—at last,—he was going to have near him a companion that he could love.

"Well, yes; I suppose he has put together a little money," he said to Farmer Holt, when that worthy tenant asked enthusiastically as to the truth of the rumours which were spread about as to the young squire's success. "I rather think he'll settle down and live in the old place after all."

"That's what he ought to do, squoire—that's what he ought to do," said Mr Holt, almost choked by the energy of his own utterances.

CHAPTER XIV.—AGAIN AT HOME.

On his arrival in England John Caldigate went instantly down to Folking. He had come back quite fortified in his resolution of making Hester Bolton his wife, if he should find Hester Bolton willing, and if she should have grown at all into that form and manner, into those ways of look, of speech, and of gait, which he had pictured to himself when thinking of her. Away at Nobble the females by whom he had been surrounded had not been attractive to him. In all our colonies the women are beautiful; and in the large towns a society is soon created, of which the fastidious traveller has very little ground to complain; but in the small distant bush-towns, as they are called, the rougher elements must predominate. Our hero, though he had worn moleskin trousers and jersey shirts, and had worked down a pit twelve

hours a-day with a pickaxe, had never reconciled himself to female roughnesses. He had condescended to do so occasionally,—telling himself that it was his destiny to pass his life among such surroundings; but his imagination had ever been at work with him, and he possessed a certain aptitude for romance which told him continually that Hester Bolton was the dream of his life, and ought to become, if possible, the reality; and now he came back resolved to attempt the reality,—unless he should find that the Hester Bolton of Chesterton was altogether different from the Hester Bolton of his dreams.

The fatted calf was killed for him in a very simple but full-hearted way. There was no other guest to witness the meeting. "And here you are," said the father.

"Yes, sir, here I am;—all that's *left of me.*"

"There is quite plenty," said the father, looking at the large proportions of his son. "It seems but a day or two since you went;—and yet they have been long days. I hardly expected to see you again, John,—certainly not so soon as this; certainly not in such circumstances. If ever a man was welcome to a house, you are welcome to this. And now,—what do you mean to do with yourself?"

"By nine o'clock to-morrow morning you will probably find a pit opened on the lawn, and I shall be down to the middle, looking for gold. Ah, sir, I wish you could have known poor Mick Maggott."

"If he would have made holes in my lawn I am glad he did not come home with you." This was the first conversation, but both the father and son felt that there was a tone about it which had never before been heard between them.

John Caldigate at this time was so altered in appearance, that they who had not known him well might possibly have mistaken him. He was now nearly thirty, but certainly looked older than his age. The squareness of his brow was squarer, and here and there through his dark brown hair there was to be seen an early tinge of coming grey; and about his mouth was all the decision of purpose which comes to a man when he is called upon to act quickly on his own judgment in matters of importance; and there was that look of self-confidence which success gives. He had thriven in all that he had undertaken. In that gold-finding business of his he had made no mistakes. Men who had been at it when a boy had tried to cheat him, but had failed. He had seen into such mysteries as the business possessed with quick glances, and had soon learned to know his way. And he had neither gambled nor drank,—which are the two rocks on which gold-miners are apt to wreck their vessels. All this gave him an air of power and self-assertion which might, perhaps, have been distasteful to an indifferent acquaintance, but which at this first meeting was very pleasing to the father. His son was somebody,—had done something, that son of whom he had been so thoroughly ashamed when the dealings with Davis had first been brought to light. He had kept up his reading too; had strong opinions of his own respecting politics; regarded the colonies generally from a politico-economical point of view; had ideas on social, religious, and literary subjects sufficiently alike to his father's not to be made disagreeable by the obstinacy with which he maintained them. He had become much darker in colour, having been, as it seemed, bronzed through and through by colonial suns and colonial labour. Altogether he was a son of whom any father might be

proud, as long as the father managed not to quarrel with him. Mr Caldigate, who during the last four years had thought very much on the subject, was determined not to quarrel with this son.

"You asked, sir, the other day what I meant to do?"

"What are we to find to amuse you?"

"As for amusement, I could kill rats as I used to do; or slaughter a hecatomb of pheasants at Babington,"—here the old man winced, though the word hecatomb reconciled him a little to the disagreeable allusion. "But it has come to me now that I want so much more than amusement. What do you say to a farm?"

"On the estate?"—and the landlord at once began to think whether there was any tenant who could be induced to go without injustice.

"About three times as big as the estate if I could find it. A man can farm five thousand acres as well as fifty, I take it, if he have the capital. I should like to cut a broad sward, or, better still, to roam among many herds. I suppose a man should have ten pounds an acre to begin with. The difficulty would be in getting the land." But all this was said half in joke; for he was still of opinion that he would, after his year's holiday, be forced to return for a time to New South Wales. He had fixed a price for which, up to a certain date, he would sell his interest in the Polyeuka mine. But the price was high, and he doubted whether he would get it; and, if not, then he must return.

He had not been long at Folking,—not as yet long enough to have made his way into the house at Chesterton,—before annoyance arose. Mrs Shand was most anxious that he should go to Pollington and "tell them anything about poor Dick." They did, in truth, know everything about poor Dick; that poor Dick's money was all gone, and that poor Dick was earning his bread, or rather his damper, mutton, and tea, wretchedly, in the wilderness of a sheep-run in Queensland. The mother's letter was not very piteous, did not contain much of complaint,—alluded to poor Dick as one whose poverty was almost natural, but still it was very pressing. The girls were so anxious to hear all the details,—particularly Maria! The details of the life of a drunken sot are not pleasant tidings to be poured into a mother's ear, or a sister's. And then, as they two had gone away equal, and as he, John Caldigate, had returned rich, whereas poor Dick was a wretched, menial creature, he felt that his very presence in England would carry with it some reproach against himself. He had in truth been both loyal and generous to Dick; but still,—there was the truth. He had come back as a rich man to his own country, while Dick was a miserable Queensland shepherd. It was very well for him to tell his father that a few glasses of whisky had made the difference; but it would be difficult to explain this to the large circle at Pollington, and very disagreeable even to him to allude to it. And he did not feel disposed to discuss the subject with Maria, with that closer confidence of which full sympathy is capable. And yet he did not know how to refuse to pay the visit. He wrote a line to say that as soon as he was at liberty he would run up to Pollington, but that at present business incidental to his return made such a journey impossible.

But the letter, or letters, which he received from Babington were more difficult to answer even than the Shand despatch. There were

three of them,—from his uncle, from aunt Polly, and from—not Julia—but Julia's second sister; whereby it was signified that Julia's heart was much too heavily laden to allow her to write a simple, cousinly note. The Babington girls were still Babington girls,—would still romp, row boats, and play cricket; but their condition was becoming a care to their parents. Here was this cousin come back, unmarried, with gold at command, —not only once again his father's heir, but with means at command which were not at all diminished by the Babington imagination. After all that had passed in the linen-closet, what escape would there be for him? That he should come to Babington would be a matter of course. The real kindness which had been shown to him there as a child would make it impossible that he should refuse.

Caldigate did feel it to be impossible to refuse. Though aunt Polly had on that last occasion been somewhat hard upon him, had laid snares for him, and endeavoured to catch him as a fowler catches a bird, still there had been the fact that she had been as a mother to him when he had no other mother. His uncle, too, had supplied him with hunting and shooting and fishing, when hunting and shooting and fishing were the great joys of his life. It was certainly incumbent on him to go to Babington,—probably would be incumbent on him to pay a prolonged visit there. But he certainly would not marry Julia. As to that, his mind was so fixed that even though he should have to declare his purpose with some rudeness, still he would declare it. "My aunt wants me to go over to Babington," he said to his father.

"Of course she will."

"And I must go?"

"You know best what your own feelings are as to that. After you went, they made all manner of absurd accusations against me. But I don't wish to force a quarrel upon you on that account."

"I should be sorry to quarrel with them, because they were kind to me when I was a boy. They are not very wise."

"I don't think I ever knew such a houseful of fools." There was no relationship by blood between the Squire of Folking and the Squire of Babington; but they had married two sisters, and therefore Mrs Babington was aunt Polly to John Caldigate.

"But fools may be very worthy, sir. I should say that a great many people are fools to you."

"Not to me especially," said the squire, almost angrily.

"People who read no books are always fools to those who do read."

"I deny it. Our neighbour over the water"—the middle wash was always called the water at Folking —"never looks at a book, as far as I know, and he is not a fool. He thoroughly understands his own business. But your uncle Babington doesn't know how to manage his own property,—and yet he knows nothing else. That's what I call being a fool."

"Now, I'm going to tell you a secret, sir."

"A secret!"

"You must promise to keep it."

"Of course I will keep it, if it ought to be kept."

"They want me to marry Julia."

"What!"

"My cousin Julia. It's an old affair. Perhaps it was not Davis only that made me run away five years ago."

"Do you mean they asked you; —or did you ask her?"

"Well; I did not ask her. I do not know that I can be more explicit. Nevertheless it is expect-

ed; and as I do not mean to do it, you can see that there is a difficulty."

"I would not go near the place, John."

"I must."

"Then you'll have to marry her."

"I won't."

"Then there'll be a quarrel."

"It may be so, but I will avoid it if possible. I must go. I could not stay away without laying myself open to a charge of ingratitude. They were very kind to me in the old days." Then the subject was dropped; and on the next morning, John wrote to his aunt saying that he would go over to Babington after his return from London. He was going to London on business, and would come back from London to Babington on a day which he named. Then he resolved that he would take Pollington on his way down, knowing that a disagreeable thing to be done is a lion in one's path which should be encountered and conquered as soon as possible.

But there was one visit which he must pay before he went up to London. "I think I shall ride over tomorrow, and call on the Boltons," he said to his father.

"Of course; you can do that if you please."

"He was a little rough to me, but he was kind. I stayed a night at his house, and he advanced me the money."

"As for the money, that was a matter of business. He had his security, and, in troth, his interest. He is an honest man, and a very old friend of mine. But perhaps I may as well tell you that he has always been a little hard about you."

"He didn't approve of Davis," said the son, laughing.

"He is too prejudiced a man to forget Davis."

"The more he thinks of Davis, the better he'll think of me if I can make him believe that I am not likely to want a Davis again."

"You'll find him probably at the bank about half-past two."

"I shall go to the house. It wouldn't be civil if I didn't call on Mrs Bolton."

As the squire was never in the habit of going to the house at Chesterton himself, and as Mrs Bolton was a lady who kept up none of the outward ceremonies of social life, he did not quite understand this; but he made no further objection.

On the following day, about five in the afternoon, he rode through the iron gates, which he with difficulty caused to be opened for him, and asked for Mrs Bolton. When he had been here before, the winter had commenced, and everything around had been dull and ugly; but now it was July, and the patch before the house was bright with flowers. The roses were in full bloom, and every morsel of available soil was bedded out with geraniums. As he stood holding his horse by the rein while he rang the bell, a side-door leading through the high brick wall from the garden, which stretched away behind the house, was suddenly opened, and a lady came through with a garden hat on, and garden gloves, and a basket full of rose-leaves in her hand. It was the lady of whom he had never ceased to think from the day on which he had been allowed just to touch her fingers, now five years ago.

It was she, of course, whom he had come to see, and there she was to be seen. It was of her that he had come to form a judgment,—to tell himself whether she was or was not such as he had dreamed her to be. He had not been so foolishly romantic as to have been unaware that in all probability she might have grown up to be something very different from that which his fancy

had depicted. It might or it might not come to pass that that promise of loveliness,—of loveliness combined with innocence and full intelligence,—should be kept. How often it is that Nature is unkind to a girl as she grows into womanhood, and robs the attractive child of her charms! How often will the sparkle of early youth get itself quenched utterly by the dampness and clouds of the opening world! He knew all that,—and knew too that he had only just seen her, had barely heard the voice which had sounded so silvery sweet in his ears.

But there she was,—to be seen again, to be heard, if possible, and to receive his judgment. "Miss Bolton," he said, coming down the stone steps which he had ascended, that he might ring the bell, and offering her his hand.

"Mr Caldigate!"

"*You* remember me, then?"

"Oh yes, I remember you very well. I do not see people often enough to forget them. And papa said that you were coming home."

"I have come at once to call upon your mother and your father, —and upon you. I have to thank him for great kindness to me before *I* went."

"*Poor* mamma is not quite well," said the daughter. "She has headaches so often, and she has one now. And papa has not come back from the bank. I have been gardening and am all——" Then she stopped and blushed, as though ashamed of herself for saying so much.

"I am sorry Mrs Bolton is unwell. I will not go through the ceremony of leaving a card, as I hope to be able to come again to thank her for her kindness before I went on my travels. Will you tell your father that I called?" Then he mounted his horse, feeling, as he did so, that he was throwing away an opportunity which kind fortune had given him. There they were together, he and this girl of whom he had dreamed;—and now he was leaving her, because he did not know how to hold her in conversation for ten minutes! But it was true, and he had to leave her. He could not instantly tell her how he admired her, how he loved her, how he had thought of her, and how completely she had realised all his fondest dreams. When on his horse, he turned round, and, lifting his hat to her, took a last glance. It could not have been otherwise, he said to himself. He had been sure that she would grow up to be exactly that which he had found her. To have supposed that Nature could have been untrue to such promises as had been made then, would have been to suppose Nature a liar.

Just outside the gate he met the old banker, who, according to his daily custom, had walked back from the town. "Yes," said Mr Bolton, "I remember you,—I remember you very well. So you found a lot of gold?"

"I got some."

"You have been one of the few fortunate, I hear. I hope you will be able to keep it, and to make a good use of it. My compliments to your father. Good evening."

"I shall take an early opportunity of paying my respects again to Mrs Bolton, who, I am sorry to say, is not well enough to see me," said Caldigate, preventing the old curmudgeon from escaping with his intended rapidity.

"She is unfortunately often an invalid, sir,—and feels therefore that she has no right to exact from any one the ceremony of morning visits. Good morning, sir."

But he cared not much for this coldness. Having found where the gold lay at this second Ahalala,—

that the gold was real gold,—he did not doubt but that he would be able to make good his mining operations.

CHAPTER XV.—AGAIN AT POLLINGTON.

On his arrival at Pollington, all the Shands welcomed him as though he had been the successful son or successful brother who had gone out from among them; and spoke of "Poor Dick" as being the unsuccessful son or unsuccessful brother,—as indeed he was. There did not seem to be the slightest anger against him, in that he had thriven and had left Dick behind him in such wretched poverty. There was no just ground for anger, indeed. He was well aware of that. He had done his duty by Dick to the best of his ability. But fathers and mothers are sometimes apt to think that more should be done for their own children than a friend's best ability can afford. These people, however, were reasonable. "Poor Dick!" "Isn't it sad?" "I suppose when he's quite far away in the bush like that he can't get it,"——by which last miserable shred of security the poor mother allowed herself to be in some degree comforted.

"Now I want you to tell me," said the father, when they were alone together on the first evening, "what is really his condition?"

"He was a shepherd when I last heard about him."

"He wrote to his mother by the last mail, asking whether something cannot be done for him. He was a shepherd then. What is a shepherd?"

"A man who goes about with the sheep all day, and brings them up to a camp at night. He may probably be a week without seeing a human being. That is the worst of it."

"How is he fed?"

"Food is brought out to his hut,—perhaps once a-week, perhaps once a-fortnight,—so much meat, so much flour, so much tea, and so much sugar. And he has thirty or thirty-five pounds a-year besides."

"Paid weekly?"

"No;—perhaps quarterly, perhaps half-yearly. He can do nothing with his money as long as he is there. If he wants a pair of boots or a new shirt, they send it out to him from the store, and his employer charges him with the price. It is a poor life, sir."

"Very poor. Now tell me, what can we do for him?"

"It is an affair of money."

"But is it an affair of money, Mr Caldigate? Is it not rather an affair of drink? He has had his money,—more than his share; more than he ought to have had. But even though I were able to send him more, what good would it do him?"

This was a question very difficult to answer. Caldigate had been forced to answer it to himself in reference to his own conduct. He had sent money to his former friend, and could without much damage to himself have sent more. Latterly he had been in that condition as to money in which a man thinks nothing of fifty pounds,—that condition which induces one man to shoe his horse with gold, and another to chuck his bank-notes about like half-crowns. The condition is altogether opposed to the regulated prudence of confirmed wealth. Caldigate had stayed his hand in regard to Dick Shand simply because the affair had been one not of money but of drink. "I sup-

pose a man may be cured by the absence of liquor?"

"By the enforced absence?"

"No doubt they often break out again. I hardly know what to say, sir. If you think that money will do good,—money, that is, in moderation,—I will advance it. He and I started together, and I am sometimes aghast with myself when I think of the small matter which, like the point on a railway, sent me running rapidly on to prosperity,—while the same point, turned wrong, hurried him to ruin. I have taken my glass of grog, too, my two glasses,—or perhaps more. But that which would elate him into some fury of action would not move me. It was something nature did for me rather than virtue. I am a rich man, and he is a shepherd, because something was put into my stomach capable of digesting bad brandy, which was not put into his."

"A man has more than one chance. When he found how it was with him, he should have abstained. A man must pay the fine of his own weakness."

"Oh yes. It is all understood somewhere, I suppose, though we don't understand it. I tell you what it is, Dr Shand;—if you think that five hundred pounds left with you can be of any assistance, you can have it."

But the doctor seemed to doubt whether the money would do any good, and refused to take it, at any rate for the present. What could he do with it, if he did take it? "I fear that he must lie upon his bed as he has made it," said the doctor, sorrowfully. "It is a complaint which money cannot cure, but can always exaggerate. If, without costing myself or my family a shilling, I could put a thousand pounds into his hands to-morrow, I do not know whether I ought to do it."

"You will remember my offer at any rate."

The doctor thanked him, and said that he would remember. So the conversation was ended, and the doctor went about the ordinary occupation of his life, apparently without any settled grief at his heart. He had done his duty by his son, and that sufficed,—or almost sufficed, for him.

Then came the mother's turn. Could anything be sent to the poor lost one,—to poor Dick? Clothes ran chiefly in her mind. If among them they could make up a dozen of shirts, would there be any assured means of getting them conveyed safely to Dick's shepherd-hut out in the Queensland bush? In answer to this Caldigate would fain have explained, had it been possible, that Dick would not care much for a dozen new shirts,—that they would be to him, even if received, almost as little a source of comfort as would be a ton of Newcastle coals. He had sunk below shirts by the dozen;—almost below single shirts, such as Mrs Shand and her daughters would be able to fabricate. Some upper flannel garment, and something in the nature of trousers, with a belt round his middle, and an old straw-hat, would be all the wardrobe required by him. Men by dint of misery rise above the need of superfluities. The poor wretch whom you see rolling himself, as it were, at the corner of the street within his old tattered filthy coat, trying to extract something more of life and warmth out of the last glass of gin which he has swallowed, is by no means discomposed because he has no clean linen for the morrow. All this Caldigate understood thoroughly;—but there was a difficulty in explaining it to Dick Shand's mother. "I think there would be some trouble about the address," he said.

"But you must know so many people out there."

"I have never been in Queensland myself, and have no acquaintance with squatters. But that is not all, Mrs Shand."

"What else? You can tell me. Of course I know what it is that he has come to. I don't blind myself to it, Mr Caldigate, even though I am his mother. But I am his mother; and if I could comfort him, just a little——"

"Clothes are not what he wants; —of clothes he can get what is necessary, poor as he is."

"What is it he wants most?"

"Somebody to speak to;—some one to be kind to him."

"My poor boy!"

"As he has fallen to what he is now, so can he rise again if he can find courage to give his mind to it. I think that if you write to him and tell him so, that will be better than sending him shirts. The doctor has been talking to me about money for him."

"But, Mr Caldigate, he couldn't drink the shirts out there in the bush. Here, where there is a pawnbroker at all the corners, they drink everything."

He had promised to stay two days at Pollington, and was of course aware of the dangers among which he walked. Maria had been by no means the first to welcome him. All the other girls had presented themselves before her. And when at last she did come forward she was very shy. The eldest daughter had married her clergyman though he was still only a curate; and the second had been equally successful with Lieutenant Postlethwaite, though the lieutenant had been obliged in consequence to leave the army and to earn his bread by becoming agent to a soap-making company. Maria Shand was still Maria Shand; and was it not too probable that she had remained so for the sake of that companion who had gone away with her darling brother Dick? "Maria has been thinking so much about your coming," said the youngest,—not the girl who had been impertinent and ill-behaved before, for she had since become a grown-up Miss Shand, and had a young attorney of her own on hand, and was supposed to be the one of the family most likely to carry her pigs to a good market,—but the youngest of them all who had been no more than a child when he had been at Pollington before. "I hope she is at home," said Caldigate. "At home! Of course she's at home. She wouldn't be away when you're coming!"

The Shands were demonstrative, always;—and never hypocritical. Here it was; told at once—the whole story. He was to atone for having left Dick in the lurch by marrying Maria. There did seem to him to be a certain amount of justice in the idea; but then, unfortunately, it could not be carried out. If there were nothing else against it but the existence of the young lady at Chesterton, that alone would have been sufficient. And then, though Maria Shand was very well, though, no doubt, she would make a true and loving wife to any husband, though there had been a pretty touch of feeling about the Thomson's 'Seasons,'—still, still, she was not all that he fancied that a wife should be. He was quite willing to give £500 for Dick; but after that he thought that he would have done enough. At any rate he could not marry Maria, and so he must say plainly if called upon to declare himself in the matter. This made him sore at heart, because he liked the Shands and liked Maria;—but it must be so! There was an easiness about the family generally which enabled him to hope

that the difficulty would be light. It would be as nothing compared with that coming scene between himself and aunt Polly, perhaps between himself and his uncle Babington, or perhaps,—worse again,—between himself and Julia!

When he found himself alone with Maria in the drawing-room on the following morning, he almost thought that it must have been arranged by the family. "Doesn't it seem almost no time since you went away?" said the young lady.

"It has gone quickly;—but a great deal has been done."

"I suppose so. Poor Dick!"

"Yes, indeed! Poor fellow! We can only hope about Dick. I have been speaking to your father about him."

"Of course we all know that you did your very best for him. He has said so himself when he has written. But you;—you have been fortunate."

"Yes, I have done very well. There is so much chance at it that there is nothing to be proud of."

"I am sure there is a great deal;—cleverness, and steadiness, and courage, and all that. We were delighted to hear it, though poor Dick could not share it with you. You have made an immense fortune."

"Oh dear, no,—not that. I have been able to get over the little difficulties which I left behind me when I went away, and have got something in hand to live upon."

"And now——?"

"I suppose I shall go back again," said Caldigate, with an air of indifference.

"Go back again!" said Maria, who had not imagined this. But still a man going back to Australia might take a wife with him. She would not object to the voyage. Her remembrance of the evening on which she had crept down and put the little book into his valise was so strong that she felt herself to be justified in being in love with him. "But not for always?"

"Certainly not;—but just to wind up affairs."

It would be no more than a pleasant wedding tour,—and, perhaps, she could do something for poor Dick. At any rate she could take the shirts so far on their destination.

"Oh, Mr Caldigate, how well I remember that last night!"

"So, indeed, do I,'—and the book." The hardship upon the moth is that though he has already scorched himself terribly in the flame, and burned up all the tender fibre of his wings, yet he can't help returning to the seductions of the candle till his whole body has become a wretched cinder. Why should he have been the first to speak of the book?

Of course she blushed, and of course she stammered. But in spite of her stammering she could say a word. "I daresay you never looked at it."

"Indeed I did,—very often. Once when Dick saw it in my hands he wanted to take it away from me."

"Poor Dick!"

"But I have never parted with it for an hour!"

"Where is it now?" she asked.

"Here," said Caldigate, pulling it out of the breast-pocket of his coat. It might have been better for him to say that he had lent the book to another young lady, and that she had never returned it. Thus there might have been an end of this little trouble at once. But when the volume appeared, just as though it had been kept close to his heart during all these four years, of course the lady was entitled to hope. He had never opened the book since that morning in his cabin, not caring for the academic beauties of Thomson's 'Seasons;'—had never looked at

it till it had occurred to him as proper that he should take it with him to Pollington. Now he brought it out of his pocket, and she put out her hand to receive it from him. "You are not going to take it back again?"

"Not if it be of any value to you."

"Do you not value the presents which your friends make you?"

"If I care for the friends, I do."

"As I care very much for this friend I shall keep the book."

"I don't think that can be true, Mr Caldigate."

He was painfully near the blaze;—determined not to be burned, and yet with no powers of flying away from the candle into the farthest corner of the room. "Why not true? At any rate I have kept it hitherto. It has been with me in many very strange places."

Then there was a pause,—while he thought of escaping, and she of the charms of the moment. And yet it was not in her nature to be unmaidenly or aggressive. Only if he did like her it would be so nice, and it is so often the case that men want a little encouragement! "I daresay you thought more of the book than the donor."

"That is intended to be unkind."

"No;—certainly not. I can never be unkind to a friend who has been so very good as you were to poor Dick. Whatever else may happen, I shall,—never,—forget—that." By this time there was a faint sound of sobbing to be heard, and then she turned away her face that she might wipe a tear from her eyes. It was a real tear, and a real sob, and she really thought that she was in love with him.

"I know I ought not to have come here," he said.

"Why not?" she asked, energetically.

"Because my coming would give rise to so much sadness about your brother."

"I am so glad you have come,—so very glad. Of course we wanted to hear. And besides——"

"What besides?"

"Papa and mamma, and all of them, are so glad to see you. We never forget old friends." Then again there was silence. "Never," she repeated, as she rose from her chair slowly and went out of the room. Though he had fluttered flamewards now and again, though he had shown some moth-like aptitudes, he had not shown himself to be a downright, foolish, blind-eyed moth, determined to burn himself to a cinder as a moth should do. And she;—she was weak. She went away and left him, because she did not know what more to say. She went away to her own bedroom, and cried, and had a headache, during half the remainder of the day. And yet there was no other day!

Late that evening, just at the hour when, on the previous night, he was closeted with the father, he found himself closeted with the mother. "She has never forgotten you for one moment since you left us," said the mother. Mrs Shand had rushed into the subject so quickly that these were almost the first words she said to him. He remained quite quiet, looking out from the open window into the moonlight. When a distinct proposition was made to him like this, he certainly would not be a moth. "I don't know whether you have thought of her too, Mr Caldigate." He only shook his head. "That is so?"

"I hope you do not think that I have been to blame in any way," he said, with a conscience somewhat stricken;—for he remembered

well that he had kissed the young lady on that evening four years ago.

"Oh no. I have no complaint to make. My poor child! It is a pity. But I have nothing more to say. It must be so, then?"

"I am the least settled man in all the world, Mrs Shand."

"But at some future time?"

"I fear not. My mind is intent on other things." So it was;—intent on Hester Bolton! But the statement, as he made it, was certainly false, for it was intended to deceive. Mrs Shand shook hands with him kindly, however, as she sent him away to bed, telling him that breakfast should be ready for him at eight the next morning.

His train left Pollington at nine, and at eight the doctor with all his family were there to greet him at the breakfast-table,—with all the family except Maria. The mother, in the most natural tone in the world, said that poor Maria had a headache and could not come down. They filled his plate with eggs and bacon and toast, and were as good to him as though he had blighted no hopes and broken no heart. He whispered one word at going to the doctor. "Pray remember that whenever you think the money can be of use, it is there. I consider that I owe him quite as much as that." The father grasped his hand, and all of them blessed him as he left them.

He was divided, as he went, between two courses of internal argument. He would first declare to himself that he had done nothing wrong,—had certainly intended no wrong; and then would be inwardly grieved at the injury he had done to one who had been so kind to him! But if there was such sorrow to him coming away from Pollington, what would he have to suffer at Babington?

CHAPTER XVI.—AGAIN AT BABINGTON.

The affair of Julia Babington had been made to him in set terms, and had, if not accepted, not been at once refused. No doubt this had occurred four years ago, and, if either of them had married since, they would have met each other without an unpleasant reminiscence. But they had not done so, and there was no reason why the original proposition should not hold good. After escaping from Babington he had, indeed, given various reasons why such a marriage was impossible. He had sold his inheritance. He was a ruined man. He was going out to Australia as a simple miner. It was only necessary for him to state all this, and it became at once evident that he was below the notice of Julia Babington. But everything had been altered since that. He had regained his inheritance, he had come back a rich man, and he was more than ever indebted to the family because of the violent fight they had made on his behalf, just as he was going. As he journeyed to Babington all this was clear to him; and it was clear to him also that, from his first entrance into the house, he must put on an air of settled purpose, he must gird up his loins seriously,—he must let it be understood that he was not as he used to be, ready for worldly lectures from his aunt, or for romping with his female cousins, or for rats, or rabbits, or partridges, with the male members of the family. The cares of the world must be seen to sit heavy on him, and at the very first mention of a British wife he must declare himself to be wedded to Polyeuka.

At Babington he was received

with many fatted calves. The whole family were there to welcome him, springing out upon him and dragging him out of the fly as soon as he had entered the park gates. Aunt Polly almost fainted as she was embracing him under an oak-tree; and tears, real tears, ran down the squire's face as he shook both his nephew's hands at once. "By George," said the Babington heir, "you're the luckiest fellow I ever heard of! We all thought Folking was gone for good." As though the possessions of Folking were the summit of human bliss! Caldigate with all the girls around him could not remonstrate with words, but his spirit did remonstrate. "Oh, John, we are so very, very, very, very glad to have you back again," said Julia, sobbing and laughing at the same time. He had kissed them all of course, and now Julia was close to his elbow as he walked up to the house.

In the midst of all this there was hardly opportunity for that deportment which he meant to exercise. When fatted calves are being killed for you by the dozen, it is very difficult to repudiate the good-nature of the slaughterers. Little efforts he did make even before he got to the house. "I hardly know how I stand just yet," he had said, in answer to his uncle's congratulations as to his wealth. "I must go out again."

"Back to Australia?" asked his aunt.

"I fear so. It is a kind of business,—gold-mining,—in which it is very hard for a man to know what he's worth. A claim that has been giving you a thousand pounds net every month for two years past, comes all of a sudden a great deal worse than valueless. You can't give it up, and you have to throw back your thousands in profitless work."

"I wouldn't do that," said the squire.

"I'd stick to what I'd got," said the Babington heir.

"It is a very difficult business," said Caldigate, with a considerable amount of deportment, and an assumed look of age,—as though the cares of gold-seeking had made him indifferent to all the lighter joys of existence.

"But you mean to live at Folking?" asked aunt Polly.

"I should think probably not. But a man situated as I am, never can say where he means to live."

"But you are to have Folking?" whispered the squire,—whispered it so that all the party heard the words;—whispering not from reticence but excitement.

"That's the idea at present," said the Folking heir. "But Polyeuka is so much more to me than Folking! A gold-mine with fifty or sixty thousand pounds' worth of plant about it, aunt Polly, is an imperious mistress." In all this our hero was calumniating himself. Polyeuka and the plant he was willing to abandon on very moderate terms, and had arranged to wipe his hands of the whole concern if those moderate terms were accepted. But cousin Julia and aunt Polly were generals against whom it was necessary to assume whatever weapons might come to his hand.

He had arranged to stay a week at Babington. He had considered it all very deeply, and had felt that as two days was the least fraction of time which he could with propriety devote to the Shands, so must he give at least a week to Babington. There was, therefore, no necessity for any immediate proceedings on the part of the ladies. The whole week might probably have been allowed to pass without absolute violence, had he not shown

by various ways that he did not intend to make many visits to the old haunts of his childhood before his return to Australia. When he said that he should not hunt in the coming winter; that he feared his hand was out for shooting; that he had an idea of travelling on the Continent during the autumn; and that there was no knowing when he might be summoned back to Polyeuka,—of course there came across aunt Polly's mind an idea that he meant to give them the slip again. On the former occasion he had behaved badly. This was their opinion. But, as it had turned out, his circumstances at the moment had been such as to make his conduct pardonable. He had been harassed by the importunities both of his father and of Davis; and that, under such circumstances, he should have run away from his affianced bride, was almost excusable. *But* now——! It was very different now. Something must be settled now. It was very well to talk about Polyeuka. A man who has engaged himself in business must, no doubt, attend to it. But married men can attend to business quite as well as single. There could be no reason why the previous engagement should not be consolidated and made a family affair. There was felt to be something almost approaching to resistance in what he had said and done already. Therefore aunt Polly flew to her weapons, and summoned Julia also to take up arms. He must be bound at once with chains, but the chains were made as soft as love and flattery could make them. Aunt Polly was almost angry,—was prepared to be very angry;—but not the less did she go on killing fatted calves.

There were archery meetings at this time through the country, the period of the year being unfitted for other sports. It seemed to Caldigate as though all the bows and all the arrows had been kept specially for him,—as though he was the great toxophilite of the age,—whereas no man could have cared less for the amusement than he. He was carried here and was carried there; and then there was a great gathering in their own park at home. But it always came to pass that he and Julia were shooting together,—as though it were necessary that she should teach him,—that she should make up by her dexterity for what was lost by his awkwardness,—that she by her peculiar sweetness should reconcile him to his new employment. Before the week was over, there was a feeling among all the dependants at Babington, and among many of the neighbours, that everything was settled, and that Miss Julia was to be the new mistress of Folking.

Caldigate knew that it was so, and was in truth unhappy on behalf of his cousin. He perceived the growth of the feeling from day to day. He could not say that he would not go to the meetings, all of which had been arranged beforehand. Nor could he refuse to stand up beside his cousin Julia and shoot his arrows directly after she had shot hers. Nor could he refrain from acknowledging that though she was awkward in a drawing-room, she was a buxom young woman dressed in green with a feather in her hat and a bow in her hand. Then she could always shoot her arrows straight into the bull's-eye. But he was well aware that the new hat had been bought specially for him, and that the sharpest arrow from her quiver was intended to be lodged in his heart. He was determined that any such shooting as that must be unsuccessful.

"Has he said anything?" the mother asked the daughter. "Not

a word." This occurred on the Sunday night. He had reached Babington on the previous Tuesday, and was to go to Folking on next Tuesday. "Not a word." The reply was made in a tone almost of anger. Julia did believe that her cousin had been engaged to her, and that she actually had a right to him, now that he had come back, no longer ruined.

"Some men never do," said aunt Polly, not wishing to encourage her daughter's anger just at present. "Some men are never left alone with a girl for half a moment, but what they are talking stuff and nonsense. Others never seem to think about it in the least. But whether it's the one or whether it's the other, it makes no difference afterwards. He never had much talk of that kind. I'll just say a word to him, Julia."

The saying of the word was put off till late on Sunday evening. Sunday was rather a trying day at Babington. If hunting, shooting, fishing, croquet, lawn-billiards, bow and arrows, battledore and shuttlecock, with every other game, as games come up and go, constitute a worldly kind of life, the Babingtons were worldly. There surely never was a family in which any kind of work was so wholly out of the question, and every amusement so much a matter of course. But if worldliness and religion are terms opposed to each other, then they were not worldly. There were always prayers for the whole household morning and evening. There were two services on Sunday, at the first of which the males, and at both of which the females, were expected to attend. But the great struggle came after dinner at nine o'clock, when aunt Polly always read a sermon out loud to the assembled household. Aunt Polly had a certain power of her own, and no one dared to be absent except the single servant who was left in the kitchen to look after the fire.

The squire himself was always there, but a peculiar chair was placed for him, supposed to be invisible to the reader, in which he slept during the whole time, subject to correction from a neighbouring daughter in the event of his snoring. An extra bottle of port after dinner was another Sunday observance which added to the irritability of the occasion,—so that the squire, when the reading and prayers were over, would generally be very cross, and would take himself up to bed almost without a word, and the brothers would rush away almost with indecent haste to their smoking. As the novels had all been put away into a cupboard, and the good books which were kept for the purpose strewed about in place of them, and as knitting, and even music, were tabooed, the girls, having nothing to do, would also go away at an early hour.

"John, would you mind staying a few moments with me?" said aunt Polly, in her softest voice, when Caldigate was hurrying after his male cousins. He knew that the hour had come, and he girded up his loins.

"Come nearer, John," she said, —and he came nearer, so that she could put her hand upon his. "Do you remember, John, when you and I and Julia were together in that little room up-stairs?" There was so much pathos in her voice, she did her acting so well, that his respect for her was greatly augmented, —as was also his fear. "She remembers it very well."

"Of course I remember it, aunt Polly. It's one of those things that a man doesn't forget."

"A man ought not to forget such a scene as that," she said, shaking

her head. "A man would be very hard of heart if he could forget it."

Now must be the moment for his exertion! She had spoken so plainly as to leave no doubt of her meaning, and she was pausing for an answer; yet he hesitated,—not in his purpose, but doubting as to his own manner of declaring it. He must be very decided. Upon that he was resolved. He would be decided, though they should drag him in pieces with wild horses for it afterwards. But he would fain be gentle with his aunt if it were possible, and, if possible, affectionate also to his cousin. "My dear aunt Polly, it won't do; I'm not going to be caught, and so you may as well give it over." That was what he wished her to understand;—but he would not say it in such language. Much was due to her, though she was struggling to catch him in a trap. "When I had made such a fool of myself before I went —about money," he said, "I thought that was all over."

"But you have made anything but a fool of yourself since," she replied triumphantly; "you have gone out into the world like a man, and have made your fortune, and have so returned that everybody is proud of you. Now you can take a wife to yourself, and settle down, and be a happy good man."

It was exactly his view of life;—only there was a difference about the wife to be taken. He certainly had never said a word to his cousin which could justify this attack upon him. The girl had been brought to him in a cupboard, and he had been told that he was to marry her! And that when he had been young and drowned with difficulties. How is a man ever to escape if he must submit under such circumstances as these? "My dear aunt Polly, I had better tell you at once that I cannot marry my cousin Julia." Those were the words which he did speak, and as he spoke there was a look about his eyes and his mouth which ought to have made her know that there was no hope. Nevertheless his heart was tender, and he would have shown his tenderness could he have done so without danger.

"And why not? John Caldigate, is this you that I hear?"

"Why should I?"

"Because you promised it."

"I never did, aunt Polly."

"And because she loves you."

"Even if it were so——! But, indeed, indeed, I never even suggested it,—never thought of it. I am very fond of my cousin, very fond of all my cousins. But marriage is a different thing. I am inclined to think that cousins had better not marry."

"You should have said that before. But it is nonsense. Cousins marry every day. There is nothing about it either in the Bible or the Prayer-book. She will die."

Aunt Polly said this in a tone of voice which made it a matter of regret that she should not have been educated for Drury Lane. But as she said it, he could not avoid thinking of Julia's large ankles, and red cheeks, and of the new green hat and feather. A girl with large ankles is, one may suppose, as liable to die for love as though she were as fine about her feet as a thorough-bred filly; and there is surely no reason why a true heart and a pair of cherry cheeks should not go together. But our imagination has created ideas in such matters so fixed, that it is useless to contend against them. In our endeavours to produce effects, these ideas should be remembered and obeyed. "I hope not on that account," said Caldigate; and as he uttered the words some slightest suspicion of a smile crossed his face.

Then aunt Polly blazed forth in wrath. "And at such a moment as this you can laugh!"

"Indeed, I did not laugh;—I am very far from laughing, aunt Polly."

"Because I am anxious for my child, my child whom you have deceived, you make yourself merry with me!"

"I am not merry. I am miserably unhappy because of all this. But I cannot admit that I have deceived my cousin. All that was settled, I thought, when I went away. But coming back at the end of four years, of four such long years, with very different ideas of life——"

"What ideas?"

"Well,—at any rate, with ideas of having my own way,—I cannot submit myself to this plan of yours, which, though it would have given me so much——"

"It would give you everything, sir."

"Granted! But I cannot take everything. At any rate, it is better that we should understand each other, so that my cousin, for whom I have the most sincere regard, should not be annoyed."

"Much you care!"

"What shall I say?"

"It signifies nothing what you say. You are a false man. You have inveigled your cousin's affections, and now you say that you can do nothing for her. This comes from the sort of society you have kept out at Botany Bay! I suppose a man's word there is worth nothing, and that the women are of such a kind they don't mind it. It is not the way with gentlemen here in England." Then she stalked out of the room, leaving him either to go to bed, or join the smokers, or to sit still and repent at his leisure, as he might please. His mind, however, was chiefly occupied for the next half-hour with regrets at the trouble and sorrow he had occasioned.

On the next morning aunt Polly gave him his tea at breakfast with a sternly forbidding look,—and Julia was as cherry-cheeked as ever, though very silent. The killing of calves was over, and he was left to do what he pleased during the whole day. One spark of comfort came to him. "John, my boy," said his uncle in a whisper, "what's the matter between you and Madam?" Mr Babington would sometimes call his wife Madam when he was half inclined to laugh at her. Caldigate of course declared that there was nothing wrong. The squire shook his head and went away. But from this it appeared to Caldigate that the young lady's father was not one of the conspirators,—by ascertaining which his mind was somewhat relieved. On the next morning the fly came for him, and he went away without any kisses.

APPLES: A COMEDY.

It is spring-time in Rome, and one of the first hot days. In the veiled light of his studio CLAUD HUNTLEY *is painting* LADY ROEDALE'S *picture. He likes to talk as he works.*

Claud. Then why did you offer to sit to me?

Lady Roedale. Why? Why? It's too hot to give reasons. Perhaps because your studio is the coolest place in Rome. Or shall I merely say that I sit to you because I choose?

C. That's better. You always did what you wished. And now you are free. You delight in your liberty.

Lady R. "Delight" is a strong word. It is suggestive of violent emotion. I detest violence.

C. You say with Hamlet, "Man delights me not."

Lady R. I say nothing with Hamlet. Heaven defend me from such presumption! and besides, Hamlet was a bore, and thought too much of himself.

C. Heaven defend you from presumption! But any way you agree. You don't like man, and you do like liberty?

Lady R. I prefer liberty of the two. A widow can do what she pleases, and, and this is far better, she need not do anything which bores her.

C. Ah, there you are wrong. Your liberty is a sham. You are bound by a thousand silk threads of society. Your conduct is modified by the criticism of a dozen tea-tables. Trippet takes your cup, and sees that your eyes are red. By the way they are red——

Lady R. Thank you. If I am looking frightful, I had better finish this sitting.

C. Your eyes are red: off runs Trippet with the news. Lady Roedale has been crying. Why? Why! of course because the Marchese has left Rome—says Trippet.

Lady R. Does he? Trippet is odious, and so is the Marchese, a Narcissus stuffed and dyed, who has been in love with himself for seventy years. You are all insufferable, all you men.

C. I beg your pardon.

Lady R. Oh, don't. If you were not so delightfully rude, I should go to sleep. I used to have a snappish little dog, such a dear, that barked when I dozed. He was very good for me, but he died.

C. And when I die, I should recommend a parrot.

Lady R. A parrot! A very good idea. A parrot to say, "Wake up, my lady." Will you get him for me?

C. I shall be dead. He is to replace me, you know.

Lady R. No; I shouldn't like that. I like you best, after all.

C. That is very kind of you. I believe you do like me, when you remember my existence.

Lady R. You wouldn't have me think of you all day. A man always about is insufferable.

C. Everything is insufferable or odious to-day.

Lady R. Do you think so?

C. I mean that you think so.

Lady R. How can you know what I think? I am sure I don't know what I think. It is so hot. I ought not to have sat to-day, but after all, as I said, your studio is the coolest place in Rome.

C. My room is better than my company.

Lady R. I hate jokes in hot weather. They remind me of

"laughter holding both his sides" and "tables in a roar," and all sorts of violent things.

C. It's no good. I can't get on. You look so lazy and indifferent. I hate that expression.

Lady R. I am sorry that my appearance is repulsive.

C. I wish it were. But no matter. We were saying—what were we saying? Oh, I remember. You were saying that you could not bear to have a man always about the house.

Lady R. I have been married.

C. How can you bear to talk of that?

Lady R. I don't know. (*She yawns and stretches out her arms lazily.*) I am free now.

C. Are you so in love with freedom?

Lady R. In love! I don't like the expression. "In love" is a vile phrase.

C. And you think yourself free. Did not I tell you that you can't move hand or foot without being talked about; that you can't buy a bonnet without being married to some fool; that you can't pass a club window without setting flippant tongues wagging, nor stay at home without tea-drinking dowagers finding the reason? didn't I tell you——

Lady R. Yes, you did.

C. I wish I had the right to stop their tongues.

Lady R. You are a very old friend.

C. That's not enough.

Lady R. How hot it is!

C. Very. Will you be so kind as to turn your head a little more to the left?

Lady R. Oh dear, how cross you are! and you ought to be so happy. You are not like me. You have something to do. You can stand all day and smudge on colour.

C. A nice occupation—smudging on colour.

Lady R. One can't select one's words in hot weather. I wish I could smudge.

C. You can sit for pictures.

Lady R. A fine occupation. To be perched on a platform, with a stiff neck, and a cross painter, a Heine without poetry. I believe that you are only painting my gown. I shall stay at home tomorrow, and send my gown.

C. Your gown will be less cruel. (*He puts down his painting tools.*) Why do you play with me like this?

Lady R. Play? I was not aware I was doing anything so amusing.

C. It must end some day.

Lady R. Everything ends—even the hot weather.

C. Clara!

Lady R. Now, please don't quarrel. We have always been good friends, you and I.

C. Friends! Yes.

Lady R. Do let well alone.

C. Very well. As you please. The head a little more up. Thanks. (*He takes up his painting tools.*) You don't look well.

Lady R. I am sorry that I look ugly.

C. You don't look ugly. How irritating you are!

Lady R. I am sorry that I am so disagreeable.

C. Oh! I shall spoil this picture. Perhaps it will be more like the original.

Lady R. Spoiled! Oh, Claud, I do wish you wouldn't be funny till the weather is cooler. It's almost vulgar. Besides I am not spoiled, not in the least. I am generally slighted. No woman was ever so neglected. I am not fast enough to be a success. But to be fast in this heat! Oh dear me! it's tiresome enough to be slow.

C. I am glad that you are no faster—not that it is any business of mine, as you were about to say. The chin a little more up. Thank you.

Lady R. How kind of you to

talk for me! It saves me so much trouble. Go on; say what else I am about to say. You amuse me.

C. I am glad to do what I can for you. I will talk for you, walk for you, fetch and carry for you, live for you, die for you, and so——

Lady R. Mocker! Heine!

C. "Without the poetry!" As you please. Take it as mockery.

Lady R. All romance is mockery. Romance is as much out of date as good manners.

C. Was I rude again? I beg your pardon.

Lady R. Only fashionably uncivil. It's quite the thing. The best men talk of women as if they were horses.

C. And women treat men as if they were donkeys.

Lady R. Oh dear me, how quick you are! I wish I was a jolly good fellow, with the last clown-gag, "You'll get yourself disliked, my boy," or "Sportsman." How popular I should be! But I can't do it naturally. I am not to the manner born. I am *bourgeoise.* Good heavens! Perhaps I am genteel.

C. I thought I was to do your talking for you. As if any woman could be silent for ten minutes!

Lady R. Do you think I wish to talk? I am not equal to the exertion. Time me then. I won't speak a word for ten—no, for five minutes.

C. Keep your head up, please. Thank you.

Lady R. "How are you to-morrow?" I never could see the humour of that.

C. Just half a minute.

Lady R. Don't be ridiculous. Ah me! I shall never be a success.

C. A success! What do you want? to be stared at by every booby at the opera—to have a dozen fools smiling and looking conscious when your name is mentioned—to hear your sayings repeated, and lies told about you, and your gowns described, and your movements chronicled?

Lady R. It is my dream.

C. All women are alike—all women, except one, perhaps.

Lady R. "Except one!" Who? who? Oh, Claud, do tell me!

C. That's better. Now you look awake. Keep that expression. Ah! now you've lost it again.

Lady R. You horrid man, tell me at once. Who is it? Oh, Claud, do tell me, please!

C. It's nothing. I spoke without thinking.

Lady R. Then you meant what you said. I don't care for things which men say after thinking. Then they deceive us, poor simple women that we are!

C. Simple! There was never a simple woman since Eve. The best women manage us for our good—the worst for our ill. The ends are different, but the means the same.

Lady R. Was the one woman—the exceptional woman—the paragon—was she not simple?

C. On my soul I think so. *She* was not bent on success—success in society. Yes, she was simple.

Lady R. So is bread and butter.

C. And she was clever too. The innocence of a child and the wit of a woman, with a sweet wholesome humour—not a compound of sham epigram and rude repartee.

Lady R. I know, I know. A man's woman! a man's woman! With a pet lamb frisking before her, and an adoring mastiff at her heels; childlike gaiety in her step and frolic fun; a gown of crisp white muslin; an innocent sash; the hair plain, quite plain; and the nose a little reddened by cold water. Oh, how I should like to see her!

C. You are not likely to be gratified. She is buried, as you would say, in the country.

Lady R. Do the Tyrrels never leave Limeshire?

C. The Tyrrels! How do you

know? Why should you think I was talking of them? Have they a daughter?

Lady R. Have they a daughter! When men try diplomacy, how they overdo it! Have they a daughter! Claud, Claud, how strange that you should not know that the Tyrrels have a daughter, when you spent a whole summer at the Tyrrel's place, from the very beginning of May to the very end of September, and the girl was at home during the whole of your visit!

C. How do you know that?

Lady R. Do you think that there is one of your numerous lady friends who does not know the history of all your love affairs?

C. Perhaps you will favour me with this history. It will probably be entirely new to me.

Lady R. I will try. But it is hard to remember in this hot weather. Now, attend. The scene is laid at Lindenhurst, an ancient house in Limeshire. There dwell the living representatives of the family of Tyrrel, older than the house; and thither came in early spring a painter bent on sketching —a sort of Lord of Burleigh—a Heinrich Heine—a man not too young, a——who was the man who had seen many cities and things?

C. Odysseus. Ulysses.

Lady R. And who was the girl who played ball? The *ingénue?*

C. That Nausicaa should be called an *ingénue!*

Lady R. Ulysses, who had been in many societies and seen all sorts of people, was rather tired of it all, and growing a little snappish and cross. So he sketched because he had nothing better to do, and he looked at Nausicaa for the same reason: and so, by degrees, he found himself soothed and refreshed by the girl's artlessness, or apparent artlessness.

C. Apparent!

Lady R. She was such a contrast to the weary women of the world. She was so ingenuous, oh, so ingenuous! When he went to sketch, she went with him, as a matter of course; and she showed him her favourite bits; and he made a thousand pretty pictures of cows and pigs and dandelions, and, above all, of the old orchard, full of apple-trees. He developed a passion for painting apple-trees in every stage, from blossom to fruit. And the country seemed very countrified, and the green refreshingly green, and the cows nice and milky, and the pigs unconventional, and the dandelions a great deal finer than camellias, and everything lazy and industrious and delightful. And so the jaded man was very much pleased by the novelty.

C. A very pretty story. Pray go on. Your expression is almost animated, and this picture is coming a little better.

Lady R. Then came the reaction.

C. That's not so lively. Don't change, if you can help it.

Lady R. The novelty ceased to be a novelty. Old Tyrrel grew grumpy. Mamma had always thought the child might do better if she had a season in London. And then my lord Ulysses got disgusted, and the curtain fell, and so the idyl ended. There, I have told you how the country miss set her rustic cap at the man of the world, and set it in vain.

C. She was utterly incapable of setting her cap at anybody.

Lady R. Who? Miss Lottie—Tottie — Nelly — Milly — What's-her-name?

C. Betty. Miss Tyrrel.

Lady R. Then I have succeeded in recalling her to your mind? The Tyrrels *have* a daughter.

C. Go on, if it amuses you.

Lady R. It does amuse me a little. Now it is for you to take up the story. Why did you go away

and leave this Arcadia and Miss Nausicaa?

C. Because I was afraid of loving her. That is the truth, since you will know it. And now let us drop it. It is as much a thing of the past as the Pyramids. I want to talk of the present—of you, Clara, if I may.

Lady R. Things of the past are so seldom past. The Pyramids are about still. I must know why you were afraid of loving this girl.

C. What is the use of talking about that?

Lady R. It's as bad as suppressing the third volume of one's novel. If you don't tell me I shall go away.

C. Why should I mind telling you? It's a tale of the dark ages long ago. Keep your head a little more to the left.

Lady R. But I want to look at you.

C. Deny yourself that pleasure if you can. Thanks.

Lady R. Well? Go on, do.

C. A nice fellow I was to win the love of a young girl.

Lady R. Why? You are not worse than most men.

C. Will you kindly keep your head turned to the left? Thanks. There was a girl with all the world about her sweet and bright and young, and a woman's life before her with promise of all good. There was I, a man who had outlived my illusions—who had found the world dusty, chokingly dusty. The apples were dust in my mouth. I had tried most things, and failed in most things. My art was of less importance than my dinner. I could still dine, though I didn't eat fruit in the evening. Bah! The apples turned to dust between my teeth. Why should I link a young creature, fresh as a June rose, to a dry stick?

Lady R. They train roses so sometimes.

C. Misleading metaphor! I came away. It's all over, all well over, long ago. Why you insist on raking up this foolish matter, I can't imagine. Yes, I can. It is to turn the conversation. You know quite well what I wish to say to you, what I have made up my mind to say to you. We have known each other for a long time, Clara: we have always been friends: we have both outlived some illusions: I think we should get on well together. Clara, consult your own happiness and mine. What do you think?

Lady R. May I look round now?

C. Do be serious. Don't be provoking.

Lady R. And you think that two dry sticks supporting each other is a more engaging spectacle than a rose trained on a prop?

C. Enough of tropes. I deserve a plain answer.

Lady R. Don't people strike sparks by rubbing two sticks together?

C. What are you talking about?

Lady R. How the sparks would fly! I suppose that I ought to be very grateful, Claud. I am not quite sure. It's not a magnificent offer. A banquet of lost illusions and Dead Sea fruit. What a pleasant household! "This is my husband, a gentleman who has outlived his illusions."—"Permit me to present you to my wife, a lady who has everything but a heart." Will you have an apple? We import them ourselves fresh from the Dead Sea. Fresh!

C. I wonder you don't find the weather too hot for comedy.

Lady R. Do you call that comedy? It seems to me dreary enough.

C. The thought of joining your lot to mine?

Lady R. My lot! I never was dignified by such a possession. I go on by chance, and so do you. We have run along very pleasantly side by side. Hadn't we better leave it like that? If we were linked together, which of us would go in front?

C. You've the most provoking passion for metaphor.

Lady R. And you are sure that you have quite got over your admiration for Miss Tyrrel?

C. Don't talk of that. I tell you it is as much over as youth. I shall never see her again.

Lady R. You think not?

C. I am sure. The Tyrrels never leave Lindenhurst.

Lady R. What should you say if I told you that they were in Rome, —let us say at the hotel opposite?

C. I should say that you were romancing. If I believed you I should leave Rome to-day.

Lady R. Then don't believe me. Couldn't you get me some ice?

C. I am afraid that my man is out.

Lady R. You said that you would fetch and carry for me.

C. Oh, you want to be rid of me! Very well, I'll go. I don't mind appearances.

Lady R. Why should you? Don't be long.

C. You mean it? Oh, very well, I'll go.

Lady R. *Au revoir!*

(*Hereupon* CLAUD *goes out and leaves* LADY ROEDALE *alone.*)

Lady R. She is in Rome, nevertheless, Mr Claud, this Miss Betty of the apple-orchard. Shall I tell him, or shall I not? I am so sleepy that I can't decide on anything. Do I want to take Mr Huntley? Ugh! I don't know. I am too sleepy to think. How tiresome men are! Why won't they stay good friends instead of turning into bad lovers? The age of lovers is past. Love is impossible in so enlightened a generation. I am bored and he is bored. We shall be twice as bored together. That's mathematics, or logic, or something. Now I daresay that Claud thinks I have sent him away that I may consider his proposal. As if it wasn't much too hot to consider anything. It would be easier to take him than to think about it. Dear old Claud! I am sure he pictures me at this moment striding up and down, twisting my handkerchief like the woman in the play, and muttering, "Oh Claud, Claud, why distract me thus? Oh cruel man, will you not leave me at peace?" Shall I say Yes or No? What would he say if he met Miss Betty? What would she say? I am very sleepy—very, very sleepy. He pictures me in an awful state of excitement and agitation. What must be, must. Apples turn to dust—cottage and crust. I'll let things drift. It doesn't matter much, not much. Oh Claud! oh cruel man! oh sleep! I'll take a nap just to spite him.

(*So she falls asleep, screened from the eyes of* MISS BETTY TYRREL, *who presently comes in, stepping lightly and quickly.*)

Betty. I saw him go out. He's sure not to come back yet. I am so frightened, and it is such fun. What's the good of being in Rome if you don't do as the Romans do? He must have gone for his daily walk. He can't be back yet. And if he does come, why should I care? I shan't be frightened. He always said I was very cool. If he comes in, I shall drop him a curtsey, and say, "How do you do, Mr Huntley? I said I would look in on you some day, and here I am." And he will make me a bow, and—but probably he won't know me. He'll take me for a tourist lady visiting his studio, and wanting to buy pictures; and I shall say, "Yes, thank you, very nice; put up that, and that; and would you be so kind as to send them down to my carriage?—yes, and the little one in the corner too, please." Why, what is it? Yes, it is, it is the old orchard, our orchard, our orchard in May, with all the bright new blossoms, as it was when he—— He used to say that it was like the foam

of the sea at sunrise. I don't think he ever saw the sun rise. He was awfully lazy. How good of him to keep this near him—the orchard, and a little corner of the dear old house! Oh blossoms, blossoms, you are there now at home, and I wish I was there too, and had never come out and grown wise and old in this horrid world! It was there that I saw him first, just there. He was following papa through the little gate with the broken hinge, and he bent his head under the blossoms. He looked so tall, and so tired. And yet he hadn't been doing anything. Men are very strange. The less they do, the more tired they are. Why, here's another picture of the orchard. How funny! It must be autumn, for the apples are all ripe. But who is the young man in the funny cap? And who are the three ladies? And why does he sit, when they are standing? I can't make it out. Do they want the apple? If you please, sir, give it to the lady with the shield and spear. That other one is not nice, not nice, I am sure. I don't care much for that picture. Are there any more apple pictures? No; no. Yes, here's another. Adam and Eve, I think. Yes, here is one great glittering coil of the serpent. I don't like Eve. What a languid, fine-lady Eve! Who's face is this? How handsome! And this? And this one on the easel? Everywhere the same face, handsome, lazy, indifferent. No, no, no, he never would be happy with her. It's Eve's face. Wicked woman! Wicked woman!

Lady R. (*waking*). Did you call me? Ah, what a sweet air! The day is changed.

B. Oh, I beg your pardon.

Lady R. (*drowsily*). Are you real, or a dream?

B. I am real. No; I had better say that I am a dream and melt away.

Lady R. I was just dreaming of you, Miss Tyrrel.

B. Of me? You don't know me. How do you know—? I mean, you called me by some name, I think.

Lady R. Yes, Miss Innocence, I called you "Miss Tyrrel."

B. How can you know?

Lady R. I am a witch, for one thing; and for another, I saw your picture.

B. Has he got a picture of *me?*

Lady R. Of course, my dear.

B. And did he show it to *you?*

Lady R. No; I was looking about for curiosity's sake, and I saw it.

B. You are often here, then? Oh, I beg your pardon. I have no right to question you. But I don't know who you are.

Lady R. I am Lady Roedale; I am a widow; I am sitting for my picture; I am an old friend of Mr Huntley. Will that do?

B. A friend.

Lady R. A friend, my sweet Simplicity. And you? What brings you here?

B. Me? I—I am an old friend too.

Lady R. An old friend! Not quite old enough, I think.

B. Oh, Lady Roedale, I didn't think. I ought not to have come.

Lady R. It's very pretty and unconventional, my dear. Somebody said that you were so simple, that you didn't know what was conventional and what wasn't.

B. Oh, Lady Roedale, you know—you know that women are not like that.

Lady R. Yes, I know.

B. But I didn't think, I didn't think, or I shouldn't have come. We are living just opposite, and I saw him go out, and all of a sudden I thought what fun it would be to see his studio when he was away, and that I could run back, and he would never know. But if I had only known that you were here, I would have died sooner than come.

Lady R. It is better to live.

B. But you won't tell him? Promise me that you won't tell him. If you will only promise me, I will never come back, I will never see him again,—never, never.

Lady R. Don't be rash, my dear. You are safe now. You have run into the arms of a chaperon, a duenna, a gorgon. But if Mr Huntley is an old friend of yours, why didn't your father and mother come to see him too?

B. Because they are hurt. He went away so suddenly from home, and he never wrote, and they liked him so much, and they thought it unkind; but I know he never meant to be unkind, for he was always kind, and I know that he wouldn't be angry even at my coming here, and—and that's why.

Lady R. That's why, is it?

B. You don't think that I am very bad?

Lady R. My dear, you are much too good. I have no taste for bread and milk and book muslin. I don't like men's women, but I do like you.

B. Thank you, thank you. Now I see that he has not flattered you, not a bit. I thought at first that he had. He had his heart in his work when he did this.

Lady R. Shall I show you the work in which his heart is?

B. Yes.

(LADY ROEDALE *draws aside a curtain and shows a picture.*)

B. My picture!

Lady R. Yours.

B. Oh, let me go. If he should come and find me here. Oh, let me go, let me go.

Lady R. Too late. I hear him on the stairs.

B. What shall I do?

Lady R. Do as you are bid. Give me your picture, quick! Now go behind the curtain, and be still.

(*She draws the curtain carefully.* CLAUD *enters, bringing ice*).

Claud. I bring you ice, and something better. The day is changed. Ah, the air smells wooingly here. See how I fetch and carry! Doesn't this convince you that I——

Lady R. (*studying the picture*). Yes, it is pretty.

C. Where did you get that?

Lady R. Don't be angry; I won't hurt it.

C. As you please. It's of no value —now.

Lady R. It is much better than mine. Indeed it has only one fault.

C. Indeed?

Lady R. It is awfully flattered.

C. How can you know, when you never saw the original?

Lady R. Ah, that is very true.

C. Put it down, please. I want to talk to you about—to go back to what we were saying, when——

Lady R. Shall I throw it down here?

C. Take care! What are you doing?

Lady R. I thought you said it was of no value?

C. It isn't. But then we are vain, you know, we artists; we don't like to see our work, even our bad work, destroyed.

Lady R. Then I won't destroy it. I'll improve it.

C. What are you going to do? I don't quite understand. Let me put it away.

Lady R. No, don't touch it. I often think of taking up painting. This is evidently unfinished. Why is it unfinished?

C. I was afraid of spoiling it.

Lady R. Ah, that was when it was of some value; but now——

C. Now it doesn't matter. Let me put it away.

Lady R. I shall finish it myself.

C. You!

Lady R. Any valueless old thing will do to practise my hand on; I am just in the mood. You have painted enough this morning. It's my turn.

C. But Clara—

Lady R. Come, take my picture off the easel. There! There she is in my place. A change for the better, I think. Stand out of the light. I shall make her lovely.

(*As she begins to arrange the colours on the palette, he gets more and more anxious.*)

C. Here, try this. This sketch is much better to work on.

Lady R. Don't bother. I am bent on improving this young woman.

C. That's a very odd colour you are getting.

Lady R. What can it matter to you?

C. Clara, what are you at? Stop!

(*He snatches the picture from the easel.*)

Lady R. And the picture is of no value!

C. I beg your pardon, Clara.

Lady R. Valueless, but too valuable for me.

C. Clara, you won't understand.

Lady R. Oh yes, I will. A mere sketch, and absurdly flattered.

C. Flattered! (*He holds the picture in his hands, perusing it.*) How can you know?

Lady R. It is much prettier than Miss Tyrrel.

C. What do you mean? Well, yes, I believe, if I remember right, that it was taken from Miss Tyrrel.

Lady R. And I believe, if I remember right, that it is twice as pretty as Miss Tyrrel.

C. You have never seen her.

Lady R. Indeed I have.

C. Indeed! Where?

Lady R. Here.

C. In Rome?

Lady R. Here.

C. Here! What do you mean?

Lady R. Here, in this room.

C. Clara, I daresay that this is extremely amusing to you. I don't see the joke myself. I don't see why you should rake up this old story. Yes, I do see. You wish to quarrel, to find an excuse for not answering me, when I ask you——

Lady R. She was here.

C. The Tyrrels never leave Lindenhurst.

Lady R. The Tyrrels are in Rome.

C. Is this true? Don't push this joke too far.

Lady R. It is true.

C. Then I must go.

Lady R. Why?

C. Is it true that the Tyrrels are here, in Rome?

Lady R. It is true.

C. I must go then. Oh, don't imagine anything extraordinary. It is a simple matter. These people were kind to me, kind with a generous hospitality which is rare. I stayed and stayed in their house, until I thought that I should never go, until I feared that—— Well, it came to this: Here were people who, in honesty and good faith, had treated me like a king; people who——

Lady R. Don't dilate upon the Tyrrel character just now.

C. What was I doing in return for all their goodness? I found myself trying to win the love of their only child, a girl with no knowledge of the world, who had seen no men to speak of, and who might take me, even me, for a very fine fellow.

Lady R. You were on the way to get what you wanted.

C. I was not a scoundrel. I knew myself: a man who had knocked about the world, a painting vagabond, a social cynic, not worthy to touch her hand or look into her eyes. High-flown, you think; but I was not a scoundrel, and I went away.

Lady R. But now?

C. Now? Well, now, I don't want to have to do the thing again.

Lady R. Then it would be hard to see her again, and go?

C. Yes.

Lady R. You loved her?

C. I suppose so.

Lady R. I always thought that you were not a bad fellow.

C. I am not over-good. I don't wish to open an old wound. That's not extraordinary virtue, is it?

Lady R. And the girl? What of her?

C. By this time she has seen scores of men, in all respects better than me, confound them. She? Why she——

Lady R. Stop. Don't say too much about Miss Betty Tyrrel. Put her picture back and drop the subject. Put the picture back in its place.

C. Very well. I don't want to bore you.

(*So he goes to replace the picture, and draws aside the curtain. There is* Betty Tyrrel. *Then there is silence in the room for a time.*)

Betty. Mr Huntley, I am very sorry. I did not mean to listen.

C. Miss Tyrrel — Betty — is it you?

B. Oh, forgive me. I did not mean to listen.

C. And it is you indeed.

B. But I did not mean it. Oh, you believe that I did not hide myself here to listen.

C. You!

Lady R. It was my fault.

C. What do you mean?

Lady R. Do attend to me. Miss Tyrrel is my friend. She came to fetch me after my sitting. Finding that the studio belonged to you of all men in the world, she was frightened; and I put her there.

B. Thank you—oh, thank you. Mr Huntley, it is so good of her to say that. But I must tell you. We are living just opposite, papa and mamma and I; and I saw you go out; and I thought you were going away; and I never stopped to think; and I slipped out by myself; and I did so want to see the place where you worked. I did did not stop to think; that was where I was wrong. And I found her here, and I was frightened.

Lady R. Yes, as I told you, she was frightened, and I put her in the corner. Good heavens, Claud! ain't you going to say something? Why do you stand there like a tragedian, or a May-pole? Oh, you men!

B. Won't you forgive me?

C. Forgive you! Why? Can you do any wrong? You have heard me say what I never dared to say in the old days. I am glad that you have heard me. You will think more kindly of me, some day, when—— May I see you safe across the street? Will you say all kind things for me to Mr and Mrs Tyrrel?

Lady R. Is the man a fool?

B. You are not angry with me, then?

C. Are you not angry with me for having dared to love you?

B. I never was angry with you, not even when you went away so suddenly.

C. Were you sorry? Oh, take care, take care, child. Don't deceive me or yourself. Were you sorry when I went away?

B. We were all sorry, very sorry.

C. But you, you? You came here: would you stay here—with me? Oh child, is it possible that you should care for me?

B. Yes.

C. If I had known this!

Lady R. Any one but a man would have known it years ago. (*As she looks at* Claud *and* Betty, *she begins to smile at her own thoughts.*) There were only two in Paradise, in the first apple-orchard, unless you count the serpent, and that is a *rôle* for which I have neither inclination nor capacity. (*Exit.*)

(*And so ends the* Comedy.)

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

BELSHAZZAR.

The midnight hour was drawing on;
Hushed into rest lay Babylon.

All save the royal palace, where
Was the din of revel, and torches' flare.

There high within his royal hall
Belshazzar the king held festival.

His nobles around him in splendour shine,
And drain down goblets of sparkling wine.

The nobles shout, and the goblets ring;
'Twas sweet to the heart of that stiffnecked king.

The cheeks of the king, they flushed with fire,
And still as he drank his conceit grew higher;

And, maddened with pride, his lips let fall
Wild words, that blaspheme the great Lord of All.

More vaunting he grew, and his blasphemous sneers
Were hailed by his lordly rout with cheers.

Proudly the king has a mandate passed;
Away hie the slaves, and come back full fast.

Many gold vessels they bring with them,
The spoils of God's House in Jerusalem.

With impious hand the king caught up,
Filled to the brim, a sacred cup;

And down to the bottom he drained it dry,
And aloud with his mouth afoam did cry,—

"Jehovah! I scoff at Thy greatness gone!
I am the king of Babylon."

The terrible words were ringing still,
When the king at his heart felt a secret chill.

The laughter ceased, the lords held their breath,
And all through the hall it was still as death.

And see, see there! on the white wall, see,
Comes forth what seems a man's hand to be!

And it wrote and wrote in letters of flame
On the white wall,—then vanished the way it came.

The king sat staring, he could not speak,
His knees knocked together, death-pale was his cheek.

With cold fear creeping his lords sat round,
They sat dumbstricken, with never a sound.

The Magians came, but not one of them all
Could interpret the writing upon the wall.

That self-same night—his soul God sain!—
Was Belshazzar the king by his nobles slain.

THE GRENADIERS.

For France two grenadiers held their way,
  Had prisoners been in Russia;
And sorrowful men they were, when they
  The frontier reached of Prussia.

For there they heard of a dire event,—
  How the world 'gainst France had risen, her
Grande armée had shattered and shent,
  And taken her Emperor prisoner.

They mingled their tears, these two grenadiers,
  To the sad tale ever returning;
"Oh would," said one, "that my days were done!
  My old wounds, how they're burning!"

"All's up!" said the other; "and sooner than not
  I would die like you, never doubt me;
But a wife and child at home I've got,
  And they must be starved without me!"

"Hang wife and child! It is something more,
  And better far, that I pant for;
My Emperor prisoner! My Emperor!
  Let them go beg what they want for!

"If I die just now, as 'tis like I may,
  Then, comrade, this boon grant me,
Take my body with you to France away,
  And in France's dear earth plant me.

"The *Croix d'Honneur*, with its crimson band,
On my heart see that you place it;
Then give me my rifle in my hand,
And my sword, around me brace it.

"So will I lie, and listen all ear,
Like a sentinel, low in my bed there,
Till the roar of the cannon some day I hear,
And the neigh of the steeds as they tread there.

"Then I'll know 'tis my Emperor riding by!
The sabres ring sharply that tend him:
And out from my grave full armed spring I.
The Emperor! I will defend him!"

"Ich lag und schlief, und schlief recht mild."

I SLEPT,—my sleep was soft and sweet,
No pain nor trouble there,—
Then did mine eyes a vision greet,
A maid supremely fair.

Pale, pale was she as marble stone,
And weird and strange to see;
With a light like pearls her eyes they shone,
Her locks hung loose and free.

And slowly, slowly did she glide,
So phantom-like and frail,
And down she lays her by my side,
That maiden marble-pale.

Then throbs my heart like a thing possessed,
With passion all aglow;
But no throb stirs that fair one's breast,
She is cold as the mountain snow.

"My breast, it neither throbs nor beats,
It is cold as the mountain snows;
But love I know—its pangs, its sweets,
And its all-mastering throes.

"My lips and cheeks bloom not with red,
The blood in my heart is still;
But shrink not away with shuddering dread,—
I am thine, to do thy will!"

And madlier still she clasped me round,
Till my very breath 'gan fail:
The cock crew;—gone, with never a sound,
Was the maiden marble-pale.

"*Saphire sind die Augen dein.*"

Yes! sapphires are those eyes of thine,
Those eyes so fond and sweet:
Oh me! Thrice happy is the man,
Whom they with love shall greet!

Thy heart, it is a diamond, shoots
All noble lights by turns:
Oh me! Thrice happy is the man,
For whom with love it burns!

True rubies are those lips of thine,
None finer e'er were known:
Oh me! Thrice happy is the man,
To whom their love they own!

But let me catch that happy man
Alone in some green glade,
And of his happiness and him
Short work shall soon be made!

"*Dass du mich liebst, das wusst' ich.*"

Oh yes! I knew you loved me,
Long since I divined it well;
But when to myself you owned it,
Great fear upon me fell.

Away I rushed to the mountains,
I shouted and sang for glee;
I went to the beach and wept there,
Till the sun went down in the sea.

My heart, it is, even as the sun is,
All flame to the gazer's sight;
And it sets in a sea of love, too,
Majestical and bright.

"*Ich wollte, meine Lieder.*"

Oh! if these songs of mine were
But flowerets, I would twine
Them into a fragrant nosegay
For that bonnie wee pet of mine!

Oh! if these songs of mine were
  But kisses for lips that pine,
I would waft them all in secret
  To rest on her cheek divine!

Oh! if these songs of mine were
  But clusters of the vine,
I would crush out their choicest juices
  To make her a noble wine!

"*Wie der Mond sich leuchtend dränget.*"

As the moon through clouds that darkle
  Flashes forth with sudden light,
So through darkling memories rises
  On my soul a vision bright.

On the deck we all were seated,
  Gaily down the Rhine we go,
And the meadows, green with summer,
  In the evening sunshine glow.

At a lady's feet I laid me,
  Fair she was and full of grace;
Rosy golden gleams of sunshine
  Played upon her sweet pale face.

Oh, how gay we were, how happy!
  Lute and voice made music rare;
Bluer grew the sky, the spirit
  Seemed as it were winged on air.

Hill and castle, wood and meadow,
  Swept along in faery wise;
And the whole scene, I beheld it
  Mirrored in that lady's eyes.

"*Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter.*"

'Tis the very roughest of weather,
  Rain and tempest and sleet;
I sit in the dark at my window,
  And look down the desolate street.

And slowly along it wending,
  I see one lonesome ray;
'Tis a poor old soul of a mother,
  With a lanthorn groping her way.

To buy flour, eggs, and butter,
  I am certain, thus out she stirs;
She wants to make something dainty
  For that great big daughter of hers,

That is lounging at home in the arm-chair,
  And blinks at the lamp apace,
With her golden ringlets tumbled
  All over her buxom face.

"Wir sassen am Fischerhause."

We sat by the fisherman's cottage,
  And we looked out over the fiord;
The evening mists spread round us,
  And upwards and upwards soared.

All at once the lights in the lighthouse
  Were lit up, and flashed out wide,
And far away in the offing
  A ship might still be descried.

We talked of tempest and shipwreck;
  Of the sailor, and how he fares—
How he vibrates 'twixt wind and water,
  'Twixt pleasure and toilsome cares.

We talked of far-away regions,
  Both in North and in South that were;
Of all the singular peoples,
  And singular customs there.

There are giant woods on the Ganges,
  And sunshine and fragrant bowers,
And stately serene men kneel there
  Before the lotus flowers.

In Lapland, the natives are filthy,
  Flat-headed, broad-mouthed, and small;
They cower round their fires, and bake there
  Their fish, and jabber and squall.

The girls they listened intently,
  And at last no one spoke any more;
The ship could be sighted no longer,
  The night had sunk down on the shore.

"Im Walde wandl' ich und weine."

I ROAM through the wood heavy-hearted,
  The throstle sits up on her bough;
She springs and she sings very softly,—
  "What makes thee so doleful now?"

"The swallows, thy sisters, could tell thee,
  Pretty warbler up there on the tree;
The cosy nests that they dwelt in
  Were where my love's windows be."

"Ich wandelte unter den Baümen."

ALONE with the anguish that tore me
  'Neath the forest boughs I stepped;
Anon came the old dream o'er me,
  And into my heart it crept.

Who taught ye this word, not to fear it,
  Little birds, singing up there so free?
Oh, hush! if my heart should hear it,
  Very sad it again would be.

"This way came a fair girl, she taught it;
  As she sang, it was all we heard;
And up we little birds caught it,
  That dainty-sweet golden word."

Never think with such fables to wile me!
  Little birds, ye are wondrously sly;
You wish of my grief to beguile me,
  But I trust nothing living, not I.

"Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen."

IN my lonely first despair, it
Seemed that I could never bear it;
Yet have I borne it until now,
But do not, do not ask me how?

"Und als ich euch meine Schmerzen geklagt."

WHEN I told you my troubles, my tale of despair
You received with a yawn and a silent stare;
But when I arrayed them in dainty rhyme,
Oh, then you pronounced me superb, sublime!

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

The mother stood at the window;
Her son lay in bed, alas!
"Will you not get up, dear William,
To see the procession pass?"

"O mother, I am so ailing,
I neither can hear nor see;
I think of my poor dead Gretchen,
And my heart grows faint in me."

"Get up, we will go to Kevlaar;
Your book and rosary take;
The Mother of God will heal you,
And cure your heart of its ache."

The Church's banners are waving,
They are chanting a hymn divine;
'Tis at Cöllen is that procession,
At Cöllen upon the Rhine.

With the throng the mother follows;
Her son she leads him; and now
They both of them sing in the chorus,
"Ever honoured, O Mary, be thou!"

II.

The Mother of God at Kevlaar
Is drest in her richest array;
She has many a cure on hand there,
Many sick folk come to her to-day.

And her, for their votive offerings,
The suffering sick folk greet
With limbs that in wax are moulded,
Many waxen hands and feet.

And whoso a wax hand offers,
His hand is healed of its sore;
And whoso a wax foot offers,
His foot it will pain him no more.

To Kevlaar went many on crutches
Who now on the tight-rope bound,
And many play now on the fiddle
Had there not one finger sound.

The mother she took a wax taper,
  And of it a heart she makes:
"Give that to the Mother of Jesus,
  She will cure thee of all thy aches."

With a sigh her son took the wax heart,
  He went to the shrine with a sigh;
His words from his heart trickle sadly,
  As trickle the tears from his eye.

"Thou blest above all that are blessèd,
  Thou Virgin unspotted, divine,
Thou Queen of the Heavens, before thee
  I lay all my anguish and pine.

"I lived with my mother at Cöllen,
  At Cöllen in the town that is there,
The town that has hundreds many
  Of chapels and churches fair.

"And Gretchen she lived quite near us,
  But now she is dead, well-a-day!
O Mary! a wax-heart I bring thee,
  Heal thou my heart's wound, I pray!

"Heal thou my heart of its anguish,
  And early and late, I vow,
With its whole strength to pray and to sing, too,
  'Ever honoured, O Mary, be thou!'"

III.

The suffering son and his mother
  In their little bed-chamber slept;
Then the Mother of God came softly,
  And close to the sleepers crept.

She bent down over the sick one,
  And softly, so softly, did lay
Her hand on his heart, with a tender
  Smile, and then vanished away.

The mother sees all in her dreaming,
  And other things too she marked;
Then up from her slumber she wakened,
  So loudly the town dogs barked.

There lay her son, to his full length
  Stretched out, and he was dead;
And the light on his pale cheek flitted
  Of the morning's dawning red.

She folded her hands together,
  She felt as she knew not how,
And softly she sang and devoutly,
  "Ever honoured, O Mary, be thou!"

"*Mein Herz, mein Herz ist traurig.*"

My heart, my heart is heavy,
  Yet blithe May gladdens the land;
High up 'gainst a lime-tree leaning,
  On the bastion old I stand.

Below with a tranquil motion
  The dark-blue town-moat flows;
A boy floats on in his shallop,
  And fishes and pipes as he goes.

Beyond I see, sloping upward,
  Smiling and many-hued,
Gardens, and arbours, and people,
  And cattle, and meadows, and wood.

The maidens their linen are bleaching,
  And flit on the green to and fro;
The mill-wheel shakes diamond-dust out,
  I hear its hum far below.

On the ridge of the old grey turret
  A sentinel's box I note,
And up and down stalks a soldier
  Arrayed in a red-laced coat.

He is making play with his rifle,
  It gleams in the sun's rich red;
Arms he presents,—recovers,—
  I wish he would shoot me dead.

"*Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen.*"

When I hear the song, that erst
  My own heart's darling sang,
It seems that my heart must burst
  With the stress of the maddening pang.

I rush up in dark despair
  Where the crag through the forest peers;
There my anguish too hard to bear
  Finds ease for itself in tears.

GORDON BALDWIN.—PART I.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

I.

George Forbes had spared neither time nor money in furnishing his bachelor apartments as handsomely as possible. He possessed some experience, having seen many countries and many people; he was so rich, that even in New York, from whence he came, men spoke of his "large fortune;" moreover, he had nothing to do but what gave him pleasure. Under these circumstances it is not difficult for a man—particularly if he lives in Paris—to acquire among his friends the reputation of being a man of taste. Forbes had secured the assistance of a talented young artist; he had employed the best Parisian workmen for several months; and, lastly, had given to his upholsterer an almost unlimited credit. By this somewhat expensive but extremely simple and convenient method, he had succeeded in furnishing his house near the Champs Elysées both elegantly and comfortably.

The paintings by Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Rosa Bonheur, and others, which adorned his drawing-room, study, and dining-room, ranked among the acknowledged masterpieces of those artists; the large Rubens in his bedroom was undoubtedly genuine; the chandeliers and clocks were models of French art; and nowhere could be found more comfortable easy-chairs and more luxurious sofas than in the cosy rooms of the "Hôtel Forbes" in the Rue Dumont d'Urville.

During one whole week after Forbes had taken possession of his house, he had wandered every morning with renewed delight through the rooms of his new home, with a feeling of pride, as though all the beautiful objects which gave him so much pleasure had been the work of his own hands. He had accepted, with a self-satisfied smile, the compliments which all his visitors paid him on his exquisite taste; but very soon he became as accustomed to his pictures, his china, and his bronzes as to his comfortable chairs and his good cook; and, at the time we make his acquaintance—about four years after he had settled in Paris—all the splendid works of art by which he was surrounded in his own house could no longer attract his attention even for an instant.

George Forbes was now thirty-three, and the life he led was, in spite of much apparent variety, a monotonous one. Seven months of the year he spent in Paris, but, during the summer, he went from one fashionable watering-place to another. He might be seen at Trouville, at Biarritz, or in the Pyrenees; sometimes also he went to Baden-Baden or to Homburg, where, at that time, the gaming-tables were still to be found. Once he had returned to the United States, and had shown his cold, aristocratic, *blasé* face in Newport and Saratoga. In Paris, where he lived during the winter and the spring, remaining till the end of May, he took a ride regularly every morning in the Bois de Boulogne, breakfasted at home, yawned for an hour over the newspapers, his letters, or a novel, and sometimes fell asleep over them; then he paid a few visits, or showed his beautiful horses in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and at seven o'clock made his appearance at the Café

Anglais or at Bignon's to dine. After that he went to a theatre or to some reception in the American colony. There, he was an object of great interest to the mothers of grown-up daughters, as also to young widows. He frequently met, in this society, with men who, thinking that the young millionaire might prove a serviceable friend, spared no trouble to make themselves agreeable to him. But Forbes was not grateful for the kindness shown to him on all sides, and not one of his numerous acquaintance could boast of being on intimate or confidential terms with him. In fact, he was suspicious. Many times, in former days, he had been deceived—a misfortune which may happen even to poor people in this world; but he had never forgotten nor forgiven it, and he always feared that every one who approached him in a friendly manner wanted his money. Belief in unselfish kindness had never been very strong in him; such little trustfulness as he had once possessed he had lost long ago. Friendliness, as soon as it went beyond commonplace politeness, seemed to him interested flattery, and made him doubly reserved and cautious. In consequence, young and honourable men, who, under ordinary circumstances, might have been his friends, felt themselves repelled, and gradually withdrew from him; and so it came to pass that, finally, his acquaintance was mainly among men who richly deserved his suspicious contempt for them.

Later in the evening the lonely man invariably went to his club. He played high, and often won considerable sums. He was a cool and cautious player. When the luck was on his side, he was ever ready to stake all his winnings; and he would put, with equal composure, a few louis or a bundle of bank-notes on the table. But when Fortune was not favourable, he would only lose the money he had with him—a few thousand francs at the outside; then he would rise, with a yawn—he had a habit of yawning frequently—go into the reading-room, look over the evening papers, and, at a late hour, drive home. He was a dangerous, careful, unpopular player. You might lose a fortune to him, but you could never win from him more than he happened to have in his pocket. He had never been known to borrow money to go on playing.

One evening in the month of December 186—, Forbes came to his club, as usual, at about eleven o'clock, and, after exchanging a few words with his friends, took his seat at the green table. He had won largely the night before; and a young man, who had been one of the heaviest losers—Henry Westmore — asked him in a friendly manner to take the bank himself. Forbes did not answer at once; but when Westmore repeated his request, he replied, carelessly, in an undertone, that it was not his habit to consider a new game as the continuation of a former one; he was was only beginning to play, and he could not yet say whether it would suit him on this occasion to take the bank or to play against it.

"These are very convenient principles," said Westmore, with a sneer.

Forbes looked at him long and steadfastly; then, after a painful pause, he said: "I can only express my regret if you are vexed because you lost yesterday. I cannot think for a moment that you wish to pick a quarrel with me. You have no right to dictate to me how I am to play, nor do I imagine that you claim that right. But if you believe that I owe you your revenge, pray name the sum for which you wish to play against me, and it will

give me great pleasure to place myself at your disposal." Every one present felt for poor Westmore, who, it was known, had borrowed with great difficulty the money to pay his debt that evening, and who, in his heart, was cursing his fortunate and powerful adversary. But Forbes knew he had the right on his side, while Westmore felt that he stood alone, and that the wisest thing he could do was to let the matter drop. He muttered, with a touch of ill-humour, but politely, nevertheless, "You take the thing too seriously; I did not mean it so." Forbes counted his money, played even more cautiously than usual, lost a trifling sum, and went home at about two o'clock. After he had left the club, Westmore began again to complain of him, and this time everybody sided with him.

"One thing comforts me," he said, in conclusion, "and that is, that Forbes never really enjoys his game. I get vexed sometimes when I lose; but then I am all the better pleased when I happen to win. Forbes is always bored; and it serves the odious fellow right."

Forbes, on his way home, knew perfectly well that at that very moment they were abusing him at the club, and that not one of the numerous acquaintances who were in the habit of meeting him with a friendly smile would think of taking his part in his absence.

The next morning, while riding in the Bois de Boulogne, he made some plans for travelling. "I will go for a few weeks to Nice, Florence, and Rome," he said to himself; "perhaps I may amuse myself there a little more than I do here. At any rate, I shall see some new faces, and not always that fellow Westmore and the rest of them. The whole set is insufferable."

When, an hour later, he returned home, his servant handed him two letters, which had just arrived. He put them, without even looking at them, on the table; and it was only after he had dressed, and found that there was still a quarter of an hour left before breakfast-time, that he threw himself into an easy-chair before the fire, and read them. The first was as follows:—

"94 Avenue Friedland,
Wednesday.

"Dear Mr Forbes,—It will give us much pleasure if you will dine with us on Friday next, at seven o'clock. Yours very sincerely,

"Marie Leland,
née De Montemars."

"That woman never forgets to remind one that she comes of a noble family, and that she only married old Leland for his money. *Née* Montemars! What do I care? Anyhow, Jane Leland is a handsome clever girl, and I have nothing better to do on Friday; I'll accept the invitation."

The note was carefully replaced in its envelope, and laid aside. The second letter was a longer one. As soon as Forbes had looked at the address and recognised the writing, he opened it with an angry frown, and then read it with great attention:—

"Hakodate, *Sept.* 2, 186—.

"Dear George,—You must do me the justice to admit that I have not troubled you for a long time with news of myself. Nor would I have written now, could I have avoided it. I know my letters give you no pleasure, and, as a natural consequence, I do not care much to write to you. I have, however, nothing unpleasant to say, and I beg you not to throw this letter aside without reading it.

"When I arrived at Hakodate, four years ago, I made the acquaintance of a young Englishman, named Gordon Baldwin. Although I had no claim upon him, he received me into his house with the greatest kindness, and I was his guest during several months. I had been long unaccustomed to kind treatment. Baldwin's goodness made a deep impression upon me, and I felt very grateful towards him. I conceived a great affection for him; and he, seeing this, I suppose, also took a liking for me. I had so long been tossed about like a ship without a rudder, finding neither peace nor safety, that I scarcely dared to hope Fortune had led me at last into a haven of rest. My intention being to leave Hakodate in a few months, I was not as reserved in my conversations with Baldwin as I ought, perhaps, to have been. I meant no harm by being communicative, and I did not think myself bound to spoil the pleasure of our friendly intercourse by a reticence which might have seemed suspicious. I cannot boast of possessing that calm reserve which distinguishes you.

"So I told Baldwin, during the long walks we took together, something of my history. I did not disclose my real name, for I would not break the promise I had given you. I called myself Graham. I told him that I had wealthy relatives, from whom I was for ever separated, through some misfortune which I could not explain. I also spoke of you. You will think this strange; you would certainly never dream of speaking of me. But then, it must be said, we are very different. I said nothing but what was good about you—praising your prudence, your coolness, and your energy. I spoke of the extraordinary success which has attended you through life—a success which you owe mainly to your perspicacity and your determination. I did not allude to the ties which unite us, and I mentioned you merely as a friend of my youth.

"As you see, I did not commit any great indiscretion. It can do you no harm that Baldwin—who is as simple and as trusting as a child—should think that, in times gone by, you once did a good turn to a poor devil called Graham.

"Hakodate lies out of the beaten track. Besides the Japanese, there are only a few English, American, and German merchants living here, and foreign travellers seldom find their way to this place. For many years, I saw nothing that could remind me of the past, and I felt as though I were gradually awaking to a new life. I was successful in the first small speculations I attempted. Baldwin procured me credit in Yokohama, Hong-Kong, and Shanghai, and so gave me the means of trying my unhoped-for good luck on a greater scale. All went well, and, at this present time, I possess a moderate, well-earned fortune, and am a respected member of the foreign community of Hakodate. All this I owe to Gordon Baldwin. But for him, I must have gone to ruin; for my means and my courage were equally exhausted when I landed at Yesso.

"A few weeks ago, Baldwin told me that, having spent six years in China and Japan, he now thought of taking a trip to Europe. While discussing this plan, he mentioned your name, which he unfortunately remembered, although it had not passed my lips for some time. I had told him formerly that you lived in Paris; and he asked me, without having a notion that it might be unpleasant to me, to give him a letter of introduction to you. I could not well refuse without laying myself open to suspicion.

I might, indeed, have invented some excuse, but I did not like to run the risk of your being brought together by chance. I have therefore given him a letter for you. Pray consider all the circumstances of the case, and excuse the liberty I have taken. Remember how much I owe to Baldwin, and receive him kindly. I have given him to understand that it might be painful to you to speak of my past life; and I feel perfectly sure that he will avoid any allusion which might embarrass you.

"You will find my friend the best and noblest of men. He is a few years younger than you are, but his independent life in foreign lands has made him prematurely old. He comes of a good family, but all his near relations are dead, and he stands pretty nearly alone in the world. He is good-looking, well-informed, and well-bred. To complete my sketch, I may add that he has a handsome fortune, and that his business in Hakodate —the management of which he has intrusted to me during his absence —has, for some years past, brought him in from 20,000 to 25,000 dollars annually.

"And now, my dear George, I must say good-bye. I do not expect an answer to this letter, and it is not likely that I will soon have occasion to write to you again.—With unchanged affection, yours,

"THOMAS."

As Forbes finished reading this letter, his servant entered the room to say breakfast was ready. He slowly folded up the letter, put it into the side-pocket of his coat, and with a thoughtful air went into the dining-room.

II.

In one of the most fashionable *cafés* of the Boulevard des Italiens, before a table which was laid for two persons, sat a young man of between twenty-five to twenty-eight years of age. His appearance had already attracted the attention of the waiters, the *dame du comptoir*, and several of the guests; for although one could see at a glance that the stranger was a gentleman, yet in this room, so luxuriously furnished, and among the elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen who were seated at the tables around him, he did not seem to be quite in his right place. He wore a faded travelling suit, which, like himself, had evidently seen a good deal of rough weather. He had straight, light hair, and clear grey eyes, one glance from which caused the inquisitive looks of those who wished to examine him to fall quickly and involuntarily. His nose and mouth were large but well-shaped; his forehead was high, and, as far as the hat had protected it, remarkably fair. The remainder of the thin, powerful face was much sunburnt, and formed a strange contrast with the ivory-white forehead, the fair hair, and the greyish-blue eyes. A long tawny moustache fell low over the finely-cut mouth. The fearless, honest look, the small round head, the broad shoulders, the powerful chest, the large, well-shaped, sinewy hands, and the long legs, presented altogether an appearance which seemed to belong to times long gone by. An iron helmet and a heavy sword would have better suited the figure of the stranger than the black silk hat and the slender cane which the waiter had taken from him on his entering the room.

The young man had looked at his watch several times, and as soon as the clock struck seven he beckoned to the waiter.

"Give me a good dinner," he said.

"Does not monsieur wish to order anything in particular?"

"No, I leave that to you; bring me a good dinner."

"By your order, I laid covers for two?"

"Yes, but it seems my friend is not coming. He may, perhaps, be late, and you can serve him when he comes."

The stranger spoke French fluently, but with an unmistakable English accent. The experienced waiter, who during ten years had seen great and noble personages from all parts of the world, at once classed the new guest under this head: "A crazy lord who has been shooting tigers in India, and wants now to beat the Parisian preserves."

The supposed lord had finished his oysters, soup, and patties, and was about to do justice to a more substantial dish which had been set before him, when the door opened, and George Forbes, dressed with faultless elegance, entered the room. He bowed to the lady at the *comptoir*, and went up to the sunburnt stranger, who merely looked up, and, without allowing himself to be disturbed in his dinner, said—

"You are late. But, as you see, I did not let that interfere with me."

"One must be punctual with you, it seems," replied Forbes, with a smile.

"No, I don't care about that, so long as I am not expected to wait. Take a seat. I have already ascertained that my appetite is better than yours, and if you hurry a little, we may reach dessert together."

Forbes did as he was told, and took up the bill of fare, which he appeared to study carefully.

How was it that Baldwin, whom he had known only five days, took liberties with him which none of his Parisian acquaintances would have attempted? Every one of them would have waited for him at least a quarter of an hour, or, if they had not done so, would, at any rate, have offered some excuse. Baldwin had not granted him one minute's grace, and had never thought of apologising. On the other hand, Forbes, who, as a rule, paid no attention to the feelings of others, and who was spoiled by the attentive courtesy he met with on all sides, not only thought Baldwin's conduct perfectly natural, but even said, in an undertone, "I beg your pardon;" while the other nodded good-humouredly, as much as to say, "Never mind; I forgive you."

Only six days before, Forbes had received the following despatch from Havre: "Graham will have informed you of my arrival. I will call on you to-morrow morning.—Gordon Baldwin." And, on the following day, Mr Gordon Baldwin, in an old grey travelling-suit and a soft felt hat, but with faultless linen, had made his appearance.

He had shaken Forbes's hand heartily, like an old friend, and had begun talking at once in such a quiet, sensible, comfortable way, that Forbes, whose manner at first had been somewhat cold and constrained, had gradually assumed a more friendly attitude, and had become almost sociable.

An hour of pleasant conversation had passed quickly. Baldwin sat in an easy-chair, and talked about Japan, and Graham, and about his business and plans. Now and then he indulged in some humorous but always good-tempered remark, and then his bright eyes laughed so merrily that Forbes listened with a real, and, to him, perfectly novel, sense of pleasure. When breakfast

was announced, he invited the stranger to share it with him; and after the meal was over, he asked him to stop at his house during the few days he intended to spend in Paris. Baldwin had accepted the invitation with the same easy grace with which he had taken the cigar his host had offered ten minutes before, and which he was then smoking with visible enjoyment.

Since then, Forbes and Baldwin had been together from morning to night, almost without interruption, and an intimacy of a peculiar sort had sprung up between these two men who were so totally unlike. Baldwin saw nothing strange in this, and never gave the matter a second thought, but Forbes was astonished. He could not understand why it was that, when he was with Baldwin, he felt himself to be a different and a better man than his usual *self*. He could talk and joke unreservedly with the "Wild Man of Yesso," as he called him; and more than once he had caught himself speaking to his new friend quite confidentially.

Baldwin wanted absolutely nothing of Forbes. There lay the secret of the pleasant impression he had made on the suspicious rich man. He desired neither his horses, nor his opera-box, nor his money. He ignored thoroughly and sincerely that his host was the "rich Mr Forbes." He saw nothing in his new acquaintance but a pleasant companion. Forbes was conscious of this. It was a new and refreshing feeling for him to associate with a man who wanted no favours of him—with a man, indeed, on whom he could confer no favours, even if he tried.

"Well, what have you ordered?" inquired Forbes, after he had taken his seat opposite to Baldwin.

"A good dinner."

"I hope you will get it. What is it to be?"

"I do not know yet; but I have an excellent appetite, and I am ready for any agreeable surprise."

"Did you leave it to the waiter's choice?"

"Entirely."

Forbes smiled.

"Can you make out this nonsense?" continued Baldwin, taking up the bill of fare: "*Potage Parmentier, Filet de sole Joinville*—why not Nemours or Montpensier?—*Epigrammes d'agneau, Chaufroid de Volaille*, &c., &c. I really understand the language of the Ainos of Yesso a great deal better than this culinary jargon."

Forbes called the waiter; and in a peremptory tone, but with many detailed instructions, ordered a choice dinner. Baldwin, evidently amused, listened attentively.

"You know everything," he said, with a smile. "You must be my teacher here."

"With pleasure. By the by, have you been to your tailor?"

"Of course."

"When are you to have your things?"

"To-morrow night."

"It is high time."

"Is it really?" said Baldwin, quite unmoved. Then he examined attentively the sleeves of his coat, and added, thoughtfully, "It is only a couple of months since this suit cost me a small fortune in San Francisco. True, it has seen a deal of rough weather since then—on the Prairies and on the Atlantic; but it seems to me to be very good still. However, after to-morrow I will appear before you in festive garments only."

At about half-past seven an elderly, gentleman-like man, with an elegantly-dressed and handsome young lady, entered the restaurant, and

took their seats at a table near our two friends. Forbes, who was seated with his back to the new-comers, did not at first notice them; but the young lady quickly attracted the unobtrusively approving attention of Baldwin. This circumstance had not been unremarked by her, and the eyes of the young Parisian and the traveller met more than once.

After a while Forbes became aware that something was going on behind his back, and asked carelessly—

"What are you looking at?"

"At a pretty face."

Forbes turned round slowly; then, colouring slightly, he rose, bowed and went up to the table at which the old gentleman and his young companion were seated. They received him in the most friendly manner.

"I suppose Mrs Leland has not returned to Paris," said Forbes.

"No, we expect her to-morrow," replied the old gentleman, "and you see that we are taking undue advantage of our liberty. For the last four days, we have not dined once at home. Jane wants me to show her the Parisian restaurants; and I, like a well-trained father, make it a point to obey her."

"Is that gentleman your friend of whom you spoke yesterday?" asked the young lady in a whisper.

"Yes," replied Forbes in the same tone; and smiling with some embarrassment, he added, "You see I have not exaggerated; he comes straight from the wilderness; but in a few days he will have a more civilised appearance, and I will then take the liberty of introducing him to you."

"Your friend will always be welcome," said the old gentleman.

Forbes went back to his place opposite Baldwin, and in that affectedly unconcerned manner which we generally assume when speaking of a person who we know is watching us, he told him that the young lady was Miss Jane Leland, the daughter of Mr Leland, a rich banker of New York.

"Rich or poor," said Baldwin, "she is exceedingly pretty, and pleases me very much."

"You shall make her acquaintance," continued Forbes. "I have already spoken of you, and will introduce you whenever you like."

Jane Leland knew very well that the two young men were speaking of her; but she was accustomed to attract attention, and she managed to look perfectly cool and unconscious. A few minutes later, Baldwin and Forbes rose to leave the restaurant. Forbes stepped up once more to Mr Leland's table to say good-bye, while Baldwin passed on, with one of those awkward half-bows which we sometimes make to people whom we know without having been introduced to them.

III.

A few days after Baldwin had seen Miss Leland for the first time, he was formally presented to the young lady and her parents, and in a very short time he became a frequent and welcome visitor at the house of the American family. In the beginning of March he had gone to London on business; but at the end of a week, and much sooner than he was expected, he had returned: and now he had been in Paris two months, without even alluding to any intention of going away soon.

Forbes was more than satisfied with this state of things—he was truly delighted. His whole mode

of life had been most agreeably changed by the presence of that cheerful unassuming guest in his house. Already he began to look forward with uneasiness to the time when this pleasant intercourse must come to an end. Baldwin had said once, before his journey to England, that towards the end of the year he would return to Hakodate.

"Why do you not remain in Europe?" said Forbes.

"Because my business is in Japan, and my money is invested there."

"Cannot you liquidate your business?" asked Forbes again. "You surely do not intend to spend your whole life among those half-civilised Japanese and those wild Ainos."

"Certainly not; but I must bear it a little longer, till I have earned enough to live in Europe without the help of the income which my Japanese business gives me at present."

"And how long will that take?"

"About four or five years, with good luck."

"Five years if you are lucky! That is a long time. And now, supposing you have no such luck as you expect, what then?"

"I never have given that a thought. I let the morrow take care of itself."

"And when do you think of going back?"

"There is no hurry about that—probably about the end of the year. If I am in Hakodate by next spring, it will be time enough."

The month of May had come, and Baldwin had not spoken again of going away—nor did he seem to think about it. And, indeed, so it was; the thought of leaving Paris never came to him. The beautiful eyes of Jane Leland had cast a spell upon him. He was madly, hopelessly in love with her. He had been, in the fullest sense of the word, bewitched by the brown-eyed, golden-haired, graceful American girl. All his thoughts, wishes, and hopes were centred in her. This unspoken passion made him as happy, as miserable, as light-hearted, as melancholy, as generous, as cowardly, and as silly as it does most people in the same enviable condition. In one respect only, Baldwin differed from most lovers: he did not talk about his love. He had not made a confidant of Forbes, who, nevertheless, had long been aware of his friend's state of mind. Jane, too—to say nothing of Mr and Mrs Leland—had, without much difficulty, guessed their new friend's secret.

Mrs Leland, *née* De Montemars, was by no means pleased at this discovery, but neither was she made uneasy by it. She reposed the most complete and well-justified confidence in her prudent Jane. Mr Baldwin was not a son-in-law according to her coldly calculating heart. She had long ago selected the wealthy George Forbes as a suitable husband for her daughter.

Old Mr Leland felt very kindly towards the young Englishman, but he was not allowed to have any voice in the matter. His wife, indeed, had very quickly put a stop to his remarks when, one evening, he had somewhat timidly alluded to the amiable qualities of "the young man from Japan."

Jane herself was not particularly proud of her last conquest. She was accustomed to triumph. She certainly did not dislike Baldwin, but the thought of marrying him had never once occurred to her.

She was now three-and-twenty, and during the last four years she been courted in the most various ways. She numbered, in her collection, sentimental, impassioned, melancholy, witty, and even sensible admirers. Each in turn had

amused her for a while, and then had gradually become uninteresting, if not tiresome.

Three of them had made her offers of marriage, which she had declined unconditionally, without a moment's hesitation. She really did not quite know, herself, what were the qualities her future husband ought to possess in order to please her. A great name, a brilliant position, a large fortune, might have, if not conquered her, at least made her hesitate. None of her suitors had possessed these qualifications. Nor had Baldwin an illustrious name or great riches to command particular favour. The natural simplicity of his manners amused her —that was his sole merit in her eyes.

The only man of her acquaintance who occupied her thoughts was Forbes, and he did not owe this distinction to his wealth. She certainly thought of it sometimes, and pictured to herself how pleasant it would be to surpass all her friends and acquaintances in splendour and extravagance; but what attracted her most was the aristocratic bearing and the indifference of the young millionaire.

Now and then, in America, one meets with descendants of German or English emigrants in whom every trace of their origin has been obliterated, after a few generations, by the influences of climate and of a new mode of life. The ancestral type of features has entirely disappeared. They have small refined features, a peculiarly delicate complexion, large, intelligent, bright eyes, small well-shaped hands and feet, and long slender limbs. Their bearing is bold and dignified; their movements are graceful and self-assured. They look more like the heirs of ancient and noble names, than the descendants of square-shouldered thick-set farmers and workmen driven by want and misery from their old homes. One even often learns with surprise that they themselves have, in their youth, carried on some trade or business which in Europe is only followed by the lower and poorer classes.

Forbes was one of these, so to speak, unjustifiably aristocratic-looking men. His grandfather had been a poor farmer; his father had dug a fortune out of the Californian mines; yet the slenderly-built George Forbes moved about with remarkable dignity, and thoroughly gentleman-like self-possession. His great wealth threw a sort of artificial halo around him. He rode and drove the best horses; he won and lost large sums at play with perfect equanimity; he never asked a service, nor even the smallest favour, of anybody; he was no respecter of persons or of things; he was polite, and at the same time regardless of others; lastly, he knew how to dress plainly but in perfect good taste.

Jane saw all this, and admired it. In her heart she even overrated the value of the manifold recommendations of her wealthy countryman, while at the same time she was conscious that her beautiful eyes had no great power over him, and that his serenity was not disturbed for one moment by her presence. She felt this more bitterly than any one had an idea of—far more bitterly than she liked to own to herself.

"If only he were not so rich," she often thought, "I would show him at least that he pleases me more than the silly, tiresome men who surround me; but I scarcely dare to be friendly with him, lest he should fancy that I am thinking of his money, like those girls that flirt with him and those men that flatter him. If he could only lose a good part of his fortune, then he would find out who are his true friends."

She treated Forbes with far greater reserve than any of her other acquaintances; and for Baldwin especially, she had always a pleasant smile and a friendly greeting. Forbes noticed this, and laughed at it inwardly. "She wants to make me jealous of poor Baldwin," he said to himself. The son of the gold-digger did not cherish many illusions; he had no very exalted opinion of mankind in general, or of Jane Leland in particular. He was not so easy to decoy and tame as the "Wild Man of Yesso."

On one occasion, when Forbes came home from his club at one o'clock in the morning, having left Baldwin two hours before in Mrs Leland's drawing-room, he noticed that there was a light still burning in his friend's room. He opened the door, and found Baldwin walking up and down, apparently in deep thought.

"Why, what keeps you up so late?"

"Sit down," said Baldwin; "I want to speak to you."

"My advice is: Don't."

"What?"

"Don't marry!"

Baldwin looked up in surprise. "Who told you that I wished to marry?" he asked.

"Why, you have told me so yourself," replied Forbes, laughing. "Do you really think it is a secret, for any one who knows you, that you are in love with Miss Leland?"

Baldwin was silent for some time. At last he said, "You spare me the trouble of a preface and a confession, and I am thankful for that. I will tell you at once what has happened to-night:—Soon after you left us, I unexpectedly found an opportunity of speaking to Miss Leland alone. Mr Leland was at the whist-table, his wife was talking to some ladies, and Jane was left alone in the little room where tea had been served. There I joined her. I do not know how it happened that I came to speak of my love; but before I knew it myself, I had told her all I had kept hidden so long in my heart. At the very moment when I was expecting her answer, there was a moving of chairs in the drawing-room; the visitors were preparing to go. Jane rose quickly and went into the next room. The guests took leave, and a few minutes later I found myself alone with Mr and Mrs Leland. Jane had disappeared. My heart was so full of what I had said to her, that I was determined to come to an explanation. I related in a few words what had taken place between Jane and myself, and I begged them to grant me the hand of their daughter. Old Mr Leland looked embarrassed, and said, 'You must settle that with my wife.' He then went to the whist-table and busied himself in putting up the counters and the cards. Mrs Leland, who had remained near the fireplace, and did not ask me to sit down, made a long speech in a low voice to this effect: She had heard from you and from myself that I intended returning to Japan, and she could not give her consent to a marriage which would separate her from her only child. I found nothing to say in reply; the whole affair had assumed suddenly such a totally prosaic aspect. I became embarrassed, and I scarcely remember what I answered. While I was speaking to her, she looked at me in a cold, unsympathetic way; old Leland was still busy with his cards and counters; but I could not, and would not, consider myself beaten. Jane had not accepted my offer, but neither had she refused it. I might still hope for the best. So, at last, I said to Mrs Leland that I could not accept her answer as final; that

I entreated her to speak to her daughter; and that I would take the liberty of calling to-morrow afternoon for a reply. I cannot tell you how painful was the hard, business-like tone in which this conversation was carried on. Mrs Leland said, 'I will speak to my daughter. Your visits will always be welcome; but I will never consent to separate from my only child, in order to let her go to a part of the world where she would, in fact, be lost to me.'

"There followed a long pause, during which her eyes remained fixed on me with that same unfriendly expression. I did not fully realise my position. I felt as if I were in a dream. Everything seemed so strange, so entirely unexpected. I had gone to the Lelands that evening, as I had done for weeks past, in the hopes of seeing Jane, but without any positive intention of declaring my love. And now I had spoken, and had not even obtained an answer from Jane! Now I was called upon, in this formal, business-like manner—as if it were a mere everyday question—to resign all the happiness I had hoped for! I felt that I could not collect my thoughts. I had just enough self-possession and judgment left to see that one inconsiderate word might hopelessly ruin all my chances. I took my hat and said once more, 'Speak to your daughter, and allow me to call for your decision to-morrow.' A few seconds later, I found myself in the street, and for the last hour I have been here. You see I am quite cool, and yet I do not know what to do. Help me, Forbes! What ought I to do? If Mrs Leland repeats to-morrow what she has said to-night, what then? Help me, I say!"

Baldwin spoke calmly, but his eyes shone with a feverish light; his look was unsteady and his voice sounded hoarse.

Forbes walked leisurely up to the fireplace, looked at the clock, admired himself in the glass, and smoothed his beautiful curly hair. Baldwin never took his eyes off him.

"Do you think," said Forbes at last, very quietly, "that you have Miss Leland on your side?"

"How can I know?" replied Baldwin, impatiently; "have I not told you that she left me without giving me any answer?"

"Well, my dear fellow, then I really do not know what to advise." He relighted his cigar, which had gone out, and then added slowly, "Wait till to-morrow; let us see what Mamma Leland has to say to you."

"But if she simply repeats what she said this evening?"

"Well, if I were you, I would wait, anyhow."

"Have you nothing else to say to me?"

"I really have not."

"Then I am no wiser than I was."

Forbes made no reply. Baldwin, who was seated, remained staring into vacancy, while he whistled softly to himself. At last he said—

"Very well; I will wait till to-morrow." Then he passed his hand across his forehead and eyes, and said, "I am tired to death."

Forbes wished him good-night and left the room. A quarter of an hour afterwards he was lying in bed reading the evening papers, as was his habit before going to sleep. After a very little while he dropped the paper on the floor, extinguished the light, and was soon sound asleep.

The next morning, Baldwin, who had passed a sleepless night, was sitting in his room, pale and downhearted, when the following letter from Mrs Leland was brought to him:—

"AVENUE FRIEDLAND,
Monday morning.

"MY DEAR MR BALDWIN,—After you left us last night I had a long conversation with my wife and my daughter, and it is my duty to inform you of the decision we have come to. I regret sincerely that I cannot give you better news. Jane is our only child, and you will readily understand that we do not wish to separate from her. She is very grateful for the offer you have made her, and is much flattered by it, but she will not oppose the express wish of her parents. Under these circumstances it would be painful for yourself, and for us, were you to repeat your offer today, as was your intention last night. Our decision is irrevocable. I wish you every happiness, with all my heart. I hope that in after-years we may meet again, and renew, under different circumstances, an acquaintance which has been very agreeable to me. My wife sends her best regards; and I remain, my dear Mr Baldwin, yours very truly,

"FREDERICK LELAND."

Baldwin, after reading this letter, sat for a long while motionless, and apparently petrified. At twelve the servant came to announce breakfast, and to say that Mr Forbes was waiting for him in the dining-room. Baldwin replied that he would come immediately; but he forgot what he had said, and a quarter of an hour later, Forbes himself came to find out what kept him in his room. Baldwin, without saying a word, handed him the letter, on which Forbes bestowed merely a passing glance.

"We will talk about this after breakfast," he said; "come down, it is half-past twelve."

Baldwin followed his host as in a dream, and for half an hour he sat opposite to him at the breakfast-table without speaking. Forbes had taken a long ride in the morning, and was blessed with an excellent appetite. When he had satisfied his hunger, however, he was ready to listen to the love affairs of his best friend.

"Give me that letter again," he said, when he was seated with Baldwin in the smoking-room; "I want to read it over carefully before I give you my opinion."

He lighted a cigar very leisurely, threw himself into an easy-chair, putting his legs up on another chair, and when he had made himself thoroughly comfortable, and had even examined for a moment, with evident satisfaction, his small, well-made boots, he began to read.

"That letter has been dictated by Mamma Leland," he said, when he had reached the signature. "The old gentleman would never have written it—I know his style; and she has taken pains, too, to make it look awkward and natural. Her own little notes have a much finer finish. But the letter is not bad of its kind. The "*née* De Montemars" has anticipated any new attack which you might attempt, and has defeated it beforehand."

"Forbes, will you do me a favour?"

"With pleasure."

"Go to Mrs Leland; speak a kind word for me."

"But, my dear fellow, what could I say? Father, mother, and daughter unanimously reject your offer. Follow my advice and let the matter drop."

Baldwin looked at him in astonishment, but did not answer. Forbes felt that in his desire to get rid of the whole affair—which did not interest him very much—he had perhaps acted somewhat awkwardly; so, with some hesitation in his tone and manner—like one who is trying to get out of a difficulty, and

hopes to find a way while he is speaking—he said,

"Put yourself in that woman's place. . . . After all, she is not so very much in the wrong. . . . She does not wish to separate from her daughter. . . . If you had an only daughter, would you like her to go and live among the Ainos? . . . Cannot you make a new offer on a different basis? . . . Cannot you say you would remain in Europe? . . . By that means, perhaps, everything might be pleasantly arranged. But go and plead your cause yourself, and don't take an outsider into the business. That might make an unfavourable impression. *Qui veut, va; qui ne veut pas, envoie.*"

"No, I must return to Japan," replied Baldwin; "my interests would suffer too much were I to remain here now."

"Well, make up your mind to a sacrifice."

"If it were only that!" exclaimed Baldwin. "I would gladly give every penny I have if it would make Mrs Leland change her mind. But, as a poor man, I could not presume to offer myself as a husband for Jane."

He stopped suddenly, and walked up and down the room in deep thought; then, speaking to himself rather than to his companion, he said—

"There is perhaps one way of arranging everything."

"How?"

"If I could find somebody to buy a share of my business, which is really a sound and good one." He stopped again and cast a timid glance at Forbes.

"How could that be done?"

"I cannot see my way quite clearly in the matter at present," replied Baldwin; "I will think it over, and talk to you about it this evening."

"Yes, do," said Forbes, in a careless tone. Then he looked at his watch, and added, "I have a few calls to make. I will dine at seven at the Café Anglais, and you can meet me there if you like. At any rate, I will be here at about nine." And he left the room. "I see what you are after, Master Baldwin," he said to himself as soon as he was outside; "always the same old story!"

Baldwin had no idea of what was passing in Forbes's mind. He worked the whole afternoon to draw up a statement of his financial position. He happened to have some documents with him which enabled him to prove the correctness of his estimates by facts and figures. He could show that he possessed a fortune of nearly 150,000 dollars. In order to arrive at this figure, he had, however, thought himself justified in putting down at a fair sum his flourishing business in Japan. He stated that any one who would take a share in the concern, bringing with him 50,000 dollars, would make a safe and profitable investment, and that, on these conditions, he was ready to take his friend Graham of Hakodate into partnership. Of Graham's consent he felt sure beforehand. The 50,000 dollars with which Graham would enter the firm would enable them to extend the business, and found a branch establishment in Europe. The management of this European branch Baldwin would undertake himself.

These were the heads of his statement. In an accompanying letter, Baldwin asked Forbes to lend these 50,000 dollars to his friend Graham. As an additional guarantee, he proposed to mortgage his own and Graham's landed property in Hakodate, to secure Forbes. Thus the risk to be incurred in granting the loan would be reduced to a minimum.

Baldwin worked hard for several hours to finish his calculations and

his letter. He had been much excited; but as he read over his work when it was done, he felt satisfied with it, and that calmed him a little. He had written with perfect honesty. He had not tried to represent his circumstances as better than they were. A stranger, indeed, might perhaps raise objections—but then Forbes was no stranger. . . .

Baldwin knew that Forbes possessed a large fortune, and he took it for granted that he would be ready to do this thing to oblige, not only him, but also Graham, who had been the friend of his youth.

He looked at his watch and saw that it was too late to go to the Café Anglais. So he took a hasty dinner at a restaurant in the Champs Elysées, and rushed home immediately afterwards.

Forbes was not punctual; it was nearly ten when he made his appearance. He said something by way of excuse, to which his friend paid no attention. He was evidently in a bad humour when he followed Baldwin into his room.

"Here," said Baldwin, handing him the long, carefully-written statement, "read this first."

Forbes had not taken off his hat, and altogether looked like a man who has not much time to spare. He turned over quickly the closely-written pages, and soon came to the end of the memorandum which had cost poor Baldwin so many hours of conscientious labour.

"I do not see yet what is the drift of this," he said, without lifting his eyes off the manuscript, "but I can point out at once one great mistake which may fatally weaken your whole argument. . . . I, too, am a man of business," he added, somewhat pettishly, as if in answer to some implied remark from Baldwin, who had not said a word, and who stood looking at him in anxious suspense.

"You estimate your fortune at 150,000 dollars. That cannot be correct, to begin with, since you are willing to sell one-half for 50,000 dollars. By your own showing, therefore, you are only worth 100,000 dollars. But even from that sum, Leland, who is a cautious man, would deduct one-half, as your money is invested in a business which may be good to-day and bad to-morrow. Again, you are ready, you say, to become joint security with Graham for the 50,000 dollars you wish to raise; but should you be unfortunate in your business—a contingency which must certainly be taken into account—you might be utterly ruined. This alone will cause old Leland to consider your statement as resting upon a very weak foundation, and consequently to reject it."

He had assumed, while speaking, a certain look of superiority, as though he had discovered something very pleasant, and he repeated slowly, "Yes, reject it." After a short pause he continued—

"But, even supposing that Leland were to accept your calculations—which, I am convinced, he will not—your statement will by no means satisfy him. I see you reckon upon a certain income of 12,000 dollars. You mention that sum as a minimum. Leland will not suppose for a moment that you have undervalued your property, and he will set down that sum as a maximum. But, my dear fellow, what are 12,000 dollars a-year for a spoilt child like Jane Leland? In her father's house more than double that sum is spent, and they do not think themselves rich enough. With 12,000 dollars, or about £2500 a-year, one cannot do much in Paris. For instance, you could not think of keeping your own carriage and horses; and just imagine Jane Leland in a cab! Impossible! . . .

Believe me, my dear Baldwin, it won't do; better give it up."

"Here, read this," replied Baldwin, gloomily, and he handed Forbes the letter in which he was asked to advance the 50,000 dollars to Graham. Forbes looked at it for a moment.

"You think me richer than I am," he said. "I cannot dispose of 50,000 dollars as easily as you fancy. But even if I could, what would be the use? I repeat, Leland is far too practical a man to accept your offer. Believe me, Baldwin, the best thing you can do is to give up the whole thing."

"Then you will not help me?"

"I will help you with pleasure, if it is possible. I will see what I can do. But I can make no positive promise; and I repeat again, I do not think my help would do you any good."

"What am I to do, then?"

"Well, how can I know?"

"May I tell Leland that I think I can make arrangements to remain in Europe, if on that condition he will give me his daughter?"

"Certainly, tell him so; that can do no harm; but . . . but . . . as I said before, I do not know yet whether I can get that money for you. I would have to borrow it. 50,000 dollars is a large sum—a quarter of a million of francs—a very large sum. . . . If you only knew how many claims are made on me—from all sides. . . ."

Baldwin looked at Forbes with an expression so peculiar, so bitter, and at the same time so pitying, that the poor millionaire was suddenly silenced.

"Let us say no more about it," said Baldwin, gently; "I have been mistaken."

A feeling of shame and anger took possession of Forbes. He felt that Baldwin was looking down upon him, as from some lofty eminence. But had he a right to do so? What did it all amount to? Always the same old story. He, Forbes, was to give money. Was he good for nothing else in this world than to pay, in order to get other people, strangers, out of their difficulties? Who had ever helped him? Nobody. He wanted nothing of Baldwin; what right had Baldwin to ask a favour of him? He had taken a liking to the stranger, because he seemed unselfish and disinterested. But after all, Baldwin was just like the other people with whom he had come in contact. Baldwin, like the rest, wanted to get something out of him. "I will not always let everybody make use of me, and get the better of me," he said to himself. "The friendship of that man is not worth 50,000 dollars. Not a penny will I give for it, if I have to pay for it. It was only of value so long as it was not venal."

"You judge me unfairly," he said aloud, "but it would be of no use to try and clear up this misunderstanding. . . . Good night, Baldwin."

"Good night."

A few minutes later, Baldwin heard the roll of the carriage which took Forbes to his club. There he played as usual, but, if possible, with even less interest than was his wont. His reason furnished him with a hundred arguments to justify his conduct towards Baldwin; but his heart, cold as it was, told him that he had acted meanly and ungenerously. No: Baldwin was no common schemer who wanted to take advantage of him. And by his side there stood another man, whose image Forbes could not drive away—a man with a prematurely-aged face, with a sad look and a sorrowful smile on his lips—Thomas! Baldwin, a perfect stranger, had shown him kindness. "I

owe it to Baldwin that I have not gone quite to ruin," Thomas had written to Forbes. This thought gnawed at the heart of the rich man, and his conscience smote him.

"He shall have the money," he said to himself, suddenly, and a genial feeling of warmth, which he had not known for years, filled his heart.

"*Va banque!*" he said aloud, and pushed a heap of gold pieces and bank-notes into the middle of the table. He lost. It took a long time to count the money. He waited impatiently, and had to pay a considerable sum. Then he rose and drove home.

He looked up at Baldwin's windows, and saw no light in them. "He is gone to bed," thought Forbes. He went into his own room, but he was excited, and it was long before he fell asleep. At a late hour the next morning, his servant brought him a letter. He recognised Baldwin's handwriting, and, tearing open the envelope, he read—

"DEAR FORBES,—Accept my best thanks for the kindness with which you have received me. I have made up my mind to go to London. Your servant tells me that you are still asleep, and I do not wish to disturb you.—Very faithfully yours,

"GORDON BALDWIN."

GAELIC LORE AND MODERN SLANG.

ALL well-regulated minds ought, of course, to rejoice at the great strides linguistic science has taken in our time towards a firm footing; but it is difficult to refrain from mingling with our satisfaction some sentimental regrets at the restrictions that are nowadays imposed upon philologic fancy. Here as everywhere else a Reign of Law has sought to set up its sway. Free efforts of the imagination now find themselves heavily fettered by the cramping arguments of fact. That delightfully discursive speculation of our older etymologists which roamed here and there at pleasure, contemptuously indifferent to ethnological limits, recking little of classification, but profoundly interested in determining the language of Eden and devoutly believing in the confusion of Babel, now takes its place beside the squaring of the circle and the transmutation of the metals. The philological "high jinks" which have been our delight since the days of the "Diversions of Purley," must not be indulged in in these staid days of exact science. We begin to feel a sort of shame in avowing our liking for the philological dictum of our dear Jonathan Oldbuck, umquhill of Monkbarns, that "an inch is as good as a mile for a home-thrust;" for we are reminded by a sweet singer in 'Maga,' who himself did much in his day, in no pedantic fashion, to keep the word-compellers within due bounds, that though "etymology once was a wild kind of thing,"

> "Now that state of matters completely is changed,
> And the old school of scholars now feels quite estranged,
> For 'tis clear that whenever we open our jaw,
> Every sound that we utter comes under some law."

No doubt the change is all for the better, but still we may be par-

doned for doubting whether philological research has greater attractions now than it possessed in the old days before Grimm's law became our creed, when every linguistic "find" was really treasure-trove, which the lucky discoverer might, if he could, turn unchallenged to the account of his own particular theories. We do not for a minute forget the magic interest with which Max Müller can invest every detail connected with his own beloved science, or ignore the skill with which he has clothed the dry bones that Grimm and Rask and Bopp had pieced together. We set ample store by the great light that Max Müller has thrown on the families of human speech and their relations each to the other. But why should we not find a species of relief by contrast in straying back from the broad glare to the dim twilight amid which the old school of philologists groped? Because we heave a sigh over the lance and shield of the *cap a-pie* knights, is it to be supposed that we are contemptuous of the inventions of Herr Krupp or Mr Whitworth? And in sooth they were fine fellows the old Word-men, whose great ideas could never have been confined in the puny octavos of these degenerate days. Grant that they were full of crotchets; that in nine cases out of ten their inquiries were straining to a foregone conclusion; that they were ignorant of those fundamental principles that are nowadays flogged into fourth-form boys: but what grand superstructures have not many of them left behind them—edifices still stately and impressive to the eye, though the foundations may long since have slipped from under them? "Monuments of misplaced research," is the curt and contemptuous criticism with which most of the speculations of the pre-Grimmian etymologists are nowadays put back on the bookshelf; and we often doubt whether at the present rate of progress the works which contemporary inquiry is producing, will receive more civil compliments from posterity when as many years have elapsed.

Curiosity to determine the primitive language of mankind was always a principal object with the older philologists; and the chief subject of contention among them was the comparative claims of their own national tongues to this preeminence. In a curious old folio of the middle of the sixteenth century, the 'Origines Antwerpianæ,' by Beccanus, a Flemish *savant*, the most laboured and learned part of the book is devoted to demonstrating that Low Dutch was the language spoken in Paradise; and one hardly knows whether to feel surprised more at the wonderful accumulation of facts and arguments which are jumbled together by way of proof, or at the preposterous conclusions which the patriotic scholar so complacently assumes to have been put by him beyond the possibility of doubt. Our earlier Celtic scholars were not less extravagant in their pretensions, and incurred a good deal more ridicule than they perhaps merited by the vehemence and persistence with which they pushed the claims of their language to an origin of the highest antiquity. Scores of Celtic grammarians have not hesitated to urge, as gravely and as confidently as Beccanus himself, that Adam greeted his wife in genuine Erse, and that the Serpent insinuated his arguments into the female ear in the same mellifluous tongue. Indeed we are not sure that even in the present day places would not be found north of the Highland line where such a belief was still an article of faith; and it is broadly hinted that the apostle of the Gaelic Renaissance, our versatile friend

Professor Blackie, would draw his claymore in its defence. An amusing list might be made of the irreconcilable affinities that have been sought to be established between Hebrew and Gaelic words; although probably not more ludicrous than many of the derivations that pass current in our everyday dictionaries. The Hebrides come quite naturally from Heber the son of Shem; and it is not exactly difficult to make out that Invergordon is merely the corruption of two Hebrew words signifying "beyond Jordan." It was only natural that such a theory should take a firm hold. The Scottish Celt is so bound up in his Bible, and so prone to cast his political, social, and moral ideas in a Hebrew mould, that the discovery of analogies between his own tongue and the language of ancient Israel had for him a fascination of no ordinary kind; and when this allurement was presented to him, he not unfrequently rushed after casual resemblances and general affinities, so as to make himself a laughing-stock to the less imaginative portion of mankind.

And even when the Aryan origin of the Celtic family of languages was clearly made out, and the claims of Gaelic to be the earliest offshoot in a westerly direction from the parent stem was admitted by philological authorities, the Highland Celts did not easily get rid of their Semitic partialities, and acknowledge their Hindoo cousins with the same readiness as they would have hailed a Jewish relationship. There is hardly a work on Celtic philology down to our own days in which we do not find traces of this *tendresse*, resulting generally in difficulties which would in most cases have been readily solved by a direct reference to the Sanscrit. It is only by a comparison of the oldest known Celtic remains, customs, and folklore with the religion and habits of the early Aryans, that we can ever hope to disinter the truth about the Ancient Britons from the *tumulus* which imagination, conjecture, and fiction have reared over them. But if we are ever to have the full benefit of the information which comparative philology can extract from the Celtic languages, we must utterly discard the loose mode of dealing with them which has been hitherto in vogue. We must restrict ourselves to historic as well as to philological possibilities. We must carefully bear in mind the number of European languages which have sprung from the same Aryan stock as the Gaelic and its kindred tongues. We must remember, too, the different degrees in which these same European languages have combined with the original Celtic speech of the island to form the Queen's English; and, above all, we must not jump too rashly at a conclusion that because an English word has a Celtic smack about it, it must necessarily have come into the language from the influence of the Ancient British race.

With these prefatory cautions, we may at once introduce the reader to Dr Charles Mackay's 'Gaelic Etymology of the English Language;'* and this ceremony over, we warrant the two will prove fast and constant friends. The good old lady who betook herself to the Dictionary for purposes of devotion and declared it to be "dry reading," would not have made the same complaint of Dr Mackay's work. It is the most gossiping glossary

* The Gaelic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe, and more especially of the English and Lowland Scotch, and of their Slang, Cant, and Colloquial Dialects. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

that we have ever met with—a very Pepys among dictionaries—showing a vast acquaintance with folk-lore, with old books, and with "fragments of forgotten peoples." Its primary object is to gather out of our English speech, and especially out of the Lowland Scotch, more Anglo-Saxon than the English itself, the words connected with the ancient Celtic tongues of the island. No one could be more fitted than the author for the task by a knowledge of both tongues, or by a critical and philological acumen; and 'Maga' has ere this lent a pleased ear to his counsels about "winged words." But albeit, without prejudice, and ever ready to yield to conviction, she has her own views upon this same Celtic question, which with her usual frankness she must needs speak out.

And first, as to the Lowland Scotch, which is popularly presumed to be largely impregnated with a Celtic element, and which, to a certain extent, has become the alternative language of the Gaelic-speaking race itself. It is the fashion to set down as Celtic all words in Lowland Scotch that have the remotest resemblance to a Gaelic stem, without stopping to inquire whether both cannot alike be referred back to a common Aryan root. In this case we must commit ourselves mainly to historical guidance. Now, if there is one fact that early Scottish history testifies to more strongly than another, it is the intense antipathy that existed between the Celtic races inhabiting the Highlands, and the Saxon, Norman, and Flemish dwellers on the coast and in the Lowlands. The Lowlanders looked down upon the Highlanders from the point of law-abiding civilisation; while the other took the higher ground on account of their superior bravery and prowess. In both cases language was the great bar of partition, and each hated and derided the speech of the other with an intensity that has still left ample traces on the surfaces of both tongues. This feeling would not prevent an interchange of words, but only under certain conditions, which we find quite fulfilled on referring to Dr Mackay's pages. Thus we have the Celtic word for "peasantry," *ceathairne*, adopted into Saxon as the contemptuous "kern," or the still more reprobated "catheran," "robber." Scott, who well knew the terms on which the two races stood, has hit these off with historical exactness in his grand ballad of "Harlaw:"—

> "My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
> As through the moorland fern;
> Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
> Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

Similar instances of an honest word being perverted in transition into a contemptuous meaning are to be found wherever two races speaking different languages have come into hostile collision, especially in the East. Of course a certain number of words must get interchanged on equal terms, but these are always capable of being brought within the compass of a brief classification; and in the case of Lowland Scotch, with its extensive vocabulary of Anglo-Saxon to fall back upon, we have no grounds for presuming that it seriously sought to supplement its deficiencies from the resources of the Celtic races. We have instances of Teutonic, Norse, and Norman septs adopting the habits and language of the Celts, who would of course add many words to the Gaelic that had been current in their own tongues. But we have no reason to believe that the Lowland Scots, who have handed down their language to us, were at all disposed to naturalise

freely the words of their Celtic neighbours. Pinkerton expresses this opinion with offensive force; and from the guarded language used by Dr Hill Burton in his History, we can gather that he holds very much the same view.

But while we thus enter a caution against the hypothesis, too commonly assumed, that English and Lowland Scotch are disproportionately indebted to the Celtic for their vocabularies, we are quite prepared to render to the Gaelic the words that are Gaelic. In topography we are of course deeply obliged to the older inhabitants, whose names in many instances the Anglo-Saxons were glad to adopt. Where Celtic customs were distinctive or strange, we find their original names taken over, as closely as possible, into our speech; or else these customs were designated by disparaging or offensive foreign epithets. A curious appropriation from the Celtic was the sacred burthens of the sacrificial songs chanted by the Druids,—or whatever else we should call the Ancient British priests,—which seem to have been caught up by the Saxons and converted by their gleemen to a very secular use. "Hey derry down," which we know to be as old as the days of the Heptarchy at least, has been traced to a Druidical chant, "*Hai down, ir, deri danno* (Come let us hasten to the oaken grove)," although Dr Mackay gives the original as slightly different. We are glad to think that the Shakespearian choruses, such as "Hey nonnie nonnie," and the refrain of the "gude and godlie ballat," "Hey trix, trim go trix" have both a similarly sacred origin. But if the line is to be drawn anywhere, we would be glad if it were inside "Ri tooral looral," which needs not the sanction of hoar antiquity to commend it to the class by whom it is nowadays chanted.

"This vile trash," says Dr Mackay, "contains two Gaelic words which are susceptible of two Gaelic interpretations. *Tooral* may be derived from *turail*—slow; and *looral* from *luathrail* (pronounced *luarail*)—quick, signifying a variation in the time of some musical composition to which the Druidical priests accommodated their footsteps in a religious procession either to the grove of worship or around the inner stone circle. It is also possible that the words are derived from *Tuathreul*, or *Luath-reul* (*th* silent in both instances), the first signifying 'North Star,' and the second 'Swift Star,'—appropriate invocations in the mouths of a priesthood that studied all the motions of the heavenly bodies, and were the astrologers as well as the astronomers of the people."

There is probably more in this than in some etymological stories that receive greater credit. The Saxons, always susceptible to music, would catch up the weird, and to them meaningless chant, and it is quite natural to suppose that in course of time it would come readily to their lips as a chorus to swell out their own songs. At the same time we must bear in mind that the music-hall minstrelsy of our own age has shown us how easily a chorus may be made up of mere patter, and how readily such jargon will catch hold on the popular memory. It is quite legitimate, where a chorus is known to be of undoubted antiquity, to seek a historical origin for it; but we must be possessed of a good deal of credulity to believe that half our nursery and music-hall refrains are aught else except syllables shaped to notes of music, "mere nonsense-words that go glibly off the tongue," as Mr Chappell puts it in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time."

There is a class of words not less interesting than the choruses of our old songs to which Dr Mackay devotes much attention, and which he labours with great ingenuity to deduce from a Celtic origin. These

are our current "slang" words, which force themselves into our speech and our writings in spite of our most earnest efforts to confine them to the class wherein they originally sprang up. There is a curious distinction to be drawn between the spread of modern and ancient slang that is not altogether flattering to the taste of the present age. Early in the last century we find that the court and the coffee-houses were the great manufactories of "slang" words and "cant" phrases; and that as soon as these spread to wider and less select circles, the "mode" required them to be dropped at once. In the present day the process seems to be inverted, and society is well content to cull its flowers of speech from the highways and the by-ways, from the betting-ring, from the billiard-room, and from the daily talk of the vulgar masses. And yet "slang" has taken such a firm hold upon us that we not only must not ignore it, but we cannot forbear feeling interested in every attempt to solve its etymology; and no class of words is more capriciously coined or more calculated to mislead the philologist who goes by mere resemblance than our "slang" terms. We do not know, and will probably never be able to determine, the origin of "slang" itself. Stormonth, in his valuable and accurate Dictionary, thinks the word "connected with the Latin *lingua*—the tongue; literally, the language of the gipsies:" and this conjecture is just as likely to be right as another; and it stands much more to reason than Dr Mackay's derivation from *sluagh*, a "multitude," and *teanga*, "speech." More likely it is a coined word without paternity or kin; and the fact that almost every other Aryan tongue has a distinct term to express the same idea, like the German *pöbelsprache* and the French *argot*, bears out this theory. A word purely local, both in origin and application, and often entirely meaningless, may from a variety of circumstances obtain a general currency and importance. In such cases the task of the etymologist resembles that of the genealogist who has to frame the pedigree and matriculate the arms of some *nouveau riche;* and the result is generally worth about the same in both cases. The type-word of this class is "skedaddle"—a slang word to which the American war gave great prominence, and which, meaningless enough probably at first, is now, by some happy guess, inseparably connected with the Greek σκεδάννυμι. The odds are a hundred to one that there is not the remotest connection between the two; but they now stand coupled together, and probably will continue to do so until the end of the days of dictionary-making.

And now let us see how Dr Charles Mackay deals with some of the slang of our day; and if he does not always carry conviction to our minds, we at least never find him dogmatic or dull, but always ingenious and amusing. Most of us have heard some time or other of a "chickaleery cove," and wondered what manner of man the said "cove" might be. The classic tongue of Whitechapel, whether it be St Giles's Greek or Thieves' Latin, is the source to which, in our innocence, we would have addressed ourselves for an explanation; but there, it seems, we would have been wrong.

"So full of vitality under discouragement," says Dr Mackay, "is the old Keltic language of the original possessors of the British soil, that words of which the derivation is utterly unknown to this present and many previous generations, crop up after twelve hundred years in the speech, or what

is called the slang or cant, of the lower people, and find no explanation except in the ancient and ignored tongue of the Britons and the Gaels. "Chickaleery" offers a signal example of this fact. The word is not invented by the roughs and vagabonds of our age, as this and many others of a similar character are supposed to have been."

"Chickaleery," then, comes from *ditheach* (pronounced *jéach*), "beggar," *liath* (*lee-a*), "grey," and *reodh* (*reo*), "frost," and literally signifies a beggar who goes out in the hard frost—the gentry who enliven our winter mornings with the doleful refrain, "We've got no work to do." This may be so; but if it is, then Polonius's cloud appears much more like an ousel to us than it did before. We sigh to think, moreover, that it should have been in such questionable regions as Whitechapel and the Seven Dials that the vitality of the "old Keltic language of the original possessors of the British soil" should have been thus strikingly demonstrated, instead of in those provinces where something of the romantic traditions and poetry of the race still lingers. In fact, if we follow Dr Mackay, we may go the length of classifying "Thieves' Latin" as one of the few spoken varieties of the Celtic family of languages, for there is hardly a word of it that he does not trace up to a Gaelic origin. The magisterial "beak" is from the Gaelic *beachd*, "judgment," although another very probable source is the Saxon *beag*, a gold collar of office. "Fake," a professional synonym for "to steal," comes from *faigh*, "to get," which apparently has no evil import attached to it. "Chizzle," the use of which, we regret to say, has crept into honest society, comes from *disle* (*jisle*) relationship, "whence the metaphorical use of the word, to be cheated by a person under the false pretence of relationship or consanguinity." The derivation may perhaps stand as an explanation and apology for the extended use of the word. The important word "burglary," which has had no settled etymology, is derived with a good show of probability from *buar glacair*, "a cattle-lifter." If this is correct, it is rather strange that the Lowland Scots, who had a good deal of experience of the Celtic partiality for other people's flocks and herds, should not have known the word until it was introduced to them from England; and indeed the legal history of the term lends a strong presumption in favour of a Norman origin, such as *bourg-larron*. Besides, all allusions to so prevalent a practice as "cattle-lifting" were always euphemised in the mouth of a Highlander. Evan Dhu in 'Waverley' expresses with great nicety the national feeling upon the subject: "He that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird is a gentleman drover." Other things equal, we would rather seek the derivation of our crimes in the Anglo-Saxon or Norman-French than in the Celtic tongues, where legal classification was extremely rude, and little likely to have much weight with lawyers, who regarded it as something barbaric; but we confess that there is a special propriety in associating "felon" with the Gaelic *feal* "treason;" and the derivation is at all events more apt than Spelman's etymon from the Saxon *feelen*, "to offend." But can we say the same of the origin assigned to "fogle," thieves' slang for a "pocket-handkerchief"? Here is what Dr Mackay says of this:—

"Those who remember the scene in Dickens's 'Oliver Twist,' where the Jew Fagin teaches his young pupils how to steal pocket-handkerchiefs in

the deftest manner, and without exciting by any motion or sound the attention of the person robbed, will possibly admit the derivation of the word from the Gaelic *foghlum*—'learning.'"

As, however, the tuition of the young idea how to steal seems to have mainly devolved upon the countrymen of Mr Fagin, it would have been much more in accordance with fact had we been able to fix upon a Semitic rather than a Celtic origin for this initiatory essay in the gentle craft.

There is, however, a class of slang upon which we believe much valuable light may be thrown from the Gaelic, and which Dr Mackay has treated with learning and skill. With very few exceptions the slang of Shakespeare has defied elucidation; and the never-ceasing controversies to which almost every word or expression still gives rise, show how far we still are from any sure solution. Dr Mackay's endeavours to reconcile many of them with a Gaelic origin are quite legitimate and full of interest. It must be remembered how many of Elizabeth's courtiers had made an Irish campaign, and how prone to the use of new and affected words was the society of the day. Nothing is more likely than that the slang and "catch" words of the taverns and theatres should contain a considerable element of Erse in more or less distorted forms. At the same time, we must distinguish between the current slang of the time and what Shakespeare designed should be received as mere meaningless patter, especially the ranting of Ancient Pistol, by which in all probability he meant to satirise the mouth-swelling declamations of the contemporary tragic stage. We are therefore doubtful whether we should accept the Gaelic origin of Pistol's.

"Under which king, *Bezonian!* speak, or die,"

which has hitherto set all the commentators at defiance; or whether we should continue to receive it as a grandiloquent word invented by the Ancient in his excitement upon the spur of the moment. The derivation suggested is *baiosthoneach*, a gross word, which could hardly with any propriety have been applied to a starveling like Justice Shallow, however aptly it would have fitted Falstaff. Still, as a conjecture, the Celtic explanation is quite as admissible as the Italian *bisogno*. Dr Mackay, if not more fortunate, is certainly more ingenious in his treatment of the much controverted "*miching mallecho*," which Hamlet interprets to mean "mischief." Endless efforts have been made to find a reasonable etymon for these words, but all with indifferent success. Nares has suggested the Old English *mich*, "to skulk," and the Spanish *malhecor*, which he says signifies "poisoner;" and Staunton and Knight have adopted similar derivations. We cannot curtail Dr Mackay's explanation of this curious phrase:—

"The words occur only in Shakespeare, and are always held to apply to the poisoning of the King. But an attentive reading will show that they may apply not to the murder, which was a malefaction, a mischief done and accomplished beyond recall, but to the subsequent wooing of the Queen by the murderer. The stage direction says:—

"'*The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.*'

"It is at this latter point of the dumb-show that Ophelia, surprised at such a passage of courtship between the murderer and the Queen, exclaims,

'What means *this*, my lord?' and that Hamlet replies, 'Marry, this is *miching mallecho*, and means mischief.' Here it may be inquired, if it is the murder or the wooing that means mischief? In the murder, the mischief has been done beyond recall; in the wooing, the mischief is in the future, a mischief that will in due time be completed by the marriage of the guilty pair. Here we find a clue to the meaning in the Gaelic *mailleach*, defer, postpone, procrastinate; *mailleachadh*, postponement, procrastination. The qualifying adjective is *miannach*, desirous; so that the 'wild phrase' that Shakespeare puts into Hamlet's mouth, when in his indignation he bursts forth into the passionate language of the people, expressed his idea that though the woman was desirous of procrastination in the marriage for decency's sake, the man being so recently dead, she would after all make more mischief by marrying the murderer."

By "*miching mallecho*," therefore, we are to understand "desirous of procrastination," a signification which suits well enough with Dr Mackay's interpretation of the action of the play. But if we understand Ophelia's question and Hamlet's answer to apply to the whole of the spectacle, we are as much at a loss as ever. And we cannot in the case of Hamlet, as in that of Pistol, satisfy ourselves by assuming the words to be mere patter. There are numerous passages of Shakespeare, hitherto but unsatisfactorily explained, upon which a new light is let in by a reference to the Gaelic; and if our space permitted we would like to go over the more remarkable passages which Dr Mackay has endeavoured to elucidate. We must, however, confine ourselves to two which seem both critically and philologically sound, and supersede all other previous attempts at explanation. In the "Winter's Tale," the jealous Leontes, speaking to his little son, of whose paternity he is doubtful, says:—

"Thou want'st a rough *pash* and the shoots that I have
To be full like me."

Commentators have guessed at the meaning; but it is only now that we get at its full significance. "Pash" is almost the exact pronunciation of the Gaelic *bathais*, the "forehead;" and "the passage signifies that the little child wants the furrowed brow and the 'shoots' (the emblematical horns) to be 'full like the father.'" The "ronyon," in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" ("Out of my doors, you witch! you hag! you baggage! you pole-cat! you ronyon!") — and the "rump-fed ronyon" in "Macbeth," have always been etymologically obscure, Dr Johnson explaining, by mere guess, the word to signify "a fat bulky woman." We are, however, rather inclined to derive the epithet from *ròinneach*, "hairy;" an etymology that would consort well with the hirsute appearance usually assigned to witches by the popular imagination. The slang of Shakespeare and of the Elizabethan poets deserves to be thoroughly sifted by Celtic scholars; and if we would not have them adopt conclusions with the same ready confidence as Dr Mackay, we would at least expect much curious etymological information as the result.

The good old party designations of "Whig" and "Tory," which we are sorry to see superseded by less honest and appropriate synonyms, have always been assigned a Gaelic origin, even when no proofs were forthcoming in support of the theory. Both words are capital illustrations of the facility with which originally obscure expressions may imperceptibly come into general use; and by the time that the philologist thinks them sufficiently important to merit his attention, the means of tracing their origin is irretrievably lost. It is quite cer-

tain that "Whig" first appears as a Celtic epithet of contempt for the Covenanting Lowlanders; but whether it is derived from *whig*, another name for "whey," or from a sound used in driving cart-horses, would be hazardous to decide. An almost contemporary song on Killiecrankie has—

"The Solemn League and Covenant came whiggin' up the hill, man,"

which would rather favour the latter idea. Stormonth's careful Dictionary gives the derivation of Tory from *taobh-righ*, "the king's side;" and, whatever the first member of the compound may be, there can be little question that the main idea in the word is derived from *righ*, "the king." It has been reserved for Dr Mackay to furnish entirely new derivations of both "Whig" and "Tory." The latter comes from *toir*, *thoir*, "to give," "grant," "bestow;" *toirbheart*, "efficiency," "bounty," "munificence." This fits like a glove, and, we trust, may lead the party to revert to a name that so accurately and expressively characterises its course of action. There is an equal aptness in the derivation of "Whig," which ought to lead to the revival of the word in room of the term "Liberal," the plating of which has wellnigh worn off of late. "Whig," we are told, is from the Gaelic *tuig* (from which comes also the vulgar "twig"), "to understand," whence "Whigs" are literally "the knowing, the understanding people," a name that ought to satisfy the ambition of those who arrogate to themselves the sole representation of Culture and Progress. Dictionary-makers will do well to make a note of this, and see that in future the literal significations of Whigs and Tories—the "'cute ones" and the "efficient bestowers"—are given in addition to the usual explanation of the political position of both parties.

We notice an instance out of several where words, originally Celtic, have suffered in character by their naturalisation. The now vulgar adjective "bloody," which was not very common in the mouths of persons of quality in Queen Anne's days, and which both Swift, and Gray the poet, employ in their letters, was once a very innocent expression, and has not that sanguinary origin that the uninitiated might expect. It comes from the Gaelic *bloide*, "a piece, a bit, a half," and its original adjectival force seems to have been not much stronger than "somewhat," "rather." "Rogue," on the other hand, has been softened in harshness, coming as it does from *rag*, a "mean fellow," and *ragair*, a "thief." By some curious freak the word has possessed itself of a genial sense, alongside of its objectionable signification. In Charles II.'s time a "rogue" was a "dandy," a "swell," and it has for long been a pet name in the nursery. "Blackguard," on the other hand, has undergone little change in meaning since its first appearance in the language, and is, in all likelihood, sprung from the Gaelic *blaghair*, a "blusterer," which also serves as a root for the French *blagueur*, a "braggart."

Vital as is the Celtic element in our language, and flexible as Dr Mackay certainly makes it out to be, we must really be pardoned for scepticism as to the Gaelic origin of much of our recent slang. Indeed, we trust the language of Ossian is incapable of having given birth to such inane expressions as "Simson," "Hookey Walker," "My eye," "Boss," and others of the same character. "Simson," it may be necessary to explain, is the water with which the milk-sellers adulterate their commodity, and the word was certainly never heard of until of very recent years. It also stands for the parish pump—the best-paying por-

tion of the dairyman's stock-in-trade. Dr Mackay tells us that is from the Gaelic, *siomlach*, "a cow that gives milk without having a calf"—thence "the pump;" and he gravely adds, "Whether such modern slang words as these are imported into English by the Gaelic-speaking natives of Scotland or Ireland, or *whether they have remained latent in the language of the vulgar since the pre-Saxon era*, and only appear above the surface and come into print by accident, it is impossible to decide." We commend to the attention of philologists the suggestion we have italicised about the latency of language, as it will very likely afford several new ideas to them. A similar resurrection has taken place in the case of "Hookey Walker,"—an expression of incredulity, which, to do it sufficient justice, requires to be accompanied by a facial pantomime, and which comes from *thugad*, "begone," and *uallache*, "boaster," and therefore signified originally "begone, vain boaster!" The original phrase would have done honour to Ossian, or might, with perfect propriety, have been put in the mouth of Arthur or of Vortigern; but to what base uses may not words be brought? It is but right to add, on the authority of the 'Saturday Review,' that there was a hook-nosed Jew, the exhibitor of an orrery, whose memory the phrase is said to perpetuate; and a correspondent of the same journal asserts that "Hookey Walker" was a magistrate held in great dread by the criminal classes, and that "beak," moreover, had its origin in a prominent feature of the same authority's countenance. We are ashamed to say that we prefer this derivation, commonplace although it be, to the "latency" theory. "My eye," which used formerly to be associated with "Betty Martin," and was popularly believed to originate in a line of an old Latin canticle beginning "*Mihi Beate Martine*," is the Gaelic *mo-dhoigh* (pronounced *mo-yoy*), a common Celtic exclamation of delight. "Boss," which came to us originally as a Yankee "notion," and which our equality-loving workmen seem to consider preferable to the old Saxon "master," is derived from *bos*, the "hand," the "directing power,"—an etymology that fits smoothly enough, if it has no other claim to our regard. For our own part, we have very little doubt that "boss," like "skedaddle," is one of those words, invented by chance or called forth by some trivial local circumstance, which have accidentally got thrust into general speech, but so imperceptibly that it is quite impossible to trace their antecedents. The necessity in America for distinguishing between the master of slaves and the employer of free labour, left a blank for some such word as "boss," which it seems to have filled to the satisfaction of American ears; but we would strain our credulity were we to attach any philological significance to the accidental coincidence in sound between it and the apparent resemblance of the Gaelic word.

And really there are not a few coincidences that can only be regarded as accidental, remarkable enough to furnish a strong apology for making them a basis for theories. An "Abigail," an ill-tempered serving-woman, a word the general use of which dates from Queen Anne's time, and most probably originated in the Whig hatred of her Majesty's favourite Abigail Hill, Mrs Masham, stands side by side with a Gaelic word *abhagail*, "waspish," "snappish." The etymology of Brazen-nose College, Oxford, has often been questioned, the common explanations being that the name is either a corrup-

tion of *brasen-haus*, the "brew-house," or was taken from a brazen nose over the college gate. Dr Mackay suggests an origin which accords even better with that ancient seat of learning and culture than either of these conjectures: "*Bras-chaoin*, 'quick' and 'pleasant;' *nos*, 'custom,' 'manner,' 'usage.' If this be the derivation, it would imply that 'manners made the man' was taught at Brazen-nose as well as the classics." It is well that Oxonians should be put right also as to the true signification of "maudlin," which all these centuries they have been associating with the name of Mary Magdalene. *Maud*, "greatness," and *lion*, "to fall," "to replenish," are suggested as the constituents of the name, and we leave it to the members of the college to construe them into a present compliment or an augury of the future, as may suit their tastes. Another curious coincidence is suggested between the word *lais*, the typical "courtesan," and *leas* or *lios*, the "court." And coming to classic words, we are reminded that Dr Mackay treats us to an appendix on "The Gaelic and Egyptian Derivation of the Names in Greek and Roman Mythology." After the quotations which we have already made, no one will doubt our learned friend's ability to derive the whole of 'Lempriere' from the Gaelic; and we shall not follow him beyond the limits of our own native language. We cannot, however, refrain from noticing briefly how aptly he fits the Greek into the Gaelic, or the Gaelic into the Greek, as occasion may require. Compare Achilles with *aichill*, "able;" Æolus with *aile*, "the wind;" Anadyomene with *an*, "the," *doimhne*, the "ocean;" Ares with *ar*, "battle;" Bacchus with *bach*, "drunkenness;" Nemesis with *neo-maitheas*, "unforgiveness;" and Tantalus, from *teine*, "fire," and *talamh*, the "earth." Quitting the classic fields, Dr Mackay even takes a turn into Biblical regions, and ventures on a new reading of the mysterious writing upon the wall, which put so abrupt an end to Belshazzar's impious feast. The interpretation of "*Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin*," which is "recommended to the consideration of the learned," is *manadh*, a "sign;" *meidh-an-ni*, the "balance;" *teich-uile*, "fly all;" *gu-farsuinn*, "widely." We do not profess to have a very keen scent for heresy, but we really fear that such a reading is hardly orthodox. Did Daniel know Gaelic? Or did—but we shall leave the solution of the subject to Convocation and the General Assembly, as the proper bodies to deal with such doubts. We notice, also, that quite a new light is thrown upon the battle of Armageddon, an event which the Berlin Congress promises to postpone for some time to come. The derivation of Armageddon is, *ar*, "battle;" *magh*, a "field;" *ceud-ghinn*, "first-born." This simplifies matters exceedingly. It is now plain to us that Armageddon is to be the final struggle over the abolition of primogeniture in which a small but noisy section of Radicals is vainly endeavouring to interest the country. Dr Cumming ought to review the subject in this light. Materials for the composition of a seventh or eighth vial—we really forget how many he has poured out already—might be forthcoming, and the adaptation of the Apocalypse to English party politics would have a pleasing and novel effect that might not be altogether without its influence at the hustings.

It would be difficult to gauge the strict scientific value of a book like that through which we have been straying; and it is not necessary that we should seek to do so. Such

aberrations from the beaten paths of philology make up in interest for what they lack in authority. To enjoy a book it is not necessary that we should thoroughly agree with its contents, or endorse every one of its conclusions. That would reduce literature to the dulness of a dinner-table, where every one is content to echo the observations of his neighbour. And we must say this for Dr Mackay, that even when we are least disposed to agree with him, we are most tempted to admire his ingenuity and acumen. And there is so much delightful gossip, such wealth of old and curious quotation dragged in, such singular combination of quaintness and simplicity, as almost sends us back to Burton's 'Anatomy' to find a fitting parallel for it. We lay down the book with regret, for at the turn of every page some new source of interest and discussion is struck, not the less pleasant that we do not feel ourselves bound to accept, without great reservations, the arguments that are put before us.

With regard to the Gaelic element in English and Lowland Scotch, we have only a word to say. The high antiquity of the Celtic family of languages is now definitely settled, and we are fully alive to the importance of recent efforts to secure for them a fair representation in philological science. But the first point to be gained is to define the proper limits of the Celtic influence, and to restrict speculation within the bounds laid down. The "latent vitality" theory can only obstruct philological research and render etymologists intolerant of those Celtic claims that are really well founded. Above all, the Celtic enthusiasts ought to recognise how many other Aryan tongues, not remotely allied to their own, have combined to form our English speech, and not be misled by accidental resemblance or even real relationship, into a belief that the word has found its way into the language from a Gaelic source. As for slang, upon which so much of the Celtic superstructure is built, we are convinced that no class of words lies so far outside the province of true linguistic investigation, or is so uncertain in its origin and so arbitrary in its use. If any race or speech more than another has laid the foundation of our English slang, it has been the Gypsies with their wonderful tongue, which is itself composed of the slang of many nations, both Oriental and European. But we see the manufacture of slang steadily going on every day around us; and as we trace and fix upon the trivial origin of words that want only accident to elevate them to a place in the Dictionary, we feel that caution is necessary in listening to the voice of the philological charmer, charm he never so plausibly.

OUR KENTISH PARISH.

WHAT an infinite variety of pictures may be suggested by a single word! A parish may lie anywhere between Cape Wrath and Beachy Head, the Land's End and the lights of Cromer. It may be wild moorland, and forty miles long, with a cottage kirk a world too wide for a scattered congregation of shepherds and keepers. It may be bleak corn-land, painfully reclaimed from a shrinking waste of dreary peat-bogs, where the farm-steadings, though substantial, are all built for use, and the nearest approach to ornamental landscape-gardening is the belt of firs or the clump of "bourtree" bushes. It may embrace a smiling strath in the Lowlands, or a range of rich green hills on the Border, watered by a thousand streams and rills, and peopled in each lap of the landscape by its bleating flocks. It may be overcrowded with grimy colliers, who have honeycombed it with their subterraneous mines, and defaced its natural beauties with the smokes of their countless fires. It may be in the soft green Midlands, where the broad stretches of pasture, shut in by their ox-fences and blind bull-finches, are associated with fields of magnificently-mounted men following the streaming pack at flying speed; where each cover and gorse thicket may have its litter of foxes, and every mansion of any pretension its grand ranges of hunting stables. It may lie among the wheat-stubbles and mangel-wurzels of the eastern counties, where countless coveys are basking on the sunny banks, and each corner of wood and spinny in the season sends up its constellation of rocketing pheasants: or it may be down among the meres and decoys of the fens, where fogs envelop everything in a vapoury mantle, and the amphibious inhabitants are happily half fever-proof. Or among the tors and moors of Devon, where herds of shaggy ponies run wild with the sheep and red-deer: or among the rocks and blasted heaths of Cornwall, where one half the parishioners hazard their lives underground, while the other half are tempting Providence on the surf of the tempest-driven ocean. It may be half hidden out of sight in woodlands and hedgerow timber, with lanes winding like covered-ways under masses of impenetrable foliage: or it may be a blue expanse of featureless plain, the horror of mountaineers and the paradise of coursers.

Or if you turn from the country to the town, the fancy takes a fresh departure. Man and his handiwork have come to the front, and nature is only existing on sufferance. Here you have forests of masts, and there you have stacks of factory-chimneys. There are great blocks of warehouses and offices where there is bustle through the day, and solitude in the night-time; fashionable quarters frequented by the wealthiest aristocracy in the world, that are as gay in the season as they are depressing out of it; modern suburbs, with their flimsy villas, where the flaunting tabernacles of dissent hold their own in architecture with the churches; rookeries where the morals and misery of the wretched inmates sadden the souls of hard-working curates; river-side districts where dock-labourers, watermen, and water-thieves are hanging loosely by dozens about the doors of the public-houses; cathedral towns, where luxurious orthodoxy reposes in cloistered shades among the lawns and gardens of the close; county towns,

where the purity of the peaceful streets is only soiled by the invasion of agriculturists on the market-day; watering-places, where the flower of the incumbent's flock is here to-day and gone to-morrow. In short, our sketches of types might be multiplied indefinitely were we to set memory and imagination to work instead of dashing off their random suggestions; and there is scarcely a parish where the story would not be worth the sketching, however unassuming the pretensions of the artist.

But we flatter ourselves that this particular parish in Kent is decidedly more characteristic than the average, not merely because it is not swamped in any specialty, but because it numbers among its residents people of many sorts. It can boast neither of mines nor manufactures, and it is miles away from the sea, though within scent of the briny breezes. It is thoroughly rural, though within reach of the town, and not only of a town, but of the city of London. So that its population is getting to be somewhat mixed, and yet in its outlying nooks and corners there are worthies who go jogging from the cradle to the grave, just as their fathers and their grandfathers did before them. Oakenhurst is scarcely more than a score of miles, as the crow flies, from London Stone or St Paul's Churchyard; occasionally we come within the radius of the city smoke, though far more often we are fanned by those Channel breezes; and forty years ago, to all intents and purposes, it must have been wellnigh as much out of the world as if it had lain in the Cumberland dales or down in the fen country. A venerable gentleman of fine though decayed *physique*, who is now laid up in lavender in the almshouses, will babble to you by the hour, if you will only listen, of the days when he used to work the Pig and Whistle. Of course there were no railways in those good old times — even now they come no nearer than four miles on the one side and half-a-dozen on the other—and his Pig and Whistle maintained communications with the coaches at the great posting-station of Lowbeech. But at Lowbeech your Highflyers, Comets, and Eclipses never condescended to pick up casual passengers, being invariably filled outside and in. And accommodation, even in the heavy coaches, was always precarious, so that it was altogether a toss-up how or when the townsfolk of Oakenhurst were forwarded to the metropolis. Thus, as the journey was an affair of doubt and time, most of them wisely stuck to their homes, transacting their business by post or carrier. As for the gentry, of course they drove up in their own carriages, baiting half-way at the Bull at Brackenbury. The Red Lion at Oakenhurst, and the Godwin Arms, did but an insignificant business in post-chaises; but post-chaises were always to be had in profusion at the famous establishment of the Hop Pole at Lowbeech, where the sixty coaches changed horses in the twenty-four hours, and relays of postilions were perpetually on duty. The Red Lion and the Godwin Arms had tolerably lively times on the market-days, when the farmers were talking hops or wheat while their good wives were laying in haberdashery or groceries. Otherwise the place must have stagnated in a comfortable sort of fashion. Most men managed to pay their way, and few cared to press a neighbour; indeed, where everybody was gossiping on everybody's affairs, credit could rarely be granted recklessly. And to say nothing of the neighbouring squires, who made a point of dealing with the local shopkeepers, the prosperous

residents in certain solid brick mansions set a good deal of money quietly in circulation. Now the approach of the railways has changed all that, without carrying the place off its legs in a rush of traffic, and Oakenhurst, though it still affects airs of prosperity, has rather been slipping down between two stools.

Should it succeed in raising the requisite capital for the branch line from Lowbeech which it has latterly begun to sigh for, it is probable that there may be brighter days in store for it. For the parish only needs to be more accessible, and to become more generally known, to be a favourite resort of jaded Londoners. Nothing can possibly be more lovely than the rich variety of its scenery; and among its many attractions of hill and dale, park and farm-land, waste and wood, the only thing that perhaps it is lacking in is water. Not that it has not a river of its own, which rises in the springs above the town; but the Flete runs away into the bottom of the Lowbeech valley, where its infant water-power turns the wheels of some paper-mills; and elsewhere there is little but rush-grown pools stagnating in hollows among the hanging woods.

Oakenhurst is but twenty miles from town, and yet its landscapes are as wild, and its surface as broken, as in ever a parish in the English lowlands. The land is held on short leases; nobody has any idea of high-farming; and it is but here and there that there are fields flat enough or big enough to make it worth one's while to employ the steam-plough. Generally speaking, the enclosures follow the rolling outlines of a jumble of bluffs and wooded eminences, running in and out of the charts and copses, and cut up into the most irregular and fantastic patterns. Never was such a country for hedgerows. There are snaky, sinuous jungles of thorn and ash, holly and hazel, interlaced with bramble of the most luxuriant growth, and festooned with honeysuckle, dog-roses and briony. The birds of the air build in them by myriads, while rabbits and ground vermin multiply among their roots. In many places, with their natural *chevaux de frise*, they set the inroads of the most resolute bird-nesters at defiance; and when you are out with the gun you must make many a tedious detour, since there is no struggling through them save at the regular "gaps." And through these labyrinths of savage shrubbery the narrow lanes wind their tortuous courses, seldom seeming to trespass on the continuity of a hedge, and never turning aside from the steep of a hill. Now you are ascending a sharp, gravelly incline that makes deadly wear and tear of horse-flesh; now you are descending the opposite slope, where the most reckless expenditure of drags and *sabots* scarcely suffices to lock the waggon-wheels. Every here and there from some crest, if you are in luck, you have a peep of some most enchanting prospect from under the boughs of the oaks or the beeches. Now on the hill the drooping branches of the trees are brushing the waggon-tilt on either side; and then again in the flat farm-land in the bottom, hedges and ditches run back into the fields, leaving broad margins of rich green sward, where caravans of gipsies picket their cattle in plenty.

Then as to the timber. Oakenhurst is bounded on the north by a bare ridge of chalk hills that ought to be downs, but which, for the most part, are cultivated. It is to be hoped that the crops repay the farmers, but it is certain that the oat-fields in their rankest luxuriance give but scanty covert to the coveys of partridges; while the turnips

are a trifle smaller than Portugal onions, and the mangel are like moderate-sized garden carrots. In the shelter of these chalk hills is a wooded flat surrounding the little town; to the south of the town there rises abruptly a precipitous line of wooded heights; while away from these stretches the whole width of the weald, studded with the spires of innumerable churches. Everywhere on the lower ground, as on the lower slopes of each eminence, the oaks are flourishing in all their grandeur; the hedges are full of them, as they throw their limbs across the lanes, and cast the great breadth of their shadows far into the neighbouring pastures; while in the parks that lie locked in the folds of the hills are stately clumps of magnificent beeches. As for the numerous ridges, when they are not crowned by the charts—a purely Kentish feature, of which we shall speak by-and-by—they are broken by black groups of Scotch firs, which remind the traveller of Italian stone-pines. There are dense thickets of spruce, straggling with their self-sown seedlings into the skirts of the heather; and each nook of the fields and each dip of the ground is lined with a copse or a matted spinny. Much of the wood is regularly cut every seven years or so to serve for hop-poles, wattles, and hurdles. The great knotted roots, shooting out in a dozen or more of tapering saplings, look as if they had held their own in the soil from time immemorial. And each second spring after the periodical cutting, a flush of primroses covers the ground, while legions of fairies might play hide-and-seek in the beds of anemones, daffodils, and blue-bells.

But although the sylvan scenery is as enchanting as could be desired, with glades as tempting to dryads and fauns as those asphodel beds to English-bred fairies, and groves of oak-trees festooned in mistletoe, where Druids might have celebrated their mystic rites, it is the charts that are the specialty of the parish, and indeed of that side of the county. The Kentish chart is a thing *per se;* it is something between the Highland moor and the common, with a dash of such scenery betwixt Highland and Lowland as you come upon in the middle course of the Spey. Oakenhurst chart forms a bare plateau on the brow of the southern range of wooded hills; but bare only in the single sense, that, looking up to it and across it, you see the daylight lying lower there than everywhere else upon the sky-line, between a broken and jagged palisade of firs. In reality, although it stands high and exposed, though it is swept by the winds from every quarter, it grows the more hardy forms of vegetation in the very richest luxuriance. The seedling firs are shooting up thickly around its borders, growing sparser and still more sparse as they push forward their unprotected outposts. And in the midst there are sheets of the purple heather, broken here and there by patches of bracken, and by thickets of bramble that are loaded with blackberries when the summer has been followed by a warm autumn.

The chart is common land and public property, so far as pasturing, fuel-cutting, and the other servitudes are concerned; though the lord of the manor has the right of sport, with some minor privileges that are very generally ignored. We presume that, properly speaking, nobody can have been entitled to settle there in permanent habitation. But as matter of fact, around its somewhat indefinite boundaries there are a variety of singularly picturesque cottages, which must date from a tolerably remote an-

tiquity, notwithstanding their rude and slight materials. The inmates have comparatively easy times of it. They have their little gardens and their beehives; and the bees that are swarming among the foxgloves and heather-bloom make honey as fragrant as any from Hymettus. They have the pigs they either feed on the refuse of their vegetables or turn out to grub and forage for themselves, should there be breaks in the fences of the adjoining beech-woods; and they may keep half-a-dozen of sheep or a cow, which take the free run of the common. They have their tiny orchards of apple and plum trees that seem to have run half wild, though they bear heavy crops all the same; and these spots that culture has reclaimed and embellished make a pretty contrast to the savage surroundings.

Then in the middle of the chart there stands the weather-beaten windmill with its skeleton arms or great brown sails—a conspicuous object from a score of the surrounding parishes; and the miller's view must be almost worth his rent, if he chance to be an amateur of the beauties of nature. Far away to the south stretches the rolling expanse of the weald, till the eye, as it travels in sky and space over the slopes swelling against the horizon opposite, catches the faint outline of the southernmost downs. And wherever the eye can reach, it embraces a natural garden, crowded with the peaceful signs of a happy and prosperous population. Through the green of the woods in the middle distance rise the white cowls of the hop-kilns; the wreaths and threads of light-grey smoke are curling up from the hamlets and scattered farm-houses. Here and there, beneath a somewhat thicker cloud, you mark the roofs and chimneys of a considerable village. On the highest ground, far away to the left, are the glistening villas of a fashionable watering-place; and everywhere you distinguish more or less distinctly the spires or towers of the parish churches.

But what charms you the most in the foreground are the hop-gardens,—for, next to our charts, our hops are our specialty; in fact, it is only the dispassionate admirer of the picturesque who would be disposed, as we say in Scotland, "to even the one to the other." Perhaps the days are gone by when the hop-grower could make a fortune. When a heavy import-duty gave the home counties and Worcestershire a monoply of this speculative crop, a single happy hit put the farmer in clover for some seasons. It was by no means his best time, when a generally good year had been raising prices all round. On the contrary, he drew his prizes in the lottery when his garden was the exception to almost universal failure, and then he would make his own terms with the brewer. But now the English hops have gone the way of the English wheat, and free admission from South Germany and America depresses the prices to a moderate level. Moreover, as we have heard it whispered, and our experience seems to confirm the scandal, the keenness of competition has made the brewers less scrupulous; and when hops are dear, they balance their budgets by simply putting a weaker infusion into their vats. Be that as it may, and whatever be the position of the growers, the hops are still the blessing of the gatherers. Go through a Kentish parish in the hopping time, and the roads and the dwellings are alike deserted. Each cottage-door is carefully secured, and neither for love nor money will you find a soul to deliver a message or do an odd bit of work. Every man, woman, and child, from failing age to help-

less infancy, is about and busy in the gardens. The bedridden have to do the best they can; and even the dying, should they choose to be lingering perversely, may be left to smooth their pillows for themselves. Only the other day we heard a story very much to the point. A friend's bailiff was riding quietly across the chart, when he pulled up to a feeble appeal from a solitary cottage. A poor woman had dragged herself to the window, and was supporting herself with an effort against the sill. She had known that morning that she was on the eve of her confinement, but neither relations nor friends could be prevailed upon to stay by her; and now, having been taken in labour—for we cannot say she was surprised—she addressed herself to the bailiff as a family man, and implored him in charity to send some one to her assistance. Each family goes forth with the infants packed in perambulators, and gathers round its separate bin. The result of the day's picking is weighed and paid for by the measure. For once the smaller children in an overflowing household are made profitable, since each may clear a couple of shillings a-day. But it is not the profit alone that makes the hopping so pleasant. The annual outing is looked forward to as a holiday, and townsfolk and tradesmen of comparatively good position are wending their way to the gardens with the rest. Nothing can be gayer than the scene when the sun is shining brightly. Each bit of colour in the motley groups throws its light on the landscape with telling effect. A mile away you may hear the merry voices, for the tongues go even faster than the fingers; and the very babes, who are laid out in shawls under the hedge, are clapping their hands and crowing in chorus.

But though all the world turns out to the hopping, and although our parish is far more populous than most, the supply of labour comes short of the demand for it. Hence it is that in many a sheltered nook, where there is wood and water, shade and sun, you stumble in upon some gipsy-like encampment. Generally speaking, though our visitors come from eastern London, they are very decent people on the whole. Year after year they return to the same employers to take up their quarters on the familiar ground. Some amount of exposure they must submit to, but there is little overcrowding, and few temptations to immorality, as is too often the case elsewhere. You may meet their messengers late of a Saturday evening carrying home the provisions from some village shop; but it is probably a long walk to the nearest public-house, so the people prefer to rest after the toils of the day. Many of them take a pride, besides, in encroaching on their wages as little as possible. They make their fire in the open, and boil the kettle on the sticks they have gathered in the lanes or dragged from the hedgerows,—and a cheery family they seem as they gather round the common platter. Their clothes may be ragged enough, and the hair of the mother and her daughters is wofully unkempt; but it is pleasant to see the thin faces of the children filling up and bronzing with their country outing. Indeed we believe that, on the whole, these wandering hop-pickers are a greatly maligned race. Last season, for example, owing to miscalculations as to the opening time, the South-Eastern Railway Company ran its Sunday hopping-train a week too soon. For a whole week a body of impecunious vagabonds and adventurers were lounging about the streets of Maidstone, which is of course one of the great

capitals of the hop-districts. Yet there were few complaints of their behaviour, and fewer charges before the magistrates.

We said that æsthetic amateurs of nature might place the charts before the hop-gardens, but on second thoughts we are by no means sure of that. For there is no more graceful climber than the hop; though the exuberant suckers may be nipped from the roots, otherwise it is suffered to grow in untrained luxuriance; and then in admiring it you have the *arrière pensée* that it is not only ornamental but eminently useful. The very scent of the hop is suggestive of mighty home-brewed, and the invigorating pale ales of our skilled professionals. The hop is a genuinely English plant, and it is hard to say how much of our national glory and prosperity may be attributed to its successful cultivation. It puzzles us to surmise how the sturdy heroes of the Armada days and the Spanish and Low Country wars fought so well as they did, considering that we are told by the Rev. Mr Harrington, who wrote his lively memoirs in Queen Elizabeth's time, that England then produced 25,000 tuns of wine annually—and such wine as it must have been! And the choicest of these hop-gardens are in the most enchanting situation, on the steeps of hills, yet in the middle of woods that break the winds which are so fatal to the bines. Often flinty, the soil would seem unfit to grow even thistles; and the more laboriously it is tilled and manured, the more do the flints come to the surface. After all, however, that is the less astonishing, since it is the same with some of the rarest vineyards that yield the world-famed vintages of the Gironde. And from these picturesque eminences, looking down through the natural vistas, you get a series of panoramic glimpses of the glories of the weald framed in a long succession of flowery archways.

But we have lingered long enough, or too long, in the hop-gardens, so by way of changing the scene, we may take a look at the cottages and farmhouses. If the farming is picturesque, with the irregular fields and copsy hedgerows, with the crops of thistle and yellow ragweed, and the ditches overgrown with grass and bindweed, so are the farmhouses. They have nothing in common with the bare, neat, substantial steading of stone and lime that you see in the Lothians or the north-eastern Scotch counties. Almost invariably they are embowered in orchards, and unpleasantly buried among venerable trees, if the tenants are at all susceptible to damp. Wherever you can struggle out into the open anywhere on the surrounding heights, you get a glimpse of tall, angular stacks of chimneys of Elizabethan character. Ten to one, it is not till you are turning the corner of the nearest lane, that you catch the curving lines of the eccentric gables. The steep-pitched roof is yielding under the weight of years, and possibly of great masses of the ivy that clutches at the tiles with its knotted fingers, and forces its tendrils through the interstices to twine them round the rafters of the attics. Where roof and walls are free from the parasite, they are covered with a growth of mosses and lichens in the most mellow tints of yellow and orange. The upper half of the walls is in weather-tiling, the lower is blackened brick that begins to show signs of crumbling. The glass in the lozenged casements dates from days when the art of the manufacture was in its infancy. You ascend to the entrance-door by a flight of much-worn steps, to find yourself landed in a spacious passage that very frequently is groined

and arched. To the right is the capacious kitchen, with its white-washed walls and vast cupboards, and great smoked beams overhead. There is plenty of room for an easy-chair on either side of the dais in the chimney-place; you might roast a sheep, if not an ox, at the logs that might be piled upon the old-fashioned dogs; and looking up past the flitches suspended in the funnel-shaped opening, you get a glimpse of the blue vault of heaven overhead, where the stars are faintly sparkling at noonday. A door behind opens into the dairy, with its fragrant odours of butter and cream; opposite is the living-room, so called, *lucus a non lucendo*, because it is only occupied on state occasions, when christenings, weddings, or funerals are going forward. Another straight, easy flight of steps slopes gently down to the cellar-accommodation, where hogsheads of home-brewed may be engulfed by the score; and it is not impossible that the staircase which leads to the upper storeys may be an absolute masterpiece of quaintly-carved oak. Indeed, not a few of these farms have been manor-houses in their time; and even on those that never had loftier pretensions than at present, you read dates that carry them back to the civil wars, or possibly to the times of the Tudors.

Without, there is an air of ease and plenty, although sometimes, on more narrow inspection, it proves fallacious. But usually there are well-conditioned cattle placidly ruminating, up to the hocks in the loose layers of bright yellow wheat-straw. Sleek calves are penned behind hurdles in the corners of the surrounding sheds; fat black Hampshire hogs are grunting and grubbing among the fodder, or are reposing their corpulent forms in a sublime luxury of laziness. Great flocks of plump poultry and waddling troops of white Aylesbury ducks come crowding forward to your footfall in hopes of a shower of grain; while the flights of pigeons are circling in the air, or settling down upon the shelves before their holes in the barn gable. Behind are ranged barn upon barn, with the rows of cattle-stalls and the stables; and the whole is backed up by the inevitable oast-house.

It would be hard to find a fairer or more refreshing scene, whatever be the season you view it in. Whether in spring, when the foliage is fresh and green, and the trees in the orchard are flecked with the white and pink blossoms. Or in summer, when the fruit has been setting and swelling, and the canopies of leaves cast cooling shadows. Or in autumn, when the barns and stack-yards have been stored, and the waggons are rumbling homeward with their load of hops. Or even in winter, when the glare of the fires within casts its cheerful reflection on the panes in the casements, and the still fat though frozen-out fowls are huddling together under the lee of the house, beneath eaves that are fringed with their draperies of icicles.

The Kentish farmer is of many a class. The substantial small proprietor still survives, half thane, half yeoman, sitting snugly on the soil transmitted to him by his ancestors, and proud, as Lord Lytton says in 'Harold,' of his five hydes of land: the yeoman who, according to the old local rhyme, could buy out with his yearly rent, the citizen of Cales, the gentleman of Wales, and the knight of the north countree: the yeoman who figured as the immortal Mr Warden of the Manor Farm in the pages of the 'Pickwick Papers.' Although in these days, when everybody is scrambling upwards, the Kentish

yeoman has been changing into the squire, and consequently the race is rarer than it used to be. Then there is the tenant-farmer of comfortable means, who sinks his spare capital in the hazardous hops, in preference to extending his holding or going in for a higher style of farming; who sends his daughters to boarding-schools and buys them second-hand pianos, and decks them out of a Sunday, with their mother, like the blooming lilies of the field. And there is the struggling holder who starves his land if he is not driven to retrench in personal necessaries. But whatever his means, or the balance at his bankers, or the state of his current account with his landlord, his features seldom show any signs of his anxieties, pecuniary or otherwise. The Kentish farmers lay flesh on their solid bones like their own oil-cake-fed oxen, meet their neighbours half-way in hearty good-fellowship, and are kindly and liberal masters to their dependants.

A certain "decentralisation" is a conspicuous feature in the farms. Although their acreage may be of no great extent, you come everywhere upon outlying cattle-sheds and barns. Follow some deep-worn waggon-track through the fields, and it leads you perhaps to a lonely hollow, with a shallow pool half overgrown with sedges, and thickly coated over with duckweed. The water-hens are swimming out and in of the cover, and in spring the alder copse is vocal with the notes of the thrushes and blackbirds, who have come to make their nests where they can bathe and drink at their pleasure. And throwing its shadow over the sombre pool is the great rough building of moss-grown tiles and blackened timber, that still answers its purpose somehow, although it has long been half tumbling to pieces. For generations it has been the favourite haunt of the vociferous colony of night-owls that you hear hooting from the depths of the woods after nightfall. The martins have made their nests under the eaves by the dozen, and there are whole flying squadrons of bats hooked up by the claws among the cobwebs under its rafters. The number of these scattered barns tends to multiply the field-paths, by which any one with the *carte du pays* in his head may go straight as the crow flies in almost any direction. Such of these as lead from the hamlets to the church, and in the direction of the little town, are broad and well beaten, beyond possibility of mistaking. But there are many that seem to have been neglected or almost deserted in the course of time, although there must still be some traffic to keep up the right of way, or else the occupiers of the cultivated land they traverse have never thought it worth while to close them. You see a gap in the roots of an untrimmed hedge—a gap which, on closer inspection, proves to be fenced with a stile. And if you care to force your way, with the certainty of having your cheeks scarred by the bramble sprays, you find yourself all abroad on the other side. You are in a field of waving clover, or in a fallow unmarked by any traces of a foot-track. But if you take your bearings by the nearest farm buildings, you are pretty sure to find a corresponding break in the bushy enclosure opposite. Seldom used and overgrown as they may be, these gaps and stiles are invaluable to the sportsman; otherwise, he would perpetually find himself "pounded" by impassable barriers it is impossible to breach and tedious to turn.

Whatever be one's opinion of "the good old times," it is certain that our forefathers made wonderful

workmanship. It may be nothing out of the way to see farms of great antiquity scarcely showing signs of decay in their solid strength. But here we have cottages scattered all about the parish, to say nothing of many others in the town, which must have been built several hundred years ago more or less, and are still as serviceable and weather-tight as ever. We are happy to say that the walls bulge and the roofs bend; for their waving beauty-lines, like their time-painted colours, indescribably heighten the artistic effects. And there is something in a picturesque cottage—you may even call it a hovel if you will—that strikes you more poetically than a hall or a castle. Man has been working humbly with nature, in place of vaingloriously challenging her. Like the nest of the chaffinch, woven into the mossy bough, the cottage outlines and tints blend themselves with the surrounding beauties—the copse behind overtops the roof-tree, the heathery thatch has been plucked from the heath hard by, and it seems natural that the shoots of the untrimmed roses should struggle in where they can at the broken lattices. Contrast the lot of the inmates with that of the better-paid artisan and the labourer in cities; but can there be any question which is the more enviable? The cottager may not always be sensible of the sources of the pleasures that console him for his toils, yet he realises his blessings quickly enough if misadventure deprives him of them. Send him into a bare whitewashed ward in the parish union, stow him away in the steerage of a New York or Australian liner, even let him consent to take up his quarters with the well-to-do son who exchanged the country for the town when a boy, and the shadows of home-sickness settle heavily down upon him. It is then he remembers the brightness of the open prospect before his door, and the fresh breath of the breezes that braced him unconsciously against hardship and exposure. It is then his wife will sigh for the cottage-door where she used to sit over her sewing or her spinning-wheel, listening to the hum of her industrious bees, in a bower of roses, wallflowers, and gilliflowers. They miss the song of the birds and the friendly twitter of the sparrows, and the neighbours they had known all their lives, with the kindly gossip and greetings. Nor, although never much given to moralising, do they recall, without some pricking of conscience, the indifference, not to say the ingratitude, with which they used to receive the attentions of the rector, and the help in time of sickness or distress they could count upon from the great houses around them. For we are bound to say that the Kentish cottager has little of the sturdy self-dependence of the Scotch peasant. You need never cast about for an excuse to prevail on him to accept a half-crown or a shilling. Should he have any morbid feelings of pride, he slips them into his pocket with the smallest donation, and goes off with your tip in the evening to the public-house, where he probably forgets to drink your health.

But if the circumstances of their surroundings conspire to make men poets, our parish ought to boast its Clares and its Bloomfields, although we have never heard that it prides itself on such worthies. We have at least a score of cottages in our eye, each of them absolutely enchanting—at all events when admired from a little distance; such cottages as you see in the Undercliff of the Isle of Wight, so far as the luxuriance of their simple gardens goes; such cottages in form and colouring as Birket Foster loves to

paint. Here is one held by the lord of the manor on a six hundred years' lease granted by her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. It stands opposite the finger-post at the corner of the cross roads in its carefully defined boundaries between the chart and the woodlands. It looks its age all over; yet its occupants, who are vain of its antiquity, notwithstanding their habits of grumbling, will assure you it is as good as new. There is a group of others within rifle-shot, half-way down an almost precipitous hill, facing the gravel-pit that is honeycombed by the sand-martins. The venerable black oaken beams are forming quaint patterns of tracery on the white-washed walls, while the lines and angles of the foundations and ground-floors offer the most remarkable studies in perspective. We have already taken a look at the cottages on the charts, and you come on others almost more lovely, buried away out of sight in the woods. For we had forgotten to say that, within the southern boundaries of Oakenhurst, there is a wood that almost takes the proportions of a forest, considering that it lies in one of the home counties, and is skirted by the railway to Dover. Here are thickets, and there are glades, with hollies overgrown with honeysuckle and gnarled thorns that have been warped by time, with roots as much above ground as below; while hidden in some swampy nook, like a wild-duck's nest among the sedges, stands the dwelling of some squatter, who is rich with his flocks of geese or the hogs he turns loose under the oak-trees.

As may be imagined, there is fair shooting in Oakenhurst. Pheasant-preserving pays very well in the great flat covers, cut up by rectangular rides; the cocks raise a perfect chorus of crowing of an autumn evening; and the birds may be seen pecking about by scores in the surrounding stubbles, to the temptation of the indifferent characters who hang about the Oakenhurst pot-houses. There is but little poaching all the same: a very moderate staff of watchers is found to suffice; and it is remarkable, indeed, how comparatively cheaply and bloodlessly the proprietors continue to do their preserving within easy reach of the London poulterers. Occasionally an astute labourer may go lounging about his work with some snares or wires in the pockets of his corduroys, or he may stretch his limbs of an evening after his labours with a gun in pieces under his smock-frock. But we never hear of the gangs of truculent ruffians with blackened faces, who beat up the preserves in the mining or coal districts, murdering or maiming for life keepers and members of the police force. As for the partridges, we have them in plenty; but though the grass fields are bushed, there is little netting done, since neither by night nor by day can you ever be sure where to find a lot. The mangel and turnip crops are generally meagre: here and there may be a thick strip of clover or a flourishing patch of mustard; but then the birds take by preference to standing corn, or, after that is cut, to the various permanent covers. Unluckily the season of the hopping coincides with the September shooting; and during the hopping the sportsman is more at a loss than ever; for the pickers are swarming and shouting in the gardens, and perpetually passing to and fro, setting the partridges in motion. The coveys learn to take long flights, skimming low over the undulating ground, rising and twisting aside at an angle as they come upon some fresh lot of labourers, and finally dropping out of sight far beyond the ken of the

markers. So, except on the flats in the valley beneath the northern chalk hills, we seldom or never make satisfactory bags, and we have long ceased to shoot over pointers or setters.

All the same, the sport is none the less enjoyable on that account for those who are content with a moderate day, and do not object to severe exercise. We shoot in parties of three or so, with some keepers and watchers interspersed in the line, and a steady spaniel or two trained to retrieve. A sharp-sighted boy is posted here and there by way of *vedette* on some point of vantage. And though it is awkward shooting among the trellised poles in the hop-gardens, and although the birds will rise wild from the close-shorn stubbles and from among the straggling roots, yet if we do mark them down in gorse or "short-cut," we are very likely to make up for lost time. And there is good fun on an off day among the pheasants in the hedgerows, with lots of rabbits thrown in. A gun on either side, and another ahead; a couple of spaniels rooting in the ditches; a rustling upwards among the branches, a swishing to and fro of the topmost sprays, and up goes a rocketer to be cleverly grassed, if he does not play hide-and-seek with you behind the spreading boughs of some hedge oak. There is heavy firing, too, on a big "shoot" among the rabbits in the beginning of the winter, when the frosts have thinned the undergrowth and cut down the last of the leaves. Now you are picketed along the rides cut in the furze covers; now you are set in stations round a copse of oak and hazel saplings; now walking in line through the tree-stems in an open wood among the tufts of withered bracken; or, best of all, beating the face of a down dotted over with patches of furze and broom, where bunny, stopped short in his scuffle from his lair, is knocked head over heels to roll down like a ball, till the body is brought up of a sudden some hundred feet lower down. We could wish there were more snipe left; and ancient keepers delight in dilating on the flights of ducks and plumps of teals that used to haunt some of the ponds in the good old days ere the country was "spoiled" by ditching and draining. But we own to being sceptical as to these tales, for water is the great want of the parish; and, as may be gathered from what we have said elsewhere, nobody has much reason to complain of improvements.

Indeed a good third of Oakenhurst is never likely to repay reclaiming, unless the day shall come when speculative land-jobbers shall cut it up into lots for suburban country-seats when the expanding metropolis has been brought a dozen of miles nearer. We can ourselves remember the time when hawks and gipsies had their haunts elsewhere on sites that are covered by villas in their gardens. But in the meantime, thanks to our charts and copses and hedgerows, hawks and owls of the more ordinary kinds are still common enough with us. As you take your walks abroad, you see the former sailing smoothly in circles overhead, or poised on their pinions in tremulous flutter, before swooping with outstretched talons on some victim; or if you chance to be strolling homewards in the dusk, the great brown owls go floating silently past you, their fine eye and ear far more intent on the movements of their prey on the ground than on the form or heavy footfall of the human intruder. The keepers will tell you, of course, that we have a great superfluity of vermin; and no doubt

the keepers are right. Yet they would have less of our sympathy in the war that they wage did we not know that they never can exterminate their enemies. The foxes, of course, are sacred, and we admire the hawk tribe. We like to hear the harsh scream of the jay, and have a transient glimpse of the brilliant plumage that reminds us of birds of tropical climates. We don't even object to the roguish magpie, balancing himself conspicuously on his perch with that jerk of his saucy tail. But there is no soft spot in our heart for the hooded crow, the bloodthirsty exterminator of the weak and the helpless; nor yet for the polecats, stoats, and weasels, those sanguinary members of the sylvan secret societies. So that, like Catherine of Medicis before the gibbets of Montfaucon, we can gloat over the show on the "keepers' trees," although such maligned victims as the birds of Minerva had much better have been spared. Conspicuous among the relics of malefactors who have well deserved their fate, are the tails of the domestic cats run wild, that range the woods from the cottages where they harbour, and ruthlessly exercise free warrenry and venerie.

Small birds and singing birds swarm, as we have said; and in the autumn, when the days are closing in and the leaves are coming down, and the first of the keen frosts is killing the bedding-plants in the gardens, mixed multitudes of birds of passage begin to gather into the hedges. There is fine feeding for any number of them among the hips, haws, and holly-berries that brighten the leafless twigs or the evergreens in a glow of scarlet and orange. Their rush before you for a score of yards at a time, if you come upon them while shooting down the side of a hedgerow, makes a rustle among the branches like the noise of many breezes. But far the most characteristic of the migrants that have a special fancy for our parish is the night-jar, who makes his haunt upon the heaths, and hunts in the higher fir-woods. Jesse remarks, in a note to his edition of White's Selborne, that these curious birds are far more rarely to be met with nowadays than in Gilbert White's time, in consequence of the great extension of enclosures. That is the reason why they have taken refuge and abound in parishes like Oakenhurst. Smoking your cigar on an upland lawn of a summer evening, you hear that wild, long-drawn jar, sounding from many directions around you. Nothing is more deceptive as to distance, except, perhaps, the cry of the land-rail. But should you chance to be driving out to dinner in the twilight, or returning in the clear moonshine, as you let your horse pull you leisurely up the hill, where the road is climbing between the double banks in the spruce woods, you will see the night-jar flitting across, ahead, and zigzagging in his downy flight across the charts. Or you may catch sight of him on his perch on the topmost pine-shoot, his head well down and his tail in the air, while he is hard at work grinding out the rattle which vibrates far and wide in undulations of sound, according to the stillness and the condition of the atmosphere. Like the hedgehog and other harmless creatures, he is the subject of absurd superstitions, and of many injurious calumnies. So much may be said in extenuation of his calumniators, that his nocturnal habits give occasion to evil tongues; and then, like most suspected characters, he rejoices in a variety of aliases—night-jar, night-hawk, fern-owl. They never call him the goat-sucker in Oakenhurst, probably be-

cause nobody keeps a goat; but we believe that the keepers here, as everywhere else, shoot him down chiefly on account of his unlucky name of the night-hawk.

We have not much to brag of in the way of historical or archæological associations, although the Kentish Archæological Society once paid us a visit. They say that Henry the Eighth used to visit at the "Cross and Crozier," which subsequently changed its sign to the King's Head, when he had "cut the Pope adrift," in the words of the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' And there is a grey stone half sunken in the ridge of Oakenhurst chart, where it is rumoured that he was wont to breathe his horses in riding southward to his flirtations with Anne Boleyn. It is certain, at least, that the woods of Hever, and the tall tapering spire of its parish church, are full in view from that commanding eminence; although the moated keep and battlements of the Boleyn castle lie well out of view in an intervening hollow. There is an old mansion of the Cobhams too in Oakenhurst town, originally a vicarage, which stands in its encircling ponds in a blaze of flower-beds and a wilderness of flowering shrubbery. Nothing can be more cheery than the bright rooms with the great bay-windows looking out into the green meadows behind, yet so slightly removed from the bustle of the High Street. But there are rumours of secrets in the cellarage which have never been disclosed, or only disclosed to some trusted individuals. The terrace-walk is said to be mined by subterranean passages, which communicated with the site now covered by the brewery buildings, but formerly a cloister of Carmelite nuns. And *apropos* to the sign of the Cross and Crozier, there were reasons for the ancient hostelry of Oakenhurst advertising itself by so markedly ecclesiastical a title. For half-way up the chalk hills behind, there runs the famous pilgrims' road. Chaucer's merry and motley band, and many another troop combining pleasure with religion, must have drawn bridle to bait at Oakenhurst. Many a sin-laden sufferer like Sweyn, the first-born of Earl Godwin, when he had donned the pilgrim's weeds under the ban of the Witan, must have plodded along that lonely road. Even now the road is carried wide of human life, past solitary farmhouses, or under bleak downs, between thick hedges covered with hazel-nuts, leaving scarcely room for two vehicles to pass. Dotted about against the white chalk are black, bushy yew trees, in knots or singly. Some of these might be old enough to have furnished bows to the archers in the wars of France and the Roses. They say, too, that each yew marks a pilgrim's resting-place, as the cypress in the land of the Turk shades the headstone of a true believer; though it is hard to suppose that pilgrims could have tailed off and dropped so fast, in an age when few cared to carry austerity to excess, and when the staff, the scrip, and the scallop-shell were passports to charity everywhere.

The Established Church is in the ascendant with us, although rather in virtue of its *prestige* than anything else. The population has never been tossed on those waves of revival that have ruffled the souls of Highland parishes in Scotland; and all that Dissent can do is to hold on, without actually expiring of inanition. The irregular pastor, who is supported by the voluntary contributions of his flock, must have lean times of it, to judge by his appearance and the beggarly show on the benches in his tabernacle. The shoemaker

who delivers soul-stirring philippics of a Sunday, and who seldom lets slip an opportunity of denouncing the Muggletonian divine, is far better off. For he lives by the labour of his hands on the week-days, and preaches in an upper loft that is lent him and lighted for him by a seriously-inclined corn-factor; so that any money collected at the doors is clear profit for congregational purposes. Now and then, and especially in market times or about the hop-picking, one or two wandering missionaries, whose earnestness rather outruns their discretion, will set up an *al fresco* Ebenezer on the green before the church. But waiving the question of good taste—since the shrill treble of their hymns clashes with the tones of the organ—they generally have a listless congregation, or none at all.

The parishioners who attend the church have no reason to complain of their parson. He is exemplary in both his private and his official relations; and if his lines have fallen to him in pleasant places, and if his nest in the vicarage is tolerably well feathered, so much the better for the members of his flock. There is little absolute destitution in Oakenhurst. There is an imposing pile of cottage almshouses, and the panels of the front of the gallery in the church are emblazoned with inscriptions recording the charitable disposition of crumbs of their property by men who had quite done with it, and whose dust is mouldering in the churchyard. How Walter Fakenham, gentleman, bequeathed the sum of £300, 3 per cent consols, in perpetuity; the yearly proceeds to be devoted to supplementing the sustenance of six impoverished widows of fair fame—the selection of the said widows to be at the discretion of the rector and the churchwardens for the time being, &c. &c. Still, the poor in England will be always with one, whatever the charitable funds they have to draw upon; and this the good rector and his lady are never suffered to forget. Every evening in the winter, and more or less all the year round, there is a larger or smaller *levée* of applicants assembled at his kitchen-door. In the hard frosts, when the labourers are frozen out, the scene in the stable-yard reminds one of the courts of the old convents in Rome or Naples, before the Italian rookeries had been swept away by the stern edicts of a latitudinarian Parliament. The rector goes about in all weather almost as indefatigably as the parish doctors, and we can hardly say more in his favour than that. There is soup to be sent out to some sickly child, blighted by consumption before she has bloomed. There is a bottle of port for the elderly labourer, who has at last "caught his death of cold" while working in the ditches in all weathers. And there is quinine for the old folks who are suffering from the neuralgia which hangs about with the fogs in the bottom of the valleys.

If the rector is proud of anything, it is of his prize Dorkings, and of his church. Of the former we need say nothing. Has not their fame been sounded in the ears of the frequenters of the grand poultry-shows everywhere between Islington and Sydenham? But the venerable church is really an interesting monument, with the tracery of its windows and the quaint sculpture of its gargoyles; with the soberly-blazoned windows and sculptured tablets that happily escaped the ravages of the iconoclasts; with its square grey tower dominating the chimneyed and gabled house-tops, between the downs and the woodlands—the tower capped at one corner by the lantern characteristic of earlier Kentish church archi-

tecture. Those storied tablets between the pillars of the aisles record the virtues and biographies of departed Godwins; while the flags of the chancel are inlaid with brasses of Godwins in chain-mail, their hounds reposing at their feet; of Godwins in slashed doublets and trunk-hose; of female Godwins in ruffs and pointed stomachers. In a low, long niche in one of the side aisles, lies the cross-legged effigy of Ranulph de Oakenhurst, whose maternal ancestor was one of the numerous brothers-in-law of the mighty Conqueror; whose banner streamed against the Saracens in the crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion, and who is said, by the most authentic county histories, to have had excellent reason for expatriating himself in his high-handed proceedings with his vassals and his serfs. Although it is honourable, lying in the sacred fane, yet, speaking for ourselves, we would rather repose in the peaceful "God's acre" that slopes gently to the southward, towards the limpid brook that bubbles at the bottom. If phantoms charmed away expectation by admiration of the lovely scenes they had failed to appreciate when in the flesh, nowhere could they find a more entrancing waiting-place. Yews that were set in the soil many a century ago, have flourished in the dust of innumerable generations. Some of the mighty trunks are tumbling to pieces in decay, being rent with the weight of their ponderous boughs. They are studded, like the timbers of a dungeon-door, with the clamps and fragments of rustful iron bands that have burst and since been replaced by others. The melancholy blackness of these venerable trees is relieved by the brighter foliage of the thorns, which are clothed in the freshness of spring with a bloom of variegated blossoms; and it is the pretty fashion of the place to deck the grave with the flowers which grow so freely in the cottage gardens, so that on an Easter Sunday and some other high days, the moss-grown tombstones of the forgotten forefathers of the village are lightened with the rosy reflection from the adornment of the fresher graves.

From the church to the public-houses, to the inns, and to "the hotel," is a not unnatural transition, seeing that the most frequented of these last look out on the triangular green whose base is bounded by church and churchyard; and notwithstanding the well-deserved popularity of the rector, we must add in conscience that these hostelries are the most in favour. The Oakenhurst tradespeople complain of the hardness of the times —of keen competition with shopkeepers in London — and they grumble over the blight of the co-operative societies, which is preying like a cankerworm on their modest profits. But in spite of a general mutual indebtedness and rumours of bills of sale over goods that are bought on credit, they continue to keep a fair amount of conviviality going. There is a little informal club of cronies which meets almost nightly in the Godwin Arms. The parlour set apart for the use of the members looks out on the stable-yard behind, and summer and winter the shutters are scrupulously put up at a certain hour, to screen the interior from the eyes of the curious. The good ladies of the members may regard the gathering with dislike, but they are aware that it is distinctly *de rigueur* to belong to it; and if husbands keep unholy hours, and sometimes makes unnecessary noise in mounting the staircase to the nuptial chamber, the wives are "squared" and soothed with the finery they are fond of flaunting in.

The uninitiated know nothing authoritatively of the proceedings. The landlord and James the elderly waiter are bound over by self-interest to extreme discretion. But should you happen to be hanging about in the inner lobby while your horses are putting to, you recognise familiar voices exciting themselves in warm disputation, while a rush of spirituous fragrance comes to your nostrils when the door is opened for the execution of orders. The best of us may be overtaken under the seductions of good-fellowship, but the presence of Mr Baggs, churchwarden for the congregation, and of Mr Garbett, the venerable parish clerk, ought to be a guarantee for the habitual respectability of the proceedings. The general tone of politics among the Oakenhurst *bourgeoisie* is Conservative, but Knocker the coach-builder is a red-hot Radical, who never cared to conceal his sympathies with the Commune; and should he get to loggerheads with such fiery spirits as Shortrib the butcher, and Spavin the veterinary surgeon, that would sufficiently explain the animation in his arguments. We have reason to fear, too, that debts of honour will sometimes get awkwardly mixed up with commercial transactions. For not a few of the gentlemen are dead hands at loo and "vanjohn"—indeed round games at cards and little suppers are a favourite form of entertainment in their private residences; while Spavin and the Godwin bailiff are professed betting men, having their books on each meeting from Croydon to Lewes.

There is a different society altogether of market-days. Then the access to the bar is blocked up with bulky farmers, with jolly, hearty faces, and cheeks like Kentish pippins, in broad-skirted coats with voluminous pockets, and breeches, gaiters, and square-toed boots. Though there is a sprinkling of the younger generation of agriculturists and speculative corn-factors, who run up to town periodically to have dealings with brokers in the borough, who disport themselves in smart cutaway velveteens and gorgeous neckties with horse-shoe pins. The talk of these younger bloods is of horse-flesh and music-halls as much as of corn and hops and bullocks. At the farmer's ordinary it is a case of cut and come again, amidst the merry roar of stentorian voices, the clink of tankards, and the jingle of glasses; when Boniface, the dapper little landlord, has come staggering in under some ponderous sirloin, and the table would groan under its burden of joints if it were not warranted up to any weight. Then Maltby of the brewery will be voted into the chair, or Grindley the great miller and hop-grower, or old Mr Pigswash from the Moatfarm; while Skinner, the lean, weasel-faced lawyer, will drop in from his office over the way, and get value for the price of his dinner by doing some strokes of business on the sly. It takes all Mr Skinner's tact to be equal to the embarrassments of the situation; but he has the knack of always looking after the main chance, with an appearance of devil-may-care *bonhomie* that imposes on people, although it scarcely deceives them. The farmers, who have very good reason to respect his sinister powers, eye him askance, and are extraordinarily civil; but every now and then—*in vino veritas*—they will blurt out a frank bit of their minds, and make him flush into vindictive anger, notwithstanding his practised self-control.

There is less to say about the Red Lion, since it chiefly lays itself out for a class of stranger customers.

There the room for commercial gentlemen has the importance which is given to the market room over the way. There are sure to be three or four bagmen's double dog-carts drawn up under the shed in the courtyard, and there is a pile of leather-strapped cases in the passage. The owners of these are eating, drinking, and getting cheerful, previous to going on their way rejoicing, after paying their round of business visits. And in summer the Red Lion makes the most in way of advertisement of the unrivalled attractions of the neighbourhood, tempting down quiet holiday-makers from town by offer of fishing and reasonable board. In the latter it is said to perform nearly as much as it promises. As to the former, it is quite marvellous how little the Cockney will be contented with, when everything except the fishing is to his mind. For, with the patience which should be the badge of the much-enduring race, you will see the citizen fisherman going by day after day to whip the few hundred yards of water which the host of the Lion rents of Squire Godwin; and each evening you may mark his complacent return, though his basket is lighter when he started by his luncheon.

The Royal Oak, the Jolly Hoppers, and the Fighting Cocks, form so many successive steps in the descending scale. The first is the resort of the smallest tradesfolk; the second, of the steadier labourers and carriers and waggoners in transit; the third, of all the village ne'er-do-wells, of tramps, and of the travellers who are under the surveillance of the police. As for the Fighting Cocks, it is an unmitigated nuisance. In broad daylight, the benches before the door are often crowded with roisterers who remind you of the Boracchos of Velasquez or one of Jordaen's Flemish pictures. There is the gross laugh and the coarse language, the foul oath and sometimes the savage blow. Bold women with weather-battered faces and tangled hair exchange rough ribaldry with their lords and masters, who pass them the pewter-pots in their more generous moments, as the Bedouin throws the leavings of his feast to his wives. The dingy little drinking-dens within doors are the horror of the gamekeepers, — for though, as we have said, there is but little poaching in the parish, it is here that anything of the kind is planned. And if the keepers were called as evidence to the landlord's character, unquestionably his licence would be promptly cancelled. One is familiar with the aspect of these rural boozing kens. A low-browed door, as repulsive to reputable customers as the similarly forbidding feature in the landlord; a dirty window, with curtains of faded crimson, to screen the questionable doings within doors; with a wooden stand at the corner, that bears by way of fruit, clusters of battered and indented beer-pots. The place does a tremendous trade in the hopping time, when messengers from all the surrounding encampments crowd to it for the nightly supplies of their companies, and when occasionally an adult envoy tries to take away as much as he can conveniently carry in his person. We should be sorry to stake the character of English ale on the taps they draw at a place like the Fighting Cocks. There may be chemicals that come cheaper than inferior hops even when you are brewing in the middle of the hop districts; and at all events "The Cocks," being a "brewers' house," is a convenient channel for disposing of the brewers' failures. When a man is smoking rancid tobacco, and muddling him-

self in his cups, his palate is even less fastidious than usual; but his stomach and his stamina must suffer all the same, however strong they may have been made by nature.

Appeals have frequently been made to the Squire on the subject of local public-house reform, but always unsuccessfully. Were he witness himself to any act that was overtly discreditable, he would speak his mind freely enough, and soon put abuse down by the strong hand. But whenever he rides down the High Street, disorder is hushed before the sound of his horse-hoofs; and he is known to hold tale-bearing in abomination, while he notoriously carries his Conservative instincts to an extreme. Possibly because he is an aristocrat to the backbone, he shows extreme consideration for the sensibilities of his dependants; he detests meddling in their affairs save in the way of kindness, and would never rob a poor man of his beer because he suspects that the beer is bad. If the poor man does not like the tap, he can carry his custom elsewhere. At all events, the Squire does his duty by him so far in showing what ale ought to be, when he is invited to the hospitality of Oakenhurst Place, at a harvest-home or any entertainment of the kind. The Squire is an excellent landlord, though he might be even a better one were he to attend more closely to the business of his properties. Perhaps he is hardly the less popular that he holds himself apart, since it is from reserve and want of readiness far more than from pride. He is getting on for the threescore years and ten, and for the forty years since he succeeded to an uncle and sold out of the Guards, he has been settled in solitude in the great house. As it happens, for three generations, and for nearly ninety years, the Squires of Oakenhurst have been bachelors. So that there is rather a depressing absence of sweetness and light in the great rooms of the old Elizabethan house. Here and there a modern easy-chair, or a luxurious lounging sofa, have been introduced among the massive furniture that looks as if it would last to doomsday. But the heavy Turkey carpets have taken the tinge of the black oak panelling, and they are never replaced till they are frayed into tatters, owing simply to procrastination, not to parsimony.

In anything that falls in with his personal tastes or his stately ideas of the necessities of his position, Squire Godwin is magnificent. Although he seldom hunts of late years, since he has been feeling twinges of rheumatism, save when the hounds are drawing his Oakenhurst covers, he has always half-a-dozen of made hunters in his stables to mount himself or a friend. The steppers he drives in his chariot or mail-phaeton are matched to a hair. The pair of cobs which carry him about the estate, and which can easily be persuaded to take a fence on occasion, are models of breeding and solid symmetry, and do credit to their Norfolk pedigrees. There is always something worth looking at to be seen in the paddocks, where playful colts and fillies are grazing among pensioners more or less worn out. There is an unnecessary number of grooms and helpers under the corpulent old coachman, who acts as master of the horse; and they have their quarters under his immediate supervision, in rooms on one side of the cheerful courtyard that is finished off by the great clock-tower with the gilded cupola. The gardens are kept up rather as a matter of state; but the Squire passes more than once in the day along the sunny terrace-walk that leads

to the keeper's cottage and the kennels. The occupants of these last are rather select than numerous; but the Oakenhurst breed of spaniels has long been famous, and the Squire would sooner give away the presentation to a living than part lightly with one of his ebony favourites. There is no prettier spot in the park than the slope below the hanging beech-wood, where the many-gabled cottage stands under the walnut-tree. On the one side are the ranges of pheasant-coops that are shifted about upon the lawns that lie beyond the garden and the beehives; on the other the kennels on the little brook that is dammed back in a pool in the middle of the exercise-yard. And there most methodically, almost every tolerable morning about eleven, the Squire mounts the cob that has been sent forward for him, and starts upon a ride round his wood and home-farm. His constitutional shyness may be confounded with pride; but he is rather the kindly companion than the master with the keeper or porter or bailiff who goes striding along by his stirrup. There are some valued tenants, too, whose "forebears" have clung for generations to the soil, who are looking out anxiously for the greeting that almost invariably leads on to a chat. Though there are seven-years' breaks in all the leases, they know they are just as securely rooted as the Godwin family itself; and should they come under a passing cloud of misfortune, they count upon the Squire to see them clear of it.

The grand festivity at the place is the annual hunting breakfast; so much the better if there are two or more of these. Then the hounds and horses are crowded on the grand gravel sweep, and the long-drawn tables in the hall, the great dining-room, and the morning-room are a tight fit for the squadrons of guests. These meets on the Oakenhurst lawn bring men to the hunt who never hunt on any other occasion; and gentlemen who are given to craning at other times are apt after these to take lines of their own, in place of hustling each other at gates and gaps. In another style there is the harvest-home: when the bailiff has instructions to stretch a point, in the way of issuing his invitations; when the beams and rafters of the huge barn disappear in the foliage of the evergreens, and festoons of dahlias and sunflowers; when the barrel of home-brewed is broached; when the oxen and fatlings are killed, and poultry and pigeons are slaughtered by the score; when the Squire, though unaccustomed to public speaking, takes the chair, supported by his familiar friends —makes half-a-dozen of short but sententious orations amid vociferous applause, and then solemnly proceeds to open the ball, which is kept up with undiminished vigour through the small hours. And then there are the *battues* in autumn and winter; when every man who has the faintest pretension makes interest to be enrolled in the regiment of beaters, when the toils of the day are broken by the dinner under the greenwood tree, and when the triumphs of the bag are crowned in the evening by a sporting supper in the servants' hall.

We need not go the round of the surrounding houses that are still inhabited by families long settled in the county, and of the sundry substantial mansions in the town, occupied by scions of county houses, by retired officers, *et id genus omne.* All of these have stepped naturally into their places, and with all of them the Squire is on friendly or cordial terms. But his *bêtes noires* are the new men who have been encroaching on the neighbourhood in

virtue of purchase, and the antipathies he cherishes in their regard are shared by the humble classes around. More than one of them have paid a heavy price for most beautiful situations with most incommodious residences. They have either pulled down the latter or transmogrified them out of knowledge, and very naturally. But the Squire cannot away with these brand-new turrets and battlements, so conspicuous in their ostentatious splendour from the familiar points in the landscape. Respectful admirer as he is of the fair sex, and the more so, perhaps, that he has never mated with any individual, he shrinks from the showy toilets which confront him in his family pew. Though he has no special pride in the produce of his garden, he dislikes seeing his gardener run hard by rare varieties of tropical plants at the Oakenhurst flower-show; and he takes the appearance of some pair of handsome carriage-horses set off by unknown crests on the harness as a personal insult to his stables. By nature he is really most kindly and good-humoured, and it is not in him to do an unkindly thing, unless under strong momentary provocation. So it is a sight for the student of humanity to see him when he is brought into involuntary contact with Mr Veneer, the great furniture dealer in the Tottenham Court Road, or with the respectable Mr Solomons who is so thoroughly satisfied with himself, and who conducts pawnbroking operations on a stupendous scale. Both Veneer and Solomons are excellent people, and in a lifetime of close application to business have well earned an honourable retirement. But it may be a question whether they have not made a mistake in anticipating the railways, and coming so far afield. Purse-pride is their weakness, and certainly they get through a great deal of money. Their grounds are kept like villa lawns at Fulham; they have a wealth of pineries and graperies and forcing-pits; and the appointments of their sumptuous mansions are the most showy that money can procure. But they are lavish in the wrong place, and often parsimonious on trifles. They have a horror of seeming to be done, instead of sometimes submitting to it as a matter of course; and as their conduct is regarded most critically by humble applicants for their bounty, the occasional refusal of a shilling often effaces a long score of charity. Then their wives and daughters are in a perpetual dilemma, and have either to hold themselves apart in their solitary splendour, or else fall back on the society of the families of the more upsetting farmers, which might prejudice their social status to all time. Altogether, these new arrivals are a disturbing element in our parochial harmony—the more so that their settlement is a sign of the times, and that they excite uneasy apprehensions of revolution in the immediate future. For the probability is that in another generation, or even less, the ancient glories of Oakenhurst will have departed, although the influx of bullion and its free circulation may certainly bring material compensation.

THE TWO MUSES.

My fire burnt low—at intervals
  Struggling for life, it flared and sank,
And shapeless shadows on the walls
  Towered up—and into corners shrank.

The black brand crackled, bent, and broke,
  And through the soot the eager spark
Worried, like busy worldly folk,
  And burrowing, died in dirt and dark.

In the dead silence, loud the clock
  Remorseless ticked each second's flight—
Heart-beats of time, with quiet shock
  Driving Life on to Death and Night.

Well! let Life go!—my weary heart
  Is sick of things that only seem;
Love is a sham, and so is Art,
  And Faith the ghost of Hope's vain dream.

A curse is on this world of ours,
  Where Faith, Love, Art, are all a lie;
Beneath the curse the spirit cowers,
  And their best gifts the Gods deny.

As thus I mused in desperate mood,
  I raised my eyes, and, faintly seen
In the dim light, a figure stood,
  With prayerful face and vesture mean.

Her eyes were shy with half-alarm;
  Wan were her cheeks, and pale her hue;
And o'er her breast her white bared arm
  With modest grace her drapery drew.

"Who art thou? and what dost thou here?
  Speak! Can I help thee?" Then, "Alas!"
She said, "How own the name I bear—
  So fallen, so changed from what I was.

"Once in the far and golden time,
  When Freedom wore its fairest hues,
When glorious Greece was in its prime,
  They called me by the name of Muse.

"My feet from worldly soil were free;
  The Furies lent to me their rods.
My praise was Immortality;
  My home—the temple of the Gods.

"All for my favours sought. To none
  I gave them but the true and tried,—
Heroic Godlike men alone,
  Whose Life by Faith was purified.

"Now in the public mart my strings
  For very want I fain must strum,
And hide beneath a shawl my wings,
  And sing, when I were better dumb.

"Must smile to hide my heart's despair,
  Must starve, or cringe to greed and lust;
Of all who hear me—ah! how rare
  The few whom I can love and trust.

"The many mock my decent dress;
  Their thoughts are low—their works are base—
They shock me with their vile caress,
  Until ashamed I hide my face.

"Fallen so low, I stretch to thee
  My hands, and cry, Oh! are there none
To lift me, save me, honour me,
  As once in Greece in ages gone?

"No one of all this venial throng
  That take my name upon their lips,
To shield me from the shame and wrong
  That shadow me in such eclipse.

"No one above this sordid mart,
  With Godlike spirit shrined in man,
Who with pure soul will worship Art,
  Not woo her like a courtesan.

"Not pandering to the world's low taste,
  With skill to tempt and to degrade—
Not like a broker, greed-debased,
  Who makes of Art a vulgar trade."

"Yes—one at least, though weak and poor,"
  I cried. "I pledge this heart of mine,
Content to labour, wait, endure,
  To win at last one smile of thine."

What sudden change! an aureole globed
  That radiant face—a Grecian dress,
With pale and perfect draperies, robed
  Her pure and stately loveliness.

Serene she smiled, and at her feet
  Prostrate I fell, and bowed my head;
And silence came as calm and sweet
  As silence to the peaceful dead.

Then, suddenly, a laugh pierced through
  My ears—I raised my eyes—the Muse
Had vanished; in her stead a new
  Strange figure stood—in high-heeled shoes.

A creature like a biscuit rare,
  Painted and dyed—hair, eyes and face—
Tight-laced—her back and bosom bare—
  All chiffons, jewels, silk, and lace.

With head thrown back and glance askant,
  She laughed and leered and beckoned me;
"Great God!" I cried, "what dost thou want?
  And who art thou?—and where is she?"

"She? Who? My queer old sister? Oh!
  Dear solemn prude, pray who can tell?
Gone back to Greece, I hope. You know
  That here she's quite impossible.

"Poor thing, I pity her; but then
  She's such a prig—so tiresome, too,
And dresses so—and bores the men
  About the Beautiful and True.

"Such silly rubbish—every word
  Emphatic with a capital,
That really it is quite absurd:
  We had to cut her—one and all.

"She had a grand career awhile
  In Athens once, when she was young;
But here, we've changed in taste and style,—
  And she's old, nervous, and unstrung.

"And now that we have shut her out,
  Dressed in that old disgraceful shawl,
She wanders begging all about
  And preaching—which won't do at all.

"And so take care—you're young, *mon cher*,
  And just beginning in your art;
Don't be imposed upon by her,
  But trust me if you want a start.

"I'm all the mode—her sails are furled.
  Come down to me and have a chat;
I'll introduce you to the world,
  And put you up to this and that.

"I've lots of things to show you, too,
  Not Greek—that wretched classic Greek—
But Biscuit, Sèvres, Ormolu,
  And Bric-a-brac, and statues chic.

"We're all so free—no prudish *gène.*
  Such fun, you know; and there you'll meet
Dukes, Bankers, Princes—all the men
  And all the *demi-monde élite.*

"All purchasers. Such singing too—
  Thérèse's style. Do all you can,
Broad as her songs are, they're so true
  You have to laugh—behind your fan.

"And then my pictures—all so bright
  With brilliant colours; some so small
You need a lens to help your sight,
  And wonder how they're done at all.

"Such costumes gay—such fights and feuds—
  Such vases, silks, stuffs, furniture—
Such harems, baths, boudoirs—such nudes,
  Smiling at you with such *allure!*

"You're poor! I know you can't be flush:
  Don't be so shy—oh, don't say 'No!'
Pray take it—won't you? Pooh!—don't blush:
  Ah, well!—at first you all say so!"

With that she finger-tipped a kiss,
  Laughed, pirouetted on her toe,
Kicked out her train, and, with a hiss
  Of rustling silks, turned round to go.

"Now don't forget—don't be a fool;
  I count upon you! Well,—Bye, bye!
Sundays, you know—cards, dancing, pool,
  And everything that's chic and sly!

"Stop! Here's my card—I'd quite forgot!"
  With that she vanished; and I read
"*Madame La Muse—née La Cocotte,*
  Rue de Parnasse"—and went to bed!

THE SOUTH AFRICAN QUESTION.

If it were not for the more burning question nearer home, on which all thoughts have now for long been centred, the "South African Question" would before this have assumed greater proportions in the public mind. Just as the Red River Expedition passed almost unnoticed amidst the excitement of the war in France, so the annexation of the Transvaal, and the Kafir war at this moment in progress, have laid no hold on the attention of the people, wrapt as they are in the events transpiring in the East. Yet the Transvaal is a country larger than England; and there are far more troops now engaged in South Africa than were employed in the West African campaign, with whose records the newspapers were filled, and the attention of the nation absorbed. So long as foreign affairs demand such close vigilance, and while our forces must be held in hand to meet any emergency that may arise out of the difficulties in the East, her Majesty's Ministers are not likely to invite attention to South African affairs, or to use a man more in the military operations there than is just sufficient to keep the natives in check, and prevent our colonies from being invaded by hordes of hostile savages. But should the efforts towards European peace be successful — should our troops be set free from their attitude of expectation, and the Indian contingent not be required for service in the Turkish empire—a great deal more, unless we are much mistaken, will be heard of the South African Question.

Here, as in other countries which have become known to the world by reason of a "question," the problem to be solved is one of race. The English colonist in South Africa is confronted by a double difficulty. The stolid Dutch boer bars the road to progress; the wild aboriginal savage is ever trying to thrust out the white man in order that he may relapse unhindered into barbarism. The end of the conflict is inevitable. Sooner or later the energy of the Englishman will win; but in the meantime there are seas of trouble to be waded through—it may be seas of blood. If the conflict were to be fought out alone between the Colonist and the Kafir, the fight would be desperate, and the ultimate result the subjection to a state little short of slavery of those natives whom the war might spare; but the Imperial Government steps in with abstract theories of mercy and of justice, conducts the necessary wars upon the highest principles of civilisation, and protects the native from his offended neighbour. The results of the two systems of dealing with the natives may be seen in the respective conditions of the Orange Free State and of Natal. In the Free State the Dutch Boers have driven out the natives, till the number remaining in the territory is less than half that of the scanty white population, and that number is held by stern laws rigidly enforced in a state of semi-slavery. In Natal, on the other hand, the protecting ægis of the British Government has been thrown over the natives; whole tribes have sought the shelter of the British flag, and live in absolute freedom; the black population multiplies apace; the tide of white immigration has almost ceased; and the natives in the little colony are fifteen times as numerous as the white men.

The high aim of the Imperial

Government is to bring all the regions of South Africa into one vast confederation, where the colonist shall be secured in the possession of his fields, where the native shall enjoy liberty and the blessings of civilisation, and where the reign of law shall bring the rest of peace. To the eye of faith, the South African Dominion is yet to be the favoured nation of the world, where the hitherto unsolved problem is to be solved, where the enjoyment of the bounties of nature is to be marred by no memory of an aboriginal race ruthlessly destroyed, but where black and white alike are to share the fruits of European wealth brought to enrich African soil. British laws and British liberty are to prevail not only throughout the rich sugar-fields and coffee-plantations of Natal, the vast tracts of corn of the Transvaal, the wide pasture-lands of the Orange Free State, the diamond-fields of Griqualand, the copper-mines of Namaqualand, and the ostrich-farms of the old colony, but in the kloofs and bush-fastnesses of Kaffraria and Zululand, where still the naked savage lies idly on his back and dreams of war and slaughter, while his women hoe the millet and plant the mealies, and milk the cattle that graze around his kraal. The grand imperial aim may yet be realised; but that realisation is still remote. Hard present facts show us a number of separate colonies, with separate conditions of climate and of race, with different immediate interests and divergent wishes for the future; while on the borders of the white man's possessions lie those two volcanoes, Kaffraria and Zululand, of which one is in fierce eruption, and the red fires of the other already glow, as its mutterings spread terror through the adjacent land. In the presence of widely extended disaffection on the borders of the Cape Colony, and of imminent danger of an incursion by the armed hosts of Zululand into the Transvaal and Natal, the situation of South Africa may well form the subject of anxious care to Ministers, and of reflection to the public at large.

The chronic disease from which South Africa suffers is, doubtless, the ever-present risk of native outbreaks, with the attendant evils of insecurity to life and property, and heavy outlay for purposes of defence. The remedy, according to the views of Downing Street, lies in confederation. In the despatch in which he first proposed a conference of delegates from the various Colonies and States, Lord Carnarvon wrote that he had been convinced of "the great and serious disadvantages, whether in regard of security from disorder or of material progress, under which the several Colonies and States are placed through the absence of any defined and consistent policy governing questions of vital interest to all." Foremost in those matters requiring uniformity of action, his lordship placed the treatment of the natives. With much force he pointed out that as long as the natives, who are shrewd observers in such matters, perceive that the comparatively small European population of South Africa is divided under a number of Governments, which are not only not in close and cordial relations with each other, but are often estranged by warm controversies, they must continue restless and unsettled; they are at the mercy of factious intrigues, and are ready to listen to suggestions as to their power of combining successfully against the disunited European Governments. "The result is," runs the despatch, "that there exists a distinct danger of widely extended disaffection, which, if circumstances lent them-

selves to it, it might be difficult to subdue. Even in the absence of any threatening combination, each Government is required, in order to maintain order among the natives within its own territory, and to guard against possible attacks from those without, to expend on police and other defensive organisations an amount of anxious thought, as well as of money, which might be better devoted to the general advancement of the community." While inviting discussion upon several points, the real object of the despatch in question was to promote confederation. "This great object," it said, "is one to the achievement of which her Majesty's Government would be prepared to contribute their best and most cordial assistance. It is a measure which, in their opinion, would tend to develop the prosperity of South Africa, to sweep away many subjects of prolonged and unfruitful discussion, and to knit together the scattered communities of European race into a powerful and harmonious union, valuable alike for the interest of themselves and of the whole empire."

Yet, when Lord Carnarvon's despatch was laid before the Ministers at the Cape, they refused to have anything to do with his conference, or his scheme for confederation, and gave the cold shoulder to his proposed representative of imperial interests. When the conference did finally assemble in London, it was like the play of Hamlet without the Prince, for the President of the Orange Free State commenced by announcing that he could only take part in it provided the question of confederation were not even discussed. The President of the Transvaal Republic, in acknowledging the despatch, pointedly stated his satisfaction at Lord Carnarvon's expressed intention of not interfering with the independence of that State, as recognised by Great Britain; and it is difficult to understand what advantage there could be in a confederation of States, if each one claimed complete independence of action. Thus the first fact that strikes us is, that the representatives of the three most important States of South Africa took, at the outset, an entirely different view of confederation to that entertained by the Imperial Government of Great Britain. While Lord Carnarvon looks upon confederation as the one means of bringing under one system a number of small white communities, each too weak to stand alone, and so simplifying immensely from the imperial point of view the administration of South African affairs, they view each other as so many separate States, feel the same jealousies towards each other that are felt by neighbouring European nations, cling as tenaciously to their independence as Belgium or Switzerland, and would enter a confederation as unwillingly as Denmark and Holland would now give up their perfect freedom to the supreme control of the Emperor of Germany. Better proof of this cannot be found than in the tone of one sentence taken from a memorandum of the Cape Ministers, explaining their reasons for objecting to enter upon a conference. Those educated people in England who are aware that Natal is under a separate Government from the Cape Colony, can only view our South African colonists as forming one community; as men whose lives and property the mother country willingly protects; as Englishmen in South Africa, whether their dwelling-place be in 30° or in 32° of south latitude—whether the port at which they landed, and to which British ships bring them letters from home, be called Durban, or Port Elizabeth, or Cape Town.

But this is the way in which Ministers at the Cape speak of Natal. Referring to Lord Carnarvon's remark as to the expense entailed under the present state of affairs for armed police, their minute says: "The unhappily disturbed state of Natal will no doubt render something of the kind necessary in that quarter; but Ministers do not feel justified in taking any steps which might tend to place a heavier burden on the people of the Cape Colony by undertaking the defence *of other communities*, though, as on former occasions, the Colony, it is trusted, will always be ready to do its share towards maintaining the peace of South Africa, and, if necessary, to assist *neighbouring States.*"

It cannot but be interesting to trace the causes which have brought about this strange condition of affairs, and have tended to create a number of separate communities, holding aloof from each other, and unwilling to confederate, even in the face of so grave a danger as the constant threat of Kafir war. In doing this, we have the assistance of two well-known English authors, who have recently told the story of the South African colonies, but in very different form. Rather more than two years ago, in a despatch to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that great writer, Mr Froude, prefaced his account of the attempts made by Lord Carnarvon to bring about a South African conference, with a sketch of the history and condition of the Dutch Republics, and the relations between the Imperial Government, the Cape Colony, the Dutch States, and the new colony of Griqualand West, better known as the Diamond-fields. Mr Froude's narrative was an official account, written for a definite purpose. His object in South Africa, where he had been, not as an ordinary traveller, but as an agent of the Colonial Office, was to prepare the way for confederation under the British flag; and his despatch reads like a brief on that behalf—or rather, let us say, like the eloquent speech of a trained advocate. Mr Anthony Trollope, on the other hand, went out to South Africa for the purpose of writing a book, and gives us, in his two octavo volumes, a very pleasant chatty description of the country, a sketch of its history, and some information as to the habits of the people, mixed with a good deal of speculation as to the causes of the present conditions, and as to the future state of the South African colonies. The book is written in Mr Trollope's most pleasant vein, and his name will win many a reader to learn something of Kafir, Boer, and Zulu, who would otherwise have remained almost in ignorance of the meaning of the terms.

Nearly four hundred years ago white men's eyes first saw the Cape of Good Hope, when the intrepid Portuguese navigators of that day turned their vessels northwards, having rounded the Cape of many storms. After landing at Natal on Christmas-day, and giving to it the name it now bears, they founded a small colony at Delagoa Bay, where they still govern at Lorenzo Marquez a sad strip of soil, and dispute dominion with King Fever. The race that produced those wonderful voyagers has made no permanent mark upon the continent of Africa. On the west coast and on the east they exercise nominal sovereignty over large tracts of territory, that barely, if at all, repay the cost of government. They vegetate there; they never spread inland, they exercise no civilising influence over the native tribes within their reach. Dark suspicions of slave-dealing hang about their rule even at this present day. Yet they cling tenaciously to their African possessions. Not long since it

was considered by the English Government of great importance to acquire the harbour of Delagoa Bay. A claim had been set up by us to an equal right of ownership with Portugal. At that time the settlement did not repay its expenses; but the Portuguese Government stoutly resisted the British demands. It was at the time when arbitration was the formula for all disputes with other nations, and the matter was referred to M. Thiers for his decision. Before the arguments were closed, M. Thiers had resigned the Presidency of the French Republic, and Marshal MacMahon reigned in his stead. The arguments put forward by this country were not strong; the weight of evidence was against us; but none the less was the Portuguese case, as laid before the arbitrator, unseemly in its tone towards the nation to whom, if gratitude ever can be due from State to State, Portugal owes kindly words and feeling. The award was against us —as such awards in every case have been; and Portugal retains the one good harbour on the eastern coast of Southern Africa. With it she can do and does nothing, save use it for the import of arms and ammunition, which are sold to the native tribes who press down to the walls of the wretched fort that marks her sovereignty. A belt of fever-country, and a still worse belt where the tsetse-fly makes havoc among any horses and cattle that may attempt to traverse it, separate the settlement from the Transvaal, to which it would otherwise afford by far the easiest means of access. So long as Delagoa Bay remains in Portuguese hands, it may almost certainly be predicted that the harbour will not be improved, and that no railway will penetrate from it to the gold-fields of the Transvaal. This fine port, possessing the advantages denied by nature to such artificial harbours as Port Elizabeth and East London, might soon become the centre of a flourishing trade, were it to pass into British hands. Yet, like the dog in the manger, Portugal, there is reason to suppose, has resisted steadily all attempts at negotiation for its purchase made by this country. If, as we believe, the whole of Southern Africa is destined, sooner or later, to fall under the dominion of the colonising Anglo-Saxon race, the harbour of Lorenzo Marquez will share the fate of all territory held by less active races than our own, and will, at some time or other, pass into our hands. In the meantime, its possession by Portugal prevents the due development of our new possession, the Transvaal, and adds another factor to the sum of difficulties in dealing with the native tribes. The Governor of the settlement scarcely three years ago described to his Government that the preservation of peace with the natives was little less than a miracle, that the surrounding chiefs were tractable only so long as no notice was taken of their misdeeds, and that every description of atrocity was perpetrated by them. The force at the command of the Governor is utterly insufficient to suppress disorder—barely strong enough to garrison his crumbling fort. A company of infantry, for the most part composed of black men, commands no respect from the natives; and it may well happen that a day will arrive when, for the sake of the preservation of peace throughout the South African Dominion, and in the interests of civilisation and humanity, it may become the duty of Great Britain to enforce, by her own strong hand, the rule of order and of law among the surrounding tribes. The spectacle of a weak power unable to suppress native rebellion—of white men not

strong and invincible—is a standing danger. It was this that compelled us to annex the Transvaal. It may be that, for the safety of the white race in South Africa, we shall one day have to occupy Lorenzo Marquez.

Following the Portuguese, who only used the harbour of Table Bay as a place of call on their road to their possessions in the East Indies, came the Dutch; and they, rather more than two hundred years ago, planted a colony at the Cape. Whenever and wherever the Dutch have colonised, their object has been to make the colony contribute towards the treasury of the mother country in one shape or another. That a colony should require funds from home, that under any circumstances it should entail expense upon the tax-payers of Holland, is an idea that is foreign to the brains of Dutch statesmen. And so, when the Dutch planted their tiny band here, their object was to utilise the Cape for the purpose of their trade with the East, and to debar other nations from using it. Mr Trollope gives a graphic and amusing description of the life of those early Dutch colonists. He tells us how the governor of the time was dismissed for giving hospitality to a French vessel, and not allowing the Frenchman "to float on his own fins;" how Volunteer Van Vogelaar was sentenced to receive a hundred blows from the butt of his own musket "for wishing the purser at the devil for serving out penguins instead of pork;" how that sorry food of penguins was often the only escape from starvation for the garrison; how the lions seemed as if they would take the place by storm. Yet the Dutch colony slowly increased. Troubles there were with the Hottentots, who owned the surrounding soil; and, twenty years after the first landing, a deed of sale of land to the Dutch was duly effected. But soon there was no more purchase; soon the Dutch colony, strengthened by French Protestant immigrants, was strong enough to take land without going through the form of purchase; and it did so. The rule of the governors at the seat of Government was hard and stern. The good of the parent country, not the good of the colonists, was the aim of legislation; and the easiest means of escaping repression and taxation was to push out further and further from the reach of the arm of the law. And so one family after another "trekked," or marched inland with cattle and waggon, and slaves, and bought or took land from the Hottentots, and cultivated it; and other families came out from Holland, and marched inland to this new country where land was to be had for the taking; and the Dutch farmers then settled down into that patriarchal system of life in which, now as then, they dwell. But then they had their slaves. It never entered into their heads to question that slavery was an institution directly authorised by that God whom in all honest simplicity they worshipped. They never doubted that one man was born white, because he should be master—another black, because he should be slave. They made it their law of life that the farm should produce everything required for food and shelter, and they knew no other wants. Even at the present day they are the same. A few years ago, an English officer paid much attention to the handsome daughter of a Dutch farmer at the Cape. Busy tongues carried to her parents' ears the news that she was spoken about more openly than was consistent with that reticence which ought to shield a maiden's name. They asked the officer if he would

marry her. He pleaded that he was too poor a man to own the luxury of a wife. "What matters it?" they said. "You will leave the army and live with us. There is food in plenty, and money enough to buy clothes. What further can you want?" The story shows, better than any description we could give, what is the character of the Dutch farmer. He lives the life of an animal, using his mental gifts only to enable him to supply his animal wants. There are, it is true, different types of Boers. There are, we believe, still to be found on the furthest northern outskirts of the Transvaal, some who are clothed in skins, from whom all education has departed, who are little better than the beasts of the field. There are others who have reached a comparatively high pitch of civilisation, whose daughters waltz and play the piano, who engage tutors to live in the house and teach their sons. But these are rare exceptions. The bulk of the Dutch farmers are peaceable, God-fearing men, living a life of patriarchal simplicity, not over-nice in their habits, but strong and stalwart, leading an honest existence, types of the primitive agriculturist. They are, perhaps, the most prolific race in the world; and so, as children multiplied about them, and land was to be had by barter or by the strong hand, they spread further and further inland, and took courage—some of those furthest from the coast—to resist the demands of a Government which gave them nothing in return. And there was a rebellion in the colony on a small scale, when, in the famous year '95, the English came, and, to be beforehand with the French, who had then occupied Holland, took the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch, and assumed control of the colony, with its 22,000 white men, its 25,000 slaves, and the Hottentot population, whatever that might number, thrown into the bargain.

It is easy to see the inevitable result of the irruption into the Dutch colony amongst these Boers of a body of aggressive Englishmen. A large British garrison spending much money was welcome enough at first; but as immigration followed, the Boers began to seek solitudes away from the pushing new-comers. British philanthropic ideas as to the slaves did not suit the Dutch slave-owners, and there grew up bad feeling between the two races. The British Colonial Office put the Hottentots on the same footing as the Europeans; the Dutch were disgusted. At last came the memorable year when slavery was abolished throughout the whole British dominions, and so-called compensation was given to the slave-owners. To this day the Dutch farmers of South Africa believe that they were then plundered in the name of law; and they know that so badly was the payment of the compensation managed, that the sum which reached the hands of themselves or their fathers—for forty years have passed since the edict took effect—was ludicrously out of proportion to the loss actually incurred. Numbers of them refused to accept the money offered; and then there commenced on a greater scale than ever before that trekking northwards, to escape from a rule that was considered not only unjust but foolish. The Boer liked to be let alone. The Englishman interfered with him; there was room enough for both, so he would escape out of the intruder's way. The Dutchmen moved away beyond the Orange River; and more pushing, trading, adventurous Englishmen and Scotchmen moved into the lands vacated by them.

As the Dutchmen had spread

eastwards from Cape Town they had come into contact with a different native race from the Hottentots. Some kind of treaty was made with the chief Gaika; but the natives resisted the occupation of their land by the white men. British troops were called in; in 1811 the first Kafir war took place, from which time dates the feud with the Gaikas, who are now, as we write, in rebellion. A few years later war was renewed: whole districts were depopulated with awful slaughter; and four thousand immigrants were brought from England to fill the lands lying west of the Keiskamma river, from which the natives had been driven. These immigrants landed at Port Elizabeth; and so it arose that by the slaughter and driving eastward of the natives, by the arrival of this large body of English, and by the trekking northward of the Dutch, this eastern province of the Cape Colony became an English colony, while the western province remained chiefly Dutch. But before the Dutch had cleared out from these lands bordering on the Kafir possessions, a third Kafir war had taken place. It was the year after the Act of Parliament had been passed abolishing slavery. Great Britain was at the high-tide of brotherhood for the black man; Lord Glenelg, representing the Colonial Office at home, took the part of the Kafirs as against Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor of the Cape. The Kafirs were pronounced to have had ample justification for their conduct, and the land taken from them was restored. From that time dates the firmly-rooted belief in the mind of the colonists that the interference of the Home Government in native affairs only leads to mischief; and a strong belief in the Dutch mind that where dealings with the natives are concerned, it is better to escape from the control of a Government which is utterly wrong-headed and impracticable. Neither does the native understand such conduct. When he has been beaten in fight, and his lands have been taken, he cannot understand that the cause of quarrel should be reopened and his lands given back to him. To him such action is a sign of weakness. He learns, too, that the governor to whom he has looked as supreme chief of the white men, is not supreme. Colonial authority is shaken in his eyes; and he renews war on the first opportunity. And so it happened that scarcely ten years had passed when the war was renewed, and it was found necessary to retake the land so recently restored to the Kafirs. Sir Harry Smith extended British territory to the river Kei, which remained the boundary between ourselves and the independent tribes until a few months ago, when, in the present or sixth Kafir war, Sir Bartle Frere has annexed territory lying east of that river.

In tracing back these movements through the earlier history of South Africa, our object has been to show the causes which have tended to separate the Dutch from the English geographically, and in feeling; and it is not necessary to discuss the immediate causes of each of the various Kafir wars. Wherever white men come into contact with coloured races, the first fruitful source of quarrel is the land. The black man is there in possession; the land is his; upon it his fathers have hunted, have planted corn, have built their dwellings. Little by little the white man closes in upon him, and causes of quarrel arise. It is a farce to talk of treaties made with the Kafirs, of land bought and sold. The Kafir is a savage, and wishes to remain so. The white man wants the land, and

wants labour. When cattle are scarce, when the young Kafir men want the means to purchase wives, when life has become monotonous from want of game for hunting, when it is tiresome to have been so long without a fight, the Kafirs plunder the white men's farms, and massacre accompanies the plundering. Retaliation follows. If the colonists take the matter in hand, the reprisals are desperately bloody, and no mercy is shown. Where the Imperial Government steps in, the warfare is more humane. But in either case the natives are driven further back, and the very terms of peace breed fresh cause for quarrel. Fruitful, too, as a source of war, is the acceptance by the white men of the submission of tribes which have been hitherto subjects of more powerful native chiefs. Such subject-tribes, coming out from among their native conquerors, and settling on the borders under European protection, are apt to be insolent to their late masters. To see those who were but now his slaves living within reach, yet safe from his touch, is more than the proud spirit of the warrior-chief can brook. They boast of their white allies; they call the independent natives their enemies. The policy of playing off the native tribes against each other, of taking advantage of their jealousies, has been adopted for years past in South Africa with some success; but it will be found that these subject-tribes have to do with nearly every quarrel. It must be so; and until we have annexed the whole of the independent territories, and brought all the tribes under the same law and the same protectorate, it will continue. This present Kafir war of 1877 began by a quarrel between the independent Galekas and the Fingos, who were once their slaves, but are now prosperous and protected British subjects: a spark fired the train; Sandilli, the chief of the Gaikas, not forgetful of the feud with the white man commenced sixty-six years before, joined Kreli and his Galekas. It may be that the war will spread no further, that the power of the tribes for combination is feeble; or, it may be that the conflagration will spread wide. But in any case the end is certain: the defeat, after long-protracted operations, of the Kafirs; the annexation of their territory; the subjection of the conquered tribes to taxation. Such taxation is the first step towards civilisation; for it compels the Kafirs to do some work, that they may find the money with which to pay their taxes.

Now let us return to those Dutchmen whom we have left trekking northwards, flying from what they believed to be the injustice and the folly of the English rule. In 1834 the great exodus commenced, and for the four following years it continued and increased. But before we proceed to trace the results of their emigration from the Cape Colony, let us once more speak of the spirit in which they started on their journey into the wilderness. It is told by Mr Froude in a passage such as it seldom falls to a Secretary of State to read in an official despatch. Speaking of the Dutch farmers, Mr Froude thus writes:

"They have long memories. They can write the catalogue of the wrongs they have suffered from Great Britain as fluently as an Irish patriot, and they can tell their story with a passion which is not less deep because it is more constrained and subdued. They have not forgotten that it was by their fathers, and not by the English, that the country was first conquered from the savages and the wild beasts; and the cession made in exchange to Holland at the peace in 1815 was no compensation to them for the loss of their national existence.

"Though they do not regret slavery, they resent the terms on which their property was taken from them—terms so hard and so ungenerous that many persons disdained to accept them, and let their slaves go free without receiving any indemnity at all. They had been the pioneers of the advancing colony. They had borne the shock of the first collisions with the natives. Every family can tell of some one or other of its members massacred, or of gallant achievements for the protection of their wives and children, or their properties; and as a reward they point to a despatch of Lord Glenelg, which laid on them the blame of every drop of blood that had been shed.

"Doubtless they, in many instances, had been to blame as well as the natives. But the exaggerated censure was known to be undeserved. Their real faults are forgotten, and nothing remains but the memory of injustice. They relate with special pride how, worn out with calumny and indignity, five thousand of their noblest and bravest farmers loaded their waggons with all that belonged to them, threw up their farms, and taking with them their flocks and herds, rifles, and their family Bibles, travelled away forty years ago into the wilderness beyond the Orange River."

With such feelings, then, in the years named, these men went forth on their pilgrimage. They crossed the Orange River, and some of them remained in the nearest pasture-lands, where water was to be found, and lived at first in their waggons, and afterwards settled down, and ploughed and sowed seed, and in process of time built houses, and multiplied after their fashion. Others marched on across the river Vaal, and found their path barred by a warrior-chief, who fought them with great courage, and finally drove them with heavy suffering back over the Vaal. Then they turned aside, and crossing with infinite labour the great Drakensberg range, descended into the plains of Natal. A few Englishmen, wandering spirits, were already there, reaping the advantage of the soft sub-tropical climate of the coast, and settled at Port Natal, which the Cape Government had christened Durban. From the Drakensberg mountains to the Berea hills that shelter the coast-line, the vast plains were almost entirely void of human life. For Chaka, the king of the Zulus, had "eaten up," as they say, the tribes inhabiting these well-watered plains; and at this day the traveller in Natal sees everywhere the ruins of kraals destroyed by this merciless potentate. Pieter Retief, the leader of the Dutch, found in this vacant soil the longed-for promised land, and sought to gain from Dingaan, the Zulu king, who had murdered and succeeded his brother Chaka, a title to the land. Dingaan treacherously murdered Retief, and then endeavoured to destroy the whole Dutch party of immigrants. The outlying parties were all massacred; but bodies of the Dutch collected together, and constructed intrenchments of waggons, behind which they successfully resisted in some cases, but not in all. Some hundreds were killed,—men, women, children; and the place on the Klip river where they fell was christened "Wienen," or weeping. Then the Dutch, with a bravery that seems to have deserted their children, drove back the Zulus, and, as fresh instalments of immigrants arrived, cleared the country south and west of the Tugela and Buffalo rivers. They established a form of government of their own, and leaving such English as there were on the coast, they and their cattle settled upon the pasture-lands above the Berea. They had won the land at terrible cost; they commemorated the martyrdom of Pieter Retief, by joining his name to that of their next leader, Gerritt Maritz,

in the title which they gave to their chief township, Pietermaritzburg.

But they were not to have many years of that peace and solitude which they desired. They did not sufficiently keep their own counsel, and they asked the British authorities to recognise them as an independent republic. Tidings of their fighting with the natives, and of their somewhat ruthless reprisals, had reached Cape Town and London; the "aborigines protection" sentiment was aroused; and in 1841, less than four years after the bloody slaughter of Wienen, Natal was proclaimed British territory.

We can picture the feelings of these Dutchmen, who had traversed all those weary miles, fighting every inch of their way to Natal; who had bought the land at such a price of murdered wives and children; who had suffered so much in their desire to escape from British rule, —when they found that all their efforts were in vain, and that the Government they hated was to be set up over them. So we can scarcely wonder that they resisted the small detachment of troops that was sent to Durban, successfully resisted it at first, took part of the troops prisoners, and nearly reduced the remainder to starvation. Even when a larger force came, and resistance was hopeless, they still resisted; and their last efforts did not cease till a year and a half after the landing of the first British soldiers. Some of them remained, settled down, and accepted British authority. Away from the coast, on the uplands of Natal, there are still many Dutch farmers; some even who remember the dreadful day of Wienen. But a new impetus was given to them, driving them once more away from what they deemed British misgovernment. Within three or four years of their accepting British rule, thousands, it is said as many as 80,000 natives, had flocked into Natal. The cruelties of Dingaan, and the desire of vacant lands, drove or tempted back into Natal many whole tribes who had fled from the Dutch, or been forced across the Tugela, but who knew, from what they had heard of the English, that they would be safe under our rule. Large tracts of land were made over to these tribes, and called "native locations;" the Dutch were forbidden to disturb them: and thus the Boers found themselves surrounded by natives, and under a Government which, to their eyes, unjustly and wickedly favoured the savages at their expense. A deputation was sent to complain to the Governor at the Cape. He would not see its leader, Andreas Pretorius; and in disgust and anger, the great bulk of the Boers trekked back across the Drakensberg, and occupied the less fertile lands lying between the Orange River and the Vaal, shaking off British sovereignty as they recrossed the great mountain-range. This was in 1848, and since that Natal has been to all intents and purposes a British colony.

It is a colony unlike any other in the empire. We have seen the natives flocking into it from across the Buffalo and the Tugela, as soon as British authority was established. That immigration has continued and increased under Dingaan's successor, and a large portion of the colony has been set apart as native locations. The natives—Zulus of different tribes — have multiplied rapidly, being free from those periodical massacres which take place under their own kings. At the same time, such up-country lands as are left in the hands of white men, are held in great farms, seldom less than three thousand acres, often more than six thou-

sand. The inducement held out to European immigrants during the earlier years of the colony was the grant, at nominal rates, of such tracts of land, till at last the land was nearly all given away. In a report on the Immigration Question made to Sir Garnet Wolseley in 1875, Major Butler says: "In a country as large as Scotland, and with a total white population of a third-rate English town, the Government had no land to give away; some 8000 individuals were in possession of eight million acres of Natal." Thus immigration has long since come to an end. Land is not to be had for cultivation by the new-comer; and the colony offers small inducement to the journeyman labourer; for Kafir labour, though irregular and uncertain, is to be had at prices with which no white man can possibly compete. Bad times caused a forced sale of land; and nearly a million of acres passed into the hands of a single company. And so we see a rich country parcelled out into these huge farms, little better than great wastes; a scattered, scanty population, with here and there a small township; and in the midst, great native locations, thickly peopled by Kafirs, who give an uncertain supply of labour, earning only enough money to pay their hut-tax, and who often plunder the cattle of the neighbouring farmer. Only on the sea-coast, under the Berea hills, are there seen any more populous settlements; and there we have the strange anomaly of coolie labour introduced at great cost from India, to cultivate the coffee and the sugar in plantations at which the Kafir is too idle to work. And so the white population of Natal is little more than 20,000, and is stagnant; while the Kafirs have multiplied to more than 300,000, and are rapidly increasing in numbers. Who can wonder that a sense of insecurity exists, and that a land held under such conditions is not attractive to the intending emigrant?

In 1849, the Native Hut tax was imposed. For many years afterwards it was asserted before each collection that the natives would not pay, that they had combined to resist payment. In 1850, at the request of the Governor of the Cape Colony, a force of Kafirs was sent to act on the rear of some hostile natives on the borders of the Cape Colony. When the tribes were called upon to contribute men, a serious panic arose among the white inhabitants. Ten years later a report was spread, and seemed well founded, that the Zulu king had started with a large force to seize his brother, who was a fugitive, and had taken refuge with the Bishop of Natal. Panic arose, and the Bishop, the famous Dr Colenso, walked into Pietermaritzburg in the middle of the night, bringing all his family. Four years later the colony was seriously alarmed by a raid made by the Basutos on some farmers and natives under the Drakensberg. Ten years later, again, the disaffection of a native tribe—under the witch, or rain-doctor, Langalibalele—caused an armed force to be sent for the purpose of enforcing the decree of the Government; and grave anxiety prevailed. And now, within the last few weeks, the rumour has gained credence that the Zulu king has made all his dispositions to cross the Tugela, and to invade Natal; and those who are best acquainted with the natives, and therefore most calm, are in a state of real alarm. Every such panic involves suspension of labour, and often abandonment and loss of property. Yet such panics are inherent to the present condition of the colony; they will return as they have done from time to time; and

they are doubtless the effect of the real and not imaginary weakness of a scanty white population located in the midst of savage tribes, and having for neighbours the vast Zulu race, governed by a savage, who may at any moment be entirely unable to restrain the forty thousand armed and organised warriors whom he has trained, and over whom the lust of fighting may gain the ascendancy. The skill and statesmanlike qualities of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, his profound knowledge of the Kafir character, his intimate acquaintance with the native language, his mastery of the phrases and forms of words which most appeal to the Zulu mind, and his remarkable eloquence, have given him an ascendancy over the whole Zulu race, which has thus far kept order and prevented invasion. But his influence is chiefly personal; and it is well to remember that, when he is gone, and he is now almost an old man, there is no one left to stop the deluge. It is here, in Zululand and Natal, not in Kaffraria and the Cape Colony, that the true danger lies. It is here that the native question in South Africa must be worked out. We will return to this. Let us once more go back to the Dutchmen, whose wandering fortunes we have traced, till they shook off, for the second time, as they fondly hoped, British rule, by trekking northwards from Natal.

When Pretorius placed himself at the head of this body of men who had recrossed the Drakensberg, he found a number of other Dutchmen already settled between the Orange and Vaal rivers. These were the earliest pilgrims from the Cape Colony, and some who had rested by the way from among that later band which had passed on to Natal. Up to this time the British Government had hesitated what policy to follow with regard to this trans-Orange country, had adopted it as British territory, had repudiated the adoption, and had then compromised by placing a British Resident at the small settlement of Bloemfontein, his chief duty being to protect the natives, but not to govern. Pretorius, angered at his reception at Capetown, ordered the Resident out of the country, and, having raised a levy of the Boers, prepared to encounter the British troops. Sir Harry Smith marched with a few hundred troops, and some natives who were hostile to the Dutch; and though the Dutch were more numerous than the English, and killed more than they lost, they lost the battle of Boem Plaats. Pretorius, with his following, trekked away north across the Vaal river; the Resident was reinstated as governor, and the Orange River territory was declared a separate colony. The natives were to be specially protected; but the Basutos, a neighbouring tribe, involved the little State in perpetual quarrels, and troops had to be sent from the Cape for its protection.

Meanwhile a kind of republic had been formed north of the Vaal, under the leadership of Pretorius, upon whose head a reward of £2000 had been placed. It was at one time contemplated by the British Government to assume the control of this country as well as that south of the Vaal; but the experience of governing the latter was against further annexation, which might be boundless, if these Dutchmen should continue to trek away from each successive advance of British authority; and it was decided to grant independence to this band of fugitives, who apparently could never be made into willing subjects. And so, by the Sand River Convention in 1852, the Transvaal Republic was made into an independent State—H.M. Commis-

sioners disclaiming all alliance with any natives north of the river Vaal. Its southern boundary was the Vaal river; its northern boundary has never been defined. It may extend to the desert; under British rule it most assuredly will reach the limits of habitable ground. But the mother country was impatient of the trouble caused by the sovereignty she had so recently assumed beyond the Orange River, and determined to shake off that also. The Crimean war was giving work to every soldier we possessed; there were none to spare for conflicts with remote African tribes. As Mr Froude puts it, "Weary of the expense which an advance into the interior of Africa was entailing upon her, and not unwilling to place between the British colony and the native tribes a barrier of Europeans, upon whom, and not upon herself, might fall the responsibility of those measures of repression which might be necessary, but which she preferred to leave to others, Great Britain determined to make the Orange River the northern boundary of her African possessions, and to leave the Dutch sheep-farmers, and the few English who had followed and joined them across that river, to constitute themselves into independent States. In taking this step it must be admitted that Great Britain was only consulting her own interests. The farmers had not asked for their independence. They protested against being deserted." But their remonstrances were not effectual; and in the year 1854, at the Orange River Convention, the government of the Orange River territory was transferred to representatives appointed by the Dutch farmers. Wise in their generation, they insisted on a clause that "all treaties existing with the natives should be cancelled, and that the British Government should not interfere between the natives and other inhabitants of the country;" and the guarantee was given. And so the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic were launched forth, "to float," as the Dutch had wished the French merchantman to do, "on their own fins."

It can scarcely be doubted that these acts were contrary to the general policy of this country—contrary to that humane concern for the native races which had dictated our previous pursuit of the Dutch. But for the stress and strain of the Crimean war, we can scarcely believe any British Government would have let loose these Dutch colonists to work their will upon the natives. What their view of the native question was is well illustrated by a passage which Mr Trollope paraphrases from Mr Theal's 'Compendium of South African History.' To them the history of the Israelites in the Old Testament was the type of their own wanderings; to them the native tribes were the Hittites and the Amorites, the Canaanites and the Perizzites, whom the Lord had commanded them to destroy. To them the order, "when thou comest nigh unto a city fight against it," was a literal command. "They had," says Mr Trollope, "been brought up for ages in the strictest belief in the letter of Scripture. The very pictures in their Bibles were to them true pictures, because they were there." And there is little doubt that in their earlier days the struggle between the Republic and the natives was fierce and bloody. If slavery did not exist, a system of apprenticeship came very near to it. The children of the foes slain in battle were apprenticed to the farmers. The natives, save such as remained in bondage, were little by little almost entirely driven out from the Orange Free

State, and thrust further and further from the centres of population in the Transvaal. The inevitable tendency of the policy of the Dutch in South Africa has been to make the natives hate them and fear them. "Do not take me into the Free State," said a native servant to a friend of ours, who purposed crossing over the Drakensberg from Natal. "Why not?" "Because the Dutch will never let me come away again."

But we must separate the fortunes of the two Republics; and we will deal first with the Orange Free State. Under its new government, in one sense, it throve and prospered. It increased by immigration from the western province of the Cape Colony, scarcely less than by the natural increase of its own prolific people. It was left very much to itself, and for years it went through great struggles. It had a quarrel with Moshesh, chief of the Basutos, about a protected tribe over whom he claimed sovereignty. It spent all its money, and issued paper notes of infinitesimal value. But it fought on, and at last the Basutos were almost crushed. Now Basutoland lies on the borders of the Free State, and contains some of the richest soil in South Africa; and its annexation was hoped for as the reward of so much toil and fighting. But the Basutos petitioned the British Crown to annex them; and the Colonial Office, already perhaps repenting its former conduct, accepted their allegiance, and snatched away the prize just as the hand of the Free State was closing on it. The Free State protested; but in the end submitted to the boundary traced by British authorities. The dispute, it may well be understood, tended unfortunately to revive the old Dutch bad feeling towards England; scarcely lessened by the fact that the new boundary did give to the Free State some portion of the conquered territory. This was in 1868; and the irritation had scarcely begun to cool down, when a new source of bitterness arose.

In 1869, a diamond was found upon the land of a Dutch farmer, on the left bank of the Vaal. The farmer, it is said, being a Dutch Boer, resented its being found, and hoped that no more might be discovered, as they would "bring people," and he would have to "move on." But the authorities of the Free State, when more were found, were glad enough; for the farm was, they thought, on their territory, and theirs by a threefold right,—by geographical position, as within the territory declared free by Great Britain in 1854; by subsequent purchase of all rights over this territory from the chief Adam Kok, who had claimed a title to it; and by actual possession and collection of taxes. But when more diamonds had been found, Great Britain purchased the land from another chief called Waterboer, who also claimed it; declared his title the only true one; and took the government of the territory, on which already diamond-mines were being worked, out of the hands of the Free State. We are afraid that if no diamonds had been found there, it would have remained the undisputed property of the Orange Free State to this day. But we entirely agree with Mr Trollope that had it done so, by this time the Orange Free State would have been annexed again to Great Britain. Diggers flocked to the spot—the white population grew rapidly to 15,000; and as Mr Trollope says, "To imagine that Kimberley, with all its wealth, would have allowed itself to be ruled by a Dutch Volksraad at the little town of Bloemfontein, is to suppose that the tail can permanently wag the dog,

instead of the dog wagging the tail."

It is easy to understand the anger of the inhabitants of the Free State at this act, as they honestly believed it, of spoliation. It could not be said that they had failed to govern their territory well, or even that they had been unable to keep order at the diamond-fields. When they indignantly protested, various reasons were assigned for the annexation; and we concur with Mr Froude, that "if the pretext of necessity had been boldly avowed, it would have been to some extent recognised in the Free State, and would at all events have created far less irritation than the pleas of justification which were put forward." To accuse the Orange Free State of having broken the Convention of 1854 by slave-dealing—to set up Waterboer's title, and then to shift the position of the places marking the boundary claimed by Waterboer, because the true boundary did not include the richest portion of the diamond-fields—were sorry acts for a nation like Great Britain in dealing with a small and friendly State upon which we had thrust independence against its will. The immediate results, too, were alarming to the Free State. It was found that no form of payment was so attractive to the natives, who were needed for labour, as the gifts of firearms and ammunition; and hundreds of thousands of guns passed into the hands of the Kafirs, and were conveyed by them into the adjacent territories. The President of the Orange Free State had demanded the independent arbitration of a foreign power, —first, as to the title to the land; secondly, as to the boundary. The arbitration hung fire. Meanwhile, the Cape Colony had refused, by its Parliament, to be responsible for the new territory; and under the name of Griqualand West, it was being administered as a separate Crown colony, under a Lieut.-Governor. The diamond-mines enriched the Cape Colony by the demand they created for supplies of all kinds, which had to be transported through the Cape Colony. The money paid for transports and for customs-duties went into the pockets of the Cape colonists. The only source of revenue in Griqualand itself was a tax upon diggings. The Orange Free State benefited largely by the markets created close at hand for its produce, and has long since paid off its paper money, and established an equilibrium between revenue and expenditure.

We may now revert to the Transvaal, made into an independent State in 1852. The following year Andreas Pretorius died. His son succeeded him. Conflicts with the natives were incessant, chief among which was a dispute with the Zulus as to the eastern boundary. Pretorius the younger was elected President of the Orange Free State in 1859, and strove hard to amalgamate the two Dutch republics. The Free State Volksraad would have none of it; he resigned, and was re-elected President of the Transvaal. He now claimed a tract of land abutting upon Griqualand West, went to arbitration with us about it, and the award, made by an English official, was against him. The Volksraad of the Transvaal refused to accept the award, and Pretorius resigned. In his place was elected Mr Burgers, an ex-clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church; and a very complete quarrel was established between the Transvaal and the High Commissioner at the Cape on the award question, and as to the imprisonment of a British subject in the South African Republic, as the Transvaal was pleased to style itself.

In the year 1872, Mr Gladstone being in office as Prime Minister, and Lord Kimberley being Secretary of State for the Colonies, responsible government was urged upon the Cape Colony by the Colonial Office at home. It is scarcely an open question whether the colony was ripe for such a change, or whether, in view of the difficulties existing with the Dutch republics, and the large native population always demanding imperial care, the moment was a fit one. The colony itself had serious doubts about it. The acceptance of a constitutional government such as ours was only carried by a narrow majority in the House of Assembly, and by one vote in the Legislative Council. That one vote would not have been given but for the theory that office-holders in the Legislative Council were bound to vote with the Home Government or resign. The result of the measure has not been altogether satisfactory. Constitutional government has received a somewhat rude shock in the last few weeks by the dismissal of his Ministers by Sir Bartle Frere, though there was no reason to suppose they had not a majority in Parliament. But imperial questions were at stake; and from such questions it will never be possible to dissever the Cape Colony.

At the close of the year 1874, when Mr Gladstone had committed political suicide, and Lord Carnarvon, having assumed the reins of the Colonial Office, had time to look round, this was the state of affairs throughout South Africa. The Cape Colony, enjoying responsible government, was separated into two very opposite camps, with interests different in their nature—the western or Dutch agricultural province, and the eastern or English trading province. Materially the colony was thriving and prosperous. The natives on the borders were quiet. Its revenues were swelled by the customs-duties collected on goods for the diamond-fields and Orange Free State, which derived no advantage in return. The Cape Colony was on good terms with the bordering republic; for it had, through its Parliament, refused to take over the diamond-fields unless the Orange Free State were satisfied. The Governor of the Cape Colony, however, in his capacity of High Commissioner from the Crown to all the tribes and States in South Africa, was openly at variance with both the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic. As Mr Froude shortly puts it, "The relations of the British Government with both these two States were in a situation which might at any moment take the form of open hostility." The question of how to deal with Griqualand West was causing considerable anxiety to the Home Government. In that turbulent community of diggers things were not going smoothly. The Orange Free State was hotly excited against England. In the Transvaal the dispute with the Zulus about the boundary had reached a point when Mr Burgers thought it necessary to take steps towards war. In Natal there had been a serious act of resistance to authority on the part of a native chief; troops and volunteers had been called out; the rebellion had been put down with a high hand. The Bishop of Natal, representing the native interest, had come home to England, had taken up the cause of the rebel tribes, and had aroused the sympathies of that powerful party in England with whom every Colonial Minister or Governor must reckon—the Exeter Hall party, as it may be called—by pouring out a tale of native woes and cruel oppression by the colonists. The Cape Government, at the instance of Natal, had agreed to take the rebel

chief Langalibalele, whom Natal was anxious to banish, and whose tribe had been broken up, and to locate him on Robben Island, at the mouth of Table Bay. A wholesome example, if a somewhat high-handed one, had been set to the dangerous Zulus. But humanitarian motives prevailed with Lord Carnarvon. As a concession to the Exeter Hall party, the Cape Government was requested to remove the rebel chief to a more pleasant location on the mainland; and Natal, a colony more directly under imperial authority, was ordered to make some restitution to the natives. The Cape Colony, through its Ministers, objected to remove Langalibalele to the mainland. Lord Carnarvon remonstrated; and Mr Molteno, the Prime Minister of the colony, undertook the invidious task of inducing the Parliament to give way. But the feeling of the colonial Ministers towards the Home Government was not improved; and in Natal, where religious party animosities run high, where Dr Colenso had already only a very small minority of followers, where the fear of massacre by rebellious natives is ever present, the espousal of the Bishop's views, as against the wish of the main body of the colonists, caused great dissatisfaction. The then Governor of Natal was recalled, and Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent out in his place. His arrival restored confidence. He even induced the colonists to give greater powers than their previous constitution admitted, to the Crown. And at the Cape matters were quieting down, when, in the summer of 1875, Lord Carnarvon's despatch, recommending a conference of delegates on South African affairs, and cordially supporting the idea of confederation, arrived at Cape Town, and by the next steamer arrived Mr Froude, nominated by Lord Carnarvon to represent imperial interests.

The reader who has followed us through the preceding sketch of the relations of the Home Government with the various States and colonies, will probably be astonished at the boldness of the idea now presented. To recommend confederation under the Imperial Government (for it cannot be supposed that a British Minister contemplated any other) to the Dutch republics, to recommend union to these opposing elements, seems at the first glance almost comical in its absurdity. At this very time the President of the Transvaal was in Europe trying to negotiate for the construction of a railway from the gold-fields to Delagoa Bay, that his State might be altogether independent of British territory, and no longer pay customs-duties to the Cape Colony or Natal. The Free State was in what condition of feeling we have seen. Mr Molteno openly expressed his opinion that the Cape Colony never could be subject to another Kafir war; and to ask it to confederate with a colony in such a dangerous condition as Natal, was to encounter his immediate opposition. To the Cape Colony, too, confederation meant abandonment of a share of its customs-duties to the inland States; to Natal it had the same meaning. The proposal either argued that Downing Street was in a state of self-complacent ignorance as to the true state of feeling in South Africa, or it was part of a scheme lying too deep for ordinary comprehension. Lord Carnarvon, too, was unfortunate in his choice of a representative for imperial interests. Mr Froude had, in the previous year, visited South Africa nominally as a traveller, but it was shrewdly suspected that he was an agent of the Secretary of State,

sent to spy out the land. He had been unfortunate enough to give offence by some remarks, just enough in themselves, to the intensely keen sensibilities of the colonists. It would have been wiser to await the replies to the despatch before sending him out again. As it was, he arrived at the Cape a week after the despatch; found that Ministers had already refused to take part in the conference; and was told he must hold his tongue, and not take any part against the constitutional advisers of the Governor. Mr Froude did not hold his tongue. He says in his despatch, "I was entertained at dinners, and I was compelled to speak." In a word, he lent himself to an agitation by the opposition against the Ministers. It was a bold course of policy; a wise one, if he were sure to be able to carry his point, and turn Ministers out upon the question of the conference—a rash and foolish one if he were not sure. An extra session of Parliament was called. Meanwhile a new despatch had arrived from Lord Carnarvon, inviting representatives of the different States to London, and thus enabling a compromise to be effected, which, while it shelved confederation altogether, avoided the direct slap in the face to the Imperial Government and to Mr Froude which Mr Molteno's Cabinet had at first proposed to administer. Mr Froude returned to England, and a few months later a nominal conference was held in Downing Street, at which confederation was not allowed to be discussed, and which led to no results whatever.

Meanwhile, however, and before the conference had assembled, Mr Brand, the President of the Orange Free State, had, at Lord Carnarvon's invitation, visited England, and in personal communication with the Secretary of State, had arrived at a satisfactory settlement of the Griqualand question. What passed in those interviews we do not know; but we can very well surmise that Lord Carnarvon explained how impossible it would now be to give over 40,000 British subjects at the diamond-fields to the Orange Free State—and how, therefore, it was useless to go back upon the title to the land; but that the Imperial Government would willingly make pecuniary compensation to the Free State for any rights it might suppose itself to possess in the disputed territory. A sum of £90,000 was fixed upon as the indemnity, and a boundary-line was settled. Mr Brand was satisfied, and he attended the conference; only, as we have already stated, he declined to attend it unless the subject of confederation were excluded. It may be that the latest cause of soreness between the Orange Free State and Great Britain is thus removed; but whether there is any hope that those Dutch colonists will willingly come under the British flag, our readers are themselves in a position to judge.

While these events were progressing, the Transvaal Government had found itself at war with some native tribes on its frontier, had called out a levy or "commando" of Boers, and, in a series of engagements, got by no means the best of the fighting. The Boers have strangely degenerated from the courage of their fathers; and when things began to go badly, the commando disbanded itself. The Transvaal was in a state of utter disorganisation. The Government was bankrupt; the Boers would neither fight nor pay taxes. A German Communist and a Fenian from the diamond-fields, with some adventurers, made several attacks on the natives. Rumours reached England of native women and

children killed. The danger—the fearful danger to Natal, in case the spectacle should arise before the eyes of the Zulus of a white community defeated; the helplessness of the Boers; the reports that the Zulus were about to rise,—were amply sufficient excuse for taking strong measures; and Sir Theophilus Shepstone was deputed to proceed to the Transvaal as special commissioner. With a *naïveté* that does credit to his honest heart, Mr Trollope dwells much on the unwillingness to annex the Transvaal, or any portion of it, displayed in Lord Carnarvon's instructions, unless it should be absolutely necessary in order to secure the peace and safety of the colonies. Mr Trollope seems not to have been aware that Sir T. Shepstone was in England when the instructions were written, and that any course which he subsequently adopted is very certainly that one which in private, and therefore unofficial intercourse, he had learnt would be most acceptable to the Imperial Government. For our own part, we can scarcely doubt that when Sir Theophilus left England, it was fully determined that he should, if any reasonable excuse presented itself, annex the Transvaal to the Crown. But Great Britain cannot afford to fail in such a matter; and had failure occurred, the instructions were so worded that the failure would have seemed to lie at the door of the individual. In this country there are never wanting men ready to take this post of danger on themselves—to undertake work of grave responsibility on behalf of the Crown, well knowing that if they succeed the honour and reward are reaped by the Government; but that if they fail, the disgrace will fall upon themselves. With infinite skill and tact Sir Theophilus accomplished his task. Mr Burgers accepted the inevitable. The Boers made no resistance. The Transvaal became British soil.

The war with the Kafirs on the borders of Kaffraria needs but little comment. It is of the usual nature of such wars, and it will drag its slow length along till the Kafirs are reduced to starvation by their cattle being taken and their crops burnt. But it has led to one memorable incident. The very nature of such wars demands that, if they are to be conducted with humanity, and not to degenerate into indiscriminate massacre, they should be conducted by professional soldiers and by disciplined troops. In such hands, where there are no personal ends to be gained, and no personal animosities involved, the operations are as merciful as they can be, and military necessities alone prevail. In the colonists' hands, such wars become wars of extermination, such as the Dutch waged in the days of their northward pilgrimage. When, therefore, Mr Molteno demanded from Sir Bartle Frere that the operations of the colonial troops should be conducted separately from those of the imperial troops under the Colonial Government and not under the Crown, there was more than the mere constitutional question at stake. Sir Bartle Frere rightly refused. Mr Molteno, in urging his point, claimed for the Colonial Government the right to make foreign war; and in this, as in many of his previous communications with Lord Carnarvon, seemed altogether to ignore imperial rights and imperial duties, and to claim for the Colonial Government a position of practical independence of the British Crown. Were such a claim admitted, Canada must be allowed the right to declare war on the United States. The difference being impossible to adjust, Sir

Bartle Frere took the necessary but exceptional step of dismissing Mr Molteno's Cabinet, though it commanded a majority on domestic legislation in the Parliament. The latest news we have from the Cape (dated May 29th), states that the majority in the Cape Parliament has pronounced the removal of the Ministry unavoidable; but that Mr Molteno's Cabinet should have proposed to remove the imperial troops from the colony, and to carry on foreign war; and that in the Cape Parliament a member of that Ministry should have moved that the "action taken by the Governor had been attended with results prejudicial to the colony, and delayed the termination of the rebellion," shows how far colonists can stray from a true understanding of their position in the imperial scheme. Our imperial interests are intimately connected with the Cape as a great naval station and depot in one of our alternative routes to India, as well as in relation to the dealings with the adjacent native tribes.

But, in considering the South African question, the eyes of those who have studied the problem are constantly turned to Natal and to the Zulu frontier, that mine which may at any moment be sprung, bringing ruin and devastation to all within its reach. The signs are most ominous. When Cetywayo, the present king, succeeded his father Panda, the brother and murderer of Dingaan, a certain semblance of authority over him was exercised by the British Crown, by the despatch of Sir Theophilus Shepstone with a military escort into Zululand, to be present at his coronation, and formally to recognise him as king. A British resident or agent was appointed to live in his country,—one Mr John Dunn, who is well acquainted with Zulu ways and can interpret the signs of the time there. But if report of Mr Dunn's mode of life be true, he is himself more Zulu than the Zulus, and he may turn out to be a broken reed. Of late the missionaries have fled from the country in panic, though they had remained through many a previous crisis of alarm. Cetywayo disputes the boundary of the Transvaal, and extends his claim now far beyond the limits to which it was formerly confined. He has actually built a fortified kraal on the territory which we claim. He demands land upon which Boers have for long been settled. There have been conflicts between natives and the colonial levies. Our garrisons in Natal and the Transvaal have been strengthened considerably, but are still utterly disproportionate to the danger. At any moment the flood may rise, and the savage hordes of Zulus sweep over fair Natal, carrying with them the tribes already settled there, who must then elect between joining the invaders or being murdered. It is well known that the natives of Natal have large numbers of guns concealed. It is no secret that Cetywayo has 40,000 troops drilled after a fashion of their own, armed in large numbers with guns, well supplied with ammunition, brave men and good fighters. No Secretary of State for the Colonies would be justified in leaving things in this state for one day but for the strain of the Eastern *imbroglio*. If that is settled peaceably, then the Zulu question must be settled too. Zululand must be annexed, and garrisoned by British troops. Till this is done, till this focus of danger is broken up, till we have penetrated to the heart of the Zulu kingdom, and established our sovereignty there, there can be no peace for the Transvaal or Natal, and the great native question can never be settled. Far up the west

coast of Southern Africa, Walwich Bay, recently annexed to the Cape Colony, gives a fine harbour. Sooner or later Delagoa Bay must pass into our hands. Then from east to west, over this grand dominion, there should be but one rule. In the midst now there stand three islands—Kaffraria, Zululand, and the Orange Free State. Kaffraria is already hastening its own annexation; Zululand must be annexed. If the Free State holds aloof, surrounded as it now is entirely by British territory, that cannot harm us. The natives avoid it; it will never afford to rebels any corner of refuge. Time and courteous treatment will affect even the Dutch Boers, and contact with English neighbours on every side will work changes. It is to time we must trust for that territory, and to what it will in time find to be its own true interests.

In advocating the annexation of the native territories, we speak in the interests of the natives themselves, as well as in those of this country. Civilisation can only be brought to the natives by bringing them in contact with European races. Taxation is the first element of civilisation. It compels labour; it enforces regular habits. Contact with Europeans creates wants; men must labour to find the means to supply those wants. The money gained by taxation of the natives is spent under good government on the improvement of themselves and of their country—on roads, on bridges, on schools. The time will come when in those wastes where the clustering kraals now mark the abode of the naked savage, whose idea of industry is to slay wild game, whose theory of farming is to burn the grass in winter, and destroy with it forests and woodland—to plant his corn in one place to-day and move on to another next year, leaving the last a waste—there will be happy, smiling homesteads, villages filled with industrious labourers, lands rich in produce, through the beneficent results of irrigation. The soil will yield its wealth of food; the bowels of the earth their rich mineral treasures. But for this there must be the sense of security, and that security cannot exist till the native territories have passed into British hands, and our rule of justice and of strength has supplanted that of savage tyranny. Now, when a native goes to the diamond-fields to labour, or takes work upon a farm, his object is to buy a gun to fight with, another wife to labour for him; and he returns when his money is realised to his idleness and savagery, where civilisation and Christianity are unable to penetrate. Not till those strongholds of savagery are broken up will England be able to perform her true mission of civilisation—not till then will she be able to make this glorious country a true home for Englishmen. Then, and then only, will she be able to solve the South African Question.

THE CONGRESS.

THE British Government is entitled to the credit of having completely vanquished the well-known Russian reluctance to lay the Treaty of San Stefano, in its entirety, on the table of the Congress. Some few politicians in England have been heard to argue that whether Russia did so or not was matter of indifference, or at all events that it was not worth the risks which have been run. The prolonged resistance of Russia shows the extreme importance which she attached to the contention which she has been induced to abandon and to the step which she has been induced to take. We are not likely to hear much of an argument which could serve no other purpose than that of increasing the difficulties with which her Majesty's Ministers have had to contend. Whether Russia was free to conclude a treaty with Turkey in defiance of Europe, and in spite of her own engagements, or whether she was bound to submit every single proposed variation of the existing settlement to the judgment and decision of the signatory Powers, was the question at issue; and it involved the momentous considerations of the sacredness of treaties, the independence of Europe, the honour of the British Crown, and the security of the British empire. It is due to Lord Derby to recollect that he raised the question as far back as last January, as soon as a Conference was first mentioned, and that he treated Russian concession upon this point as absolutely indispensable. We do not recollect that Lord Granville or any really responsible leader of Opposition, disapproved that decision. From the very first Russia was determined that her Treaty should not be laid on the table of the Congress, but that only such questions as affected European interests—in other words, such questions as Russia chose—should be there discussed. When Lord Derby declared that no amount of discussion would induce the Queen's Government to go into Congress unless this point were conceded, the only answer Prince Gortschakoff would vouchsafe was that each Power might have the "full liberty of its appreciations and its action." In vain was the question asked whether the communication of the Treaty to the Powers might be treated as equivalent to placing it before the Congress in order that it might be examined and considered in relation to existing treaties. The only answer that could be obtained was, that the other Powers might discuss such questions as they chose, but that Russia would accept or refuse such discussion at her goodwill and pleasure. In the Prince's words, the Russian Government "leaves to the other Powers the liberty of raising such questions at the Congress as they may think fit to discuss, and reserves to itself the liberty of accepting or not accepting the discussion of those questions." The notion was (see Turkey, No. 24, p. 6), as Prince Gortschakoff expressed it, that "the Treaty was binding as between Russia and Turkey; but if any modifications were introduced by the European Congress, they would be the subject *of further arrangement between Russia and Turkey.*" Russia and Turkey, in other words, were the sole principal actors; Europe might be consulted on certain points. Silence, he added, would not be imposed upon any member of the

Congress, but "he could only accept a discussion on those portions of the Treaty which affected European interests." This was in the heyday and excitement which followed the conclusion of the Treaty of San Stefano. Monstrous and overbearing as the proposal was, it is needless to add that it found vehement supporters on the Opposition benches of the House of Commons. Mr Gladstone declared that no greater wrong had ever been done than to prevent or retard the meeting of the Congress. The terms on which it should meet were to him a matter of complete indifference. A diplomatic triumph of England, however necessary to Europe and the general peace, was in his eyes merely a personal triumph of Lord Beaconsfield, and as such to be impeded in every way. Contrast the Russian claim as it was put forward in January and March, with the terms of the Russian concession in June. Russia now, in accepting an invitation to the Congress, "consents to admit the free discussion of the whole of the contents of the Treaty of San Stefano, and is ready to participate therein."

It is impossible to minimise the importance of this concession. It amounts to a complete change of front. The determined resistance of this country, as well as the gigantic difficulties which increase and thicken round the Czar in his isolation, have compelled him, notwithstanding his victories and his sacrifices, once more to re-enter the European concert, and submit the resettlement of the South-East to European decision, and withdraw his pretensions to shape that resettlement in any particular by his own exclusive will. We owe this signal diplomatic triumph, a success which goes far to insure the peace of the world, directly to the sagacity and firmness of Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues. Lord Derby shares in the credit due to sagacity, but at the critical moment he hesitated and was lost. Nothing would have gained the day but the conviction inspired by the Ministers who remained, that rather than acquiesce in a settlement dictated by Muscovite ambition, with a view to establish and secure the predominance of Muscovite influence, the English people were resolved and preparing for a contest in which they would strain every nerve and employ the full resources of the empire. That determination, which it is bare justice to remember was inspired by the courage and unshaken resolution of one man, replaced this country at a bound in its rightful place as the first of European Powers. It need be from no vaingloriousness or gratified national vanity that an Englishman rejoices at this result. The first of English interests, as Lord Derby observed, is peace. The greatest and most enduring security for the general peace, is that this country should throw into the councils of Europe a determined vote, and resolutely maintain its interests and rights. There is not a right-minded Englishman who is not proud to think that the Plenipotentiaries of this country take their seats as the equals, and more than the equals, of the two famous Chancellors who have remodelled Europe, in a Congress which meets upon their terms, and which can decide upon nothing which they are resolved to veto. And no cosmopolitan empiric, the friend of every country save his own, can affect to doubt that the presence of Lord Beaconsfield at the Congress is a strong guarantee for peace. The past controversy will be of paramount usefulness if it dissipates the childish delusion, that the way to prevent war is, like Lord Aberdeen, to murmur "Peace! peace!"

whenever a strong resolution is required. The men who prevent the necessity for England going to war are the men who are not afraid to threaten it, but, on the contrary, establish themselves as the representatives of English spirit and pugnacity. Both Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield have known how to get the whole subject in their grasp by standing forward as the leaders of the nation. They are then in a position to act with prudence and compel deference; and in that way a moderate and satisfactory arrangement is possible. The Treaty of Paris itself was a compromise; and Lord Aberdeen congratulated Lord Palmerston upon his warlike reputation having enabled him to conclude a peace, which, he significantly added, "if it had been concluded under my auspices" would probably have occasioned general dissatisfaction.

Under existing circumstances the moral effect of a spirited assertion of English honour and interests is one important element of a satisfactory settlement. Substantially the grand point is, that the arrangement should be durable. Its fame will depend upon the time it lasts. We are inclined to think that the sufferings and losses which Russia has endured, followed by the comparative impotence of the position which she has won, and the extreme difficulty of maintaining it, will serve to prohibit any speedy reopening of the Eastern Question. The political and territorial resettlement must be so framed as to provide its own security, as far as possible, against the incessant intrigues of Russia and the despotism and corruption at Constantinople. The great source of confidence in the success of this Congress is, that Europe is heartily tired and weary of war, and oppressed with its consequences. Approaching the subject in that spirit, its unanimous object will be to insure a lasting peace; to root out causes and occasions of discord; to adjust, in a satisfactory manner, rival claims; and to provide that, if possible, the course of future development of the new principalities shall not again menace the tranquillity and security of neighbouring empires. For Europe undoubtedly desires quiet. The wars which have desolated it during the last twenty years have been fearful for their extravagant carnage and their momentous consequences. The war between France and Austria, between Prussia and Austria, between Prussia and France, between Russia and Turkey, have taxed the resources of Europe, both in blood and money, to the utmost. France has betaken herself, under the protection of a moderate and to all appearance established republic, to the paths of industry, and is rapidly acquiring considerable wealth. Germany and Russia have both been thoroughly strained by their prolonged exertions — strained to the point where disorganisation as well as exhaustion begins to threaten serious internal disturbances. The consequences are beginning to unfold themselves, and Europe is about to enter upon a period of enforced quiet, when the despotic governments will have quite enough to do to adjust their relations to their own subjects, and secure internal order and content, without heaping up misery upon misery by their ambitious projects abroad. In such a state of things, Great Britain, with her unbroken resources, her absolute contentment and loyalty at home and throughout her dependencies, is practically master of the situation.

It is evidently of the greatest importance, and is so recognised, that however much this country may practise non-intervention, and

withdraw from the political differences on the Continent, yet at critical moments it should play the part which befits the position which it occupies. We are free from any suspicion of self-interest in the present case beyond the legitimate one of desiring to defend our existing rights. The faith of treaties, the principle that an international arrangement is the only basis on which the tranquillity of south-eastern Europe rests, the further principle that that arrangement can only be altered or modified by all the parties who made it, are the main contentions of this country. While that arrangement is set at nought, and open violence resorted to, we stand by and protest, prepared to strike in if British interests are assailed. No one can pretend to question the forbearance and patience with which that interim policy of precaution was carried out. The moment that the aggressor on the one side, and the delinquent upon the other, dropped their weapons, they were told that the new situation which they had created must be dealt with by the signatory Powers—that the inevitable work of reconstruction could not and should not be confided to them, but must be the work of a European Congress. All questions as to what were subjects of European interest, and what were matters affecting the combatants only, were decisively put on one side. The whole subject in its entirety must be submitted to Congress, so that it might be judged of as a whole as well as in its several parts. The mere fact that the victorious invader has been compelled to adopt that course, and submit to international decision, gives a new sacredness to the Treaty of Paris, and the spirit of that settlement, however much its details may be altered and its provisions cancelled or revised. It re-establishes the supremacy of European law at a time when the "organised impotence" of Europe had become a byword amongst statesmen. It shows that when Great Britain is thoroughly determined to insist upon its treaty rights and the respect due to international law, its weight is irresistible. For years, as Prince Bismarck is said to have boasted, he had ceased to reckon with this country as a Great Power. He regarded the cession of the Ionian Islands as a sign that England had ceased to advance and was beginning to recede—was, in fact, an exhausted Power. From the date of the Triple Alliance, down to and even beyond the date of the Treaty of San Stefano, there have been signs that the two Chancellors considered that the solution of this Eastern Question, or its new temporary adjustment, was a matter entirely in their own hands. The manner in which, from the date of the Salisbury Circular and Lord Beaconsfield's denunciation of the projected Treaty, the public opinion of Europe rallied round the English Government and applauded its vigorous assertion of its rights, entirely disconcerted the schemes of the autocratic coterie which regulates European destiny. It found itself confronted by a unanimity of moral censure and opposition, and that the Power chiefly concerned was slowly gathering its forces from the East and the West prepared for an encounter which it was utterly beyond the resources of Russia to accept. From that moment the policy of violence and the sword gave way to respect for international law and treaty rights. It is impossible to suppose that the triumph will be merely temporary in its consequences, or will merely affect the terms of the projected settlement. That, no doubt, is of great importance; but far more essential to the

peace of Europe and the future tranquillity of the South-East is the decisive ratification of the principle that the affairs of Turkey are a matter of solemn international compact which cannot be broken with impunity. If that conviction is driven home to the minds of Russian statesmen, and the determination to uphold that principle becomes part of the political faith of England, the great Eastern Question will lose half its terrors. The question of the exact line of delimitation here or there, or of the possession of this fortress or that, is not the vital matter at issue. The sanctity of the international compact under which those countries are settled is the great principle which will guard their tranquillity. That compact will henceforth derive, from the experience of the last three years, new life and validity. That experience will doubtless warn off aggressors for many a year; and that it has conveyed this wholesome and salutary warning is due to the part which has been played by England. It only needs that the broken power of the Turk should be succeeded by adequate arrangements for the good government of the provinces and the empire, in order that the elements of permanence may finally predominate.

The moral is, as regards ourselves, that the practice of non-intervention should be kept within reasonable limits. We cannot abdicate our position as a great Power, and at the same time fulfil the duties of that position to Europe and mankind. If, by the expenditure of a few millions, and the national effort of unanimous resolve, we have contributed to the cause of order and peace, and prevented the miseries which would have flowed from renewed and increased disturbances, the result is well worth the risk. The heritage of the British empire must be maintained as well as enjoyed; but beyond that it involves duties to other nations, of which we may endeavour to take a moderate and restricted estimate, but which cannot be totally neglected or disavowed without national dishonour to ourselves and material disadvantage to others. The public opinion of Europe recognises that we have done our duty to Europe as well as ourselves; and if the course which we have taken has excited, as Mr Gladstone says, considerable rancour in Russia, which it will be difficult to allay (a matter which may be doubted), there would at least be considerable compensation in the increased respect, esteem, and goodwill of all those peoples whose interests, like our own, lie on the side of peace and order and international good faith.

As regards the general scope (if not the details) of the new arrangement, it will possibly be known by the time these pages meet the eye of the reader. It is of no use speculating with regard to it. The Memorandum, on the faith of which Russia obeyed the summons to the bar of Europe, and finally admitted the jurisdiction of a Congress over the territories in dispute, represents, we take it, the maximum which she can obtain at Berlin. It represents the maximum of what England is prepared to concede, rather than undertake the responsibility of war single-handed. Russia consents entirely to remodel the Bulgaria of the San Stefano Treaty. She gives up its longitudinal division. She abandons all claim to the littoral of the Ægean Sea, to the west of Lagos. She consents to the western frontier being fixed upon the basis of nationality, so as to exclude from that province the non-Bulgarian populations. She consents to the

establishment of a northern and southern division, the Balkans forming the dividing line. The northern division alone is to receive political autonomy, and be placed under the government of a prince. The southern division will continue to form part of the Turkish empire, receiving a larger measure of administrative autonomy. Russia concedes to Europe, and notably to England, a share in the organisation of Epirus, Thessaly, and the other Christian provinces resting under the dominion of the Porte. The war indemnity is not to be converted into territorial cessions. The valley of Alashkert and the town of Bayazid, that valley being the great transit route for Persia, is to be restored to the Turks.

In addition to these concessions, which are all of considerable value, and may be supposed to represent the stipulations of the Treaty of San Stefano which this country was prepared to resist by force, Russia admits the jurisdiction of the Congress over the whole of the Treaty. England, however, engages on her part not to press certain points against the definitive opinion of Russia. These are, that we shall not oppose single-handed and by war the retrocession of Bessarabia. The promise is made, "not to dispute the decision in this sense"—*i.e.*, on the understanding that Congress sanctions it, and the other signatory Powers are not disposed to resist it by force of arms. England further undertakes not to dispute with Russia over the remaining conditions of the Treaty, including the cession of Batoum,—on condition, as we understand it, that Russia should engage that in the future the Russian frontier will be no more extended on the side of Turkey in Asia, and on condition that Great Britain is at liberty (Russia recognises it as in great measure her duty) to protect the Ottoman empire from the grave dangers which, in consequence of Russian encroachments, menace the tranquillity of the populations of Turkey in Asia. But this engagement, not to question the remainder of the Treaty, is itself subject to some very important exceptions. All subjects are reserved for the decision of the Congress; and those upon which England is free to urge her views relate to the participation of Europe in the administrative organisation of the two Bulgarian provinces in lieu of Russia's exclusive protectorate; to the duration and nature of the Russian occupation of Bulgaria, and of the passage through Roumania; to the question of the navigation of the Danube. Then with regard to the Straits, England is free to suggest and urge any arrangement she pleases; while Russia herself stands forth as the champion of the *status quo*, which, according to many Liberal politicians, and notably Mr Bright, is a gross humiliation and affront put upon her by England. The weaker that Turkey becomes, the more important to Russia is the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Straits. The peril in the future is, that Russia by some *coup de main* may wrest the Straits from the hands of its present possessor and constitute herself the mistress of the only outlet from the Black Sea. The *status quo* will probably be superseded at some time or other; and the interests of Europe and Great Britain will then demand that the waterway becomes free to all the nations of the world, and that the strongholds which can no longer be retained by a practically neutral Power should be destroyed, and the territory on either side neutralised. Undoubtedly for the immediate future the *status quo* is to the interest of Russia; but "the English

Government reserve to themselves to discuss in Congress all questions relative to the Straits."

The ancient rule of the Ottoman empire, by which the Straits are closed at both ends to men-of-war, is no doubt favourable to Russian security. Doubtless the near contemplation of the formidable English ironclads, and of their power to lay waste the Russian shores of the Euxine, will have brought home to the minds of Russian statesmen the advantage of abiding by the ancient rule. But if Russia is as anxious as Mr Bright and others are that she should have an outlet for her men-of-war from the Black Sea, then the Straits should be declared an open highway for all nations, and the exclusive authority over them, whether of Turkey or of any other Power, finally removed. Most of the Powers, including ourselves, are doubtless desirous to let well alone, and be contented with the open route for commerce, so long as it is secure and open to all alike. But if the old rule is retained, it ought to be clearly understood that it is quite as much at Russia's instance and for her benefit as for that of others.

Supposing this Memorandum, which was evidently given to the newspapers in the interests of Russia, correctly expresses (with due allowance for formal incompleteness) the general terms of the agreement come to between England and Russia, it seems to us that it does not limit the discretion of this country at the Congress to any serious extent. On the other hand, it clearly shows that Great Britain has succeeded in maintaining inviolate all the British interests which were defined in Lord Derby's despatch of May 1877, and also in effecting some very important changes in the conditions of peace. Half a year ago, or little less, Constantinople, the lines of Bulair, and the forts of the Bosphorus seemed almost within the grasp of the victorious armies of the Czar. Three months ago we were all startled with the news that nearly the whole of European Turkey, under the name of Bulgaria, was virtually ceded to Russia, provision being made for Bosnia, Herzegovina, and the Greek provinces ultimately but speedily dropping off from the trunk of the Ottoman empire and sliding into the open lap of the Northern victor or his nominee, whoever that might be. All that was to be left to the Government of Constantinople was a small strip of territory in its immediate vicinity, worthless as a cabbage-garden, but in respect of which the Sultan was to remain custodian of the Straits. The Straits and their fortresses would have then awaited the convenience of Russia; and in the interval, no doubt, the *status quo* would have been to her direct and obvious interest. The whole of this scheme has been given up. Instead of the conquered territories being placed under exclusively Muscovite control, Europe, and especially Great Britain, will share in that control, and in devising the administrative arrangements which are to be made. The Ottoman empire will be left in possession of a considerable portion of its European territory as far north as the Balkans, including the seaboard and the provinces which, according to the San Stefano Treaty, were to have speedily fallen away; and the Congress, not Russia, will decide as to their future fortunes. The general result is that the Treaty is transformed in outline, and the right is reserved to the Congress of so dealing with the subject as practically to exclude Russian predominance, and to withdraw Russian arms and authority to the

north of the Balkans. If to this we add that Great Britain has also secured the rectification of the Asiatic frontier of Turkey, a right of guardianship over Asia Minor, and a right to dispute further annexations, it will be seen that Russian concessions, independently of what may still be effected in Congress, are very considerable. If Russia makes good some of her encroachments, it is at the price of according to this country a right to establish a very substantial protectorate over the remainder. It is impossible not to feel that the interests of this country have been very strenuously asserted, and that if war has been averted, there has been nothing in the terms of peace which any Englishman has the smallest right to be ashamed of. On the contrary, when we reflect that these terms have been extorted from a conquering State, without any of the perils or miseries of war, and simply by the resolution and skill of the Government, we have abundant reason to be satisfied. The authority and influence of this country have been fully recognised, and the guarantees for the future stability of such arrangements as Congress may finally make are not so hopeless as at first appeared.

In all probability the Austrian interests will be satisfied by the European arrangements for which Great Britain has stipulated. It appears that she is not disposed to make a *casus belli* of the retrocession of Bessarabia, though, if she meant to show firmness about anything, she had a fair opportunity for its display in reference to a transaction which is perfectly indefensible, and concerns her more than it does us. However, the Congress has yet to decide upon that point, and Roumania will probably be admitted to state and urge her claims, which seem to us, from the point of view of European expediency, overwhelming. Roumania, however, seeks the recognition of her independence, and has to justify her conduct during the war. Servia and Montenegro demand absolute independence and certain annexations of territory; and we may yet hear more of the Austrian opposition to the cession of Antivari. The line, however, which the Turks themselves will adopt at the Congress, is one of more immediate interest to ourselves. If the Slav question is set at rest with the concurrence of all concerned, the Greek question comes to the front; and the Greeks apparently raise their hopes very high. Their notion is to annex Epirus, Thessaly, Macedonia, and Candia to the kingdom. That the Greek element will be made predominant in Roumelia is very probable; but the Turks may prefer the dismemberment of their empire, effected by the Treaty of San Stefano, to the modifications introduced therein by the Congress, when coupled with the further dismemberments which would satisfy the aspirations of the Greeks. Turkey holds this position with Europe, that she can at any moment elect to settle with Russia, on the basis of the Treaty already made—that is, to execute the Treaty of San Stefano as it stands—if she disapproves of the terms of the Congress. The alternative is not likely to arise; and Turkey is scarcely in a position to disoblige this country, and incur our hostility. Nor is it very probable that, with the increasing desire for peace, effected by the long desire of war, and the dread of Socialistic conspiracies, the policy of the Congress will be frustrated by anything which Turkey can do. The whole of Europe is bent upon peace; and it may be confidently hoped that, with the assistance and influence of Great Britain, worthily exercised

for a worthy object, she will succeed in obtaining it.

The Ottoman Government have certainly shown no signs of thwarting the universal desire of Christendom. It has been disabused of the notion which was so fatal to the success of the Constantinople Conference, that it can force the hand of this country and decide the question of peace or war. Its power has been levelled, but its ally, who refused to wage war on its behalf, is nevertheless master of the situation. If it is wise, it will thankfully accept the good offices of its powerful friend, and act with more discretion in the future. We have proved that we can act as umpires in the strife, and need not be reduced to the rank of combatants. Carathéodori Pasha, the first Turkish plenipotentiary, appears to have been selected with a view to effecting as advantageous a compromise as possible. The *non possumus, jamais jamais* style of negotiations which characterised the Turkish share in the proceedings of the Constantinople Conference, is, we take it, quite given up. Turkey will look at matters in a more practical spirit, and will endeavour to make the best terms she can, thankful for whatever she can, with European aid, save from the wreck of her empire. Carathéodori Pasha is said to have been, as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the working man at the Turkish Foreign Office during the late troubles, the author of most of the State documents which have issued therefrom. His appointment is interesting and significant from the fact of his being a Christian and a Greek. That the Ottoman Government, at this crisis of its fate, should commit its fortunes to the care of a man who is neither Turk nor Mussulman, means that its relations henceforth to the subject-races will have undergone a change, and that, in view of Russian encroachment and threatened predominance, it will fall back on their support. If the Congress could effect a complete change in the form of government at Constantinople, and insure that at least the dangers of immediate anarchy and revolution were removed, and a better system of policy inaugurated, it would establish one of the most effective guarantees for the duration and completeness of its arrangements.

In all human probability this Congress will succeed in averting war. Whether it will conclude a durable peace, and effect a lasting settlement, remains to be seen. But this at least is clear, that whatever settlement is made will be a European one. The policy which sought to rearrange the South-East by treaty between Russia and Turkey, and to resort to a European congress merely to ascertain what modifications might with advantage be introduced into that treaty, is cancelled. The Treaty of Paris created the settlement, and it is now universally agreed that the signatories to that treaty alone are competent to revise it. The triumph of that principle, for which we have so steadily contended, is a strong moral guarantee that the new settlement will last. If organised Europe proves strong enough to wrest the task of reconstruction out of the hands of the victorious disturber, the temptation to future disturbance is diminished, and the reversionary interest of Europe in the territories under Ottoman rule asserted and recognised. The penalty that any one of the six Powers which steps out of the European concert pays for his delinquency, is that it alone bears the sacrifice, while it has no more than a concurrent and by no means a predominant voice in the work of reconstruction.

It is said by many writers, even

in Conservative journals, that England is humiliated by the Memorandum of May 30. They seem to think that England thereby gave up the European concert, and substituted an agreement between herself and Russia. They add, in bitterness and wrath, that England has consented to share in the spoils, to become a party to the partition of Turkey. They accordingly denounce the Government for having abandoned their grand principles of the faith of treaties, the supremacy of European law, and the iniquity of separate agreements. Lord Grey writes to the 'Times' to insist that the spoliation of Bessarabia is an act of barefaced robbery; — that "England, by promising beforehand not to use the power she possesses of preventing the intended crime, makes herself jointly responsible for it, and will share in all its odium and all its guilt." Lord Grey declares that England has complete power to prevent it. If so, all that she has done is to say beforehand that it is not a case in which she will interfere single-handed by force of arms; and her power in all other respects remains as it was.

Lord Grey seems to think that the expenditure already incurred gives this country the right and the power to cancel whatever stipulations of the Treaty of San Stefano we please. He adds that the disgrace of this country will be complete if we assume the protectorate of Asia Minor, and thereby share in the spoil. Sir George Campbell, also, one of the gentlemen who figured in the St James's Hall Conference, has given notice of a motion in the House of Commons which, if it means anything, means that a Government which has all along been denounced for aiming at war for its own sake, and for unreasoning hostility to Russia, committed a gross political error in declining a struggle in reference to a matter in which we are not vitally interested, and in which we are to stand alone. These prompt and eager politicians are very difficult to please. When the Government is engaged in the arduous task of curbing the Russian lust of ascendancy and aggrandisement, they are pursuing a policy hateful in the sight of God and man, which must be opposed *per fas aut nefas.* When they have completely succeeded in their object, the terms upon which they have done so, and which involve the possible abandonment of matters that are not worth a war, are denounced as a national disgrace. Those who are willing to abandon the whole, are the first to cry out if Russia excepts anything from a general surrender. Place the Salisbury Circular side by side with the Memorandum of May 30, say these critics, and you see what a retreat the Government have made. Place it side by side with the Treaty of San Stefano, say we, and it is obvious at a glance what an enormous triumph has been obtained.

Every one knew from the time that Prince Gortschakoff in his Circular called upon the English Government to state their demands, that the object was to avoid war by coming to some understanding in reference to them. The two Memoranda which have been given to the world are said to be incomplete, and therefore misleading. But on the face of them they do not withdraw the whole subject, or any part of it, from the jurisdiction of the Congress. They indicate the point beyond which England will not go in pressing her demands. They state the maximum of what England will concede rather than undertake a struggle single-handed; and that maximum is comparatively small. The only two points upon which the Memoranda appear to us to be

open to adverse criticism, are in fact the only two points upon which England makes any concession; except in the eyes of those who thought that Russia was to be ordered off the ground entirely. And what do these amount to? First, that if the Germanic Powers acquiesce in the retrocession of Bessarabia, we will not light up a European war on that account, or take the whole risk and burden ourselves, but will abide by the decision of the Congress, whatever that may be. To talk of this as a national disgrace and an unprincipled acquiescence in spoliation is absurd. England deplores that retrocession, and repudiates all responsibility in the matter. Roumania is flagrantly ill-treated by her ally. But she entered into this war without the smallest justification, and in violation of the very treaty which is her sole title to the territory in dispute. Except that her retention of it is a matter of European interest, she has literally no ground whatever for appeal. The thieves have fallen out; but, unfortunately, honest men have not come by their own. The triumph of Russian wrong-doing in this matter, and the disturbance of an arrangement which was concluded for the benefit of Europe, are deeply to be regretted; and, under the Roumanian government, the people of Bessarabia had better guarantees for wise administration than they will have if Congress sanctions the proposed retrocession. But Roumania does not come with clean hands before the tribunal of Europe; and her case cannot be put higher than one of political expediency, as regards Europe. As regards herself, she is merely reaping the bitter consequences of her own misdoing, which are inflicted upon her in a faithless and barbarous spirit by her own ally in projected and lawless spoliation.

The other point—viz., the acquiescence in the cession of Batoum—is a far more vulnerable one. As we read it, the Government reserve to themselves the right to develop certain schemes for protecting Asia Minor and the new frontier of the Turkish empire in Asia; and if, after discussing them, Russia still persists in her demand for Batoum, England will be contented with the equivalent. One reads the accounts of the projected resistance by the Lazes—their determination to accept extermination rather than submit—with the feeling that the terms upon which Russia will be allowed by Congress to take possession of this *damnosa hæreditas* may easily be made too onerous for acceptance. It is with deep reluctance and pain that the English will see these gallant inhabitants left in the lurch. If they are abandoned, they will die rather than live dishonoured. "Those among us," they say, "who have no arms, will use axes, clubs, even their finger-nails, to oppose a gallant resistance to Russian invasion, ready to face even death." This resolute repugnance to Russian domination is a political circumstance of the highest importance; and we trust that these gallant races may not be sacrificed. The principle which will triumph at this Congress is that of the Treaty of Paris—viz., that the whole territory comprised in the Ottoman empire is matter for European settlement and guarantee; and that as the Ottoman empire recedes and perishes, a European and not a Russian reconstruction should take its place. No people can appeal with more force and justice to that principle than those who will accept death if it fails. "Let it be understood," say the Lazes, "and let the conviction penetrate you, that nothing will turn us from our resolve. We leave

upon the crime-laden shoulders of Russia the responsibility of all the blood which may be shed. We intrust to the Ottoman Government the care of burying our dead. To Great Britain and the Powers we bequeath the task, inevitably theirs, of avenging us. To the compassion of our brother Moslems in India we confide our widows and orphans."

No doubt, at every point where England draws the line and says, "Here is a matter for which we are not prepared to do battle single-handed," there are numbers of reasons to be urged to the contrary, and good cause to feel regret. But that is inseparable from the nature of the case. It is of great importance for the future stability of the South-East, that it should be felt that all arrangements made should be by Europe, that a victorious disturber has only one vote therein, and that this country can make its will respected without being forced into war upon every occasion of a serious disturbance. But we cannot hope to have our own way entirely. If, in the month of March, any one had proposed to supersede the Treaty of San Stefano by the arrangements indicated in the Memorandum of May without a war, he would have been regarded as a politician more sanguine than wise. The so-called agreement seems to us to be wholly undeserving of the censure bestowed upon it. It is not a final or complete arrangement. It means that Russia goes into Congress on the understanding that that ascendancy for which she has battled at such fearful sacrifice must be given up; that the jurisdiction of Europe over the *locus in quo* shall be maintained; that she herself shall retire north of the Balkans; that the Ottoman empire shall be reconstituted as a Power of sufficient independence and weight to render its custody of the Straits a reality and not a sham; that the limits of her encroachments in Asia Minor shall now be finally ascertained between this country and herself. It seems to us that it is impossible to disparage with any success the importance of these vast concessions. After they are made, are Batoum and Bessarabia—which, after all, are not yet given up—worth the tremendous sacrifice of a considerable war? The Congress is now engaged in the task of establishing a new order of things on the footing of those important concessions; and the British Plenipotentiaries, who have won them, are not the men to abandon an inch of ground which they have any reasonable chance of maintaining. The honour and interests of this country could not, we feel convinced, be in better hands. They are intrusted with the full discretion of peace or war, of challenge or of compromise; and there is nothing in the memoranda which have been published, even presuming that they correctly represent the understanding between England and Russia, to induce us to suspect for a moment that, on the one hand, they will bid England fight on insufficient grounds—or that, on the other, they would conclude any arrangement prejudicial to her honour or her interests, which are so inseparably bound up in the stability and tranquillity of the East.

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PRINCE BISMARCK.

BY ONE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN.

I.

He is a powerful man. That is what strikes at once every one who sees him for the first time. He is very tall and of enormous weight, but not ungainly. Every part of his gigantic frame is well-proportioned, — the large round head, the massive neck, the broad shoulders, and the vigorous limbs. He is now more than sixty-three, and the burden he has had to bear has been unusually heavy; but though his step has become slow and ponderous, he carries his head high—looking down, even, on those who are as tall as himself—and his figure is still erect. During these latter years he has suffered frequent and severe bodily pain, but no one could look upon him as an old man, or as one to be pitied. On the contrary, everybody who sees him feels that Prince Bismarck is still in possession of immense physical power.

Photography has made his features known to all. It is a strange face, which would attract attention anywhere, even if we did not know that it belonged to a man whose doings have changed our modern world. It is a face never to be forgotten—by no means a handsome, but still less an ugly one. It was remarkably bright, full of humour, of merry mischief even, in days long gone by. It has now become serious—almost solemn—with an expression of unflinching energy and daring.

The bald round forehead — an object of admiration for the phrenologist — is of quite extraordinary dimensions; the large, prominent blue eyes, seem as if they could look into the sun without blinking. They are not quick,—they wander slowly from one object to another; but when they rest on a human countenance, they become so intensely inquiring, that many people, when they have to undergo this searching look, feel uneasy;—and all, even Bismarck's equals or superiors, are made aware that they

are in presence of a man with whom it would be wise to play fair, as he would probably discover the subtlest tricks. His thick, well-set eyebrows are singularly long and shaggy, and they add not a little to the stern, and, at times, somewhat fierce expression of his countenance. The nose is of ordinary size—not as long, perhaps, as might be expected from the rest of the face; the chin is large and massive.

Prince Bismarck has said of himself, that he was "the best-hated man in Europe." He has indeed many furious enemies in various parts of the world: in his own country to begin with, among the Particularists, the Catholics, and the Socialists; and again at Rome, in Austria, and in France. He has not often been heard to complain of this; still, a bright intellect cannot possess the knowledge of such a fact without being saddened by it. Prince Bismarck is by no means a light-hearted man. Sorrow and care have taken up their abode with him. They throw a shadow on his brow, and make themselves felt in the sound of his voice, and in the frequent bitterness of his hesitating speech. He is no longer young; he fully realises the fact that the best part of his life is gone, that his greatest battles have been fought; and maybe in his inner heart there is the feeling, that while he has achieved much for the greatness of his country, he has done but little for his own happiness. Sometimes, when he is sitting among his personal and intimate friends—he has, besides his family, some five or six of these—free from all restraint, smoking his long pipe, patting the head of his huge dog, attending listlessly to a conversation going on around him in subdued tones, there passes over his cold face a something like a soft transparent veil, behind which his hard features relax and take an unlooked-for expression of wistful sadness.

After all, Otto von Bismarck, a child of the Marches, where his family has been known since the thirteenth century, is a thoroughbred German. Though one of the most matter-of-fact men the world has ever known, he carries within his breast a hidden vein of deep feeling; and though that feeling is certainly not of the kind which gives birth to morbid sentimentality, and it is difficult to believe that young Bismarck ever addressed his complainings to the moon, still it enables him to feel keenly all that a sensitive heart has to endure during the passage through life.

His love for his wife and children is very great, and these attend on him and take care of him in a way which shows that the deepest affection unites them to the head of the family. They look on all those who bring hard work, trouble, or anxiety to the Prince, as personal enemies; they protect his sleep, his rest, his leisure even, as the most precious thing in the world. When he is ill, they nurse him with untiring care; his slightest wishes are respected laws; they enjoy his pleasures; and if any man has succeeded in amusing the Prince, or even in making him smile, you may be assured that the Princess and her children will thank him as though he had done them a personal service.

As for the Prince, he has given during his life constant proofs not only of true and honest love for the wife he has chosen and the children she has borne him, but also of a delicate, and, one may say, chivalrous tenderness towards them. Years have made no change in this. Every one who has been admitted into the intimacy of the Bismarck family has been able to judge of the affectionate, and, at the same time,

dignified character of the relations between the Prince and Princess. Hundreds of passages might be quoted in confirmation of this, from the letters written by Bismarck to his wife, some of which have been published. It may suffice to notice here his behaviour in her presence a few minutes after a daring attack had been made on his life by Julius Cohen — better known as Blind, from the name of Carl Blind who had adopted him as a son.

It was in 1866. Bismarck—then Count Bismarck — was returning from the Palace, where he had been to see the King. While passing through the large street of Berlin called *Unter den Linden*, and quite near the place where Hoedel and Nobiling have since attempted the life of the Emperor William, he suddenly heard a shot fired close behind him. He turned sharply round and saw a young man who, with a smoking revolver, was aiming at him. He strode at once up to the man and seized the arm that held the revolver, while with his other hand he grasped the throat of the would-be murderer. Blind, however, had had time to pass his weapon on to his left hand, and now fired three shots in quick succession. Bismarck felt himself hurt in his shoulder and in one of his ribs; but he held his furious assailant fast till some soldiers came up and took hold of him. Then Bismarck walked home at a brisk pace, and reached his own house long before anybody there could know what had happened.

The Countess had some friends with her when her husband entered the drawing-room. He greeted all in a friendly manner, and begged to be excused for a few minutes, as he had some urgent business to attend to. He then walked into the next room where his desk stood, and wrote to inform the King of the accident. Having attended to this duty, he returned to the drawing-room and made one of his little standing jokes, ignoring his own unpunctuality, and saying to his wife—

"Well! are we to have no dinner to-day? You always keep me waiting."

He sat down and partook heartily of the dishes set before him, and it was only when the dinner was over that he walked up to the Countess, kissed her on the forehead, wished her in the old German way, "*Gesegnete Mahlzeit!*" (May your meal be blessed!) and then added—

"You see I am quite well."

She looked up at him. "Well," he continued, "you must not be anxious, my child. . . . Somebody has fired at me; but it is nothing, as you see."

Bismarck was the idol of his peasants as long as he remained among them at Kniephof and at Schoenhausen. Though his life has been investigated with extraordinary minuteness by his friends as well as by his enemies, nothing has ever been brought forward which would show him in any other light than that of a kind master. He is by no means what some people call "severe, but just," which, in most cases, signifies simply, "very hard." He was always really kind to all those who had a right to look up to him for protection. One day he was inspecting the dikes at Schoenhausen. He came to a spot where infiltrations from the Elbe had caused a large space of ground to be covered with water to about the depth of a foot. He wanted to get over, but not being dressed for the occasion, he looked about to find a suitable passage. One of the Schoenhausen peasants, angling near him, saw his difficulty.

"Get on my back," he said to young Bismarck, who was then

about twenty-four; "I'll carry you over."

"You don't know what you offer," answered Bismarck, with a laugh; "I ride thirteen stone."

"Never mind," replied the man. "We would all of us like to carry you through anything, even if you were a deal heavier."

Bismarck has not changed as regards his kindness to humble folks. While among the great personages who approach him—privy councillors, ministers, ambassadors, princes even—there are many who fear him to an almost incredible degree, and who literally tremble before him, his old servants speak of him and to him with that peculiar, respectful familiarity which exists only between a good master and attached servants.

Last year, when Bismarck's favourite dog, "Sultan," was dying, he watched beside the poor animal with such manifestly deep sorrow that Count Herbert, the Prince's eldest son, at last endeavoured to get his father away. The Prince took a few steps towards the door, but on looking back, his eyes met those of his old friend. "No, leave me alone," he said, and he returned to poor Sultan. When the dog was dead, Bismarck turned to a friend who was standing near, and said,—"Those old German forefathers of ours had a kind religion. They believed that, after death, they would meet again in the celestial hunting-grounds all the good dogs that had been their faithful companions in life. . . . I wish I could believe that."

Bismarck's love for his dogs can be traced back to his earliest youth, and is very peculiar. It does not in the least resemble the commonplace liking most people are able to feel for some pet animal. It is a real affection, deeply rooted in his large heart, and closely allied to the kindness which he shows to all on whose faithfulness he can rely, and who look up to him for protection.

Another thoroughly German characteristic in Prince Bismarck is his love for nature, and especially for the forest. In many of his letters to his wife, dated from Biarritz, Fontarabia, San Sebastian, and other places, he speaks also with enthusiasm of the beauty of the sea. "My conscience smites me," he says in one of these letters, "for enjoying all this beauty by myself,—for seeing it without you."

When Bismarck is in the country, his greatest pleasure is to take long rides and walks in the thick forest, frequently quite alone; and those who live with him have observed that he is never in a gentler mood than when he returns from one of these visits to "his oldest friends," as he calls the trees. When he is absent from home, overburdened with work and responsibility, his chief recreation is to get away from the town, to seek peace and rest in the nearest forest. In Berlin, at the Radziwill Palace, where the Prince now lives—that same palace where the Congress has been holding its sittings—the Prince's private office looks out upon a fine old park, extending behind the house. Bismarck likes to sit there alone after some hot political discussion, and in the soft music of the trees he seems to find a soothing balm for his overexcited nerves.

When he insisted last year on retiring from office, after many important concessions had been made to him, he made use of one argument, which it was not found easy to combat.

"Business will keep me in Berlin," he said. "I hate the *Wilhelm Strasse*. I have not many more years to live; I would like to spend them near my trees."

The Chancellor's tender of his resignation has often been sneered at by "knowing people." These know little of Bismarck's private character, or they would not doubt that he really yearns for peace and rest. He has been a very ambitious man; but his unclouded judgment, which the most astonishing success in life has not been able to obscure, tells him that he cannot go beyond, or rather above, the position which he has occupied since the close of the French war. The Prince has no longer any personal interest in remaining in office; if he does so, it is chiefly out of love and respect for his royal master.

Foreigners can scarcely imagine how deeply loyalty towards the Hohenzollerns is rooted in old Prussian families like Bismarck's. This feeling has not been modified by modern influences—it belongs to the middle ages. The thoroughbred Prussian *Junker*—and Bismarck prides himself on being one—looks on his king as his sovereign "by the grace of God," holding sway over the life and the blood of his loyal vassals. Very often Count Bismarck—as afterwards Prince Bismarck—has not agreed with the King; and, far oftener than the public fancies, Bismarck has been the one to yield. When he speaks of the King he says, "His Majesty,"—a term which is far from being in general use—and the words are never uttered save with the deepest respect.

"I can never forget," said Prince Bismarck one day, "that His Majesty, in following my advice, has twice imperilled his crown. He condescended to take my counsel before going to war with Austria, and, four years later, before going to war with France. He knew full well when he did so that all he valued in the world was at stake. But he trusted me implicitly. For that reason alone I would serve him to the best of my power, so long as my services may be required by him."

It was really in order to satisfy the old Emperor that Prince Bismarck consented last year to remain in office. His health, however, forbade him to continue the work he had done up to that time. A long leave of absence was granted to him. Count Stolberg-Wernigerode was appointed Vice-Chancellor, and it was agreed that the management of all ordinary business should be left to experienced statesmen like Von Bulow and Camphausen. It was settled, however, that all exceptionally great questions were to be referred for decision to Bismarck himself. His promise to attend personally to important business was couched in the form of a curious apologue.

"When a man goes out shooting early in the morning," he said at one of his parliamentary receptions, "he begins by firing away at all sorts of game, and is quite willing to walk a couple of miles over heavy ground in order to get a shot at some wild fowl. But when he has travelled the whole day long, when his game-bag is full, and he is nearing home—hungry, thirsty, covered with dust, and tired to death—all he asks for is rest. He shakes his head when the keeper tells him that he has only a few steps to take to get at some birds in the adjoining field, quite near the house. 'I have enough of that game,' he says. But let somebody come and tell him—'There, in the thickest part of yonder forest, you can get at a boar,' and you will see that weary man, if he has the blood of a sportsman in his veins, forget all his fatigue, gather himself up, and, striding away, penetrate into the forest,—not to be satisfied until he has found the animal and slain

it. I am like that man. I have been out shooting since sunrise. It is now getting late. I have done a good day's hard work, and I am weary. Other people may fire at hares and partridges; I have quite enough of that sort of game. . . . But, gentlemen, if a boar is to be slain, let me know about it, and I will go into the thick of the forest and try to kill him."

He has kept his word. He has lived on quietly at Varzin and at Friedrichsruhe, as long as there were only small birds flying over the political horizon; but as soon as Congress met, Bismarck was there to preside.—And we may feel sure that he will not desert the field so long as the battle against Socialism is raging in Germany.

Women seem to have exercised singularly little influence over Bismarck. There is an old story of his having once been in love before he married; but the story is so vague, that we may well doubt its resting on any solid foundation. It is more than likely that he did not entirely escape that sweet disease of youth called "love-fever;" but he had it probably in a mild form, and it soon passed away. At all events, it left no traces. The fact is, that he married at the age of thirty-two, and that since that day nobody—not even his worst enemy—has attempted to throw the slightest suspicion on his character as a husband and a father. His domestic life has been thoroughly pure, and it is well known by all who surround him that he shows unflinching severity towards all breakers of the seventh commandment. While he is indulgent to most youthful extravagances and frolics—of which his own early days were full—he cannot tolerate libertines, who seem to inspire him with a natural antipathy bordering on disgust. Though always kind and courteous in female society, Bismarck has never distinguished any of the numerous beauties he has met in his life, so as to authorise even a suspicion that he paid special attention to any woman, still less that he courted any. He has had affectionate and respected female friends—among whom the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia must be reckoned—but the only women who, to all appearances, have found room in his heart and occupied it, are his mother, his sister, his wife, and his daughter.

Bismarck's mother, Louise Wilhelmine Menken, was born in 1789, and married in 1806, when she was only sixteen. She died on the 1st of January 1839, without having witnessed her son's greatness. She bore to her husband, Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand von Bismarck (born in 1771, died in 1845), six children, three of whom, Ferdinand, Johanna, and Franz, died in infancy; while three others, Bernard (born 1810), Otto (born 1815), and Malvina are still living.

Malvina, Bismarck's youngest and only surviving sister, was born in 1827, and married in 1844 Baron Oscar von Arnim-Kroechlendorff. The relations between this lady and her brother Otto have always been of a singularly affectionate character. He used to treat her, when they were both at home, with a tender deference that student-brothers rarely show to their younger sisters. Those who remember seeing them as young people together, say that he was as kind and respectful to her as if she had been his bride. When she married, he wrote her a letter which is a curious mixture of playfulness and regret. "It is most unnatural and egotistical," he says, "that girls, who have bachelor brothers, should in an inconsiderate way go and get

married, just as if they had nothing else to do in this world but to follow their own inclinations." In his letters he gives her all sorts of pet names; and even when he is at his hardest work, with his health giving way, and when all who approach him are awed by the expression of almost terrific severity on his countenance, his letters to "his beloved sister, his dearest Malvina, his dear little one," remain invariably kind, and are often full of evident good-humour. He cuts jokes about important affairs, about men who think themselves very big, and about himself. But when his sister is in trouble, he finds wonderfully concise expressions for conveying tender and deep sympathy, and through the whole correspondence there runs, so to speak, one unbroken thread of profound brotherly love.

The wife of Prince Bismarck, Johanna von Putkammer, of an old and noble Pomeranian family, was born in 1824. He made her acquaintance at the marriage of one of his friends, where she acted as bridesmaid, and two years later—in 1847—he asked her to become his wife. Her family was not at first disposed to accept his proposals. At that time Herr von Bismarck enjoyed a rather curious reputation. He was surnamed "*der tolle Bismarck*" (mad Bismarck), and had earned this title by his numerous duels, his daring feats of horsemanship, and some widely-spread anecdotes concerning his attitude generally towards professors, burgomasters, and other respectable members of what German students call "Philistine society." But more especially he owed his surname to the very noisy revels he used to hold with a number of exceedingly loud young men at Kniephof and at Schoenhausen. To quiet, respectable, religious people like the Putkammers, he did not appear a very eligible suitor for an only and beloved child. Bismarck, however, settled the question at once. He walked up to Miss Johanna, and having ascertained by a look that she sided with him, he folded her in his arms and said, turning to her astonished relatives, "What God has united, no man shall put asunder."

Princess Bismarck has preserved all the simplicity of her youth. She is a perfect specimen—in the best sense of the word—of the German *Hausfrau* (housewife). She is very quiet, bears her honours as the most natural thing in the world, holds fast by the old friends of humbler days, and has but one great object in life—to make her husband and children happy. She cares for them in a peaceful, motherly way; and her serenity and patience, which have always secured for Bismarck a quiet home, have certainly contributed to his success through life. "She it is," he once said to a friend, "who has made me what I am."

Prince Bismarck has three children—Marie, Herbert, and William. Count Herbert has entered the diplomatic service, and is at present his father's private secretary; his brother William has studied for the Bar. Both brothers will probably enter Parliament this year. Countess Marie is said to be her father's favourite child and to resemble him most in character. She was betrothed two years ago to Count Eulenburg; but her affianced lover, while staying at Varzin, fell ill and died suddenly of typhoid fever. This tragic event cast for some time a deep gloom over the Bismarck family.

We have already quoted several letters of Prince Bismarck's. A very curious anthology might be made out of his correspondence, for he is an accomplished letter-

writer. His writing is unusually large, bold, and distinct. It does not look like the hand of a man who writes quickly. It is probable that he writes as he speaks — rather slowly, always looking for the clearest possible expression of his thought. He especially dislikes obscurity and diffuseness. Knowing, as he does, before he either writes or speaks, precisely what he wants to say, he is not satisfied until he has found the exact translation into words of his ideas. Hence his hesitation in speech, and hence, probably, his slowness, likewise, in writing. His style, however, shows no signs of hesitation; it is limpid and fluent.

In his private letters Bismarck is witty, full of lively but not sarcastic humour, a close observer of men and things, and a contemptuous judge in respect of all that is mean. His letters seldom contain anything but facts and descriptions, and he scarcely ever indulges in sentiment. Now and then, however, one meets with a short passage which betrays genuine feeling stirring the depths of his heart. His imagery and comparisons are mostly very good, and sometimes exceedingly humorous.

Bismarck's official correspondence is remarkable for its lucidity. He does not leave a doubt as to what he means to say; and he is so concise, that from his longest despatches it would be difficult to strike out even a few words without impairing the sense of the whole document. He has a strong objection to exaggeration, and seldom employs a superlative of any kind. But when he does use a strong expression you may be sure he means it—as when he said, "We will never go to Canossa."

Of late Prince Bismarck has given up writing his despatches himself. On very important occasions only he now takes up the pen. Sometimes he notes down in pencil certain short sentences to be used in a despatch. He does this only when he wishes his opinion on some point to be expressed in the very words chosen by himself. But in most cases he is content to give his secretaries, who are well trained to their work, a few verbal instructions. While doing so he either walks up and down the room, or sits at his desk playing with a paper-knife. The attendant official, often himself a functionary of high rank, listens while the Chancellor speaks, and takes short notes of his words. The countenance of Prince Bismarck during this kind of work is very curious. If he could be painted at such a time, and an abstract name were given to the picture, it would be entitled "Concentration of Thought."

Like all men who have accomplished great things, Bismarck has the power of concentrating, at a given moment, all the strength of his mind on one special point, and it is wonderful how clearly and how well he then sees that one point. He certainly could not dictate half-a-dozen letters at once, as it is said that Cæsar and Napoleon I. were able to do; it is even probable that he would consider it as a kind of humbug, well fitted to astonish bystanders, but of very little use for the acceleration of work. Bismarck has frequently expressed the opinion that a thing is not well done unless it is done as well as possible; and that no thing, not even a small one, can be done as well as possible unless thorough attention is given to it. But while he objects to doing more than one thing at a time, he is able to pass quickly from one to another. Just as his eye, which seems to be fixed on the object upon which it rests, does not on that account dwell

long on the same point, so his mind looks fixedly and through and through, so to speak, a special question, leaving it nevertheless suddenly and entirely as soon as attention is required by some other subject. The exhaustiveness of Bismarck's despatches, which seldom leave any part of a question unelucidated, should be attributed to the fact that he has trained himself always to attend thoroughly to the one special matter he has in hand.

Many of Bismarck's peculiarities as a writer are also observable in him as a speaker. He lacks some of the qualities which are considered almost indispensable to an orator. He not only speaks slowly, he actually stops—at the beginning of his speeches, at least—at every third or fourth word; one might suppose he had to overcome some organic difficulty in pronouncing his words. He sways himself gently backwards and forwards, he twirls his thumbs, and from time to time he looks at a scrap of paper upon which he has put down notes before speaking. To one who did not know him well he would certainly appear to be embarrassed,—nay, even intimidated. But this is not the case. He takes due account of those who are listening to him, but he is probably less disturbed by their presence than any other public speaker. He is heart and soul at his work, he wants to say all he thinks about the question, and he does not much care whether his way of speaking is pleasant or not. When he comes to a stop, his auditors feel that after all they have heard something worth listening to, and that every word Bismarck has used, and which he has taken so much pains to find, was the right one, bearing directly on the question.—Somebody interrupts him; he does not retort quick as lightning, but after a few seconds —the time for weighing what he has just heard—there comes a crushing reply which falls heavily on the interrupter, and not unfrequently raises a laugh at his expense.

After a while he warms to his work, and the conclusion of some of his speeches is very good, even from an exclusively oratorical point of view. The greater part of what he has said in debate reads well; it is full of sound common-sense and logic, and is utterly free from high-sounding, empty phrases. If what Bismarck says were not good and forcible, no one would attend to him; but generally what he says appears from the first so weighty, that though he speaks badly, there is no orator more attentively listened to. And this was the case before he became a great man. In 1848, when his adversaries used to sneer freely at the Prussian *Junker*, and when he possessed but little influence, none of his speeches in the Prussian Parliament failed to attract more or less attention. One may like, or one may hate Bismarck, but every one must acknowledge that he is intellectually what he is physically—a powerful man. He himself knows this well, and relies on his own powers to an extraordinary extent. Hence his daring, which also forms so marked a feature in his character.

Bismarck's life is full of authentic anecdotes recording his singular fearlessness. As a child, he does not seem to know what danger is. His mother is in constant fear about him. If he does not get drowned, he will certainly break his neck. Many accidents happen to him, and he often has very narrow escapes, but somehow he always does escape. As he grows older he becomes more prudent, but still he does not know fear. Nothing daunts him. He likes his masters when they treat him kindly, and in that case they find him docile,

studious, quiet even; but he rebels against those who try to subdue him by severity, and they can never get any authority over him.

In Göttingen, whither he went to study law, he got involved in four duels on the very day of his arrival, because, quite regardless of the respect due by a freshman to his seniors, he coolly and deliberately insulted four of these who had taken the liberty to laugh at him.

While in the army he saved his servant from drowning, at the risk of his own life. For this deed he got a medal, which for many years was the only decoration he had. He wears it still; and it is said—and we readily believe—that he is quite as proud of it as of the numberless ribbons, crosses, and stars which now cover his breast.—An Austrian Excellency asked him one day in Frankfurt what that poor medal meant. "Oh," replied Bismarck, coolly, "I rather like to save people from drowning when I have a chance. That's what I got that medal for."

After 1848, Bismarck's courage was displayed on other fields. He was among the first, and certainly among the most conspicuous, of those who, while all around were carried away by the Revolution, or despaired of being able to resist it, stood up boldly and agitated openly against it. He took the lead of the reactionary party, and became very unpopular. The Liberal press in Prussia attacked him with great violence. In Parliament he met with vehement opposition. He seldom lost his temper, but he never retracted a single word of his attacks on the Revolution. Some allusions having been made to the fate which generally awaits those who try to resist the demands of a great people for liberty, he merely shrugged his shoulders. He is of opinion that "death on the scaffold may be a very honourable death."

While he was canvassing for his election at a place called Rathenow, an old farmer asked him if he thought it were of any use "to fight against those Berlin democrats?"

"It is better to be the hammer than the anvil," replied Bismarck. "Let us attack them by all means!" This has been Bismarck's policy through life. As soon as he sees an enemy before him he commences the attack. He has always managed to be the hammer.

When he was on the point of leaving Rathenow, a mob surrounded the carriage, in which he was seated with his friend, Mr von Stechow. Stones were thrown at him, and one struck him on the shoulder. He rose, and, picking up the stone that had fallen in the carriage, he hurled it back at the crowd. It was a multitude against two men; but nobody dared to stop Bismarck's carriage.

In 1850, when the tide of political passion was still running very high, Bismarck went one day into a tavern at Berlin to take a glass of beer. A man near him, feeling himself supported by the presence of his friends, began to abuse a member of the royal family. Bismarck looked at him, and said quietly, "If you have not left this room before I have finished my beer, I'll break this pot over your head." He then emptied his glass very deliberately, and as the man took no heed of the warning, he did as he had threatened. He went up to the fellow and knocked him about the head with the pot till he fell, howling, on the ground. Bismarck then asked the waiter, "How much for the glass?" and, having paid for it, he walked away leisurely, without any one having dared to molest him. Even at that time he was already a man of some political standing, and the acknowledged

leader of the Conservative party; but, true to his principle, he always took the offensive, attacking his adversaries wherever he met them, and with all weapons.

Bismarck's attitude in Parliament had, of course, been much noticed at Court. The King, Frederick-William IV., had taken a great liking to the *Junker*, and when the post of Prussian Minister at Frankfurt became vacant, he thought of offering it to Bismarck. He was rather surprised, however, when this latter, without asking time for reflection, declared himself ready to accept the King's proposal.

"But you are aware that it is a very difficult post, and it involves great responsibility?" said the King.

"Your Majesty may at all events give me a chance," replied Bismarck; "if I do not succeed, I can be recalled at any time."

The position which he at once assumed at Frankfurt created considerable astonishment there. Austria was at that time the ruling power in the *Bundesrath*, and the minor German States not only suffered this, as being legitimate and unavoidable, but they actually favoured the pretensions of Austria; for they saw in the House of Hapsburg their natural protector against the Hohenzollern. The last representative of Prussia at the *Bund* had not been able to resent this, and had quietly consented to play a humble second part, Count Thun, the Austrian Minister, and president of the *Bund*, being unmistakably No. 1. This had gone so far that Bismarck's predecessor had, like his colleagues, allowed Count Thun to be the only member to smoke during the committee meetings. No consideration could prevent Bismarck from protesting against this. He took a cigar out of his pocket, asked Count Thun, to his amazement, for a light, and puffed away freely long after the Austrian Minister had thrown his cigar away. It was but a trifle, but that trifle required more courage than any of his colleagues possessed; and Bismarck acquired thereby a personal position which his predecessor had never enjoyed.

We have recalled these stories, though they are unimportant in themselves, because we have thought it interesting to show that Bismarck's "historical" audacity—if such a term may be used—has its origin in his native, inborn daring. It is not difficult to show a fearless front when one is sure of being the strongest: boldness in such a case may be akin to arrogance and insolence. But it is far different when one man, to all appearances, the weaker party, in the defence of what he thinks right, faces powerful enemies. Bismarck has never been mean-spirited. He has not begun to talk loud and proudly and to be aggressive, since he has become a great man; on the contrary, he has risen to what he now is because he spoke and acted boldly and proudly when he was but a very small personage. At that time he was no more afraid of his horse, of his masters, of the senior students who wanted to snub him, of drowning, of a mob, than in later years he was afraid of a murderer firing at him, of parliamentary majorities, of the hatred of a powerful political party, and lastly, of great nations who rose in arms against his policy. He has faced every kind of danger, though he was not blind to it, with the same undaunted courage.

He was not daunted when he was called a conspirator by his countrymen, nor when they accused him of having violated the Prussian Constitution; and he showed singular serenity in those eventful days

when William I., by his advice, went to war first with Austria and then with France. Prussia has proved herself stronger than either of those empires; but it should be borne in mind that, when she took the field, the almost universal belief, even among her friends, was that she would be beaten. But Bismarck was gifted with that boundless optimism, verging almost on madness, without which no great deed has ever been accomplished — the optimism which gives audacity, and which belongs to all great conquerors,—to Alexander, to Cæsar, and to Napoleon. He certainly hoped to win the game he was playing, but he could not conceal from himself that all would be over with him if he lost it. Like a man who is always willing to double his stakes, and who, though he has had for a long time an uninterrupted run of good luck, will nevertheless at each new game stake again and again his whole fortune on a single card, Bismarck has played higher and higher. What would Prince Bismarck be now, if, after Duppel, Prussia had been beaten at Sadowa, or after Sadowa at Gravelotte?—He thought of this, but he was never afraid. The poor gentleman-farmer, the Junker who had to contract debts in order to be able to live in town, became successively an influential politician, a parliamentary leader, Minister at Frankfurt, St Petersburg, Paris; Prime Minister, Chancellor, Count, Prince; but still remained ready to give his adversaries new chances of defeating and crushing him;—and it is our firm belief that, at the present moment, when he is at the pinnacle of power, presiding, so to speak, over the destinies of the civilised world, he would take up the gauntlet if it were thrown down to him, risk all he possesses, all he has won, and fight fiercely, fearlessly, with all his might and with all weapons, as he has always done.

There is a story told of Marshal Soult. It is said that in a battle where a strong position was to be carried by some of his troops who had been repulsed several times and were hesitating to obey a new order to attack, Soult went to the front and called out to his soldiers: "You are afraid? What have you to lose? You can only win. You are nothing and have nothing. I am a Marshal of France; I have two hundred thousand francs a-year; I can gain nothing but may lose all—yet I am not afraid. Forward! follow me!" And he led the way and won the battle.

Such a man is Prince Bismarck. He has nothing more to gain; he can lose all he possesses, and that is immense; but he shows to the front whenever there is danger—and he is not afraid. This should be taken into account when he is judged. Fortune has not spoiled him, or, perhaps we ought rather to say, has not changed him. He has not become overbearing. He has never been the anvil—always the hammer. He is now, in that respect, what he was forty years ago; only then his will was not felt beyond Schoenhausen and Kniephof, whereas now it is felt all over the world.

A man cannot, with impunity, be raised above the great majority of his fellow-creatures. He inevitably acquires an exalted notion of his personal value, and is induced to form at the same time a rather low estimate of mankind in general. A man who has accomplished great things in spite of manifold obtacles is likely to think himself always in the right, and to consider those who oppose him as always in the wrong.

It should also be borne in mind that, as a rule, mankind has not much pride or self-respect, and that

most men go about begging—for bread, for money, for titles, for favours, for coloured ribbon even, to be worn in the button-hole of their coat. Mendicity is even more widespread over the world than mendacity; and none have so much to suffer from it as those who, having conquered a high position for themselves by energy, audacity, and self-reliance, feel, for that very reason, a specially uncharitable dislike to mendicants.

The begging letters received by a man like Prince Bismarck may be literally reckoned by thousands. Some time ago, when the Chancellor was ill at Varzin, all letters addressed to him, which were not of a strictly private character, were sent back to Berlin, to be there read and answered. The greater number of these letters contained "most humble requests" — *gehorsamste Gesuche*,—yet scarcely any of these begging-letter-writers had any claim on the Prince. One of the officials whose business it was to read these petitions — an orderly man, and apparently an amateur of statistics—amused himself by drawing up a list of all the requests for money only. They amounted to half a million sterling! The Prince did not laugh when he was told this, but he shrugged his shoulders with a look of bitter contempt.—On the other hand, it is natural that quiet, respectable people with proper dignity, who require nothing from the Prince and do not wish to trouble him with their private affairs, should never be brought into contact with him, unless they stand in some official relation to him, or unless some real business takes them to him. So it has come to pass, quite naturally, that Prince Bismarck sees a great deal of the mean side of humanity; and it is scarcely surprising that he should have become sceptical and even misanthropical. His experience proves that men, as a rule—a rule which, happily, suffers many exceptions—are not proud; that they are willing to humble themselves for very small considerations; that there are many bullies among them, and that those same bullies may be easily bullied. Bismarck is certainly well aware that there are many good honest people in the world, but experience has taught him that it is his ill fate to have dealings with a proportionately small number of these. He is firmly attached to the few men and women whom he trusts, because he knows them to be his true friends; but he is suspicious of strangers. His first thought, when he sees a new face, may naturally be, "Well, what does this man want of me?" This would explain why he is generally feared, though his intimate friends are loud in their praises of his kindness and amiability.

Prince Bismarck's health has given way of late. He has not husbanded his strength, and has never led what may be called, from a hygienic point of view, a rational life. His nerves, which have been overstrained, have become morbidly sensitive. His sleep is not good: he goes to bed at abnormally late hours, and often only finds rest when the sun is above the horizon. Under these circumstances, life in the country, where he sees nobody but members of his own family and a few friends who have been invited either as his guests or to act as his secretaries, is what suits him best. His visits to Varzin and to Friedrichsruhe have gradually become longer and longer. It is probable that this will go on, and that he will end his eventful life as the "Hermit of Varzin"—a name which has already been applied to him.

When he is in the country Bis-

marck leads the life of a squire of the old school. He looks carefully after his property, takes great interest in his peasants, goes out riding, hunting, and shooting, and is no free-thinker. He has always—without ostentation but with great earnestness—professed to be a religious man. "Life would be worth nothing," he writes to his brother-in-law, "if it were to be ended by death here below." And in another letter of his we find the following passage: "I do not understand how a man who reflects on his own condition can endure the sorrows and troubles of this life, if he has not a firm belief in God."

II.

In the foregoing pages we have attempted to sketch the outline of Bismarck's character. We do not pretend to have exhausted the subject. — A man's character is a wonderfully complicated affair — a curious compound of things good and evil, great and mean. Strange and even inexplicable contradictions puzzle the observer; and he who aspires to be complete in his description must always fail. It is impossible, in such matters, to speak "the whole truth." "Nothing but the truth" may be said by any one who chooses; and we have endeavoured to perform, at any rate, that part of the duty of an honest witness.

To complete our sketch within its narrow limits, we have still to give, in chronological order, the most important dates in the German Chancellor's life.

Edward-Leopold-Otto von Bismarck was born at Schoenhausen on the 1st of April 1815. His father, who seems to have been a very kind-hearted, jovial sort of man, inserted in a Berlin paper a notice of his son's birth, with an injunction to his friends "not to congratulate him" (*unter Verbittung des Gluckwunsches*).

Schoenhausen had been very badly treated by the French soldiery during the invasion. Fearful stories as to the cruelty of the enemy were told among the peasantry; and there can be no doubt that young Bismarck's early impressions in regard to Frenchmen were of anything but an agreeable nature. This explains why he was not very willing to listen when, in 1871, complaints were brought him respecting the conduct of the German soldiers in France. He had reasons of his own for believing that his countrymen, when compared to the victorious French in Germany, had behaved with humanity.

At six years old young Otto was sent to school in Berlin. He did not distinguish himself there in any particular way, but he managed somehow, and without taking much trouble, to get in good time through all the classes of the gymnasium. At seventeen—a rather early age—he obtained his qualification for the university. His favourite study at school had been history.

From Berlin, Bismarck went, in 1832, to Göttingen, where he remained during three half-years, and where his memory still lives among his successors at the "Georgia-Augusta"—his college—as an expert rider, swordsman, and swimmer, and above all, a most joyous companion. In a picture of that date, he is represented as tall and slender, with enormous riding-boots called *Kanonen;* he has a long pipe in his hand, and by his side is an immense mastiff. His predilection for this somewhat dangerous kind of animal

has remained unaltered, and he has always had, and still has, at least one dog of that species. His attendance at college while at Göttingen left everything to be desired,—in fact, he scarcely attended at all.

Bismarck concluded his academical studies in Berlin, and began in 1835, at the age of twenty, his official career as *Auskultator* at the *Stadtgericht* — municipal court of justice—in that town. He spent afterwards some time at Aix-la-Chapelle, Potsdam, and Greifswald, and served as a soldier in the Prussian army from 1838 to 1839; but soon afterwards he left the public service altogether to take charge—conjointly with his elder brother, Bernard — of his father's estates, which were at that time in very bad condition.

Old Herr von Bismarck died in 1845. His son Otto, who of late had been living in Pomerania, on a property called Kniephof, now took possession of Schoenhausen. He added the name of this place, where his family had lived for centuries, to his own, and thenceforward was known as Bismarck-Schoenhausen.

In 1847, at the age of thirty-two, he began his parliamentary career in the first Prussian *Landtag*, as one of the representatives of the Nobility (*Ritterschaft*) of the Marches. This assembly only sat for a short time: Bismarck, however, found an opportunity to make known his political opinions, which were those of a stanch Tory.

After the Revolution — 18th March 1848—Bismarck once more appeared in the *Landtag* at Berlin. He opposed with all his might, but unsuccessfully, the electoral law proposed by the Liberals, which he designated as "the Jena of the Prussian nobility;" and was one of the originators and the leading spirit of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, the organ of the Conservative, or, to speak more correctly, the reactionary party in Prussia. It was then—when the Revolution was at the height of its power and seemed irresistible—that Bismarck used words which have become historical, and have often been thrown in his teeth: "All great cities ought to be swept off the face of the earth, for they are the hotbeds of Revolution."

After the dissolution — in the autumn of 1848—of the first National Assembly, in which Bismarck had not been able to obtain a seat, he was elected, in 1849, member for West Havelland (Brandenburg). His reputation as a fierce opponent of democracy was already well established, and he confirmed it by his attitude in the Chamber. He boldly declared that the men of '48 — "the heroes of March," as they were often called—were merely rebels, and thereby raised a storm of indignation which swept through the whole Liberal press of Germany, and made Herr von Bismarck the most unpopular leader of the Conservative party. During the next two years he took a prominent part in all the political battles which were fought in Germany. "Proud of being a *Prussian* nobleman," as he declared on several occasions, he opposed all measures which tended to the establishment of a German empire, in which the power of Prussia would have been swamped. Even the offer of the imperial crown to Frederick-William IV. did not make Bismarck waver. He was quite willing, as he proved twenty years later, that his sovereign should become Emperor of Germany, but only on condition of his power being supreme. Rather than see the King of Prussia become a vassal of the President of a Parliament, he preferred—to use his own

words—that Prussia should remain Prussia.

Frederick-William IV. acknowledged his obligations to Bismarck for his defence of the privileges of the Prussian crown, by appointing him in 1851 Minister to the *Bundestag* at Frankfurt, where he remained till 1859. The letters he wrote at that time show very little respect for his colleagues, who seem to have at once exasperated and amused him by their slowness and their love for empty form.—The eight years which he spent in their society were, however, of immense service to him. He had an opportunity of studying in their minutest details all the political questions which were then agitating Europe, and especially of coming to the conclusion that the relations between Austria and Prussia, as they then existed, could not endure — Austria on every occasion asserting a sort of supremacy to which Prussia could no longer submit.

"Our relations with Austria must inevitably change," he said to Count Karolyi, the Austrian ambassador in Berlin; "they must become either better or worse. The Government of His Majesty the King of Prussia would most sincerely prefer the first alternative; but if the Austrian Cabinet refuses to meet us half-way, it will become necessary for us to prepare for the second."

When Bismarck spoke thus in 1862, he was Minister for Foreign Affairs in Berlin, but the opinion he expressed was founded on what he had seen and felt while he represented Prussia at the *Bundestag*.

From Frankfurt, Bismarck went in 1859 as Prussian Minister to St Petersburg. There he met with the warmest welcome. Prince Gortschakoff, who had been in Frankfurt from 1850 to 1854, was on very friendly terms with him. They sympathised on many points. The Russians had bitterly resented the attitude of Austria during the Crimean war, and "Austrian ingratitude" was still proverbial in St Petersburg. Bismarck openly expressed the opinion that Prussia would make a great mistake if she became Austria's ally against France and Italy. This being known not only at Court, but among the public, made him at once popular. The good understanding between the Prussian and the Russian Governments, which proved of such great service to Prussia in 1870, while, at the present moment, it is so advantageous to Russia, may, no doubt, be traced in its origin to the family ties which unite the Emperors William and Alexander, but it has been singularly strengthened by that friendly policy of Prussia towards Russia which Bismarck invariably recommended.

He left St Petersburg in the beginning of 1862, and in May of the same year was appointed Minister to Paris. He remained only a few months in France, and as it was summer time and Paris was empty, he passed the greater part of his time away from his official residence. We hear of his being at Trouville, Chambord, Biarritz, Luchon, Montpellier, Toulouse, &c. He travelled over a good deal of French ground, and his observant eyes saw a good deal of the French people. His relations with the Government were excellent; he was liked at Court, and particularly distinguished by the Emperor Napoleon III.

Then came what has been called in Prussia "the Conflict." William I., who in January 1861 had become King of Prussia, could not agree with the representatives of the people. He wanted money for the reorganisation of the army, and they would not vote the Budget

which his Ministers required. The House of Nobles sided with the King against the Lower House; but the King required a man of more than common energy, as President of the Cabinet, to fight his parliamentary battles. Neither Prince Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, nor Prince Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen, had shown themselves competent. William I. saw only one man who was both willing and able to fill efficiently the post of Premier in a Cabinet which was firmly resolved to maintain the royal will to the last,—and that man was Bismarck. In September 1862 he assumed the Presidency of the Cabinet.

The new Prime Minister fully justified the King's choice. He threw himself boldly into the fight; and seeing that it was impossible to win over the majority of the Chamber on the military question, and that a dissolution and new elections did not bring him nearer to his object, he undertook to govern the country without a Budget regularly voted by Parliament. Like the King, he was convinced that Prussia must have a strong army; —on that point he would not yield; and it was while defending the position he had taken up on that question that he used the words which have so often been quoted since: "The great questions of the world," he said, "are not settled by speeches, or by the decisions of a parliamentary majority, but by *blood and iron.*"

It is but right to note here that Bismarck's resistance to the Chamber was based on his interpretation of a particular paragraph of the Prussian constitution; and that, some years later, Parliament, by passing a bill of indemnity, condoned all that had been declared unconstitutional in his administration during the "Conflict."

The internal difficulties against which Bismarck had to contend did not prevent his giving full attention to foreign affairs. Prussia could only be made as great as he wished her to be—as great as, in his opinion, she ought to be—if she took an active part in all the important questions of European politics. There were great risks to be incurred; but Bismarck was not afraid of risks. He felt almost unlimited confidence in the value of Prussian soldiers; and he was quite willing to give them a chance of proving their superiority. It was unavoidable that, sooner or later, they would have to try their strength against one or other of Prussia's neighbours. Hence Bismarck's attitude towards foreign Cabinets. At the very time when he seemed to be overwhelmed with troubles at home, he stood with his hand on the hilt of his sword, ready to draw it at the shortest notice, if any one should even hint at the necessity for a change in Prussia's foreign policy.

During the Polish insurrection, he signed a convention with Russia. This gave great dissatisfaction, not only in Berlin, where the Liberal party attacked the Government with much vehemence, but also in London and in Paris. There were rumours afloat of an armed intervention of France, England, and Austria in favour of Poland. Bismarck took no heed of these, and they died away, without having done him any harm, soon after the insurrection had been crushed by the Russian Government.

The next eight years, from 1863 to 1871, are the most eventful in Bismarck's life. They are marked by the three wars—against Denmark, Austria, and France. All his actions belong thenceforward to history. But for that very reason we cannot and must not dwell upon them. We cannot attempt to write the contemporary history of Europe.

Throughout these eight years, which have seen Austria—so long the leading power in Germany—fall back behind Prussia; which have witnessed the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty, the establishment of a Republic in France, and a new Empire in Germany—Bismarck's will and Bismarck's power have been the great impelling forces at work on the Continent. He has accomplished what he has aimed at during his whole life: Germany has become the greatest military power in Europe; the chief of the Hohenzollern family is at the head of that power; and Bismarck himself is the most powerful man in his own country.

Prince Bismarck's triumph was complete. Every German knew that it was Bismarck who, standing by the King's side, had urged him not to hesitate, but boldly to try the strength of Prussia against Austria and against France. Every German felt proud of the success which had been achieved, and proud of having, in some degree, contributed to it; for there was scarcely a man who—if he had not been himself in the field—had not had some of his nearest relatives fighting at Königsgrätz or Sedan. "He knew better than we did what we were worth," they said, speaking of Bismarck: they were grateful to him for having held them in such high esteem, and elated at having deserved it.

Nevertheless the Chancellor could not rest upon his laurels. A man in his position, and with his character, cannot live without making enemies. They arose on all sides: Feudalists, Particularists, Roman Catholics, Socialists. Some reproached him with having forsaken the party which had supported him during his struggle with the Revolution; others accused him of wanting to "prussify" all Germany—maybe the whole world. The Roman Catholics spoke of him as of an incarnation of the Antichrist; the Socialists proclaimed him an enemy of humanity. He faced his aggressors wherever he met them: he turned from one to another, never weary of fighting.

And still the battle rages. Bismarck's adversaries seem to be gaining strength. While he has been presiding over the Congress at Berlin, Germany has been agitated by the coming elections. It is very possible that the new Parliament may oppose the political measures which the Chancellor has thought necessary to recommend as a safeguard against the spread of Socialism. Bismarck may once more have to do battle. Who can say that he will be again victorious? But if he remains faithful to his Past—and there can be no doubt that he will—he will never yield. He will fight to the last for what he considers the right; and if he falls before the day is won, it will be after a fearful struggle, after having inflicted heavy wounds upon his enemies, and with his face to the foe. His epitaph should be: "He was a powerful and a fearless man."

JOHN CALDIGATE.—PART V.

CHAPTER XVII.—AGAIN AT PURITAN GRANGE.

As Caldigate travelled home to Folking he turned many things in his mind. In the first place he had escaped, and that to him was a matter of self-congratulation. He had declared his purpose in reference to his cousin Julia very clearly;—and though he had done so he had not quarrelled utterly with the family. As far as the young lady's father was concerned, or her brothers, there had been no quarrel at all. The ill-will against him was confined to the women. But, as he thought of it all, he was not proud of himself. He had received great kindness from their hands, and certainly owed them much in return. When he had been a boy he had been treated almost as one of the family;—but as he had not been quite one of them, would it not have been natural that he should be absorbed in the manner proposed? And then he could not but admit to himself that he had been deficient in proper courage when he had been first caught and taken into the cupboard. On that occasion he had neither accepted nor rejected the young lady;—and in such a matter as this, silence certainly may be supposed to give consent. Though he rejoiced in his escape, he was not altogether proud of his conduct in reference to his friends at Babington.

Would it not have been better that he should have told his aunt frankly that his heart was engaged elsewhere? The lady's name would have been asked, and the lady's name could not have been given. But he might in this manner have prepared the way for the tidings which would have to be communicated should he finally be successful with Hester Bolton. Now such news would reach them as an aggravation of the injury. For that, however, there could be no remedy. The task at present before him was that of obtaining a footing in the house at Chesterton; and the more he thought of it, the more he was at a loss to know how to set about it. They could not intend to shut such a girl up, through all her young years, as in a convent. There must be present to the minds of both of them an idea that marriage would be good for her, or, at any rate, that she should herself have some choice in the matter. And if there were to be any son-in-law, why should not he have as good a chance as any other? When they should learn how constantly the girl's image had been present to his mind, so far away, during so many years, under such hard circumstances, would not that recommend him to them? Had he not proved himself to be steady, industrious, and a good man of business? In regard to position and fortune was he not such as a father would desire for his daughter? Having lost his claim to Folking, had he not regained it;—and in doing so had he not shown himself to be something much more than merely the heir to Folking? An immediate income would, of course, be necessary;—but there was money enough. He would ask the old man for nothing. Reports said that though the old man had been generous to his own sons, still he was fond of money. He should have the opportunity of bestowing his daughter in marriage without being asked for a shilling. And

then John Caldigate bethought himself with some pride that he could make a proper settlement on his wife without burdening the estate at Folking with any dowers. But of what use would be all this if he could not get at the girl to tell her that he loved her?

He might, indeed, get at the father and tell his purpose plainly and honestly. But he thought that his chance of prevailing with the girl might be better than with the father. In such cases it is so often the daughter who prevails with her own parents after she has surrendered her own heart. The old man had looked at him sternly, had seemed even in that moment of time to disapprove of him. But the girl——. Well, in such an interview as that there had not been much scope for approval. Nor was he a man likely to flatter himself that any girl could fall in love with him at first sight. But she had not looked sternly at him. In the few words which she had spoken her voice had been very sweet. Both of them had said they remembered him after the long interval that had passed;—but the manner of saying so had been very different. He was almost sure that the old man would be averse to him, though he could tell himself personally that there was no just cause for such aversion. But if this were so, he could not forward his cause by making his offer through the father.

"Well, John, how has it gone with you at Babington?" his father asked, almost as soon as they were together.

It had not been difficult to tell his father of the danger before he made his visit, but now he hesitated before he could avow that the young lady's hand had again been offered to him. "Pretty well, sir. We had a good deal of archery and that kind of thing. It was rather slow."

"I should think so. Was there nothing besides the archery?"

"Not much."

"The young lady was not troublesome?"

"Perhaps the less we say about it the better, sir. They were very kind to me when I was a boy."

"I have nothing to say at all, unless I am to be called on to welcome her as a daughter-in-law."

"You will not have to do that, sir."

"I suppose, John, you mean to marry some day," said the father, after a pause. Then it occurred to the son that he must have some one whom he could trust in this matter which now occupied his mind, and that no one probably might be so able to assist him as his father. "I wish I knew what your idea of life is," continued Mr Caldigate. "I fear you will be growing tired of this place, and that when you get back to your gold-mines you will stay there."

"There is no fear of that. I do not love the place well enough."

"If you were settled here, I should feel more comfortable. I sometimes think, John, that if you would fix yourself I would give the property up to you altogether and go away with my books into some town. Cambridge, perhaps, would do as well as any other."

"You must never do that, sir. You must not leave Folking. But as for myself,—I have ideas about my own life."

"Are they such that you can tell them?"

"Yes;—you shall hear them all. But I shall expect you to help me;—or at least not turn against me."

"Turn against you, John! I hope I may never have to do that again. What is it that you mean?" This he said very seriously. There was usually in his voice something of a tone of banter,—a subdued

cynicism,—which had caused everybody near him to be afraid of him, and which even yet was habitual to him. But now that was all gone. Was there to be any new source of trouble betwixt him and his son?

"I intend to ask Hester Bolton to be my wife," said John Caldigate.

The father, who was standing in the library, slapped both his hands down upon the table. "Hester Bolton!"

"Is there any objection?"

"What do you know about her? Why;—she's a child."

"She is nearly twenty, sir."

"Have you ever seen her?"

"Yes, I have seen her,—twice. I daresay you'll think it very absurd, but I've made up my mind about it. If I say that I was thinking about it all the time I was in Australia, of course you will laugh at me."

"I will not laugh at you at all, John."

"If any one else were to say so to me, I should laugh at them. But yet it was so. Have you ever seen her?"

"I suppose I have. I think I remember a little girl."

"For beauty I have never seen anybody equal to her," said the lover. "I wish you'd go over to Chesterton and judge for yourself."

"They wouldn't know what such a thing meant. It is years since I have been in the house. I believe that Mrs Bolton devotes herself to religious exercises, and that she regards me as a pagan."

"That's just the difficulty, sir. How am I to get at her? But you may be sure of this, I mean to do it. If I were beat I do think that then I should go back and bury myself in the gold-mines. You asked me what I meant to do about my future life. That is my purpose. If she were my wife I should consult her. We might travel part of the time, and I might have a farm. I should always look upon Folking as my home. But till that is settled, when you ask me what I mean to do with my life, I can only say that I mean to marry Hester Bolton."

"Did you tell them at Babington?"

"I have told nobody but you. How am I to set about it?"

Then Mr Caldigate sat down and began to scratch his head and to consider. "I don't suppose they ever go out anywhere."

"I don't think they do;—except to church."

"You can't very well ask her there. You can always knock at the house-door."

"I can call again once;—but what if I am refused then? It is of no use knocking if a man does not get in." After a little more conversation the squire was so far persuaded that he assented to the proposed marriage as far as his assent was required; but he did not see his way to give any assistance. He could only suggest that his son should go direct to the father and make his proposition in the old-fashioned legitimate mode. But when it was put to him whether Mr Bolton would not certainly reject the offer unless it were supported by some goodwill on the part of his own daughter, he acknowledged that it might probably be so. "You see," said the squire, "he believes in gold, but he doesn't believe in gold-mines."

"It is that accursed Davis that stands against me," said the son.

John Caldigate, no doubt, had many things to trouble him. Before he had resolved on making his second visit to Chesterton, he received a most heartrending epistle from aunt Polly, in which he was assured that he was quite as dear to her as ever,—quite as dear

as her own children; and in which he was implored to return to the haunts of his childhood, where everybody loved him and admired him. After what had passed, he was determined not to revisit the haunts till he was married, or, at any rate, engaged to be married. But there was a difficulty in explaining this to aunt Polly without an appearance of ingratitude. And then there were affairs in Australia which annoyed him. Tom Crinkett was taking advantage of his absence in reference to Polyeuka,—so that his presence would soon be required there;—and other things were not going quite smoothly. He had much to trouble him;—but still he was determined to carry out his purpose with Hester Bolton. Since the day on which he had roused himself to the necessity of an active life, he had ever called upon himself "not to let the grass grow under his feet." And he had taught himself to think that there were few things a man could not achieve, if he would only live up to that motto. Therefore, though he was perplexed by letters from Australia, and though his aunt Polly was a great nuisance, he determined to persevere at once. If he allowed himself to revisit Nobble before he had settled this matter with Hester Bolton, would it not be natural that Hester Bolton should be the wife of some other man before he returned?

With all this on his mind he started off one day on horseback to Cambridge. When he left Folking he had not quite made up his mind whether he would go direct to the bank and ask for old Mr Bolton, or make a first attempt at that fortified castle at Chesterton. But on entering the town he put his horse up at an inn just where the road turns off to Chesterton, and proceeded on foot to the house. This was about a mile distant from the stable, and as he walked that mile he resolved that if he could get into the house at all he would declare his purpose to some one before he left it. What was the use of shilly-shallying? "Who ever did anything by letting the grass grow under his feet?" So he knocked boldly at the door and asked for Mrs Bolton. After a considerable time, the maid came and told him, apparently with much hesitation, that Mrs Bolton was at home. He was quite determined to ask for Miss Bolton if Mrs Bolton were denied to him. But the girl said that Mrs Bolton was at home, seeming by her manner to say at the same time, "I cannot tell a lie about it, because of the sin; but I don't know what business you can have here, and I'm sure that my mistress does not want to see any such a one as you." Nevertheless she showed him into the big sitting-room on the left hand of the hall, and as he entered he saw the skirts of a lady's dress vanishing through another door. Had there been a moment allowed him he would boldly have called the lady back, for he was sure that the lady was Hester;—but the lady was gone and the door closed before he could open his mouth.

Then he waited for full ten minutes, which, of course, seemed to him to be very much more than an hour. At last the door was opened and Mrs Bolton appeared. The reader is not to suppose that she was an ugly, cross-looking old woman. She was neither ugly, nor old, nor cross. When she had married Mr Bolton, she had been quite young, and now she was not much past forty. And she was handsome too, with a fine oval face which suited well with the peculiar simplicity of her dress and the sober seriousness of her gait and manner. It

might, perhaps, be said of her that she tried to look old and ugly,—and cross too, but that she did not succeed. She now greeted her visitor very coldly, and having asked after old Mr Caldigate, sat silent looking at John Caldigate as though there were nothing more possible for her to say.

"I could not but come to see you and thank you for your kindness before I went," said John.

"I remember your coming about some business. We have very few visitors here."

"I went out, you know, as a miner."

"I think I heard Mr Bolton say so."

"And I have succeeded very well."

"Oh, indeed!"

"So well that I have been able to come back; and though I may perhaps be obliged to revisit the colony to settle my affairs there, I am going to live here at home."

"I hope that will be comfortable to you." At every word she spoke, her voice took more and more plainly that tone of wonder which we are all of us apt to express when called on to speak on matters which we are at the moment astonished to have introduced to us.

"Yes, Mrs Bolton, I hope it will. And now I have got something particular to say."

"Perhaps you had better see—Mr Bolton—at the bank."

"I hope I may be able to do so. I quite intend it. But as I am here, if you will allow me, I will say a word to you first. In all matters there is nothing so good as being explicit." She looked at him as though she was altogether afraid of him. And indeed she was. Her husband's opinion of the young man had been very bad five years ago,—and she had not heard that it had been altered since. Young men who went out to the colonies because they were ruined, were, to her thinking, the worst among the bad,—men who drank and gambled and indulged in strange lives, mere castaways, the adopted of Satan. And, to her thinking, among men, none were so rough as miners—and among miners, none were so godless, so unrestrained, so wild as the seekers after gold. She had read, perhaps, something of the Spaniards in Central America, and regarded such adventurers as she would pirates and freebooters generally. And then with regard to the Caldigates generally,—the elder of whom she knew to have been one of her husband's intimate friends in his less regenerated days,—she believed them to be infidel freethinkers. She was not, therefore, by any means predisposed in favour of this young man; and when he spoke of his desire to be explicit, she thought that he had better be explicit anywhere rather than in her drawing-room. "You may remember," he said, "that I had the pleasure of meeting your daughter here before I left the country five years ago." Then she listened with all her ears. There were not many things in this empty, vain, hard, unattractive world which excited her. But the one thing in regard to which she had hopes and fears, doubts and resolutions,—the one matter as to which she knew that she must ever be on her guard, and yet as to which she hardly knew how she was to exercise her care,—was her child. "And once I have seen her since I have been back, though only for a moment." Then he paused as though expecting that she should say something;—but what was it possible that she should say? She only looked at him with all her eyes, and retreated a little from him with her body, as anxious to get away from a man of his class

who should dare even to speak to her of her girl. "The truth is, Mrs Bolton, that her image has been present to me through all my wanderings, and I am here to ask her to be my wife." She rose from her chair as though to fly from him,—and then sitting down again stared at him with her mouth open and her eyes fixed upon him. His wife! Her Hester to become the wife of such a one as that! Her girl, as to whom, when thinking of the future life of her darling, she had come to tell herself that there could be no man good enough, pure enough, true enough, firm enough in his faith and life, to have so tender, so inestimable a treasure committed to his charge!

CHAPTER XVIII.—ROBERT BOLTON.

Caldigate felt at the moment that he had been very abrupt,—so abrupt as to have caused infinite dismay. But then it had been necessary that he should be abrupt in order that he might get the matter understood. The ordinary approaches were not open to him, and unless he had taken a more than usually rapid advantage of the occasion which he had made for himself, he would have had to leave the house without having been able to give any of its inmates the least idea of his purpose. And then,—as he said to himself,—matrimony is honest. He was in all worldly respects a fit match for the young lady. To his own thinking there was nothing preposterous in the nature of his request, though it might have been made with some precipitate informality. He did not regard himself exactly as the lady regarded him, and therefore, though he saw her surprise, he still hoped that he might be able to convince her that in all that he was doing he was as anxious for the welfare of her child as she could be herself.

She sat there so long without saying a word that he found himself obliged to renew his suit. "Of course, Mrs Bolton, I am aware how very little you know of me."

"Nothing at all," she answered, hurriedly;—"or rather too much."

He blushed up to his eyes, perfectly understanding the meaning of her words; and, knowing that he had not deserved them, he was almost angry. "If you will make inquiry I think you will find that I have so far succeeded as to justify you in hoping that I may be able to marry and settle myself in my own country."

"You don't know my daughter at all."

"Very little."

"It is quite out of the question. She is very young, and such a thing has never occurred to her. And we are not the same sort of people."

"Why not, Mrs Bolton? Your husband and my father have been intimate friends for a great many years. It is not as though I had taken up the idea only yesterday. It has been present with me, comforting me, during all my work, for the last five years. I know all your daughter's features as though she had been my constant companion." The lady shivered and almost trembled at this profanation of her child's name. It was trouble to her that one so holy should ever have been thought about by one so unholy. "Of course I do not ask for anything at present;—but will you not consult your husband as to the propriety of allowing her to make my acquaintance?"

"I shall tell my husband, of course."

"And will repeat to him what I say?"

"I shall tell him,—as I should any other most wild proposition that might be made to me. But I am quite sure that he will be very angry."

"Angry! why should he be angry?"

"Because——" Then she stopped.

"I do not think, Mrs Bolton, that there can be any cause for anger. If I were a beggar, if I were below her in position, if I had not means to keep a wife,—even if I were a stranger to his name, he might be angry. But I do not think he can be angry with me, now, because, in the most straightforward way, I come to the young lady's parents and tell them that I love their child. Is it a disgrace to me that of all whom I have seen I think her to be the loveliest and the best? Her father may reject me; but he will be very unreasonable if he is angry with me."

She could not tell him about the dove and the kite, or the lamb and the wolf. She could not explain to him that he was a sinner, unregenerated, a wild man in her estimation, a being of quite another kind than herself, and therefore altogether unfitted to be the husband of her girl! Her husband, no doubt, could do all this—if he would. But then she too, had her own skeleton in her own cupboard. She was not quite assured of her own husband's regeneration. He went to church regularly, and read his Bible, and said his prayers. But she feared,—she was almost sure,—that he liked the bank-books better than his Bible. That he would reject this offer from John Caldigate, she did not doubt. She had always heard her husband speak of the man with disapprobation and scorn. She had heard the whole story of Davis and the Newmarket debts. She had heard, too, the man's subsequent prosperity spoken of as a thing of chance,—as having come from gambling on an extensive scale. She herself regarded money acquired in so unholy a way as likely to turn to slate-stones, or to fly away and become worse than nothing. She knew that Mr Bolton, whether regenerate or not, regarded young Caldigate as an adventurer, and that therefore, the idea of such a marriage would be as unpalatable to him as to herself. But she did not dare to tell her visitor that he was an unregenerate kite, lest her husband would not support her.

"Whatever more you have got to say, you had better say it to him," she replied to the lover when he had come to the end of his defence. At that moment the door opened, and a gentleman entered the room. This was Mr Robert Bolton, the attorney. Now of all her husband's sons,—who were, of course, not her sons,—Mrs Bolton saw this one the most frequently and perhaps liked him the least. Or it might be juster to say that she was more afraid of him than of the others. The two eldest, who were both in the bank, were quiet, sober men, who lived affluently and were married to religious wives, and brought up their children plentifully and piously. She did not see very much of them, because her life was not a social life. But among her friends they were the most intimate. But Robert's wife was given to gaiety and dinner-parties, and had been seen even at balls. And Robert himself was much oftener at the Grange than either of the other brothers. He managed his father's private affairs, and was, perhaps, of all his sons the best liked by the father. He was prosperous in his business, and

was reported to be the leading lawyer in the town. In the old Cambridge days he had entertained John Caldigate at his house; and though they had not met since the miner's return from Australia, each at once knew the other, and their greeting was friendly. "Where's Hess?" said Robert, asking at once after his sister.

"She is engaged, Robert," said Mrs Bolton, very seriously, and very firmly.

"She gave me a commission about some silk, and Margaret says that it can't be executed in Cambridge. She must write to Fanny." Margaret was Mrs Robert Bolton, and Fanny was the wife of the barrister brother who lived in London.

"I will tell her, Robert."

"All the same I should have liked to have seen her."

"She is engaged, Robert." This was said almost more seriously and more firmly than before.

"Well, Caldigate," said the attorney, turning to the visitor, "so you are the one man who has not only gone to the gold country and found gold, but has brought his gold home with him."

"I have brought a little home;—but I hope others have done so before."

"I have never heard of any. You seem to have been uncommonly lucky. Hard work, wasn't it?"

"Hard enough at first."

"And a good deal of chance?"

"If a man will work steadily, and has backbone enough to stand up against reverses without consoling himself with drink; and if, when the gold comes, he can refrain from throwing it about as though it were endless, I think a man may be tolerably sure to earn something." Then he told the story of the horse with the golden shoes.

"Shoes of gold upon a horse!" said Mrs Bolton, holding up both her hands. The man who could even tell such a story must be an adventurer. But, nevertheless, the story had interested her so that she had been enticed into taking some part in the conversation.

When Caldigate got up to take his leave, Robert Bolton offered to walk back to the town with him. He had expected to find his father, but would now look for him at the bank. They started together; and as they went, Caldigate told his story to the young lady's half-brother. It occurred to him that of all the family Robert Bolton would be the most reasonable in such a matter; and that of all the family he might perhaps be the best able to give assistance. When Robert Bolton had heard it all, at first he whistled. Then he asked the following question: "What did she say to you?"

"She did not give me much encouragement."

"I should think not. Though I say it who shouldn't, Hester is the sweetest girl in Cambridgeshire. But her mother thinks her much too good to be given in marriage to any man. This kind of thing was bound to come about some day."

"But Mrs Bolton seems to have some personal objection to me."

"That's probable."

"I don't know why she should."

"She has got one treasure of her own, in enjoying which she is shut out from all the rest of the world. Is it unnatural that she should be a little suspicious about a man who proposes to take her treasure away from her?"

"She must surrender her treasure to some one,—some day."

"If it be so, she will hope to do so to a man of whose antecedents she may know more than she does of yours. What she does know of you is of a nature to frighten her. You will excuse me."

"Oh, of course."

"She has heard that you went away under a cloud, having surrendered your estate. That was against you. Well;—you have come back, and she hears that you have brought some money with you. She does not care very much about money; but she does care about regularity and fixed habits. If Hess is to be married at all, she would especially wish that her husband should be a religious man. Perhaps you are."

"I am neither the one thing nor the other,—especially."

"And therefore peculiarly dangerous in her eyes. It is natural that she should oppose you."

"What am I to do, then?"

"Ah! how am I to answer that? The whole story is very romantic, and I do not know that we are a romantic family. My father is autocratic in his own house."

This last assurance seemed to contain some comfort. As Mrs Bolton would be his enemy in the matter, it was well that the power of deciding should be in other hands. "I do not mean to give it up," said he.

"I suppose you must, if they won't open their doors to you."

"I think they ought to allow me to have the chance of seeing her."

"I don't see why they should. Mind I am not saying anything of this for myself. If I were my sister's guardian, I should take the trouble to make many inquiries before I either asked you into my house or declined to do so. I should not give access to you, or to any other gentleman merely because he asked it."

"Let them make inquiry."

"Mrs Bolton probably thinks that she already knows enough. What my father may say I cannot even surmise."

"Will you tell him?"

"If you wish it."

"Tell him also that I will wait upon him at once if he desires it. He shall know everything about my affairs,—which indeed require no concealment. I can settle enough upon her for her comfort. If she is to have anything of her own, that will be over and above. As far as I am concerned myself, I ask no question about that. I think that a man ought to earn enough for himself and for his wife too. As to religion——"

"If I were you, I would leave that alone," said the lawyer.

"Perhaps so."

"I will tell my father. That is all I can say. Good-bye."

So they parted; and Caldigate, getting on his horse, rode home to Folking. Looking back at what he had done that day, he was almost disposed to be contented with it. The lady's too evident hostility was, of course, to be deprecated;—but then he had expected it. As Robert Bolton had explained to him very clearly, it was almost impossible that he should, at the first, be regarded by her with favourable eyes. But he thought that the brother had been quite as favourable to him as he could have expected, and the ice was broken. The Bolton family generally would know what he was about. Hester would not be told, of course;—at any rate, not at once. But the first steps had been taken, and it must be for him now so to press the matter that the ultimate decision should be made to rest in her hands as soon as possible.

"What did Mr Bolton say to you?" asked the squire.

"I did not see him."

"And what did the young lady say?"

"I did not see her."

"Or the mamma?"

"I did see her, and told her my project."

"I should think she would be startled?"

"She was not very propitious, sir; but that was not to be expected."

"She is a poor melancholy half-crazed creature, I take it," said the squire; "at least that is what I hear. The girl, I should think, would be glad to get away from such a home. But I am afraid you will find a good many obstacles." After that nothing more was said about the matter at Folking for some days.

But there was a great deal said upon the matter both in Cambridge and at Chesterton. Robert Bolton found his father at the bank on the same afternoon, and performed his promise. "Did he see your stepmother?" asked the old man.

"Oh yes; and as far as I can understand, did not receive very much favour at her hands."

"But he did not see Hester?"

"Certainly not to-day."

Then the old man looked up into his son's face, as though seeking some expression there from which he might take some counsel. His own nature had ever been impervious; but he was old now, and, in certain difficulties which environed him, he was apt to lean on his son Robert. It was Robert who encouraged him still to keep in his hands some share of the management of the bank; and it was to Robert that he could look for counsel when the ceremonious strictness of his wife at home became almost too hard even for him.

"It is natural to suppose that Hester should be married some day," said the lawyer.

"Her mother will never wish it."

"She will never wish it at any given moment, but she would probably assent to the proposition generally. Why not Hester as well as another girl? It is the happiest life for women."

"I am not sure,—I am not sure."

"Women think so themselves, and Hester will probably be the same as others. She will, of course, have an opinion of her own."

"She will be guided by her mother."

"Not altogether. It will only be fair that she should be consulted on a matter of such importance to herself."

"You would not tell her what this man has been saying?"

"Not necessarily. I say that she should be consulted generally as to her future life. In regard to this man, I see no objection to him if he be a good man."

"He was here at college. You know what he did then?"

"Yes; and I know, too, something of what he has done since. He went away disinherited and almost degraded. He has come back, as I hear, comparatively a rich man. He has got back his inheritance, which might probably be settled on his children if he were to be married. And all this he has done off his own bat. Where other men stumble so frequently, he has stood on his legs. No doubt, he has lived with rough people, but still he seems to be a gentleman. Hester will be well off, no doubt, some day."

"She will have something,—something," said the old man.

"But this suitor asks for nothing. It is not as though he were coming to you to prop him up in the world. It does not look like that at least. Of course we ought to make inquiry as to his means."

"The mortgage has been paid off."

"So much we know, and the rest may be found out. I do not mean at all to say that he should be allowed to have his own way. I think too much of my sister for that. But, in this matter, we ought to regard simply her happiness and her welfare;—and in considering

that, you ought to be prepared for her coming marriage. You may take it for granted that she will choose to give herself, sooner or later, to some man. Give a girl good looks, and good sense, and good health, and she is sure to wish to be some man's wife,—unless she be deterred by some conventual superstition."

If there were any words capable of conveying horror to the mind of the old banker, they were convents, priests, and papacy,—of which the lawyer was well aware when speaking thus of his sister. Mrs Bolton was certainly not addicted to papistical observances, nor was she at all likely to recommend the seclusion of her daughter in a convent. All her religious doctrines were those of the Low Church. But she had a tendency to arrive at similar results by other means. She was so afraid of the world, the flesh, and the devil, that she would fain shut up her child so as to keep her from the reach of all evil. Vowed celibacy was abominable to her, because it was the resource of the Roman Catholics; and because she had been taught to believe that convent-walls were screens for hiding unheard-of wickedness. But yet, on behalf of her child, she desired seclusion from the world, fancying that so and so only might security be insured. Superstition was as strong with her as with any self-flagellated nun. Fasting, under that name, she held in abhorrence. But all sensual gratifications were wicked in her sight. She would allow all home indulgences to her daughter, each under some separate plea,—constrained to do so by excessive love; but she did so always in fear and trembling, lest she was giving some foothold to Satan. All of which Robert Bolton understood better even than did his father when he gave the above advice in reference to this lover.

CHAPTER XIX.—MEN ARE SO WICKED.

A month had passed by since Caldigate's interview with Mrs Bolton, and nothing had as yet been decided either for him or against him at Chesterton. And the fact that no absolute decision had been made against him may be taken as having been very much in his favour. But of those who doubted, and doubting, had come to no decision, Mrs Bolton herself was by no means one. She was as firm as ever in her intention that the idea should not even be suggested to her daughter. Nor, up to this time, had our hero's name been even mentioned to Hester Bolton.

About a week after Caldigate's visit to Chesterton, in the early days of August, he wrote to Robert Bolton saying that he was going into Scotland for a month, and that he trusted that during that time his proposition might be considered. On his return he would take the liberty of calling on Mr Bolton at the bank. In the meantime he hoped that inquiries might be made as to his position in the world; and in order that such inquiries might be effectual, he gave a reference to his man of business in London. To this letter Robert Bolton sent no answer; but he went up to London, and did make the inquiries as suggested, and consulted his brother the barrister, and his sister-in-law the barrister's wife. They were both of opinion that John Caldigate was behaving well, and were of opinion also that something should be done

to liberate Hester from the thraldom of her mother. "I knew how it would be when she grew up and became a woman," said Mrs William Bolton. "Nobody will be allowed to see her, and she won't have a chance of settling herself. When we asked her to come up here for a couple of months in the season, Mrs Bolton sent me word that London is a terrible place for young girls,—though, of course, she knew that our own girls were being brought up here." Then the ways of Mrs Bolton at Chesterton, and Hester's future life generally, were discussed in a spirit that was by no means unfriendly to our hero.

The suggested inquiries were made in the city, and were all favourable. Every one connected with the mining interests of the Australian colonies knew the name of John Caldigate. All of that class of people were well aware of his prosperity and confirmed good-fortune. He had brought with him or sent home nobody quite knew how much money. But it was very well known that he had left his interest in the Polyeuka mine to be sold for £60,000, and now there had come word that a company had created itself for the sake of making the purchase, and that the money would be forthcoming. The gentleman in the City connected with mining matters did not think that Mr Caldigate would be called upon to go out to the colony again, unless he chose to do so for his own pleasure. All this Robert Bolton learned in the City, and he learned also that the man as to whom he was making inquiry was held in high esteem for honesty, perseverance, and capacity. The result of all this was that he returned to Cambridge with a feeling that his sister ought to be allowed to make the man's acquaintance. He and his brother had agreed that something should be done to liberate their sister from her present condition. Love on the part of a mother may be as injurious as cruelty, if the mother be both tyrannical and superstitious. While Hester had been a child, no interference had been possible or perhaps expedient,—but the time had now come when something ought to be done. Such having been the decision in Harley Street, where the William Boltons lived, Robert Bolton went back home with the intention of carrying it out.

This could only be done through the old man, and even with him not without great care. He was devotedly attached to his young wife;—but was very averse to having it thought that he was ruled by her. Indeed, in all matters affecting his establishment, his means, and his business, he would hardly admit of interference from her at all. His worldly matters he kept between himself and his sons. But in regard to his soul he could not restrain her, and sometimes would hardly oppose her. The prolonged evening prayers, the sermons twice a-week, the two long church services on Sundays,—indulgence as to the third being allowed to him only on the score of his age,—he endured at her command. And in regard to Hester, he had hitherto been ruled by his wife, thinking it proper that a daughter should be left in the hands of her mother. But now, when he was told that if he did not interfere, his girl would be constrained by the harsh bonds of an unnatural life, stern as he was himself and inclined to be gloomy, little as he was disposed to admit ideas of recreation and delight, he did acknowledge that something should be done to relieve her. "But when I die she must be left in her mother's hands," said the old banker.

"It is to be hoped that she may be in other hands before that," replied his son. "I do not mean to say anything against my stepmother;—but for a young woman it is generally best that she should be married. And in Hester's peculiar position, she ought to have the chance of choosing for herself."

In this way something almost like a conspiracy was made on behalf of Caldigate. And yet the old man did not as yet abandon his prejudices against the miner. A man who had at so early an age done so much to ruin himself, and had then sprung so suddenly from ruin to prosperity, could not, he thought, be regarded as a steady well-to-do man of business. He did agree that, as regarded Hester, the prison-bars should be removed; but he did not think that she should be invited to walk forth with Mr John Caldigate. Robert declared that his sister was quite able to form an opinion of her own, and boldly suggested that Hester should be allowed to come and dine at his house. "To meet the man?" asked the banker, in dismay. "Yes," said Robert. "He isn't an ogre. You needn't be afraid of him. I shall be there,—and Margaret. Bring her yourself if you are afraid of anything. No plant ever becomes strong by being kept always away from the winds of heaven." To this he could not assent at the time. He knew that it was impossible to assent without consulting his wife. But he was brought so far round as to think that if nothing but his own consent were wanting, his girl would be allowed to go and meet the ogre.

"I suppose we ought to wish that Hester should be married some day," he said to his wife about this time. She shuddered and dashed her hands together as though deprecating some evil,—some event which she could hardly hope to avoid but which was certainly an evil. "Do you not wish that yourself?" She shook her head. "Is it not the safest condition in which a woman can live?"

"How shall any one be safe among the dangers of this world, Nicholas?" She habitually called her husband by his Christian name, but she was the only living being who did so.

"More safe then?" said he. "It is the natural condition of a woman."

"I do not know. Sin is natural."

"Very likely. No doubt. But marriage is not sinful."

"Men are so wicked."

"Some of them are."

"Where is there one that is not steeped in sin over his head?"

"That applies to women also; doesn't it?" said the banker, petulantly. He was almost angry because she was introducing a commonplace as to the world's condition into a particular argument as to their daughter's future life,—which he felt to be unfair and illogical.

"Of course it does, Nicholas. We are all black and grimed with sin, men and women too; and perhaps something more may be forgiven to men because they have to go out into the world and do their work. But neither one nor the other can be anything but foul with sin;—except,—except——"

He was quite accustomed to the religious truth which was coming, and, in an ordinary way, did not object to the doctrine which she was apt to preach to him often. But it had no reference whatever to the matter now under discussion. The general condition of things produced by the fall of Adam could not be used as an argument against matrimony generally. Wicked as men

and women are, it is so evidently intended that they should marry and multiply, that even she would not deny the general propriety of such an arrangement. Therefore when he was talking to her about their daughter she was ill-treating him when on that occasion she flew away to her much-accustomed discourse.

"What's the use, then, of saying that men are wicked?"

"They are. They are!"

"Not a doubt about it. And so are the women. But they've got to have husbands and wives. They wouldn't be any the better if there were no marrying. We have to suppose that Hester will do the same as other girls."

"I hope not, Nicholas."

"But why not?"

"They are vain, and they adorn themselves, not in modest apparel, as St Paul says in First Timothy, chapter second, nor with shamefacedness and sobriety; but with braided hair and gold and pearls and costly array."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Oh, Nicholas!"

"She might be married without all those things."

"You said you wanted her to be like other girls."

"No, I didn't. I said she would have to get married like other girls. You don't want to make a nun of her."

"A nun! I would sooner sit by her bedside and watch her die! My Hester a nun!"

"Very well, then. Let her go out into the world——"

"The world, Nicholas! The world, the flesh, and the devil! Do they not always go together?"

He was much harassed and very angry. He knew how unreasonable she was, and yet he did not know how to answer her. And she was dishonest with him. Because she felt herself unable to advocate in plain terms a thorough shutting up of her daughter,—a protecting of her from the temptation of sin by absolute and prolonged sequestration, — therefore she equivocated with him, pretending to think that he was desirous of sending his girl out to have her hair braided and herself arrayed in gold and pearls. It was thoroughly dishonest, and he understood the dishonesty. "She must go somewhere," he said, rising from his chair and closing the conversation. At this time a month had passed since Caldigate had been at Chesterton, and he had now returned from Scotland to Folking.

On the following day Hester was taken out to dinner at The Nurseries, as Robert Bolton's house was called, — was taken out by her father. This was quite a new experiment, as she had never dined with any of her aunts and cousins except at an early dinner almost as a child,—and even as a child not at her brother Robert's. But the banker, after having declared that she must go somewhere had persisted. It is not to be supposed that Caldigate was on this occasion invited to meet her;—nor that the father had as yet agreed that any such meeting should be allowed. But as William Bolton,—the London brother, — and Mrs William and one of their girls were down at Cambridge, it was arranged that Hester should meet her relatives. Even so much as this was not settled without much opposition on the part of Hester's mother.

There was nobody at the house but members of the family. The old banker's eldest son Nicholas was not there, as his wife and Mrs Robert did not get on well together. Mrs Nicholas was almost as strict as Mrs Bolton herself, and having no children of her own, would not have sympathised at all in any

desire to procure for Hester the wicked luxury of a lover. The second son Daniel joined the party with his wife, but he had married too late to have grown-up children. His wife was strict too, —but of a medium strictness. Teas, concerts, and occasional dinner-parties were with her permissible;—as were also ribbons and a certain amount of costly array. Mrs Nicholas was in the habit of telling Mrs Daniel that you cannot touch pitch and not be defiled,—generally intending to imply that Mrs Robert was the pitch; and would harp on the impossibility of serving both God and mammon, thinking perhaps that her brother-in-law Robert and mammon were one and the same. But Daniel, who could go to church as often as any man on Sundays, and had thoroughly acquired for himself the reputation of a religious man of business, had his own ideas as to proprieties and expediencies, and would neither quarrel with his brother Robert, nor allow his wife to quarrel with Mrs Robert. So that the Nicholases lived very much alone. Mrs Nicholas and Mrs Bolton might have suited each other, might have been congenial and a comfort each to the other, but the elder son and the elder son's wife had endeavoured to prevent the old man's second marriage, and there had never been a thorough reconciliation since. There are people who can never forgive. Mrs Nicholas had never forgiven the young girl for marrying the old man, and the young girl had never forgiven the opposition of her elder stepdaughter-in-law to her own marriage. Hence it had come to pass that the Nicholases were extruded from the family conclaves, which generally consisted of the Daniels and the Roberts. The Williams were away in London, not often having much to do with these matters. But they too allied themselves with the dominant party, it being quite understood that as long as the old man lived Robert was and would be the most potent member of the family.

When the father and the three sons were in the dining-room together, after the six or seven ladies had left them, the propriety of allowing John Caldigate to make Hester's acquaintance was fully discussed. "I would not for the world interfere," said Robert, "if I did not think it unfair to the dear girl that she should be shut up there altogether."

"Do you suppose that the young man is in earnest?" asked Daniel.

As to this they all agreed that there could be no doubt. He was, too, an old family friend, well to do in the world, able to make proper settlements, and not at all greedy as to a fortune with his wife. Even Daniel Bolton thought that the young man should have a chance, —by saying which he was supposed to declare that the question ought to be left to the arbitrament of the young lady. The old banker was unhappy and ill at ease. He could not reconcile himself at once to so great a change. Though he felt that the excessive fears of his wife, if indulged, would be prejudicial to their girl, still he did not wish to thrust her out into the world all at once. Could there not be some middle course? Could there not be a day named, some four years hence, at which she might be allowed to begin to judge for herself? But his three sons were against him, and he could not resist their joint influence. It was therefore absolutely decided that steps should be taken for enabling John Caldigate to meet Hester at Robert Bolton's house.

"I suppose it will end in a marriage?" William Bolton said to his

brother Robert when they were alone.

"Of course it will. She is the dearest creature in the world;—so good to her mother; but no fool, and quite aware that the kind of restraint to which she has been subjected is an injustice. Of course she will be gratified when a man like that tells her that he loves her. He is a good-looking fellow, with a fine spirit and plenty of means. How on earth can she do better?"

"But Mrs B.?" said William, who would sometimes thus disrespectfully allude to his stepmother.

"Mrs B. will do all she can to prevent it," said Robert; "but I think we shall find that Hester has a will of her own."

On the following day John Caldigate called at the bank, where the banker had a small wainscoted back-parlour appropriated to himself. He had already promised that he would see the young man, and Caldigate was shown into the little room. He soon told his story, and was soon clever enough to perceive that the telling of his story was at any rate permitted. The old father did not receive him with astonishment and displeasure combined, as the young mother had done. Of course he made difficulties, and spoke of the thing as being beyond the bounds of probability. But objection no stronger than that may be taken as amounting almost to encouragement in such circumstances. And he paid evident attention to all that Caldigate said about his own pecuniary affairs,—going so far as to say that he was not in a condition to declare whether he would give his daughter any fortune at all on her marriage.

"It is quite unnecessary," said Caldigate.

"She will probably have something at my death," rejoined the old man.

"And when may I see her?" asked Caldigate.

In answer to that Mr Bolton would not at first make any suggestion whatsoever,—falling back upon his old fears, and declaring that there could be no such meetings at all, but at last allowing that the lover should discuss the matter with his son Robert.

"Perhaps I may have been mistaken about that young man Caldigate," the banker said to his wife that night.

"Oh, Nicholas!"

"I only say that perhaps I may have been mistaken."

"You are not thinking of Hester?"

"I said nothing about Hester then;—but perhaps I may have been mistaken in my opinion about that young man John Caldigate."

John Caldigate, as he rode home after his interview at the bank, almost felt that he had cleared away many difficulties, and that, by his perseverance, he might probably be enabled to carry out the dream of his earlier youth.

CHAPTER XX.—HESTER'S COURAGE.

After that Caldigate did not allow the grass to grow under his feet, and before the end of November the two young people were engaged. As Robert Bolton had said, Hester was of course flattered and of course delighted with this new joy. John Caldigate was just the man to recommend himself to such a girl, not too light, not too prone to pleasure, not contenting himself with bicycles, cricket matches, or billiards, and yet not wholly given to serious matters as had

been those among whom she had hitherto passed her days. And he was one who could speak of his love with soft winning words, neither roughly nor yet with too much of shamefaced diffidence. And when he told her how he had sworn to himself after seeing her that once,—that once when all before him in life was enveloped in doubt and difficulty,—that he would come home and make her his wife, she thought that the manly constancy of his heart was almost divine. Of course she loved him with all her heart. He was in all respects one made to be loved by a woman;—and then what else had she ever had to love? When once it was arranged that he should be allowed to speak to her, the thing was done. She did not at once tell him that it was done. She took some few short halcyon weeks to dally with the vow which her heart was ready to make;—but those around her knew that the vow had been inwardly made; and those who were anxious on her behalf with a new anxiety, with a new responsibility, redoubled their inquiries as to John Caldigate. How would Robert Bolton or Mrs Robert excuse themselves to that frightened miserable mother if at last it should turn out that John Caldigate was not such as they had represented him to be?

But no one could pick a hole in him although many attempts to pick holes were made. The question of his money was put quite at rest by the transference of all his securities, balances, and documents to the Boltons' bank, and the £60,000 for Polyeuka was accepted, so that there was no longer any need that he should go again to the colony. This was sweet news to Hester when she first heard it;—for it had come to pass that it had been agreed that the marriage should be postponed till his return, that having been the one concession made to Mrs Bolton. There had been many arguments about it;—but Hester at last told him that she had promised so much to her mother and that she would of course keep her promise. Then the arrangement took such a form that the journey was not necessary,—or perhaps the objection to the journey became so strong in Caldigate's mind that he determined to dispense with it at any price. And thus, very greatly to the dismay of Mrs Bolton, suddenly there came to be no reason why they should not be married almost at once.

But there was an attempt made at the picking of holes,—or rather many attempts. It would be unfair to say that this was carried on by Mrs Bolton herself;—but she was always ready to listen to what evil things were said to her. Mrs Nicholas, in her horror at the general wickedness of the Caldigates, almost reconciled herself to her stepmother, and even Mrs Daniel began to fear that a rash thing was being done. In the first place there was the old story of Davis and Newmarket. Robert Bolton, who had necessarily become the advocate and defender of our hero generally, did not care much for Davis and Newmarket. All young men sow their wild oats. Of course he had been extravagant. Since his extravagance he had shown himself to be an industrious, sensible, steady member of society;—and there was the money that he had earned! What young man had earned more in a shorter time, or had ever been more prudent in keeping it? Davis and Newmarket were easily answered by a reference to the bank account. Did he ever go to Newmarket now, though he was living so close to it? On that matter Robert Bolton was very strong.

But Mrs Nicholas had found out that Caldigate had spent certainly two Sundays running at Folking without going to church at all; and, as far as she could learn, he was altogether indifferent about public worship. Mrs Bolton, who could never bring herself to treat him as a son-in-law, but who was still obliged to receive him, taxed him to his face with his paganism. "Have you no religion, Mr Caldigate?" He assured her that he had, and fell into a long discussion in which he thoroughly confused her, though he by no means convinced her that he was what he ought to be. But he went with her to church twice on one Sunday, and showed her that he was perfectly familiar with the ways of the place.

But perhaps the loudest complaint came from the side of Babington; and here two sets of enemies joined their forces together who were thoroughly hostile to each other. Mrs Babington declared loudly that old Bolton had been an errand-boy in his youth, and that his father had been a porter and his mother a washerwoman. This could do no real harm, as Caldigate would not have been deterred by any such rumours, even had they been true; but they tended to show animosity, and enabled Mrs Nicholas to find out the cause of the Babington opposition. When she learned that John Caldigate had been engaged to his cousin Julia, of course she made the most of it; and so did Mrs Bolton. And in this way it came to be reported not only that the young man had been engaged to Miss Babington before he went to Australia,—but also that he had renewed his engagement since his return. "You do not love her, do you?" Hester asked him. Then he told her the whole story, as nearly as he could tell it with some respect for his cousin, laughing the while at his aunt's solicitude, and saying, perhaps, something not quite respectful as to Julia's red cheeks and green hat, all of which certainly had not the effect of hardening Hester's heart against him. "The poor young lady can't help it if her feet are big," said Hester, who was quite alive to the grace of a well-made pair of boots, although she had been taught to eschew braided hair and pearls and gold.

Mrs Babington, however, pushed her remonstrances so far that she boldly declared that the man was engaged to her daughter, and wrote to him more than once declaring that it was so. She wrote, indeed, very often, sometimes abusing him for his perfidy, and then, again, imploring him to return to them, and not to defile the true old English blood of the Caldigates with the suds of a washerwoman and the swept-up refuse of a porter's shovel. She became quite eloquent in her denunciation, but always saying that if he would only come back to Babington all would be forgiven him. But in these days he made no visits to Babington.

Then there came a plaintive little note from Mrs Shand. Of course they wished him joy if it were true. But could it be true? Men were very fickle, certainly; but this change seemed to have been very, very sudden! And there was a word or two, prettily written in another hand, on a small slip of paper—"Perhaps you had better send back the book;" and Caldigate, as he read it, thought that he could discern the almost-obliterated smudge of a wiped-up tear. He wrote a cheerful letter to Mrs Shand, in which he told her that though he had not been absolutely engaged to marry Hester Bolton before he started for Australia,—and

consequently before he had ever been at Pollington,—yet his mind had been quite made up to do so; and that therefore he regarded himself as being abnormally constant rather than fickle. "And tell your daughter, with my kindest regards," he added, "that I hope I may be allowed to keep the book."

The Babington objections certainly made their way in Cambridge and out at Chesterton further than any others, and for a time did give a hope to Mrs Bolton and Mrs Nicholas,—and made Robert Bolton shrug his shoulders uneasily when he heard all the details of the engagement in the linen-closet. But there came at one moment a rumour, which did not count for much among the Boltons, but which disturbed Caldigate himself more than any of the other causes adduced for breaking off his intended marriage. Word came that he had been very intimate with a certain woman on his way out to Melbourne, — a woman supposed to be a foreigner and an actress; and the name of Cettini was whispered. He did not know whence the rumour came; —but on one morning Robert Bolton, half laughing, but still with a tone of voice that was half earnest, taxed him with having as many loves as Lothario. "Who is Cettini?" asked Robert Bolton.

"Cettini?" said Caldigate, with a struggle to prevent a blush.

"Did you travel with such a woman?"

"Yes;—at least, if that was her name. I did not hear it till afterwards. A very agreeable woman she was."

"They say that you promised to marry her when on board."

"Then they lie. But that is a matter of course. There are so many lies going about that I almost feel myself to be famous."

"You did not see her after the journey?"

"Yes, I did. I saw her act at Sydney; and very well she acted. Have you anything else to ask?" Robert Bolton said that he had nothing else to ask,—and seemed, at the moment, to turn his half-serious mood into one that was altogether jocular. But the mention of the name had been a wound; and when an anonymous letter a few days afterwards reached Hester herself he was really unhappy. Hester made nothing of the letter—did not even show it to her mother. At that time a day had been fixed for their marriage; and she already regarded her lover as nearer to her than either father or mother. The letter purported to be from some one who had travelled with her lover and this woman on board ship, and declared that everybody on board the ship had thought that Caldigate meant to marry the woman, — who then, so said the letter, called herself Mrs Smith. Hester showed the letter to Caldigate, and then Caldigate told his story. There had been such a woman, who had been much ill-treated because of her poverty. He had certainly taken the woman's part. She had been clever, and, as he had thought, well-behaved. And, no doubt, there had been a certain amount of friendship. He had seen her again in Sydney, where he had found her exercising her profession as an actress. That had been all. "I cannot imagine, dear," he said, "that you should be jealous of any woman; but certainly not of such a one as she." "Nor can I imagine," said Hester, stoutly, "that I could possibly be jealous of any woman." And then there was nothing more said about the woman Smith-Cettini.

During all this time there were many family meetings. Those

between Mr Caldigate, the father, and old Mr Bolton were pleasant enough, though not peculiarly cordial. The banker, though he had been brought to agree to the marriage had not been quite reconciled to it. His younger son had been able to convince him that it was his duty to liberate his daughter from the oppression of her mother's over-vigilance, and all the rest had followed very quickly,—overwhelming him, as it were, by stern necessity. When once the girl had come to understand that she could have her own way, if she chose to have a way of her own, she very quickly took the matter into her own management. And in this way the engagement became a thing settled before the banker had realised the facts of the position. Though he could not be cordial he endeavoured to be gracious to his old friend. But Mrs Bolton spoke words which made all friendship impossible. She asked old Mr Caldigate after his soul, and when he replied to her less seriously than she thought becoming, she told him that he was in the bad way. And then she said things about the marriage which implied that she would sooner see her daughter in her grave than married to a man who was no more than a professing Christian. The conversation ended in a quarrel, after which the squire would not go again to Puritan Grange.

There was indeed a time, an entire week, during which the mother and daughter hardly spoke to each other. In these days Mrs Bolton continually demanded of her husband that he should break off the match, always giving as a reason the alleged fact that John Caldigate was not a true believer. It had been acknowledged between them that if such were the fact the man would be an unfit husband for their daughter. But they differed as to the fact. The son had over and over again declared himself to be a faithful member of the Church of England,—not very scrupulous perhaps in the performance of her ceremonies,—but still a believing member. That his father was not so every one knew, but he was not responsible for his father. Mr Bolton seemed to think that the argument was good;—but Mrs Bolton was of opinion that to become willingly the daughter-in-law of an infidel, would be to throw one's self with one's eyes open in the way of perdition. Hester through all this declared that nothing should now turn her from the man she loved, "Not though he were an infidel himself?" said the terror-stricken mother. "Nothing!" said Hester, bravely. "Of course I should try to change him." A more wretched woman than Mrs Bolton might not probably then have been found. She suddenly perceived herself to be quite powerless with the child over whom her dominion had hitherto been supreme. And she felt herself compelled to give way to people whom, with all her heart, she hated. She determined that nothing, — nothing should induce her to soften her feelings to this son-in-law who was forced upon her. The man had come and had stolen from her her treasure, her one treasure. And that other man whom she had always feared and always hated, Robert Bolton, the man whose craft and worldliness had ever prevented her from emancipating her husband from the flesh and the devil, had brought all this about. Then she reconciled herself to her child, and wept over her, and implored heaven to save her. Hester tried to argue with her,—spoke of her own love,—appealed to her mother, asking whether, as she had now declared her love, it could be right that she should abandon a

man who was so good and so fondly attached to her. Then Mrs Bolton would hide her face, and sob, and put up renewed prayers to heaven that her daughter might not by means of this unhappy marriage become lost to all sense of grace.

It was very miserable, but still the prospect of the marriage was never abandoned nor postponed. A day had been settled a little before Christmas, and the Robert Boltons would allow of no postponement. The old man was so tormented by the misery of his own home that he himself was averse to delay. There could be no comfort for him till the thing should have been done. Mrs Bolton had suggested that it should be put off till the spring;—but he had gloomily replied that as the thing had to be done, the sooner it was done the better.

It had been settled almost from the first that the marriage festival should be held, not at Puritan Grange, but at The Nurseries; and gradually it came to be understood that Mrs Bolton herself would not be present at the breakfast. It was in vain that Hester implored her mother to yield to her in something, to stand with her at any rate on the steps before the altar. "Would you wish me to go and lie before my God?" said the unhappy woman. "When I would give all that I have in the world except my soul,—my life, my name, even my child herself, to prevent this, am I to go and smile and be congratulated, and to look as though I were happy?" As will be told afterwards, Mrs Bolton was present at the church; but she was so present as not to seem to make one of the wedding-party. There was, therefore, very much unhappiness at the Grange, and an absence of all triumph even at The Nurseries. At the old bank-house in the town where the Nicholases lived, the marriage was openly denounced; and even the Daniels, though they were pledged to be present, were in doubt.

"I suppose it is all right?" said Mrs Robert to her husband.

"Of course it is all right. Why not?"

"It seems sad that such an event as a marriage should give rise to so much ill-feeling. I almost wish we had not meddled, Robert."

"I don't think there is anything to regret. Remember what Hester's position would have been if my father had died, leaving her simply to her mother's guardianship! We were bound to free her from that, and we have done it." This was all very well;—but still there was no triumph, no ringing of those inward marriage-bells the sound of whose music ought to be so pleasant to both the families concerned.

There were, however, two persons quite firm to their purpose, and these were the bride and bridegroom. With him firmness was comparatively easy. When his father suggested that the whole Bolton family was making itself disagreeable, he could with much satisfaction reply that he did not intend to marry the whole Bolton family. Having answered the first letter or two he could ignore the Babington remonstrances. And when he was cross-examined as to points of doctrine, he could with sincerity profess himself to be of the same creed with his examiners. If he went to church less often than old Mr Bolton, so did old Mr Bolton go less often than his wife. It was a matter as to which there was no rule. Thus his troubles were comparatively light, and his firmness might be regarded as a thing of course. But she was firm too, and firm amidst very different circumstances. Though her mother prayed and sobbed, implored her, and almost cursed her, still she

was firm. She had given her word to the man, and her heart, and she would not go back. "Yes, papa; it is too late now," she said, when her father, coming from his wife, once suggested to her that even yet it was not too late. "Of course I shall marry him," she said to Mrs Robert, almost with indignation, when Mrs Robert on one occasion nearly broke down in her purpose.

"Dear aunt, indeed, indeed, you need not interfere," she said to Mrs Nicholas. "If he were all that they have called him, still I would marry him," she said to her other aunt,—"because I love him." And so they all became astonished at the young girl whom they had reared up among them, and to understand that whatever might now be their opinions, she would have her way.

And so it was decided that they should be married on a certain Tuesday in the middle of December. Early in the morning she was to be brought down to her aunt's house, there to be decked in her bridal robes, thence to be taken to the church, then to return for the bridal feast, and from thence to be taken off by her husband,—to go whither they might list.

MISS CUSHMAN.

It was in the years of 1840-41, —or probably 1841-42—that I knew Miss Cushman. The intimacy was a brief episode in our lives, but a pleasant one; and I am sure it had a strong influence on our minds. It was a chance acquaintance between two young women of kindred tastes, whose roads in life lay so broadly apart, that each had to step aside to meet the other; and when, as was natural, interferences occurred to prevent this going out of the beaten path, the intimacy ended. Our intercourse was wholly unconnected with my ordinary life, which was a quiet domestic one, occupied with the pursuits of a studious girl. When she came to me of a morning for a few hours, an invisible curtain rose: a curious existence appeared, full of fascination; of sweet old songs; perfect passages of poesy and music; voices of the eternal masters of the beautiful,—the *genii chiari.* When she left, the curtain fell: but the real was beautified by something that hung around it like a subtle perfume; the haunting of a melody; the faint memory of a dream. I had never known actors or actresses personally. They were to me as the people in fairy tales. Even during the period of our most intimate friendship, I could not divest myself of a strange feeling as if I were talking with a Miranda on an Enchanted Island. To my young girl imagination, she was an inhabitant of another planet. She did not belong to my prosaic world. And no wonder! For did she not come from that fascinating unreal place the Stage? from that poetland, the region of Arcady; where grow the forests of Arden, the Athenian woods in which Puck played his pranks, and Hermia and Helena fell out over a lover; where are witches' heaths with moving Birnam woods and Dunsinane; and the mystic rock of Elsinore, washed by the waves of an unknown ocean?

Miss Cushman was in the habit of coming to me almost every morning, on her way home from the re-

hearsals at the theatre, of which she was manageress. We were each hard-working and studious; and while I knew little of her pursuits, she threw herself heart and soul into mine, because they were akin to her own. She always asked me to read aloud her part for the evening; sometimes it was uninteresting and passed without comment; sometimes it was from a famous play, and led us to a long and pleasant reading of the whole work. We plunged into the clear wells of old English poesy with all the enthusiasm of youth. Without thinking of, or meaning to go through, a thorough and instructive course of poetical dramatic literature and criticism, we did so. Often in the evening Miss Cushman would write me a note from the prompter's stand in lead-pencil, and send it by her brother. These notes were continuations of the morning's eager talks over the plays, and appointments for the next happy reading hours. Up to that time Miss Cushman had studied her parts simply as a professional, without sufficient leisure to enjoy the literature of her calling. While we were reading together she would often exclaim, "It is a new world!" If it was an unknown realm to her, to me her readings and conceptions opened up a vast kingdom. I had gone, moderately, to the theatre—had seen many fine actors: but I never understood, until I read with Miss Cushman, what are the peculiar exigencies of the stage; what an actor and the public require of a dramatic author; why one drama may be a perfect poem, and yet unfit for the scene, while another, much less charming will be more effective in scenic and acting qualities.* It was at that time Lessing's 'Dramaturgie' first fell into my hands. His long, tedious, but highly useful criticisms on acting, on foreign plays, the many quotations from classic ancient writers and learned comments, were read by us with the simple faith a child gives to a gospel.

It was at this period of her life that Miss Cushman first met Macready. Some weeks before he came to act with her, she was much excited, and expressed her anxiety as frankly as an unaffected schoolgirl.

"I am dreadfully afraid of him!" she would say. Every day she brought me some news of his mode of acting, his artistic peculiarities, his temper and manners. She was to act Lady Macbeth on his first night. Her repetitions of the tragedy were untiring. We read and re-read it. We consulted everything that had been written on the play and character upon which we could lay our hands. She had Macbeth acted as often as possible, in order to try various effects and get rid of her fright. One morning she came to me looking unusually serious and resolute.

"You will not see me for some days," she said. "Saturday the younger Vandenhoff acts Macbeth with me. I have just heard that Macready points all his parts before a *vis-à-vis* mirror. I mean to prepare Lady Macbeth in that way."

It was useless for me to dissuade her. What did I know about acting? I might be able to tell her something of literature, of criticism; but I knew nothing of "Shakespeare and the musical glasses." And away

* Sardou, in the discourse delivered to the French Academy this spring, gives the law that governs an acting poetical drama. A theatrical work is a condensed one. The spirit of the author makes the reflections, his heart feels the sentiments, but he must give the public only the substance. A phrase must sum up twenty pages, a word comprise twenty phrases.

she went. The following week, one morning I heard her sharp rap on my door. She bounded in like a gay romp of a girl, tossed her book up to the ceiling, and gave a hearty wholesome laugh, when she saw my look of alarm for fear the volume might fall against a precious vase or bust. I poured out a volley of questions about the mirror-pointing, how she succeeded, &c.

"I never acted so fiendishly bad in all my life," she said. "If I act that way when Macready comes, I'll kill myself instead of Duncan. Mirror-pointing may do for Macready, but it plays the mischief with me. I don't mean to think of Lady Macbeth until I go on the stage to act it with him. Let us read any and every thing else. I must do something to get back my unconsciousness. I hate pointing and rules; they make me trip and tumble as if I were in a long gown, and feel horribly nervous."

The night she had acted with the younger Vandenhoff, I had written her a note of apology for not going to the play. In the note I had quoted the passage from "The Two Noble Kinsmen" of Beaumont and Fletcher, beginning,

"You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love."

She had never read the play, and was anxious to know where I had found this beautiful bit. In a few minutes we were deep in the best scenes of that fine drama,—scenes which are as the disputed picture of "Modesty and Worldly Vanity' in the Sciarra Palace, Rome. "If not painted by Leonardo da Vinci," writes Viardot, "it was done by one as great as he." Thus those scenes, if not written by Shakespeare, were by one who possessed his matchless style. Nearly forty years have gone by since those happy young days; but as I write these words, my ears are full of the deep contralto voice of my friend, reading beautiful passages of that old drama,—a voice which had in it then the sweet tenderness of young womanhood; afterwards it became sombre and hard. I never shall forget the first reading of the opening of the play: the scene between the captive queens, Hippolyta and Emelia. It carried Miss Cushman out of herself. She took the parts of the queens, I the others. When I repeated,—

"No knees to me;
What woman I may stead that is distressed,
Does bind me to her,"

—the tears started to her eyes; and when she read the speech beginning,—

"Honoured Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusked boar,"

—her voice trembled with feeling. After we had read the play through, we returned and picked out the choicest parts. It was as dear a joy as the finest music, to hear Miss Cushman repeat her favourite passages, without the book, for her quick memory soon possessed the words. We revelled in the prison scene between Palamon and Arcite; and Miss Cushman's fine dramatic sense put life into parts I had always omitted—the jailor's daughter, for instance. The reading of this play led us naturally to the "Knighte's Tale" of Chaucer, and much critical literature; so when Macready arrived, Miss Cushman was well prepared for the trial. She never acted "Lady Macbeth" so well as on that night. When she first entered, Macready stood at the side scenes, and listened to every word. She was "dreadfully frightened," as she said. The hand that held the letter trembled vis-

ibly, but not the voice—that was very firm and steady; her manner was subdued, which was well, for it was apt in those days to be a little too gushing. The character, or part, was throbbing with life. It had a strange reality which I had never noticed before. The bleak far-off time became our own present moment. It was a being that might be one of ourselves—an ambitious, energetic young woman possessed with one mad selfish desire, and ready to peril all that was high and holy to attain her end. Years after, when Miss Cushman was more famous, I saw her again in "Lady Macbeth;" but it was never the same: her conception had crystallised; the spontaneity of youth was gone. She went through the whole play with equal power and self-possession. Macready stood at the wings in the sleep-walking scene, and was most favourably impressed. Altogether, it was a great triumph, and from that moment may be dated her future success on the English stage. The following morning she came to me at an unusually early hour, and repeated, with the *naïve* delight of a young girl, Macready's compliments.

"I mean to go to England as soon as I can," she said. "Macready says I ought to act on an English stage, and I will."

During our intimacy she often related to me incidents of her artistic career; and most interesting were her recitals, for she was as dramatic off the stage as on. Her stage life had begun early, and had been a hard and painful one, with much to contend against—not only poverty, but envy and ill-will; but she was a brave, vigorous woman, resolute and prompt, and these qualities gain what genius often misses. One of her most interesting recitals was how she created "Nancy Sikes." I forget the date, but it must have been some time before I knew her, as "Nancy" was then one of her leading *rôles*. Miss Cushman and her sister were stock actresses on a New York stage at the time. For some unlucky reason she had gained the ill-will of her manager. One day the casts came from the theatre while she was out. Miss Susan Cushman opened the paper and found among other work, an order for her sister to act "Nancy Sikes" in 'Oliver Twist,' the following week. It was an unimportant character, and always given to actresses of little or no position in the company. "Charlotte will be furious," was the remark of the mother and sister; and so she was.

"But what could I do?" said Miss Cushman sadly, when she told me the story. "I was at the mercy of the man. It was midwinter; my bread had to be earned. I dared not refuse, nor even remonstrate, for I knew he wished to provoke me to break my engagement."

"Shall you act it?" asked her family. "Certainly," was the reply. Up to the night appointed for 'Oliver Twist,' she was not seen by any one except at business-hours. She took her meals in her room, and spent her time there, or out of the house—where, nobody knew. What was she doing? Studying that bare skeleton of a part; clothing it with flesh, giving it life and interest.

"I meant to get the better of my enemy," she said. "What he designed for my mortification should be my triumph."

And it was. She went down into the city slums; into Five Points, and studied the horrible life that surrounded such a wretched existence as "Nancy Sikes." In

the first scene "Nancy" only crossed the stage, gave a sign to Oliver, who was in the hands of the officers, then went off. It was an entrance and exit hardly noticed, a small accessory incident in the terribly realistic drama. But after Miss Cushman created the character, this silent scene was always tremendously applauded. It was curious to see how quickly the public seized on her clever meaning. Instead of crossing the stage once, she made three passages. Before the second the whole house came down with thundering applause. Her make-up was a marvel. There was not the sign of feminine vanity about Miss Cushman. She was always ready to sacrifice her appearance at any time to the dresses required by her parts. And surely that horrible perfection of a Five Points feminine costume was a sacrifice. An old dirty bonnet and dirt-coloured shawl; a shabby gown and shabbier shoes; a worn-out basket with some rags in it, and a key in her hand! She entered swinging the key on her finger, walked stealthily on the outside of the crowd, doubling her steps; looked with sharp cunning at the boy; attracted his attention, winked one eye and thrust her tongue into her cheek. It was a tremendous success, and every succeeding scene sealed down her triumph, and the discomfiture of the manager. The play had a long run; and, as I have said, the part of "Nancy" continued to be one of Miss Cushman's most powerful and popular *rôles* until she went to England, where she never acted it.

'Oliver Twist' is one of the rudest of realistic plays. "Nancy Sikes," as Miss Cushman made the character, stood out with rough but solemn tragic power. It was like a revolting sacrifice in some rude work of early art, when there was the strength of genius without culture and refinement. "Nancy" has little to say in the play. Miss Cushman had to gain her effects by careful and powerful acting. It was Sardou's rule, "Each sentence contained pages; each word comprised many sentences." The scene with Bill Sikes and old Fagin the Jew, when she was trying to creep out unnoticed to the bridge rendezvous, is an example. The talk is between the two men. But who ever listened to them when Miss Cushman acted "Nancy?" All sympathy was with her; every eye rested on that poor creature, who was blindly groping to perform an act of justice. After ineffectual attempts to steal off, and Bill's brutal oaths showed her it was useless, she put pages of despair in the acts of battering her ragged old hat on a nail in the wall, sitting down, rocking to and fro, and biting a bit off a stick! Then the scene on the bridge! The old Jew leaning over the parapet, listening, then moving off like some demoniac power to hasten the tragic fate of the doomed woman. Poor "Nancy!" Her vague notions of right and wrong—the dull, stunning sense of degradation in the presence of simple purity,—Miss Cushman delineated these emotions with wonderful skill. Only a few bold strokes; but they disclosed the sad awakening of the gutter-born wretch. When the young girl treats "Nancy" with kindness, and showed that she trusted in her, Miss Cushman's exultation was fierce, and the handkerchief was snatched with hungry eagerness; and when she bowed humbly down before the memory of her foul life it was heart-breaking. The murder scene was always revolting. But how she acted it! Hunted to death, the poor wounded woman

crawled in on the stage, writhing with agony, on her lips almost the odour of sanctity. "Pardon!—Bill!—kiss me—I forgive!"

Just before she left America for England, she told me she had asked the elder Booth if she ought to act "Nancy Sikes" in London.

"No!" said that clever, wise actor. "No! It is a great part, Charlotte—one of your best; and you made it; but never act it in London. It will give you a vulgar dash you will never get over."

"He is right," she said, when she repeated his words to me; "he is all right. But I know what I will do, I will act 'Meg Merrilees' as just as I do 'Nancy,' and I'll make a hit."

She did, as the future proved. "Meg," which was her most popular part—better liked than her "Lady Macbeth" or any other character—is, after all, a melodramatic "Nancy Sikes,"—just as hideous; but it lacks "the touch of nature" which in "Nancy" made "the whole world kin" to the poor wretch.

A little while before Miss Cushman went to England our intimacy ended. Chance never brought us again together in the old delightful way; but the separation did not lessen our mutual regard—we always remained friends. I heard of her professional and social successes with pleasure. When we were middle-aged women we lived in the same city—Rome—met often and cordially; but we never alluded to the fresh romantic intercourse of our youth. I sometimes thought she had forgotten those pleasant hours; and the memory of that season grew to be a sort of delightful vision, which still retains its charm after the lapse of nearly forty years. The existence of a few impulsive enthusiastic notes and letters, written by her in that far-off day, verify the memory; and as a charming episode in the lives of two young women I have written this account.

GORDON BALDWIN.—PART II.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

IV.

Four years had gone by quickly. Baldwin was now thirty-two, and Forbes was not far from forty. Mrs Leland was dead, and had not seen the fulfilment of the great wish of her heart,—the union of her daughter Jane with George Forbes.

Jane was still young and beautiful, but she was discontented and bitter at heart. This was shown by the thin compressed lips of her firmly-set mouth, by the sharp look of her dark eyes, and by the almost stern expression of her countenance. Life, with her, had not kept its fair promise. The years of her first fresh youth had gone by. Her friends and companions—many of them less beautiful and less wealthy than herself—had married, and now held a position in society from which they seemed to look down upon Jane, whose superiority they had formerly acknowledged without difficulty. There had been numerous suitors for her hand during all these years, but she had rejected them all. She knew why she had done so. The only man who could make her heart beat faster and whose homage would have flattered her, George Forbes, seemed not to care for her. Quite imperceptibly, the circle of her admirers had dwindled. She felt lonely since the death of her mother. She still was to be seen in the American colony of Paris where her great beauty and wealth gave her a prominent position, but she seemed isolated there. The young unmarried girls were afraid of her sharp tongue; and the young men felt embarrassed when they were subjected to the cold looks of Jane Leland.

Sometimes George Forbes would sit down by her side. Then her eyes would brighten with a tender reproachful expression, which remained unnoticed by the millionaire. He sat there perfectly cool and indifferent; and while Jane was looking at him to impress the image of the loved face deeper and deeper into her heart, he would criticise with impertinent coolness the dresses of the ladies, or make some sneering remark about the "young people." He treated Jane like a contemporary—an old friend of many years' standing. Towards midnight, when every one was bright and cheerful, when the youthful faces were flushed with pleasure and excitement, he would rise with a scarcely suppressed yawn to go to his club and gamble there for an hour or two.—He was little changed since the last four years. There was still the same slight graceful figure, the same handsome face which was so familiar to the *habitués* of the Boulevards, the Bois de Boulogne, and the *premières représentations.*

Forbes had felt the loss of Baldwin very much for a short time, and had even gone to London in the hopes of finding him. He had also written to him, but had received no answer. Then he had forgotten him. He had to think of so many other things,—of himself, for instance. From time to time, at intervals which grew more and more distant, the remembrance of the "wild man" rose up in his heart. Then he would feel ashamed and humbled, and would pass his hand impatiently across his brow, as if to drive away a painful vision.

Sometimes he would try and justify himself in his own eyes, and stifle the sense of mortification. "Well, I have at any rate saved fifty thousand dollars!" he would say to himself; but he knew well enough that he did not believe it. He knew that the money Baldwin had asked him to lend, would not have been lost, and that he had missed an opportunity, which might never occur again in his monotonous useless life, to do a good deed to a good man. Of Thomas Graham, he had heard nothing more. "He may be dead for aught I know," Forbes said to himself. A gloomy feeling came over him when he remembered that the last request that Thomas had made had not been granted, and that the kindness shown to him by Baldwin had not been repaid, as he had begged.

Baldwin had spent those four years in Japan. Fortune had smiled upon him and he had become a rich man. Graham, his true and faithful friend, had been his partner for the last three years. Baldwin had proposed that he should go to Europe and give himself a good long holiday; but the quiet melancholy man had refused very gently but with great determination. "Here in Hakodate, I have at last found peace," he said, "and here I will stay. I want nothing, I desire nothing more than what I have. Go to Europe yourself. I wish you, from my heart, all the happiness you can find at home. I hope all your wishes will be realised. As for me, I expect nothing more from the world out there, and I shall stay here."

Baldwin had told Graham what had taken place in Paris, and he had also mentioned, but without any bitterness, the mean behaviour of Forbes. Graham had turned pale when he had heard it. "George is cold-hearted and suspicious," he had said, "but I do not think him bad. I am sorry that his distrust has misled him. I would have forgiven him everything—all that I think I have to reproach him with—if he had rendered you a great service."

Baldwin had noticed that any allusion to Forbes was painful to his friend; the recollections of Paris were sad also for himself. The two, by tacit agreement, never spoke again of Baldwin's unfortunate journey to Europe.

In time, the remembrance of Jane grew fainter in Baldwin's heart. His love for her became calmer, colder, and so disappeared gradually. His anger towards Forbes cooled down in like manner. The small-minded man, whom he had at first heartily despised, became an object of indifference. He thought of him seldom and without bitterness. Time destroys everything.

In the last days of the year 186— Baldwin once more said good-bye to Graham, to make a new trip to Europe. Nothing had been definitely settled about his return to Japan.

"Remain at home as long as you like," Graham had said; "I am happy to think that you are going to enjoy yourself. You are too young to bury yourself out here, as I have done. If you care to remain in England or in France, let no thought of me prevent you. I am content to stay some years longer in Japan. If at any time I should wish to get away from here—which is not likely—I shall know it in time to ask you to take my place for a while, or I will be able to settle our business so that it may be carried on without either your presence or mine. Do not trouble yourself about me. I can get on very well alone. Enjoy yourself, and good-bye."

And now Baldwin was once more in Europe—a quiet, serious man,

older in heart and in looks than in years; but full of confidence, and inspiring confidence in others, as before. He had arrived at Marseilles two or three days before, in a steamer of the Messageries Impériales, and had been in Paris a few hours. He had gone to an hotel in the Rue de la Paix, where he intended to remain a week before he went on to London. It was the month of March.

As soon as he had landed on French soil, Baldwin had felt a great wish to see Paris once more. He could not have explained what attracted him. He did not hope to see Jane again, he did not even wish it. He had never inquired after her, and thought she must have married long ago. For him she was lost—dead. But he wished to revisit the place where his warm young heart had dreamed a brief and beautiful dream. He thought longingly of the place as one thinks of a spot where a beloved friend lies buried. A sorrowful memory of his younger days drew him towards Paris.

He slowly changed his dress and went to the *café* where he had dined years ago on his first arrival. The Boulevards appeared strangely familiar. It was like the meeting of old friends. He recognised in the shop-windows the same photographs which he had noticed four years before. It seemed to him that he had been absent only a few days. Everything was in the old place; nothing seemed changed—but himself. He had grown so different, so much older, so much poorer in hope, so much sadder!

He sat down at the same table where he used to sit with Forbes, and lo! the same waiter, with apparently the same white apron, the same white neck-tie, and the same patent-leather shoes, came up to him and inquired, in the well-known indifferent tones, what "Monsieur" would like to have for dinner?

"Give me a good dinner," said Baldwin.

The waiter started slightly, and looked more closely at the sunburnt stranger with the white forehead. A faint ray of recollection passed over his sleek pallid face and glistened in his dark cunning eyes. He went to order the dinner, and then returned and remained standing near Baldwin. And suddenly he went close up to him, and leaning over the table with polite familiarity, he asked, "Does Monsieur expect Mr Forbes?"

Baldwin looked up with a smile and said, "You have a good memory."

"I never forget my customers," replied the man, evidently flattered.

He went again to the kitchen, and when he came back he said to Baldwin, "I have changed the bill of fare a little. I remember that Monsieur likes highly-seasoned dishes, and I have ordered a curried fowl."

A few minutes later, Forbes entered the room. The waiter went up to him and said, "Monsieur is expected." Forbes looked towards the table which the waiter had pointed out, and a sudden deep flush covered his face. He hesitated during a second, and then walked up to Baldwin. Baldwin rose from his seat, and for one short moment, the two men stood face to face in great embarrassment. Baldwin was the first to hold out his hand, which Forbes seized eagerly and pressed with earnest warmth.

"I am truly delighted to see you again," he said. "I had no idea that you were in Paris. When did you arrive?"

"A few hours ago."

"And where have you put up?"

Baldwin gave the name of his hotel.

The waiter had taken Forbes's hat and overcoat, and was waiting for further orders. "Give me the same dinner as Mr Baldwin," Forbes said, to get rid of the man. Then he sat down, arranged his cover and unfolded his napkin to fill up a short pause. At last he bent forward, and with greater warmth than was usual with him, he said—

"There has been a misunderstanding between us, Baldwin, and I am very sorry for it. I tried to find you after you left me so suddenly, but I did not succeed. I also wrote you a letter, addressed to the care of your banker in London, but I received no answer."

"Let bygones be bygones," said Baldwin. "All that was forgotten long ago."

"No; I must beg to be allowed to give an explanation. I give you my word that on that same evening when I saw you last, I had made up my mind to place the sum which you wanted at your disposal."

"You came a little too late with your friendly intentions."

"Yes, indeed; and I have often regretted it. I regret it to this day. Believe me, I would like to have been of service to you."

"I believe you." It was the same quiet deep voice which Forbes had liked to listen to years ago, and which had inspired him with confidence and affection; but the faithful honest eyes that were now looking at him, and whose steady light he could not endure, were no longer bright and full of life as of yore; they had a serious, almost sad, expression now. A feeling of shame and remorse he had never experienced before filled the heart of the rich man. He would have liked to beg Baldwin's forgiveness. He would willingly have given a far larger sum than that which he had refused to lend four years ago, if he could thereby have effaced his mistake.

"I regretted your sudden departure very much," he repeated.

"I believe you. Let the matter rest. Tell me what you are doing."

Forbes told him that the last four years had gone by in a dull monotonous way, devoid of any interesting incident. Suddenly he interrupted the story of his own life to inquire after Graham.

"He has become my partner," replied Baldwin. "He is quite well. He is a good honest man; and I have a great affection for him. I only regret that nothing seems to give him pleasure. He is always the same: quiet, friendly, kind-hearted, and sad."

"When you write to him," said Forbes, after a pause, "say that I inquired after him, and that I am glad to hear good news of him."

"Why don't you write to him yourself? I am sure a letter from you would give him pleasure."

Forbes made no reply, and changing the conversation, he asked abruptly, "What did you say to Mrs Leland's death?"

"I did not know she was dead," replied Baldwin with surprise. And how is Mr Leland?" he continued with some embarrassment ——"and Miss Jane?"

The old pain awoke in him with the recollection of the old time. But it was pain without bitterness. Jane, in his mind, belonged to a far-distant time which, with all its beautiful hopes, had gone by long ago.

"Mr Leland is just the same," said Forbes. "Indeed I think that his wife's death has made him grow younger. He is once more his own master—which had not been the case with him for the last thirty years. The death of that uncomfortable woman was no great loss to anybody. As for Miss Leland, you will find her but little changed.

Well, she is no longer a child; she must be about twenty-seven now, and the first bloom of youth is certainly gone. Girls grow old faster than married women. But Miss Leland is still remarkably handsome—the handsomest girl of the whole American colony, which can boast of many a lovely face. It is strange that she is not married. There has been no lack of suitors, but she has refused them all."

Baldwin was struck dumb. A thousand thoughts rushed through his brain. Jane was still free? How was that? After all, he had never received a refusal from herself. Her parents alone had spoken. Was it possible that she loved him? Was it too late to ask her for a definite answer? Should he try once more and seek his happiness where, years ago, he had hoped to find it? What if she loved him? . . . His heart throbbed fast at the very thought. . . . And if she did not love him? Well, that would be no loss. The wound he had received four years ago was healed. He was able to look forward with equanimity to meeting Jane. He hoped indeed little; but he had nothing to fear. His feeling towards her could hardly be called love; it was rather a peculiar and intense curiosity. How would she behave when she saw him again? Would she be astonished, or joyfully moved, or indifferent? He wanted to be sure about it.

Forbes perhaps guessed what was going on in Baldwin's mind, for he asked, "Are you going to call on the Lelands?"

"I don't know yet," replied Baldwin; "but I think I would like to see them again."

"You may have that pleasure this very evening. Come with me to the opera; you will find Mr and Miss Leland in my box."

Baldwin hesitated. "Shall I call for you?" urged Forbes, who was anxious to make himself agreeable to his former friend. "I will be at your hotel in half an hour, just in time for the opera. It is nearly eight now."

Baldwin consented and they left the restaurant. When they entered Forbes's box an hour later, it was empty; but very soon Mr Leland and Jane made their appearance. Jane recognised Baldwin at once, and started back with a little exclamation of surprise. But in an instant, and without any apparent effort, she recovered her self-possession. She had never cared for Baldwin. She had not thought of him for years. He was an acquaintance of former days, an old lover whom she had rejected—nothing more. He had gone down in the stream of Time, and had been forgotten without being even regretted. What was it to her that he had turned up again? She gave him calmly her small gloved hand, nodded to him with a friendly smile, and passed on to take her seat in the front of the box.

Baldwin had to be introduced again to Mr Leland; but no sooner did the old gentleman recollect the "young man from Japan" than he showed genuine pleasure at meeting him again. He inquired after his health and his circumstances, and testified his satisfaction at the prosperity of an old friend, by exclaiming half-a-dozen times, "Delighted! delighted!" He insisted on making Baldwin sit in front, next to his daughter, while he remained standing at the back of the box with Forbes, who had to tell him everything he knew about his newly-found friend.

As to Baldwin, he was almost choked with emotion. He had wellnigh forgotten Jane during the last four years, but now the blissful confusion which he had always felt

in her presence took hold of him again. Jane appeared to him more beautiful than ever. She was dressed plainly, like a young girl, but to Baldwin's eyes she shone forth like a queen in her simple toilet. She looked carelessly round the house to see if she recognised any acquaintances, and Baldwin was thus able to admire her without meeting her eyes. The outline of her features had become more sharply defined than before, and this gave still greater refinement to her beauty; her complexion, too, was paler; and it seemed to Baldwin that her countenance wore an expression of gentle sadness, instead of the former proud consciousness of victory. For one short moment her eyes met his. He felt himself turn pale. Those eyes had lost the triumphant look of pride which once beamed from them; they were wearied, regretful, almost appealing for help. Jane certainly was more beautiful than ever.

The curtain fell and put an end to Baldwin's mute admiring contemplation. And now she turned towards him and asked him kindly how he had been, and when he had left Japan, and whether he intended to remain in Europe.

Baldwin completely forgot that an hour before he had only been curious to see what impression their meeting would produce on Jane. Now his inexperienced large heart yearned towards her with all its might. A delightful pain, made up of mingled hope and sorrow, filled his breast. It was with great difficulty he could retain his self-command. And Jane saw it all, as with an enchanting smile, and a kind trustful expression, she looked up at him.

Baldwin went back with Forbes to his hotel after the theatre, silent and abstracted.

"You do not seem to hear what I am saying to you," remarked Forbes, with a smile.

"I beg your pardon; I am a little tired from my journey. You asked me where we should dine tomorrow. It is all the same to me, —wherever you like."

"At our old restaurant, then, at seven. Afterwards I go to the Sands's for an hour. Shall I introduce you? You may find some old friends there; at any rate you will meet the Lelands. Mrs Sands is an old friend of mine, and I can introduce you without ceremony."

Baldwin accepted the offer and the two separated for the night. On his way home, Forbes debated with himself whether he would ask Baldwin to stay again at his house. But he feared a refusal, and without settling the question in his own mind, he went to bed and was soon fast asleep. Jane dreamed that night that Forbes had, at last, declared his love. Baldwin's fatigue had entirely disappeared, and for a long time he walked up and down his room in great excitement. And once more, as it had been four years ago, all his thoughts were with Jane Leland.

V.

Baldwin met many old acquaintances at Mrs Sands's. They all invited him, and he accepted their invitations; and thus it came to pass that very soon after his arrival in Paris, he went out to parties every evening and almost invariably met Jane. He had now been four weeks in Paris. He delayed his departure from day to day, and easily found pretexts for remaining where he could see her.

Baldwin was a quiet man, full of sound common-sense. Life in foreign lands had given him a self-reliance and a determination of character which people who remain at home, surrounded by relatives and friends, seldom acquire in the same degree. But his heart, which for a long time had fed upon his first love in Paris,—the heart of the "wild man," as Forbes had called him, — had never been touched since, and was still young and inexperienced as a child's. He loved with the strength of a man and with the ingenuousness of a boy—with all his heart and with all his soul. And Jane was no longer quite indifferent to the passion she inspired.—She resented bitterly the loneliness in which she had lived latterly; and she missed the circle of admirers who used to surround her. She had exercised mercilessly the privilege of refusing all offers, and she did not regret that she had done so; but she noticed with mortification that nobody now seemed to seek her favour, and that she had, apparently, lost that power over the hearts of men which she had used with so little pity. At times she felt really sad — almost sentimental. Even cold heartless people can pity themselves sometimes very sincerely. Could she not reach the goal which so many of her companions had attained? Was she not more beautiful, richer, more intelligent than any of them? If she chose to employ the arts and the manœuvres that they had resorted to, she might triumph even now. But she would not. Her pride rebelled at the thought that she, the beautiful Jane Leland, should ask for love. If she had cared to do that she might have conquered the heart of George Forbes years ago. She had always been proud and reserved, even to him. Nobody could know, and nobody should ever know, what was passing in her breast,—George Forbes least of all. She wanted to be loved, and then, by her own free will, to give her virgin heart as a priceless boon to him whom she could love in return.—But now no one seemed to care for the precious gift. And here was Baldwin! She well knew how superior he was to the affected young dandies who surrounded him. How noble and fearless was the glance of those large clear eyes! All other eyes quailed before them. How true and honest was the ring of that deep voice! How serious, calm, and earnest was his speech! But the proud look softened when it met hers; his voice sank to a tender whisper when he spoke to her; and his words, which scarcely dared to hint at what filled his heart, told her with touching bashful simplicity that he loved her as she had never been loved before.

Yes; Gordon Baldwin was a man upon whom she could rely. Every drop of his life's blood belonged to her if she required it. She need not beg for his love as for that of the cold suspicious Forbes. No; in Baldwin's eyes her love was an invaluable treasure.

One evening when Baldwin met Jane at the house of a mutual friend he told her that he could not stay in Paris much longer, and that he would go to London in a few days.

"I hope you will soon return to Paris," she said.

"Perhaps," he replied; and after a pause he added, in a low voice, "Will you let me see you to-morrow to say good-bye?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," she answered, smilingly.

"Miss Leland . . ." began Baldwin. Then he stopped. She looked at him with some surprise, but kindly and encouragingly. "To-morrow, then," he added, "I

will have the pleasure of calling on you at five."

The next day, a few minutes before the appointed time, Baldwin entered the same room where, four years before, he had been a suitor for Jane Leland's hand. Mr Leland had gone out and Jane was alone. Miss Leland was an independent young lady who, even during her mother's lifetime, had enjoyed a great deal of liberty, and who, having now been for more than a year quite uncontrolled by her father, could receive anybody she wished to see alone.

On his way from his hotel to the Avenue Friedland, Baldwin had tried to think of what he should say to Jane. He would once more declare his love—that was his settled purpose; but he could not determine in his own mind how to do it. He dared not picture to himself all that might happen. What if Jane were to refuse him, as her mother had refused him years ago in her name?—How would he thank her if she accepted him?—He shook his head as if to drive away the confused thoughts which tormented him. He closed his eyes, so to speak, to all the possibilities of his case, and half hopeful, half despairing, he went to meet his fate. It was a leap in the dark, and he would take it.

Jane was reading in the drawing-room when Baldwin entered. She took a few steps forward to meet him, and offered him her small, slender hand. He kept it in his own and looked anxiously round the large room, like one who seeks for help or is in fear of danger. She sought gently to withdraw her hand, but he detained it firmly, and said,

"Miss Leland, years ago I stood before you, as at this moment, to ask a question which you have never answered. . . . Jane . . . trust yourself to me . . . Jane . . ."

He looked at her imploringly, unable to utter another word. Infinite sadness, love, devotion, were in his eyes. Her heart beat faster. Why should she reject the great love which was now offered to her?—Forbes?—The image of the man she loved appeared for one short moment before her — the scornful mouth, the cold criticising eyes, the proud wearied face. The vision vanished and she saw Baldwin—honest earnest Baldwin—with his truthful face in which everything lived and everything spoke of love for her. She did not withdraw her hand. Her eyes fell; she did not lean towards him, but he drew her gently to his heart and she resisted no longer. Before she was aware of it, her head rested on his breast. She wept softly,—over the great love which she inspired; over the happiness she hoped for confusedly but yet sincerely; and over the sudden but now irrevocable loss of all the cherished dreams of her heart. He kissed her pure brow and said tremulously, "My whole life will bless you for the happiness which you give me." He led her to the window, where, half unconscious, she sank into a seat. He was once more master of himself, and though deeply moved, he was able to speak to her quietly. "Would she tell her father what had taken place, or should he do so?" She did not answer. "Did she think her father would object to their marriage?" "Oh no," she said, in a scarcely audible whisper.

"Well, then, we have nothing more to fear: all will be well."

"Yes, all will be well."

But she could not look into his eyes. Only yesterday she had been the mistress whose smile or whose frown could make Baldwin happy or miserable; now she felt weak and disarmed. She had shot her last arrow; she had made her

choice; she had sealed her fate. It was very different from what she had hoped. She looked at Baldwin stealthily as if she saw him for the first time. Could she be proud of him? He had nothing of that peculiarly aristocratic bearing which had attracted her in Forbes, but he was a noble-looking man nevertheless. She need not fear that the world would laugh at him or at her. Her friends would be astonished at her choice;—after all, she had not won a great prize. Had she been so fastidious and so exacting, to give, at last, her hand to a man who had neither a great name nor a large fortune? If she had married George Forbes, everybody would have thought her conduct natural. She would have waited long, but she would have won a great prize. But who was Gordon Baldwin? A man whom nobody knew, for whom nobody cared. A sigh escaped her. She heard indistinctly, as in a dream, what Baldwin told her. He spoke of his life in Japan since he had left her;—how unhappy he had been; how he had thought that he could kill his sorrow by hard work; and how, at last, he had found rest, but no happiness. He spoke of the longing which had drawn him back to Paris, although he had come there without hope; of the surprise, mingled with fear, with which he had learned from Forbes that all was not yet lost; of their meeting at the opera, where she had appeared to him so sad and so beautiful; of the revival of his love, which had never been really dead; and now of the indescribable happiness of knowing himself beloved.

She smiled sadly. Her heart was ready to burst. He could not know that it was full of despair for the loss of her once hoped-for happiness. The tear that fell on her pale marble cheek, the sigh which made her bosom heave, the smile which glorified the beloved countenance, only seemed to tell him that she loved him.

The large clock struck slowly and loudly—seven. Baldwin looked up in astonishment. Two hours had gone by like a few minutes. She felt wearied and wretched, like a beaten soldier fleeing from the enemy, and longing for darkness and solitude. He rose; she gave him her hand but remained seated. He bent down and kissed her once more on her forehead.

"Good-bye, till we meet again this evening, my own, my beloved."

"Until we meet again," she repeated, mechanically. And now, at last, she was alone. She remained motionless in the same attitude for a few minutes, staring straight before her. Then she rose, and slowly, noiselessly, as in a dream, she went up to her own room.

This, then, was the end of her ambition! She was to live and die Mrs Gordon Baldwin! She did not repent of what she had done. No! she felt a bitter scornful joy as she thought of it. "Now Mr Forbes will see at last that I did not care for his miserable money." Her greatest wish at that moment was that he should feel this, and that it should give him pain. "Will he, now that I am lost to him, regret that he never sought my love?" She shook her head in despair, "I have never been anything to him." Oh, how bitter, how very bitter was that thought! Should she try her chance once more? Her cheek flushed, her eyes shone at the thought. Should she write to Baldwin and say that she had been mistaken, that she had deceived him, that she begged his forgiveness, and wanted to take back her promise? Baldwin would do anything for her, she was quite sure of that. She rose and went slowly to her writing-table. But there

she sank into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. Of what use would her freedom be to her? She had been free all these years and Forbes had never looked at her with love. No, thank God! she had not fallen so low as to beg for his love. She hated him—she was not going to mourn all her life for his sake. She would not give him the satisfaction of seeing her grow old in solitude. He had once said to her, "Baldwin is the best man I know." He should see that the best of men was happy to devote himself entirely to her. She bathed her face in cold water to efface the trace of her tears. She had suddenly grown calm. The icy coldness of those who have lost all that was dearest to them and who have conquered that loss, had taken possession of her. In a few minutes she had grown much older. She had done with all the hopes, and all the dreams of youth. She went up to the glass to arrange her hair: a pale face, with burning eyes, met her gaze. She nodded to the vision with a gloomy smile,—"Good-bye, Jane Leland," she said. Then she went down to the drawing-room, where her father had been waiting for her to go to dinner.

The relations between Mr Leland and his daughter were not of a kind to make Jane feel any embarrassment in telling him of what had taken place during the afternoon. She did it after dinner in a calm unconcerned manner.

"How do you like Mr Baldwin?" she asked, after she had poured out coffee for her father who was enjoying a cigar—a liberty he would never have taken in the drawing-room during the lifetime of Mrs Leland, "*née* De Montemars."

"A charming man—a very charming young man."

"Would he suit you as a son-in-law?"

"What? What do you say?"

Jane repeated the question. Mr Leland nearly dropped the cup he was holding: he put it quickly on the table, and with a trembling hand laid down his cigar; then he bent over to his daughter and looked at her in mute astonishment.

"Mr Baldwin has asked me this afternoon to be his wife."

"Well?"

"He will ask you for your consent this evening."

"And I will give it him with all my heart. I would never have refused it. . . . My darling child! I am so happy. . . . I am an old man, and I may die any day. The thought that I would have to leave you alone has embittered these last years of my life. Now I can live and die in peace. Baldwin is a noble-hearted and good man. I have always liked him, and I have often regretted that your dear mother refused his offer. My dear Jane! my only child! my own dear daughter!"

He embraced her tenderly, and was much more affected than she was—so much more that her coldness did not strike him. He begged her to tell him how it had all happened; and she had already begun to do so in a very business-like way when the door opened and Mr Baldwin was announced.

Mr Leland, beaming with joy, went forward to meet him. He pressed his hand and could only say, "Welcome, my dear son;" then he sat down trembling and was quite unable to utter another word.

Baldwin was as much moved as the old man. Jane observed them almost contemptuously. She had fought her battle; she was tired and longing for rest. Why all this excitement? She listened

with indifference to the plans which her father and her lover made for the future. She nodded, or said "Yes" when a look or a word seemed to ask for her consent. She cared for nothing. Sometimes it seemed to her as though she were not concerned in what was going on before her. It was like a dream. Everything appeared dark and confused. Was it really her own future life they were discussing? Could those two men dispose of *her?* Was she no longer free? Was Forbes lost to her for ever? Once more the desperate resolution which had tempted her in her own room recurred to her. Should she rise and call out, "Stop! you are mistaken! I have deceived you — I love another!" But then Forbes appeared before her, smiling scornfully. No, anything was better than to be sneered at by that man,—perhaps to be pitied by him! And Baldwin was a good noble-hearted man. She would learn to love him. All might yet be well.

It was settled that the more intimate acquaintances should be informed of the engagement on the morrow, and that in two months' time—in July—the wedding should take place.

"Where shall we live—in Paris or in London?" said Baldwin.

"Wherever you like," was Jane's reply.

"In Paris, of course," exclaimed old Leland. "Nowhere in the world can a young married couple live as pleasantly as in Paris. Besides, I am accustomed to this life, and I would find it difficult at my age to adopt any other. Then you have so many good old friends here, — the Lingards, the Kellys, the Sandses, Forbes, and many others . . ."

"Very well, let it be Paris then," said Jane, and this ended the conversation.

VI.

Miss Leland's engagement to Gordon Baldwin was for many days the principal topic of conversation among the American residents in Paris. The girls and the young married women talked about it very much in the spirit which Jane had foreseen. They were in no way jealous of her conquest, and there was a touch of sarcasm in their remarks. The young men were indifferent. They had no claims on Jane, and were inclined to consider the stranger from Yesso a bold man. They expressed the hope that he would have energy enough to tame the proud spirit of his bride. Some predicted that he would follow in the footsteps of his father-in-law, who had been the pattern of obedient husbands. Others remarked that he did not look like a man who would consent to be led by any one—not even by an adored wife. As for the old ladies and gentlemen who had long given up all idea of Jane or Baldwin for their unmarried sons or daughters, they were perfectly satisfied with the arrangement.

Forbes alone, though he had long been aware of the affection of his former friend for Jane Leland, was astonished when he heard of the marriage. He had never made up his mind to ask her to become his wife; he did not love her; but he could see that in beauty and in intellect she far surpassed all the other American girls of his acquaintance. Nor had Jane's preference for himself escaped his notice, though she always treated him with great reserve. Men are as quick-sighted as

women in this respect, and have a great liking for those whom they please. Forbes had said to himself more than once that if ever he *did* marry, he would take Jane Leland. He thought of her as he would have thought of a precious work of art for his house, which he could acquire at great cost, but which would give him proportionate pleasure. "She would look well," he said to himself, "as the mistress of my house, at a large dinner-party, or at a ball, or, again, by my side in an open carriage." The thought had never struck him that he might not be able to secure this "precious thing" when he wanted it, just as he never doubted that he could buy a beautiful picture which he liked. The only question was to pay the price. Up to the present time he had thought Jane Leland a little too expensive for him. She was not worth—just yet—the sacrifice of all the enjoyments of a free bachelor life. But he had never quite given her up. In his mind she was "marked"—as it were in a sale catalogue—as a desideratum, and he was only waiting for an opportunity, or for a favourable frame of mind, to conclude the bargain.

He had never thought it possible that Jane could escape him; he had never really feared any of her numerous suitors, and Baldwin even less than two or three of those that the proud beauty had refused. The "wild man" was a good honest fellow, but that would be no great recommendation in the eyes of his practical countrywoman. He possessed a fair fortune; but according to Forbes's ideas, he could not even be called rich. Why should Jane treat him differently and better than her other admirers? And yet so it was: Gordon Baldwin was the affianced husband, and she was lost to Forbes.

At first he did not feel much grieved; he only felt a peculiar unpleasant restlessness. He knew that henceforward something would be wanting in his life. Many things he had not thought of for a long time now came to mind suddenly with painful distinctness. He noticed that he was no longer young, and that his acquaintances began to treat him like an old bachelor. When he went to parties, the lady of the house no longer asked him whether he would dance, but the host inquired in a friendly whisper whether he would take a hand at whist. He remembered that all his wealth had not purchased for him a single friend, and that this lonely life—which had never oppressed him before—was, after all, very unsatisfactory. The remembrance of Thomas Graham, to whom, for a long while, he had not given a thought, came back to him. If they had been together he would not now feel so lonely. But between Thomas and him there was a great gulf—they could never meet again. He thought over all the marriageable girls of his acquaintance, but among them there was not one who could fill Jane Leland's place. He felt angry with her. It seemed to him that she had treated him badly, unfairly. For years there had existed a peculiar kind of intimacy between them; she ought to have "given warning" when she meant to break off. He had thought better of her than to suppose that she would throw herself away on the first stranger she met! But it was now too late to complain; he had to make the best of it. He went to Baldwin's hotel, and congratulated him with, apparently, genuine pleasure; from thence he went to the Avenue Friedland, where he left his card, upon which he had written in pencil, "My best wishes." Then he went home and tried to per-

suade himself that nothing particular had happened. He yawned more than usual over the papers; found his dinner abominable, and declared to the waiter that he would not come again if he were not better served; thought that the piece played by the best actors of the Palais Royal was uncommonly tedious and silly, and remained only a short time at his club. Contrary to his habit he walked home to enjoy the fresh air on the quay, and to tire himself by exercise.

The broad beautiful walk along the Seine from the Pont-Royal to the Pont de l'Alma is at a late hour almost deserted. Forbes could indulge in his thoughts undisturbed, and for more than an hour he walked up and down. He was pleased with the loneliness of the place, and from that day he often found his way to it. A great change must have taken place when he, who had never been inclined to reverie, found pleasure in this quiet walk. Now he too had his dreams, just like other less cold-hearted people. He had found out at last that his life might have been better than it promised to be, and that one cannot despise unselfish affection without suffering for it. For Thomas Graham, for Gordon Baldwin, for Jane Leland he had been something more than merely "the rich George Forbes;" yet in them, too, he had suspected selfish motives. And it was now too late to correct his mistake. Too late! Again and again he repeated the bitter words. He well knew that Baldwin had never met him again with the old friendly confidence of former days, and that Jane could never be to him what she had once been. "After all," he said to himself, "I possess very little in this world though I am a rich man."

Summer was come. Most of the friends of the Leland family had either left, or were preparing to leave Paris, to go to some watering-place or other. Forbes, like the rest, had made his plans for the summer, and would have been away already if he had had the courage to refuse Baldwin's invitation to the wedding. He generally found no difficulty in giving a refusal; but on this occasion he accepted, less to please Baldwin than to avoid the appearance of being in any way vexed at the marriage.

Both Forbes and Jane acted their parts before the world so as to deceive everybody except themselves. Forbes affected a friendly desire to make himself useful, and offered many little services to promote the future comfort of the young couple. Jane never seemed more satisfied with her fate than when Forbes was present. But sometimes when their eyes met, they exchanged a bitter reproachful glance. The young bride-elect would often think of it at night in her own room, and enjoy the painful triumph of knowing that Forbes, now it was too late, repented of what he had done, or rather of what he had left undone. And when Forbes, with his hands thrust in his pockets and his head bowed in deep thought, walked up and down the solitary quay, he repeated to himself with regretful pride that, had it been his pleasure, he might for years past have occupied that place by Jane's side for which Baldwin had to fight so hard.

Baldwin and old Mr Leland were the best of friends and perfectly happy. Not a shadow of suspicion crossed their contented minds. Jane had accepted Baldwin's offer: for these two simple-minded men that was a convincing proof that she loved him. They did not know how to solve psychological problems, and suspected no secret. Jane, in her intercourse with Baldwin, certainly did not show that devotion

and confidence which, in theory, he might have expected from his betrothed; but he thought that her coldness was only the result of maidenly reserve, and he admired her all the more for it. Old Leland was not naturally very clear-sighted, and his wife had certainly not spoiled him by great demonstrations of affection. Jane's behaviour to her future husband seemed to him perfectly natural and becoming.

The interval of two months between the engagement and the wedding had quickly gone by, and at last the eventful day came and passed like other days. The marriage was celebrated with great splendour. Many of Jane's friends came up to Paris on purpose to see "the beautiful Miss Leland" on her wedding-day. She was indeed very lovely on that occasion. It was noticed that she was very pale, and that her eyes remained so obstinately fixed on the ground during the ceremony, that not one of the wedding-guests could obtain a look.

Only a few intimate friends were invited to the breakfast—among these was George Forbes. His eyes sought again and again those of the bride, but not once did they meet. She would see nothing, and she saw nothing, of all that went on around her.

After the breakfast, the newly-married couple disappeared in that mysterious manner which fashion prescribes, and were not seen again for some months.

Forbes shortly after the wedding went to America, where, he said, important business required his presence. Old Leland went to Trouville, where he found many of his friends, to whom he confided—at intervals varying from eight to ten days—that he had the very best news from the young couple, who were making a wedding-tour in Norway and Sweden, and were as happy as two newly-married lovers could be.

VII.

Mr and Mrs Gordon Baldwin returned to Paris after their wedding-tour, and established themselves in their new residence in the Avenue de l'Impératrice. They led a very retired life, and with the exception of Forbes, received only a few of their former acquaintances. Nobody was surprised at this, for the young couple were in deep mourning. A few days before their return to Paris, they had received news of the sudden illness, and almost immediately after, of the death of Mr Leland. He had been a weak kind-hearted gentleman, and his loss was sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

Mrs Gordon Baldwin, his only child, inherited the greater part of his large fortune; but several distant relatives, as well as a few friends and acquaintances, had been remembered in his will. The old banker had, to the last, carefully kept the management of his wealth in his own hands, and had expressed his wishes respecting the disposal of it after his death in a clear and business-like manner. His son-in-law, Mr Gordon Baldwin, and Mr George Forbes of New York, now resident in Paris, son of his late friend Richard Forbes, were appointed executors.

One passage in the will had particularly struck Baldwin, and had been listened to by Forbes with evident embarrassment:—

". . . Further, I bequeath the

sum of ten thousand dollars to Mr Thomas Lansdale, half-brother to Mr George Forbes, my executor, and son of Major Thomas Lansdale of Baltimore, and of Mary Lansdale his wife, who, after his death, married Richard Forbes of San Francisco and New York. This sum of ten thousand dollars is to be handed over to Mr Thomas Lansdale with the assurance that, under all circumstances, I have remained his true and faithful friend."

While this passage was being read, Baldwin looked inquiringly at Forbes; but the latter kept his eyes steadily cast down.

Half an hour later, when they were driving home together from the American Consulate, where the will had been read, Baldwin said, "I did not know that you had a brother."

"We will talk about that some other time," said Forbes; "my brother's story is a long and not a particularly pleasant one. I do not feel inclined to tell it to-day."

On the whole, since his return from America, Forbes seemed little inclined to be communicative. He had always been very reticent; and since Jane's marriage he had become still more so. The voyage to America, which he had undertaken immediately after the wedding, had not made him more cheerful. His countrymen struck him as uncultivated; many of them as ill-bred. He thought the men conceited and full of unjustifiable pride; he was shocked at the bold and noisy manner of the women in their intercourse with the other sex. Formerly he had found it a pleasant pastime to laugh and flirt with his pretty countrywomen; now he thought their behaviour forward, almost vulgar. He remained only one month in the United States and then returned to Europe.

It seemed to him as though the ten days' passage from New York to Liverpool would never come to an end. He longed for a storm, merely for the sake of a change; but the sky remained clear and blue all through the day, the nights were wonderfully bright, and the ocean, with its overwhelming immense monotony, lay before him like a colossal mirror. He liked to sit alone at the furthest end of the deck, away from the rest of the passengers, and to watch the white dancing furrows of foam which marked the track of the vessel. He had no distinctly sorrowful thoughts, and he was not continually grieving that the only friends he had had in the world were now lost to him. It was only dimly that the vision of Thomas, of Gordon, of Jane, passed before him. But a peculiar gloomy uneasiness, like a presentiment of approaching misfortune, oppressed him. "What is the matter with me?" he asked himself angrily. "Do I not possess everything to make me happy? I am rich; I am still young. Have I not the means of enjoying life? What ails me?" He could find no answer to his questions, but his heart was heavy, and the dark dismal thoughts could not be banished. There was the fruitless past and the barren future;—a joyless life, and a hopeless one.

The summer was not quite over when Forbes landed in England. London and Paris, where he remained a few days only, seemed to him deserted and insupportably dull. In Paris he prolonged his stay for two days longer than he had intended, for the special purpose of carefully examining and finally buying a large picture which had attracted his attention in the shop of a dealer. It was brought to his house, and hung up in the place of the beautiful Rubens, which for

years had been the ornament of his bedroom.

It was an ugly picture, on which his eyes now fed morning and evening. It represented Seneca entering the bath, dripping with blood, and uttering with his dying breath words of wisdom, which a weeping disciple was writing down. Beneath this ghastly image was written, —"*Tædet tamdiu eadem fecisse.*" Forbes had caused this sentence to be translated to him, and when he understood its meaning, his eyes lighted up, and he said, approvingly, "That is a good picture and a good sentiment;" and without another word, he paid the high price which the dealer asked for the wretched daub.

Forbes went from Paris to several watering-places. He found everywhere the same well-dressed men, the same elegant women, the same carriages and boats, the same lackeys, waiters, drivers, and boatmen. It seemed to him that everything which he had hoped to leave behind in one place followed him wherever he went. At the railway stations he met the same well-known officious porters; at the hotels he was received by the stereotyped head-waiter, with the stereotyped bow; and when recognised—thanks to his luggage and servants—as a rich visitor, he was conducted into the well-known showy room with its pretentious mahogany furniture, and its velvet chairs and curtains. In the reading-room there was the same ragged-looking number of 'Figaro,' the same copy of the 'Times,' with its stains of tea and coffee, which he had seen at the last watering-place. "It is tedious always to see, to hear, and to do the same thing," he said to himself.

He returned to Paris in October, but he mixed in society much less than he used to do. He neglected his club altogether, and every night between ten and twelve o'clock he might be seen on the solitary quay beside the Seine, where he slowly walked up and down, with his head bowed down, and his hands behind his back.

One night, shortly after the reading of old Leland's will, Forbes was overtaken by Baldwin in his lonely walk.

"What are you doing here at this hour?" said Baldwin.

Forbes replied that this walk by the river-side had almost become a necessity to him before going to bed. "In all Paris," he said, "there is no quieter place than this after eleven o'clock. One is as much alone here as if one were a hundred miles away from the noisy city; and yet he need only walk a few steps to be again in the midst of bright teeming life. I like the contrast. It prepares me, in a way, for the solitude which awaits me on my return to my bachelor home. But this is no place for a young husband. What are you doing here this stormy evening?"

Baldwin made an evasive reply, and rather to turn the conversation than to gratify a feeling of curiosity, he said—

"You still owe me an answer to my question about your brother. Do you feel inclined to speak about him to-night? I do not wish to be importunate, but you must, at any rate, give me his address, as I have to inform him that my father-in-law has left him ten thousand dollars."

"You know Thomas Lansdale's address as well as I do."

"What do you mean?"

"Thomas Lansdale and Thomas Graham are one and the same person."

Baldwin was much surprised, but he remained silent. He could well imagine that something very painful must have occurred to induce his partner in Hakodate to assume

a feigned name, and to keep secret his relationship to Forbes. But Baldwin felt no anxiety to have the mystery explained. Whatever might have taken place between the two brothers, he felt sure that Graham, whom he had now known eight years, was worthy of his confidence.

"It is a sad story," continued Forbes, after a pause. He stopped again, and then with an assumed tone of indifference, he proceeded: "My brother and my father could never agree. My father was very severe. Thomas, when I knew him, was wild and reckless. There were frequently violent scenes between them. During my mother's lifetime she acted as peacemaker; but soon after her death Thomas was obliged to leave the house. He ran into debt, not so much for himself, as to assist a set of low sharpers who had got about him. And that was not the worst. He married, without my father's knowledge, a woman who deceived him, and whom the credulous fool took for a saint. She did much mischief. She died, many years ago, in poverty and wretchedness. The less said about her the better. When my father heard of the marriage he became frantic with rage. He was a violent man, and was not master of himself when he was angry. He went to Chicago, where my brother was living, to force him to give up his wife. Thomas worshipped the unworthy creature. My father's threats exasperated him. . . . It is a fearful story. . . ."

Forbes paused for a moment to collect his thoughts. He had completely lost the composure with which he had begun his narrative. His tremulous voice betrayed deep inward emotion.

"You must bear in mind that there was no actual relationship between Thomas and his stepfather. . . . He was a strong man. . . . He had kept, from his old Californian life, the habit of going about armed. . . . In those days at Chicago there was hardly a man who had not always his revolver ready to hand. . . . My father had been stung to the quick by Thomas. . . . He had shown him the door, he had laid hands on him. . . . Well! My brother was wounded —not dangerously, God be praised! —but still he was wounded. The unfortunate affair was hushed up, and only a few intimate friends—old Leland among the number—knew of it. Thomas Lansdale recovered; but he went from bad to worse; his wife dragged him lower and lower down. Yet he would not consent to what we all asked him to do with so much reason: he would not separate from that woman. My father died without having seen him again, and without forgiving him. Then Thomas addressed himself to me. What could I do? I could not declare my father to have been in the wrong. He had done no wrong. . . . Then I heard nothing more of Thomas Lansdale for a long time—till you, five years ago, brought me news of him. . . . That is my brother's story."

Baldwin had not once interrupted Forbes, and remained silent now.

"You think I have done wrong," said the suspicious man; "you consider that I have acted harshly?"

"I do not think that I could have been angry with a brother so long," replied Baldwin, with great earnestness. "Thomas Graham is a good man; every one who knows him loves him."

"He was not always as quiet and good as you have known him. He was wild and disorderly. My father paid his debts over and over again."

"He was your brother."

They had arrived at a part of the

quay where their way lay in different directions. Baldwin wished his companion "good night," and turned off quickly.

Forbes went home slowly. His magnificent rooms appeared to him unutterably sad and lonely. He went into his study, and from among a heap of papers and documents which he kept locked up in a box, he took a large envelope on which was written in his own hand, "Letters from T. L.; to be burned unread after my death." He read the letters through, very carefully. The stern features of his cold face relaxed, as he read, into a gentler and sadder expression. How had he been able to resist these touching complaints and supplications which now so painfully moved his heart? He put down the papers with a heavy sigh, and remained for a long time motionless and in deep thought.

"He was my brother," he said at last, unconsciously repeating Baldwin's last reproachful words. "He was my brother, and strangers have saved him from ruin." And now the past rose up before him.—He remembered, as if it were yesterday, the evening when Thomas had said good-bye to him in his bedroom, before leaving the house after their mother's death. He saw him, as he stood before him then, with his pale face, his long fair hair, his large blue eyes, with their startled timid look—the eyes of their dead mother! "George," he had said, "you must not tell your father that I have come to you. He forbade me to do so. But I wanted to say good-bye to you, as to my brother, and he would not have allowed it. Good-bye, George; think of me kindly." And then he had embraced him and Forbes had felt his hot tears upon his cheek; and Thomas had noiselessly stolen away.

"He was my brother; he was my brother," repeated Forbes.

He had seen him again, many years after, in a street of New York. He looked wretched and poor then. It was a cold wet night. He wore thin shabby clothes and seemed to be shivering in them. "For the last three days I have been waiting here every evening for you," he said. "Oh, George, listen to me! save me! I am lost!" And he, Forbes, had had the courage to repel him. "Have you separated from your wife?"—"She is ill, George, help me!"—"Will you promise me to separate from your wife?"—"George! help me! help me!" Those words now, after long years, cut deep into his heart. "He was my brother!" The remembrance of that meeting weighed on him like a hideous nightmare. A hopeless sadness enveloped him as in the folds of a dark shroud.—He might have had a brother, a friend, a loving wife: Thomas, Baldwin, Jane. And now he had lost all, lost for ever! What remained? A large fortune! And what could he do with it? Always the same thing—always! "*Tœdet tamdiu eadem fecisse.*"

HALF-WAY TO ARCADY.

A Poet dressed in evening clothes, but somewhat dusty, meets an Arcadian girl upon the road.

He. Here, child! Is this the way to Arcady?
She. Yes, noble lord.
He. No noble lord am I.
I am a poet, and a weary one.
Give me a drink of water. Child, the sun
Will fleck that dainty skin with golden kisses,
Termed freckles by our milk-of-almond misses.
Turn from the glaring road a little space:
The spreading beech will shade the dimpled face,
The frolic face, a light in shady nook:
Nay, do not fear! It has been mine to look
On many million women; therefore I,
Or partly therefore, go to Arcady.
She. But there are women in Arcadia.
He. Are there? To lead the yokel hearts astray,
And mine, perhaps. Ah me! to lie along
A little brook, a shepherd from a song,
A little babbling brook, and plait the reeds,
To watch the dance young Amaryllis leads,
To hum a catch of Pan, and Nymph and Faun
Laughing and leaping on the upland lawn,
To taste pure milk, to sleep before the sun,
Wake with the sheep and with the sheep-dog run,
To plunge in brawling stream, rest on the sod
As free and naked as a woodland god—
Ah, to be there! How far is't?
She. Let me see.
Fair sir, since sunrise I've walked steadily—
He. You come from Arcady?
She. Of course, my lord.
He. Poor child! and you have left the land adored
By sheep and poets. Say, what cruel fate
Has sent you thence to wander desolate
In this cramped world of licence, law, and lie?
She. What sent me thence? I left, I know not why.
I'd seen so many very silly sheep
And silly shepherds—oh, they peer and peep,
And sing their songs all to one lazy tune
Of ribbons and of roses, and warm June,
And bells are always tinkling, breezes sighing
For nothing, and the leaves so long a-dying—
Indeed I know not why I ran away.
He. Where do you go?
She. To Paris, and to day,
To life, to life!—Oh pardon me, fair sir,
I talk too much.
He. I like those lips astir
With funny little fancies, rosebud lips,

A rose of dew; and now a sunbeam slips
Through frolic beech-leaves for a kiss I ween;
Now the lips part, and so he slips between.
You sit so meek and pretty in the shade,
Were I not tired of women, I'm afraid
That I should learn of sunbeams—nay, don't fear me,
I've seen so many pretty women near me.
Fold little hands, turn great wise eyes on mine,
And I will teach you wisdom,—how they shine,
Those merry eyes! and are they blue or brown?—
'Tis good to live far from the noisy town,
To live a simple life in woodland wild,
Child in a child's world, evermore a child;
'Tis good to cut the reed and sound the lay,
To lead the sheep—

She. —And watch the lambkins play
Have I not watched them? Yes, sir, and the game
The lambkins played was evermore the same.
Indeed I've seen it all.

He. The lark at morn
Leaps a live song above the yellow corn:
The hours go by to music; when the sun
Slopes to the west, their day-long pleasures done,
The simple souls betake themselves to rest—
Blest race indeed if they but know they're blest.

She. Ah, sir, but what are countless days like these
To Paris hours and gaslight in the trees—
A glare, a maze, a murmur?

He. Listen, child!
In that old shell of Paris was I styled
Prince of misrule, mirth, madness, mockery,
No lord of laughter half so loud as I;
No cup so deep as mine, no heart so gay.
Do I look very happy?

She. Dare I say?
Dare I speak out my thought? Fair sir, your face
Has in it something that did never grace
Our most sweet-smiling shepherd: I can guess
That it is what we long for—weariness.
There's no life to grow weary of at home.

He. Each year the apple-orchards break to foam
Of sun-tipped blossom, every leaf is new
On every tree, and all the sky is blue.
Slowly the fresh green turns to deep rich shadè,
Slowly gnarled boughs with fruit are overweighed,
Swell the fair clusters on the swinging vine,
The year grows old in beauty. Maiden mine,
No charms in dusty Paris will you see
One half so sweet as your simplicity.

She. My poor simplicity! My silliness!
I pray you do not mock me, sir; distress
Makes my voice fail; indeed I don't know why,

But I am very silly: if I cry
You'll laugh again, and I shall cry the more.
I pray you do not mock me.

He. Not for store
Of moments dear as this, of sweet replies,
Of April dawning in those lips and eyes!
I mock you not. I smile because 'tis sweet
To see the fretted sunlight at our feet.
I smile, because your eyes are large and round;
I smile to think I sit on grassy mound
And prattle with a girl; while far away
The huddled crowd of Paris wear the day
Uneasy—flitting on from sport to sport,
Stabbing with jest, and winging quick retort,
Playing and playing, lest they see pass by
Young Pleasure's drear-eyed spouse, Satiety.
Fever of life, O absinthe, cigarette,
O endless theatre where in order set
A dull-eyed people all the long night through
Sit without hope of seeing something new!
O dulness smartly uttered! paradox;
O hired applause, bought flowers from the box!
O acres of stretched canvas, where with skill
The painter shows new forms of every ill—
Historic bloodshed, new-distorted dress,
And unimagined, undraped ugliness!
O pleasure without laughter, strange disease
Of mad amusements that can never please!
O storm and stress of gold, and fuss, and feather!
O hollow Paris, you and I together
Have run the weary round of mirth.—But now!
Now the quick air comes wooing; on the bough
A squirrel stops to listen; one small bird
Is talkative, and naught beside is heard,
Save murmurs of wise bees amid the bloom;
And far away the dim musk-scented room
Is shut from sunlight, and the ear is full
Of clatter, and the restless eye grows dull.
O little girl of laughter all compact,
Of little fancy, and of simple fact,
Maid o' the milking, queen of holiday,
My brier-rose from the close hedge astray,
My heart can beat again, my eyes can see;
I sought Arcadia, and she came to me.
Here will we rest.

She. But, sir, is Paris near?

He. Take me, take Paris; I have Paris here,
Here in my shrivelled heart, my weary face,
Here in my tailor's artificial grace,
In scorn of joys which can no more delay me,
In arrogance which bids you thus obey me.
I am all Paris, spoiled child of the sun,
And I am at your feet, my little one.

She. Oh, sir, I dare not—sir, I cannot speak.
He. Then kiss for answer, for all words are weak.
Up, little heart! an altar quick prepare
Of well-trimmed turf entwined with flowers fair—
The flowers are tame in Paris. Here will I
Dwell with my love half-way to Arcady,
Free from fierce joys and more abiding pain.
Clear to Lord Hymen raise the simple marriage strain.

SONG.

Now together let us sing,
Hymen, Hymen! Hours take wing.
Hours quick-winged with our delight
Gone like smoke that's blue and bright
In the happy morning air.
Quick, then, with flowers fair!
Flowers to the altar bring—
Simple sweet our offering—
And both together sing
O Hymen, be propitious, Hymen,
O Hymen, Hymenæe.

(*He sings.*) *Where the altar turf is set,*
Smoke of perfumed cigarette
Melts to air, and springs a flame
Fed by drink without a name
Poured from out the silver flask.
(*They both sing.*) *Thus we end our easy task,*
And the happy rite is done.
Now westward slopes the sun;
All the sky, as he goes down,
Takes the glow of saffron gown,
As far from noisy town
We raise our song of Hymen, Hymen,
O Hymen, Hymenæe.

Thus sang the two together sweet and low,
And days went by in order sweet and slow;
And sweet and low birds chattered 'mid the bloom;
And sweet and slow was life to bride and groom—
Lo! life was sweet to her and slow to him.
The whimsical had gratified his whim.
Morn brings the cows, at eve they homeward go,
But no morn brings the far-off Figaro;
And yet 'tis good to sit with lazy feet
Dropped in the stream, and think of dusty street;
To milk the evening cow, nor care for haste,
Recalling absinthe and less lacteal taste.
O gay the chatter of Arcadian lass,
O gay the boulevard all aglare with gas,
O gay, O gay! Once at that calm abode
Was dropped a last year's paper in the road,
And one wild day a stray Arcadian swain
Grinned through the leaves, and went away again. J. S.

SUMMER IN THE HILLS.

THERE is a time in life, Mr Kinglake remarks in his 'Eothen,' when a man loathes the wearisome ways of society, and flies for refuge to the solitudes of the mountains or the shadows of the storms brooding over the downs. When England can hold him no longer, he breaks away into touring on the Continent; and when he has satiated himself with the too familiar scenes of civilisation, there comes a moody longing for travel in the East. Mr Kinglake had in his mind the inevitable reaction that follows the indulgences and disappointments of a "golden youth;" but a similar sense of satiety falls with annual regularity on all who are busied with pleasure or work. How insupportable does the town become in July to those who have been indefatigable in the duties of the season! The heat of the dog-days has nearly done its worst, the flags of Pall Mall and Piccadilly have never the time to cool, the flowers and the foliage have been parched in the parks, and the tints of the swardy turf confound themselves with the colours of the gravel. The wearers of diaphanous frock-coats festoon the hat-pegs in the club-halls with rows of "ventilating gossamers," and scramble for the tables behind open windows that are screened by variegated sun-blinds. The calling a hansom to drive down to the House is an effort, and enervated eloquence droops on languid pinions before a beggarly show of deserted benches. Aggravated forms of indigestion have marked the darlings of society for their own. *Entrées* and *entremets* have become a weariness of the flesh; and *gourmets* who were in superb training three months before, are come down to trifling with salads and strawberries. The sweetest sirens of the opera fail to charm the senses of the melancholy spirits in the purgatory of the stalls. As for the minor theatres, they are so many pandemonia of "pleasure;" and it is hard to conceive the frame of mind of the clerk who spares a shilling for admission to a music-hall,—for the men of the city are nearly as worn as those drones of the west, whom they are disposed to envy. What you see in Rotten Row towards the end of July should be suggestive as the death's-head at the Egyptian festivals. The blooming beauties of the beginning of the season have shrunk pitifully in their well-padded habits; the matrons who used to loll affectedly in their carriages sink back upon the cushions in honest exhaustion; the sparkle of the cavaliers, such as it was, has been gradually dimmed by chronic dyspepsia. Yet Hyde Park Corner is nearly as inspiriting a spectacle as the sanctuaries of Mammon about the Bank and Stock Exchange. The merchants and stockbrokers have likewise been dining hard, and they have been fretting besides over cash-box and ledger. A man may have been born in the very scarlet of the city guilds—he may have gone into serious gastronomic training from his boyhood; but saddles and sirloins must tell after a time, to say nothing of indiscretions over turtle and venison, especially when maturing liabilities turn to nightmares, although money may possibly be "a drug in the market." In short, when the summer is drawing to its height, and the days are beginning to shorten visibly, everybody who has either cash or a shadow of credit,

is craving for the change that has become almost a necessity.

Those who have seats in the country naturally go to them, and no doubt the great family of the Sansterres may envy the possessors of the lordly domains that are studded over the fair landscapes of England. It is no bad thing to have a rent-roll, even if it be hampered with mortgages. You can always buoy yourself up in the prospect of retrenching, with some margin to come and go upon in the meantime. There is no such home-like luxury on the habitable globe as in those English castles and courts and halls, with their parks and gardens and picturesque out-buildings; with the cattle ruminating under the shadows of ancestral trees, the brood-mares and the colts running loose in the paddocks, the fallow-deer "belling" from the beds of bracken, and the pheasants crowing merrily in the copses. The most sumptuous of town mansions between the street and the mews behind seems cramped in comparison with the rambling old family pile where you could easily find shakedowns for a regiment of cavalry with stabling for their horses in the halls and corridors. As for the unfortunate tenants of those genteel slips of *bijou* residences in the fashionable precincts of Belgravia or Mayfair that fetch fabulous rents with fancy premiums, they must feel like slipping out of strait-waistcoats when they are fairly breathing the air of the country and have passed the hospitable portals of the comfortable hall. The first bright morning at home half repays one for the long martyrdom of the season; when the scent of the fresh-mown lawn breathes in at the dressing-room window with the fragrance of the dew-spangled flowers in the borders. It is pleasant to look out on the richness of nature; to hear the hoarse cawing of the rooks from the elms; to listen to the soft cooing of the wood-pigeons, to the song of the larks, the thrushes, and the blackbirds; to walk round the woods and fields with the keeper, and have him descanting on the promise of the game; to stroll down to the village, and have a chat with the old pensioners in the cottages; to drop in at the rectory and hear the parish gossip from the rector; to ride in the afternoon through the lanes and take a look round the outlying homesteads. All that is pleasant enough, but it is pleasure of a sort that may speedily pall upon you. Like milk or syrups and soda-water to the reclaimed drunkard, a little of it is apt to go a very long way. The fact is that you have been leading an artificial life, and you cannot escape the penalty of reaction by simply returning to more primitive habits. Gathering roses and discoursing with cottagers' wives becomes dull to a lady who has been turning day into night, and dropping into a half-dozen drawing-rooms of an evening. As for the squire himself, and still more the squire's son and heir, he soon discovers, as he has discovered any time these many years in the summer, that there is "very little to be done." Even if he be at all bucolical in his tastes, he cannot jerk the reins out of his bailiff's hands at a moment's notice; and Nature has been cruelly inconsiderate in her distribution of field-sports. The persecuted remnant of the foxes are peacefully attending to the upbringing of their offspring, and making terrible havoc among the tiny rabbits; while the partridges are not due for another month. In his enervated condition the landowner falls a victim to *ennui*, when he might have been invigorating himself by powerful but wholesome stimulants. He would have found himself another man on

the 1st of September had he been filliping his nerves and spirits in the meantime.

So if you are neither blessed with a rent-roll nor a country seat, you have still your consolation in the absence of responsibilities; nor are you ever more alive to that than at the end of the season. If you have a snug income from safe securities, what can you wish more? Rumour is sure to magnify it, and swell your social consideration. Other people preserve the game for you, and you enter into the fruits of their cares and expenditure. The country, with the stubble-fields and pheasant-covers, can wait; you will have welcome by-and-by in comfortable quarters. No one dreams of inviting you as yet; although it might be a grand opportunity, could you only be tempted. You could play lawn-tennis with the girls, and ride with them through the shady lanes, or lounge out on the lawn in the gloaming through the open French windows of the dining-room, when the shrubbery-walks are steeped in sentiment, and your whispers seem to shape themselves in appropriate poetry. A beautiful dream, indeed, which floats vaguely before the vision of the anxious matron, but which she hardly thinks of converting into a reality, unless you have already shown signs of being heart-stricken. You will only come to her weeks afterwards, when you will have law and a fair chance for your freedom; when you will be out in the stubbles and the woods from breakfast to a late dinner; when there will be unhallowed midnight symposia in the smoking-room; when there will be rivals to run you hard; and when sentiment will only have opportunity of overmastering you in your softer moods and in *moments perdus*. In the meantime, you have Eothen's longing for solitude, or at least for a burst of life *en garçon*, with a pleasant dash of Bohemianism in it. So, too, if you are one of those detrimentals, the terror of mothers because you may be the delight of their daughters. If they feel bound to entertain you for family reasons, they will ask you later, when the house will be full, and inevitable opportunities for mischief will be minimised. You have your way to make in the world, by work or favour. You are a clerk in a Government office, or a briefless barrister from the Inns of Court, or a subaltern with your long leave on your hands. Possibly your line may be literature, with a superabundance of intellectual susceptibilities and insufficient means of gratifying them. But poor or not, in the beginning of August the world is before you for the next few weeks; and even if you have creditors who must go to the wall, you are inexorably determined on a six weeks' holiday. The idea of unseating the cares that have been clinging behind you in the saddle, may give your holiday an added zest. It is to be hoped that you have youth and health, and an unsated capacity for enjoyment. Your nerves may have grown somewhat flaccid with your muscles, but change and excitement must act on them like magic.

In circumstances like these there are two alternatives—the sea or the hills. Well, we grant that there is something to be said for the former, especially if your temperament is lymphatic and you are comparatively independent of exercise. There are worse quarters than the club-houses at Ryde or Cowes, where you can watch from the lawn or the balconies the yachts that lie moored in the offing. But it is not everybody who can sail to Corinth or elsewhere in the yawl or schooner that sits the water like a duck and

skims the waves before the breeze like a petrel. If we had a sound pair of sea-legs and a seasoned stomach, we should not mind a cruise to the isles of Greece, the shores of the Mediterranean, or the fjords of Norway, with gun-cases and fishing-rods stowed away among the ballast. But we have little sympathy with your stay-at-home fine-weather mariners, who may be seen tacking about the Solent under snowy canvas, when there is hardly a ripple on the wave, to say nothing of a reef in the sails. Regatta "racing," in something like a dead calm, is to our fancy as dull a form of entertainment as any gentleman need lavish his substance on; although it may be admirable as self-schooling for undisciplined natures. At all events, it may be a trifle better than the mere sojourn at a watering-place. It is true that there you have the freshness of the briny air, and superb views in fine weather over the azure expanse of the ocean. But then you have the brass-bands as well, and the barrel-organs; the Punches and the performing monkeys and the mountebanks; the beggars, the bicycles, and the flower-girls, and the conversible coast-guardsmen with their telescopes. Brighton is but London brought to the sea, and every place else is but a shadier Brighton; unless, indeed, you seek a refuge in some unfashionable nook, or in one of those sea-resorts under the downs by which they are almost brought into the category of the hill-country. The lodging-houses are crowded to overflowing, as you find to your cost, in more ways than one, if you are a family man. The front rooms in the hotels are bespoken, and you have disagreeable evidence each hour of the day that the cooks and the waiters are sadly overwrought. As a rule, the surrounding landscape is an expanse of poppy-spangled chalk, monotonous as a foreign billiard-table without the pockets. There is not a tree to shade you from the half-tropical glare, while the soil when it is raining is transformed to bird-lime. Worst of all, you are still entangled in the skirts of the very society that has sickened you. You may be button-holed at any moment by the most portentous bore in the whole circle of your acquaintance, and have to choose between an open quarrel or a stroll with a *tête-à-tête* dinner to follow. And you must always to a certain degree *soigner* your costume, since all your outgoings and incomings lie across the frequented promenades.

No; Brighton or Scarborough, Ramsgate and Margate, may be very well for certain people in their several degrees,—for Cockneys born and bred; for professional family men, with their marriageable maidens, and their maid-servants, and their small children swarming like cockroaches; for fashionable tradesmen and tenors of the Grand Opera; for Jews and Greeks of pursy *physique* and pasty physiognomy, in patent-leathered boots and pearl-coloured pantaloons, with their ringed and ringleted females who loll at the first-floor windows in the grand hotels, and sip their sparkling wines, and either overpay the waiters with sovereigns or forget them. The English sea-bath, in short, is admirably suited to English counterparts of those *blasé* French folks who go to Trouville or Biarritz to dress and *flâner* through the livelong day. Only in England they must dispense with the dancing and the *écarté* and the summer *troupes* from metropolitan theatres,—with all the routine of those more or less decent entertainments that make inevitable dulness a trifle more endurable. But the unencumbered Englishman, who is merely temporarily out of

condition—in the words of an old song, by Professor Aytoun, of which the *refrain* is still ringing in our ears—as a general principle "takes the hills."

And if he can, and if he be wise, he betakes himself to the Scotch hills, like the respectable but recalcitrant divines alluded to in Aytoun's song — although with a very different purpose and prospects. He is not going to make himself a child of the mist, with any notion of questing after the crown of martyrdom. Nor does he mean to lie down "heads and thraws" in the heather, with "ither noble gentlemen that winna thole the laws;" although, if he follow his sport in the forests as well as on the moors, he may be benighted on occasion, and have to bivouac in the open. Weather permitting, and even in spite of the weather, he hopes to make himself as jovial as may be. Nature may have been guilty of an oversight in her arrangements as to southern field-sports; but she has conspired with the constitutional practice of these realms to behave very handsomely by Scotland. Does not the close of the session and the season coincide with the beginning of the grouse-shooting? When the fever of party has died down in its ashes, the haggard legislator soothes his last days in St Stephen's with visions of the reviving apotheosis that awaits him. The curtain drops on those last impotent acts of the drama that annually illustrate the vanity of human aspirations; and before the parliamentary cockpit and the galleries are well draped in their coverings of calico, he is speeding in a hansom to the Northern Railway Station, happy as a school-boy on the breaking-up for the holidays. He sleeps as he has never slept for long, even when lulled to rest by the somniferous droning of the long-winded mouthpieces of philosophical radicalism; and he wakes up in what he fancies to be a foretaste of the freshness of the Highland air. But he is bound for the hills in reality, and passes with comparative indifference many a rolling waste of heather, renowned as they may be for the bloody bags that are to be swept off them in the beginning of the season. His heart is set upon scenery as much as sport—upon retirement rather than sheer butchery. Not that he intends to be misanthropical by any means. The shooting-lodge is situated in some lone wilderness, in its boundless contiguity of sparsely-populated space; but he is to keep tryst in it with two or three chosen spirits. Though the chatter of society may have staled upon him, congenial conversation and company are still the salt of existence; nor are the materials for a quiet rubber to be despised when the weather seems to have set its heart upon spiting you.

The shooting-lodge is situated possibly on the very ridge and watershed of the mountains which are the backbone of the most rugged counties in these islands. The broods may not be so numerous as lower down—the bags you hope to make may not be so heavy; but then, on the other hand, you may have your shooting far on into the autumn. You must toil for your sport, and so much the better. The lodge, with its little gravel sweep and garden, is on the only available bit of level—everywhere else the strath is apt to be flooded when the stream that winds down over the pebbly shallows changes into a raging torrent in the rains or the melting snows, turning the promontory that the lodge is perched on into a peninsula. The hills behind are almost precipitous—only their uppermost slopes are faintly tinged with purple, while

the ledges of the frowning cliffs that cast their shadows across the loch and the meadows are covered with the freshest and thickest of herbage. But the grasses flower and seed and go to waste. They are inaccessible alike to hill-sheep and shepherds, and even the wild-hay gatherers of the Alps could make nothing of them. The hills to the northward of the lodge, on the other hand, are covered with a mantle of blooming heather, falling in its heaviest folds in the sheltered corries, though striped and patched here and there by shreds of emerald green. It is rough walking, but it will repay you, were it only from the picturesque point of view. Each ridge opens up a fresh prospect over the rolling expanse of hill and dale. There is a giant in the foreground showing his weather-beaten scalp when it is not wreathed in a fleecy turban. Standing on his summit, when the weather is clear, the eye ranges over landmarks at almost incredible distances, which the keepers can recognise and identify. And the effects even gain in grandeur on a genuine Highland day, when one half the landscape is sunshine and the other lies wrapped in cloud—when the heavy mists rolling out of the cloudland scatter and thin and vanish in dissolving transparencies of fleecy vapour.

But you have no notion of scrambling up his shoulders in August. You may make the ascent later, when you have skimmed the cream of the grouse-shooting, and are thinking of turning your attention to the ptarmigan. It is the evening of the 11th, and your plans for the morrow are less aspiring. You remember the time when anticipations of the 12th would have troubled the slumbers that were proof against worries. That keenness of anticipation is a thing of the past; but you have your compensations notwithstanding, and one of them is an excellent night after the long and tedious railway journey. There is something in the air of the mountains that is soporific as well as invigorating. Towards the chillier hours, before dawn, when it comes fresher through the open window, half unconsciously you throw out an arm and drag up another blanket. The simplicity of your sleeping accommodation is positive luxury; for we are talking of what is literally a shooting-box, and not of one of those substantial family mansions that go with the forests of a couple of thousands a-year. It is literally a box, for the partitions are of plain unvarnished deal; there are no draperies about your tiny bed, and merely a blind over the window. There is still a faint flavour of the turpentine lingering about the panelling of pine; and here and there, where a knot has slipped out of the wood, an indiscreet or inquisitive eye might survey the proceedings of one's neighbour. In the way of transmitting and echoing sound, the lodge is a masterpiece of acoustic science; and even Solomon's sluggard, after the servants are stirring, might pray in vain for a little more slumber. But reasonably early rising conduces to early hours at night, and is part of the *régime* of recruiting for which you are come to the Highlands. Like most of our contemporaries, we remember the time when we used to be up and dressed on the 12th with the dawn, and out and about among the birds while they were still at their early breakfast. So much the better for the grouse and the worse for the gun, if you cared for the glory of a creditable score in the shooting intelligence in the county papers. The birds, disturbed on the feed, were less likely to sit to the points; and it certainly is not in mortal

flesh and blood, at least after having been trained down through a London season, to hold out from daybreak to dewy eve and do justice to the best hours at the sunset.

It is folly to hurry one's cattle when they are out of condition, and the wise man will begin by husbanding his strength. Still it is wonderful how vigorous you feel when you tumble out of bed towards 7.30. The mists rolling away slowly and reluctantly, give the promise of a day which will probably be grilling. Even now there is barely a breath of wind to shake the drops of dew from the fir-needles and the heather-sprays. Nor is there altogether the inexpressible buoyancy you experienced twenty years before at your 3 o'clock start; but you are exhilarated enough to make you scorn the notion of tubbing tamely in a corner of the room. You array yourself in some such free-and-easy costume as you wear on the decks of a steamer in the tropics when the barefooted seamen are scrubbing them down. You bend your steps to the reach in the stream where the water has been dammed back in a translucent pool — setting the silvery trout a-scuttling under the banks as your shadow falls darkling across the water. You slip out of your casings, kick off your slippers, and with a mighty splash like the king of the otters you are diving among the startled fish. It is a glorious header, but bitter cold; and after a dozen strokes round the pool and some hurried gambols on the surface, you are glad enough to scramble out upon the bank. The blood that has been stagnating for months past is tingling joyously in every vein, a load seems to have been left behind you in the bracing waters; when you breast the brae to the lodge your muscles have been strung like whipcord, and, like Martin Chuzzlewit after his sherry-cobbler at New York, you feel a different being in every particular. The lounge about the kennels, &c., before breakfast, would alone repay the journey to the North. You are gazing up to the glorious brightness of the hills and revelling already in the pleasures of the day. Then that first Highland breakfast! Wisdom counsels you to be abstemious, and whispers of the severe exertions to follow. Wisdom, as usual, warns in vain, though it is to be hoped that your principles preserve you from excess. We are not quite lowered to the level of the Bushmen who follow the trail of the South African sportsmen, and gorge themselves to repletion on elephant or rhinoceros flesh. But we own at the same time to the frailties of humanity; and nowadays it is only once in the year, more or less, that we are blessed with the novelty of such an appetite as this. Only a couple of days before and we were trifling with tea and toast in Pall Mall, when the sun was already mounting to the meridian. Now, we extend most promiscuous patronage to the substantial dainties with which the table is spread. There are no such chops—not cutlets, mind you—as those from the black-faced mountain-mutton. The ham that is Yorkshire, and might be Estremaduran, reflects the greatest credit on the catering of Mr Morell. Kipper should always be a *sine quâ non* at a Highland breakfast, although it would be shameful to neglect those fresh-caught trout for it; and as for the fresh-laid eggs, we roll them down into old corners. But even a Highland breakfast must have an end, and Donald is getting impatient, and is parading himself ostentatiously before the open window.

You feel all the firmer upon your

legs for the ballast you have laid on board; but it is advisable all the same that you should save them in the meantime. You are to uncouple in the wilds, and shoot homewards to the lodge, and the beginning of the beat is a good seven miles off, even according to Donald's delusive calculations. So you and your friends kindle up your pipes and bestride the ponies, which are to carry the game-panniers later in the day. It was just as well that you breakfasted comfortably, for it is slow work that riding at a foot's pace when you long to feel your legs beneath you, and your pulses are beating in double-quick time. Now you are fording a mountain-brook—the next minute you are winding through a labyrinth of moss-pits; again you are plodding painfully up a ridge, or slipping gingerly down the opposite slope with the pony's legs tucked beneath his haunches; and the grouse cocks are crowing to right and left; and a covey every here and there will scatter under your hoofs like the fragments of a bursting shell; and the mallards, scared from the moss, are circling high overhead, and you hear the whistle of the curlew and the melancholy wail of the plover. You would betake yourself to your weapon, but Donald is inexorable, stumping ahead in advance of the cavalcade, expressing dogged determination in his sturdy shoulders and every wrinkle of his home-spun shooting-jacket, till at length he comes to a standstill on the banks of a burn, when the dogs raise a yelp of joyous excitement. But as pleasures and pains intermingle in this life, the raptures of the pair that are set free to range make the misery of the rest that are held in leash by the gillies. As for yourself, your foot is on your native heath: you remember how so few days before, after those shadowy tea-and-toast breakfasts, it was matter of some consideration taking the outer turn round a corner, and how, on the most flimsy pretext, you were tempted to charter a hansom. Now, there is a long-unfamiliar elasticity about you, as you do your walking more conscientiously than need be, springing lightly from tussock to tussock. Each point you walk up to, each successful right and left, sends you forward with a fresh fillip. It is only after mid-day, when the birds are in hiding on ground which seems barren, that the edge is worn off your excitement. The sun beats down into the glens, where the atmosphere is visibly flickering over the heather. The rank stalks in the bottom cling to your limbs, and there is little to be found in them but some broods of black-game, which are not licensed for slaughter till the 20th. You find yourself bending rather frequently over the brooks, and you welcome each bubbling spring like the thirst-stricken Israelites in the wilderness.

It is earlier than you had intended, but never mind that. "Lunch is the very thing," as Mr Bob Sawyer remarked at "the Bell," at Berkeley Heath, at 12 noon after a late breakfast. It is true that you feel indifferent to the solids, and indeed, since you slackened the curb at breakfast, you can hardly show too much self-restraint at luncheon. But you have fairly earned some liquid refreshment, and above all a siesta. Have you ever enjoyed a more delicious sleep than that brief nap in the heather, shared by the dogs and the gillies? where the sounds that lull you are the droning of the bees, and the champing ponies snatching at the herbage—when your blinking eyes, opening on the world again, rest languidly on the light drift of the clouds crossing the deep azure of the

heavens? Your legs have stiffened, and no wonder; but the stiffening will soon wear off, and then, as the afternoon goes on, you will rouse up to the best of the shooting. Along the steeps that look down on the roof of the lodge, where the smoke is wreathing up from the kitchen chimney, the coveys are lying thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. They have sobered down, too, with the dogs, and sit till you are in the midst of the family circle, when they get up singly or in couples. It is "most notorious work," Donald declares repeatedly, as he chucks the slain over his shoulder to the satellites, to be stowed away in the baskets, celebrating each fresh sacrifice of the innocents with portentous pinches of "sneeshin" from his mull.

It is marvellous, all things considered, that you stand the hills so well; but a few days like these in the brilliant sunshine must take it out of a man—just as there may be a too-open season for hunting, when all your horses are rattled off their legs. Yet you know the Highland weather too well not to feel bound to improve each shining hour, and the enforced rest of the Sabbath is never more welcome. The kirk is a good ten miles off, so public devotions are out of the question. You had contemplated an expedition in the afternoon to some loch famed for magnificent scenery, where you might profitably meditate on the wonders of creation. But your ponies are somewhat knocked-up, like yourself, and we know that the keepers of Highland inns have conscientious scruples about hiring out the machines: and, in short, your laziness finds excellent reasons for being content with quietly pottering round the doors. Nor can you fail to appreciate the voluptuousness of that thoroughly well-earned repose. The most maniacal Alpine Club-man, after making the ascent of the Matterhorn, would hardly dream of anything more exciting than a lounge the next day, however short his holiday tether.

But the Sabbath is by no means your only rest. That burst of bad weather that is always looming on your apprehensions is sure to come sooner or later. One evening there is a gathering of angry clouds, with an ominous stillness broken by fitful gusts, and you know well what it portends without consulting the croaking barometer. Next morning you look out on a steady downpour. The silvery stream is rushing past in clay-coloured flood; before night it will be turning the meadows into a mere. You may take the presence of the eternal hills on faith, for you can see nothing whatever of them. The ponies have drawn their tails between their legs, and are huddling under the lee of the turf-dyke. They know that we are in for a spell of wet and wind just as well as the disconsolate Donald, who reeks unpleasantly with damp flavoured with peat, as, cowering in the shelter of the porch, he makes a parade of asking for orders. There is nothing for him to do but take the gun-locks to pieces, and knock up packing-cases for the game in the shed by the kennels. Fortunately your own resources are more diversified, and for the time being the rain is hardly unwelcome. In the first place there is the satisfaction of doing absolutely nothing, and knowing that there is absolutely nothing you need do. An incarnation of indolence, you loll on the horse-hair sofa, or subside into the recesses of the old-fashioned arm-chair before the fire of peat that is smouldering on the hearth-stone. The inaction must pall upon you after a while, of course, unless you have passed muster in the art of killing time in a course

of yachting in the Polar seas or of insect-hunting in the tropics. But then there are the files of papers to be overhauled, for hitherto you have barely found time to glance at them.

And we take it, there is no time when you so thoroughly appreciate the literature of the Press as in close confinement in a Highland shooting-box. Naturally you give the *pas* to the local journals. There is the 'Inverness Courier' and the 'Aberdeen Journal,' with their columns of reports from the moors and the forests: how Col. Deadshot and party, on the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 16th, killed so many brace per day; how the Hon. Henry Hawkeye, having had his usual luck in stalking, has forwarded ten heads for preservation. Whether these reports are to be taken for gospel must be a matter between the gentlemen who communicate them and their consciences. After all we must not be too hypercritical, or what would become of the credit of our own correspondents, and of the journals who retain their industry and imagination? Moreover, the statistics of reports from the moors may be tampered with in course of transmission, as we know from personal experience. In a year far below the average, we happened, in partnership with a friend, to hire a rather well-known shooting. The first morning was good, but it was a flash in the pan, and those that followed were simply deplorable. We can answer for self and partner that we shrank most modestly from courting publicity; and were more surprised than gratified when we saw in a southern journal our deplorable failures transmogrified out of knowledge. We took the trouble to trace the growth of the fable. The keeper pled guilty to some trifling embellishments. The gunmaker acknowledged that the latter days had seemed so paltry a sequel to the first, that he had felt bound to establish something of an equality between them by affixing a cypher here and there. Then, by double clerical errors in transcription, the southern organs had turned threes into fives and fives into nines, till bags had been swollen out of mere handfuls of birds like the black crows in the story. Consequently, when we came south with our fictitious laurels, we were reproached and cold-shouldered by our intimate friends for having been so niggardly in that plague-stricken year in sending presents out of our superfluity. But whether true or apocryphal, those reports are the sort of reading that chimes in with your listlessness of mind and body. At least, should you chance to have Scotch connections, you are willing to be entertained even with the miscellaneous advertisements, or the long-winded accounts of local festivities at weddings, presentations, and comings-of-age.

Then the metropolitan dailies are become infinitely more entertaining than when you skimmed them in the clubs in the course of the session. A couple of chronic leaders on the Congress and the Eastern Question, another on the cattle disease, a fourth on Socialism in Germany or Ritualism at home, are apt after a time to stale upon any man; while, in the middle of August, a variety of curious and picturesque matter in arrear is being gradually worked off, nor have we come as yet to the monster cabbages or to the sanitarian and socially scientific congresses. The 'Times' is almost as sprightly as the 'Figaro,' and the 'Standard' is running a race with the 'Gaulois.' It is true that the literary notices are belated. Your literary friend may excite himself one wet forenoon over the novel

he published nine months before, and whose plot he has wellnigh forgotten. Already the book, which had some ephemeral success, has been shelved in the establishments of Messrs Mudie and Smith, and the surplus copies, sold at a sacrifice, are on their way to the libraries at John o' Groats' House and the Land's End. But as he reads a column or so of gratifying flattery, slightly acidulated by not unkindly criticisms, he murmurs an approving "better late than never," and is delighted to renew acquaintance with his heroine. There is a large consumption of tobacco, and the somniferous fragrance of the narcotic mingles rather heavily in the atmosphere with the acrid flavour of the peat; for when the wind is dashing the sheets of water against the panes, there is no possibility of opening the windows. Lunch figures prominently in the proceedings of the morning, and the whist-table may be brought forward early in the afternoon — a man must find some occupation within-doors, when the relentless downpour without defies the protection of a waterproof. When suddenly your partner, who sits facing the light, throws down the pack he ought to be shuffling. "A break in the weather, by Jove!" he excitedly ejaculates, to be answered at first with shrugs of incredulity. If the weather is actually changing its mind, the barometer must have been consistently lying. But a ray of watery sunlight, the first that has shown itself for days, breaks in simultaneously to confirm his assertion. There is a rent in the canopy of sombre grey, where the streak of blue is widening already. The cards are tossed aside with one consent: they were all very well as a *pis aller*. There is a rush to the door of the lodge, where Donald is already dancing attendance. "It's liking to brighten," he opines, and there is a bustle to exchange slippers for shooting-boots. He adds that "the hill 'll be hard to walk;" but that is matter of comparative indifference. The more severe the exercise the better; and though the birds will be wild as hawks after the wet, we shall see them at all events, and that is something.

That first getting out again, after a term of imprisonment, is simply grand. Talk of the broken water and the waterfalls that come in the way of the ordinary tourist! here you stumble on them in each little valley and declivity. You may have to make tedious detours to turn them; they may sorely tax your powers of jumping; the treacherous stepping-stones may turn under your feet and land you floundering up to the waist in water. You like the walk none the worse on that account. The fresh-washed heather and mosses are glittering in the blaze of light; the little birds are chirruping cheerily as they trim their dripping plumage; the grouse are crowing more "crouse" than ever, though they rise at half-rifle shot when they see you approaching; and it is more by luck than management that you now and then bring one of them to bag. It is a calumny on the straightforward sportsman to say that he shoots for the sake of slaughter. Here there are four of you, as keen as most men, and yet you are almost indifferent to what you kill. You may make no pretension to more than an average appreciation of nature, but admiration of those lurid splendours suffices you; for the sun in the Highlands shines out in his strength on the shortest notice. By the swiftness of the dissolving views, changing from thick veils of mist to luminous transparencies, you might be among the cloud-capped peaks of Parnassus after a spring thunder-storm. Wherever the veils are lifting or

being drifted aside, each cliff and heather slope and mountain outline is thrown out in almost unnatural brilliancy. One hour before, you had felt in the very sanctuaries of gloom and dampness; now you might fancy yourself transported to Fairyland.

The hills to the south of the Border have beauties of their own, and we can conceive few things more delightful than an artist's holiday passed in the Lake Country or on the Southern downs. For that a man of energy and conscience may take his pleasure leisurely he ought to do his desultory walking with some definite object. The artist is more independent of circumstances than the sportsman; he is storing his memory with fancies for future use; he fills in in the rain the sketch he has outlined in the sunshine; and he goes moreover in lighter marching order. He need not vex his soul with anxieties over gun-cases and consignments of cartridges. The contents of his knapsack, with his drawing materials, suffice for his simple wants and pleasures. For choice we would rather be professional than amateur: and perhaps for the sake of convenience and independence, we should prefer working in water-colours to oils. We should have dreams of fame, with friends at Burlington House, and we should know that our material comforts through the rest of the year would be helped by the happy inspirations of our holiday. Then we should start on our lonely walk among the Lakes, with some of the feelings of the digger prospecting for gold. One need never fear absolute disappointment, and at any turn of our walk we might light on some inestimable nugget. We should sit down on the smiling beach of the land-locked bay or in the shadow of the lowering cliffs overhanging the solitary tarn. And seeking the hospitality of the mountain sheep-farm, or appropriating the brightest bedroom in the nearest decent inn, we should elaborate our studies at our leisure, as fancy and memory served us.

There are most fascinating head-quarters for the artist among the South downs, with an infinite variety of subjects, whatever be his special line. At Lewis, for example, where there are roomy old-fashioned hotels, or at Eastbourne, if he prefer the gaiety of a watering-place, with its more modern luxuries. For ourselves we should say he could do no better than go to Alfinston, where the hostelry, which sheltered King Charles on the flight after Worcester, is said to date from the fifteenth century. The archæologist may deplore the "restoration" of the churches, too often the desecration of the genius that planned them. But he can find little to criticise in the picturesque old manor-houses, with their weather-beaten walls, and deep-bayed windows, and their irregular stacks of chimneys, half-hidden in masses of ivy: with their natural lawn close-cropped by the "South-down muttons," in their moss-grown enclosures of flints set in mortar: with their clumps of wood and thickets of hardy shrubbery, trimmed and cut down by the keen sea-breezes. The sheep among the masses of yellow gorse, with the golden wheat on the rolling background, are the landscapes the Linnells have made us so familiar with: while the Gudins or Cookes find endless marine studies on the edge of those promontories of the dizzy coast-line, that are the favourite breeding-places of the choughs and the jackdaws.

There is wild enough walking to be found in the Lake district and the South downs, although the latter, at least, are almost everywhere within

hearing of the scream of the railway whistle. But the drawback to some of the most picturesque and commanding of the eminences in the British Isles is their growing popularity. The caterans have disappeared with the eagles from the shaggy skirts of Ben Lomond, but, *en revanche*, you may find yourself among a troop of temperance excursionists scrambling up them on a personally-conducted pilgrimage. As for Snowdon, the curious geologist will find ginger-beer bottles strewed broadcast among the granite boulders; while the short-sighted amateur of simple botany may be perpetually mistaking orange-peel for buttercups. In the Alpine Cockney country, during the season, if anything it is rather worse. Nothing can strip the "palaces of nature" of their glories, but it is very difficult to hit off the suitable mood of admiration, when you are transcending the pass or surveying the waterfall in the stream of decently-dressed tramps, with the ponies, guides, porters, *gamins*, beggars, buglemen, and booth-keepers, who have gathered together to fatten on the strangers.

In these respects the Pyrenees have decidedly "the pull" of the Alps. The immediate neighbourhood of Martigny or Meyringen positively swarms with the Cockneys of many nations. If you stroll across the meadows and up the paths near Chamounix, they come tumbling on you from overhead like cockroaches in the cabin of a steamer in the Indies. In the Pyrenees, too, there are centres of the most vociferous life. You find a lively bit of the Boulevards under the leafy alleys in Bigorre or in Bagnères de Luchon, where the wolves come howling in the winter under the rows of shuttered windows. But in August or September, you have only to plunge into the forests, which have been the immemorial haunts of these snarling savages, and you leave the gay world behind you after a ten minutes' climb. The strains of the band on the promenade die away in the distance, and you hear nothing but the tinkle of the sheep-bells and cattle-bells; for near the villages, at least, the forests are broken by grassy glades and open "Alps" covered with the softest and sweetest herbage. The Baths themselves are made more cheery by contrast with gloomy scenery. Nothing can be brighter than the clean stuccoed façades of the lines of hotels and lodging-houses, set off by the gilded balconies with their elaborate tracery-work—than the kiosques and pagodas in the public gardens, with their spikes and weather-vanes glistening in the sun. The sun-glare would be far more trying than it is, were it not for the cool and sombre colours on which the eye can everywhere repose itself. Thus at the Eaux Bonnes, it is literally "from garret to garden," as they say of Morlaix, or at least from garret to hillside. Your bedroom-window behind looks down into the gorge, where the summer-shrunken stream is trickling down among the rocks and the boxwood; while at Eaux Chaudes the road, the river, and the street are jammed between a couple of mountains. Except when you raise your eyes to the brilliant blue sky overhead, they rest everywhere on the black green of the pines and the deep olive tints of the box thickets. The French frequenters of the place must stick to the roads perforce, or to such paths as have been levelled and gravelled along the ledges by the intelligent enterprise of the communes or the munificent gratitude of illustrious guests. Patent-leather boots of Parisian make would stand no chance whatever on that broken schist and slippery *débris*. We

pity the victims, though we envy the temperaments that can patiently simmer in those stifling gorges, over dominoes and billiards, cigars and absinthe. Their attempts at sustained flirtations do them credit, but the effect is painful even to the curious looker-on. They are come for health, but have mistaken the way to it, and we feel the more compassionately towards them that there are real pleasures within their reach.

Not that we have any great affection personally for the Pyrenees. The stretches of forest preserve a wonderful appearance of freshness, all things considered, but the moisture comes in the shape of dews and fogs, and there is a distressing absence of water in masses. There are few of those enchanting lakes, and none of the great inland seas, that gladden the wanderer in Switzerland. People get up picnic expeditions to the little Lac de Gaube, *faute de mieux*, and go into raptures over its beauties when they remember the *convenances*. You rarely hear the roar of a cataract, and are seldom excited by the rush of a waterfall. Even on the French slopes of the mountain boundary you have some reflection of the sun-parching of tawny Spain. Yet there is no denying the wild grandeur of the scenery, which embraces peaks like the Maladetta, passes like the Brêche de Roland, and rocky amphitheatres like the Cirque de Savarine,—nor can you be insensible to the more peaceful beauties of the Alpine landscapes in the pastoral valleys. You mount through the fir-wood by a path that twines itself like a serpent among the pine-stems, or climbs over a staircase of tangled roots. All Nature is languishing in the noonday heat; there is scarcely a chirp or a twitter to break the silence of the woods; not a breath of air is in motion, though happily scarcely a ray of sunshine struggles down through the canopies of boughs. You are enveloped in an enervating and sensuous atmosphere, scented by the balmy fragrance of the oozing resin. You have stripped off your coat and shirt-collar, and are gasping in spite of all; while your boot-soles are slipping about on the sun-burned carpeting of pine-needles. You tantalise yourself with visions of "the frosty Caucasus," with dreams of water-ices and claret-cups and cool tankards of beer. Nay, though no votary of teetotalism, you would almost give a week of your life for the sight of a fountain in the forest—for the chance of a long draught of a spring bubbling up from the cold caverns of the mountain. You are steering without a map or a compass, and, for all you absolutely know to the contrary, the forest may keep mounting for many thousand feet.

When all at once you are conscious of a strange glimmer of light, and of a perceptible freshening in the air. The forest thins and brightens, and comes to an end in some straggling weather-beaten pines that have been shattered by storms and pollarded by snow-slips. You emerge on the shoulder of an Alpine meadow, shut in on the one side by its mountain wall. But it dips on the other into a smiling valley, dotted over with what would be *châlets* in Switzerland. A stream, one of the feeders of one of the innumerable "Gaves," is rippling in a channel of shingle at the bottom, in the wonderful emerald limpidity that is the characteristic of Pyrenean waters, when they are not turned to a leaden colour by melting snows. Beside it the cattle are jingling their bells, and the flocks of wild-eyed sheep are straying over the hillsides. On a grassy knoll, under the shadow of a rock, a group of witch-like old

women and lightly-clothed young girls are waking up from their siesta to stare at the stranger. At this season the wolves and the bears are withdrawn into the recesses of the mountains, but neither the women nor their fleecy charges go unguarded. It is true that the men are at their work in the woods, or acting as guides to the visitors in the valleys, or possibily risking their liberty in some small venture in the contraband line. But there are Pyrenean dogs of all ages and sizes about, and, vigilant as the curs in an Indian village, it is their growling and baying that have given warning of your approach. There is nothing of the cur, however, in the formidable-looking monster who comes bounding towards you with deep-mouthed bark and open jaws. He stands about as high as a well-grown donkey, and his hair is bristling from his shoulders down the spine. He seems an ugly customer at first, and looks the uglier for his spiked collar. Should you show signs of alarm or turn tail, we should be sorry to warrant your skin or your limbs. But when you stand your ground or advance, in the calm confidence of friendly intentions, the guardian of the sheep-folds disposes himself for a parley. A big dog on the chain is never to be trusted, but on the loose he is almost always to be conciliated. Address him in the tone of good-fellowship that well-conditioned dogs invariably understand; walk on as if you were assured of your welcome and only too happy to make his acquaintance, and your friend will smooth his crest and finally let you pat him and put your hand in his jaws. That serves for an introduction to the ladies who own him. They are pleasantly susceptible to the compliments to the hound which you could not conscientiously pay themselves; and after entertaining you sumptuously with brown bread and milk, will be ready to negotiate for selling you a puppy of his family.

Should you care to push your investigations further, you will find still wilder scenery, and even sporting excitement, in the loftier zones of the mountains, and on the hill-paths that lead you across the Spanish frontier. You come upon glaciers crushing their way through the firs, and grinding the rocks on the sides of the chasms; with vaulted caverns glittering with icy crystals, through which the subterranean stream rushes forth into the sunlight. You climb to the lower plateaux enamelled with the loveliest varieties of wild-flowers, though still flecked here and there with dingy patches of snow. You may scale the peaks, under proper guidance and after adequate preparation for the expedition, which will give you the most glorious views in brilliant weather over such a jumble of rocks and gorges and chasms as it is seldom your fortune to see elsewhere; for there is a woodland wildness in the recesses of the Pyrenees which is wanting among the summits of the loftier Alps. Except in the depth of the winter, the chase of the bears and wolves is a delusion; but it is ten to one that your guide is a keen sportsman, and will entertain you on the faintest encouragement with the most tremendous hunting yarns. He is pretty sure to point you out some group of izzards, although you may fail to perceive them with the eye of sense, and to tempt you with assurances of success, if you will agree to go hunting in his company.

We have expressed our detestation of the hackneyed districts of the Swiss Alps at the season when they are in the occupation of the armies of tourists. But Switzerland is always to be enjoyed by

those who know how to take it, and who shrink from promiscuous holiday-making with the legions of Europeans and Americans. It is open to you to anticipate the rush if you are not over-ambitious. There is a time when the country wears its freshest green; when the melting of the snow has filled the waterfalls and the torrents; when the landsprings are breaking out everywhere; when the hills are being drained by innumerable rivulets. You must, of course, make up your mind that there is no doing stiff work in the mountains. To say nothing of the aggravated probabilities of unfavourable weather, the night-frosts coat the precipices in treacherous sheetings of ice, and no rational man would spend his strength in prematurely forcing these snow-barriers, which are disappearing in the long warm days. But though we sympathise with the tastes of the Alpine Clubman, to our mind there is a greater variety of pleasure in the humbler excitement of the middle levels. We know something of it; for year after year we were in the habit of working our way north from Italy. When the temperature of the Italian lakes was getting unpleasantly overheated, on Geneva it was merely genial; while on the heights above Lucerne, it was fresh to chilliness. There is no more delightful centre than Vevay for easy hill-excursions. The dust that is gathering on the roads makes the cover of the walnut-woods more refreshing. Even on such a modest eminence as the Rigi Vaudois, you can always get cool air in abundance. The nights are often so sharp that a multiplicity of blankets becomes a necessity; and the icy keenness of the morning bath braces you for the brilliant warmth of the day. The *pensions* in sequestered villages in the quiet side valleys have recruited their summer staff of attendants. In the more remote of these you can indulge your ephemeral longings for solitude, mildly tempered by company that you can either cultivate or leave alone. You come to a snug-looking dwelling-house in some little plain, standing several thousand feet above the sea-level. You have your small portmanteau carried behind you on a pony, for evening suits and fine linen have been abandoned in the cities of the plains. When you talk over the charms of the place with the landlady, she implores to be permitted to make you comfortable on the most reasonable terms. The early *table d'hôte*, which you try by way of experiment, is simple but satisfactory. The *vin ordinaire* in the decanters is harmless and refreshing. The milk and butter are all you might expect from your inspection of the full-uddered cows you passed on the meadow before the door. The windows are well secured against any chance storms that may visit you, and the purity of the bedding is irreproachable as the stainless snows of the Jungfrau. You agree readily enough to give the establishment a trial, and if you are not driven away by stress of weather, probably are in no hurry to move. The society, though numerically select, is various. There is an English widow with her pretty daughters, who makes no secret of being there from economical motives. The books and periodicals that ballast your little portmanteau are a perfect godsend to these agreeable acquaintances. The girls at all events have thriven in the mountain air, and more blooming guides to the local beauties no mortal could desire. They are too innocent to stand on ceremony about *chaperonage*, so you are bound by the commonest sense of honour to be

scrupulous as to pushing sociability into flirtation. There is a student in spectacles, slightly touched in the chest, a modest and exceedingly intelligent companion; there is an old German spinster whom the girls like, and make fun of, in a way which she sees through but does not resent; and there is a remarkably agreeable man of the world, who has resigned himself to absolute retirement through the winter, and who, you hope, must be getting the better of those dipsomaniacal tendencies of which you have strong reason to suspect him. You are growing into tip-top health and condition, until the mere privilege of living seems to be satisfaction enough. You are charmed to dispense with the daily newspapers, and congratulate yourself on having masked your trail, and dodged all your correspondents. You have slipped on to your creditors' shoulders any anxiety as to pecuniary obligations, and begin to take a diabolical pleasure in reflecting that you are ignoring your responsibilities in those troublesome trust affairs. You have forgotten to count with the inveterate restlessness of man, and have serious thoughts of vegetating for the rest of your existence; when one evening you are seized with an impulse, and the next day you have broken the bounds of your paradise. You find yourself back in the world in the evening, dining at the late *table d'hôte* in the Schweizer Hof or the Ecu de Geneve. You have forgathered with a friend from town, who gives you all the London gossip. You bury yourself among those back numbers of the 'Times' that are neglected by the later arrivals from civilisation. You swallow your St Emilien; you sip your coffee and the *chasse;* you stroll out with your havannah to listen to the music on the lake; for once you feel the luxury of a well-fitting coat, and rejoice under the compression of a shirt-collar. How pleasant it all is! and yet you waft some sighs of regret to your Patmos among the mountains, while reflecting that you have found a "hedge" there against worldly eventualities.

But too many men are tied to time, and must do their holiday-making with the rest of their fellow-creatures. Then we grant that there are other inducements to high mountaineering over and above the sheer love of excitement and the pleasure of "planting" your neighbour by the accomplishment of feats he would shrink from. The inn at Zermatt or Grindelwald is filled to overflowing. There is a wild scramble for beds and food, and in the meantime you are merely Number So-and-so. But you can afford to bide your time; for you have an appointment for the next morning. You are seen in close conference with a sun-bronzed, weather-beaten man, of spare and athletic frame, who is the cynosure of the eyes of half the idlers in the village. He is a Balmat, Coutet, or Anderegg; and the hero is planning an expedition. It is hardly in human nature, perhaps, that you should not plume yourself on your sudden notoriety; and, moreover, you cannot fail to appreciate its immediate benefits. The overworked *kellners* specially devote themselves to you. The landlord lets others wait while he gives directions for packing your provision-basket. We don't say that he provides anything but Spartan fare; and half-frozen veal and stringy chicken are but a cheerless banquet on an ice-ledge in the small hours of the morning. But then, a considerable deal of your self-complacency comes from the fact that you are volunteering to encounter exertions and privation. You may sleep soundly in a Scotch shooting-box on the night before

the 12th; but we defy the most phlegmatic of mountaineering men to sleep the sleep of the dreamless on the eve of an adventure. You may have dozed off into feverish slumber when you hear the guide's knuckles on the panels of the door; but you are on the floor before he has forced the latch. There is something eerie and almost uncanny in the unbroken silence, in the faint earthy flavour of the dregs of the night air, as you stand in the village-street in the gloaming. Not a crow as yet from the earliest village-cock to warn the ghosts that may be flitting about the churchyard; not a chirp from the sparrows in the hayricks, or a twitter from the swallows under the eaves. You grope your way down to the bridge over the brook, and only catch the first faint tinge of light on the mountain-tops, as you are leaving the upper hay-patches for the gloom of the lower fir-woods. It is the herald of the glorious day that will make it, as a Scotchman would say, "hard travelling" over the snow-fields. As you follow the *moraine* that borders the glacier, the snow-crests are flushing in the rosy glow; as you descend on the great ice-sea itself, and cautiously thread the network of its crevasses, the whole grand expanse of the snowy landscape is sparkling under the azure vaults overhead. Through the floods of illusive light you look up to the domes and peaks. Leagues shrink up into short *kilomètres*, till the most distant summits seem close to you. You can fancy that those black dots might be chamois; in reality they are huge masses of rock. As yet you feel nothing of that physical exhaustion which is so often confounded with rarefaction of the air—*vide* recent correspondence in the 'Times' *passim*. The atmosphere, on the contrary, is like aerated champagne or *sal-volatile* and soda-water; it is not only that it gives you the feeling of regenerated youth, but that it has freed you from all shadow of care in the future. The soul seems releasing itself from its cerements of flesh, and soaring in advance of you towards the sublimity of the Serene. We believe that the most prosaic of mortals must have a tendency to rhapsodise in such circumstances, although habit gives him the strength to resist it, and he has the grace besides to be ashamed of himself.

The intense appreciation and enjoyment are fleeting like everything earthly. As you set your face sternly to the snow-slopes, and plod and labour over the melting surface, your sobbing breath comes faster, and your straining muscles begin to ache. For if this is your maiden effort for the season, it must be presumed you are more or less out of condition. That uncompromising hill with its passive resistance shuts out the views you had been revelling in before. But in time there is a fresh prospect opening up to you, and under rather trying circumstances. Pumped as you have been, you are not sorry to draw breath; but the shelving platform you have attained ends in a narrow ledge, leading like a gutter to the bottom of a steep ice-roof. You have to turn the ugly precipice by an awkwardly break-neck ascent. The chief guide goes ahead to hew the steps that were to give those who follow precarious toehold. As for the roping together, that had much better be left alone, where the slip of any one individual may be the death-warrant of the party. You scramble up somehow, hand over hand, keeping your eye riveted on the ice within a few inches of your nose; behind and beneath you is nothing but space, and the glance past your own familiar boots loses itself in the vagueness of the infinite. It is intense relief to the boldest of crags-

men when he can throw himself down and relax the self-concentration that is the safety of the adventurer in such difficult circumstances. We have reason to believe that the earliest explorers, the authors of the volumes of 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers,' coloured rather brilliantly, if they did not romance, when they reported those exploits of theirs in untrodden solitudes. But there is no doubt that there are ugly places in the high Alps, even when weather with everything else is in your favour. Thus the final *arête* you bestride in the case we are picturing bears an unpleasantly close resemblance to a jagged knife-edge, or the bridge of Al Sirat of the Mohammedan believer. But you are repaid when you find your legs again on the little platform, and look down in literally a bird's-eye view, over the billowy sea of snowy summits, on the lakes that are shrunken into pools, and the towns that have been dwarfed into Lilliputian hamlets.

The Alpine work is apt to be ugly, even when the weather and everything else is propitious. But a sudden change, when you least expect it, may come over the blissful spirit of your dream. The splendours of the sunshine show signs of being overcast just as you have fairly committed yourself to the difficulties of the descent. There is an occasional stirring of the air, with a sad and fitful sighing. There is a perceptible infusion of damp—depressing, not to say alarming. The low, long bank of cloud that was gathering on the western horizon, begins to mount and spread with startling rapidity. The sunglow on the one side is made ominously bright by the sinister shadows that are falling on the other. The guides say little, but they shake their heads and stride onwards with sterner resolution. As you are standing once more on the brink of the glacier, you have an opportunity of studying the night-side of nature. Everything above you is enveloped in gloom; most of the mountains you admired in the morning have vanished; but in their place is a cloud-landscape of peaks and precipices and battlemented castles that is even more imposing in its way, could you only admire it in comfort. To tell the truth, you can take but small enjoyment in nature at that particular moment. As the cloud canopies come down in sleet which turns to a blinding drizzle as you go lower, your mind is set on the sheltered path in the firwoods and the comfortable chamber in the village inn. Before you are well into the wood—not out of it—you are half inclined to forswear mountaineering once and for ever. Of course that is only an unwholesome fancy, the reflection of the gloomy weather overhead. When you have bathed and dressed, and are seated over the festal supper-board, with the sparkling champagne on the flow, and the obsequious host in attendance, you are vowing that there is nothing in the world like the Alps, and are eager to be at them again the day after to-morrow. After all, if you have the necessary physical and moral qualifications, there can be little question that you are right. The hardships, the anxiety, and what danger there is, are so many points in the game of pleasurable sensation, and life would become insupportable to a well-regulated mind, if one were always in nervous apprehension of risking it.

But those who can scale the Matterhorn, even by the aid of the chains that have been clamped to its precipices, or those who get to the top of Mont Blanc—an exploit it has become the fashion to decry—are comparatively few. Once past middle life, when your joints are stiffening and you are laying on flesh, you had better renounce

the ambitions and exertions which must land you in disappointment or unnecessary effort. You may content yourself, like some valued friends of ours, with becoming king of the Riffel or the Aegischhorn, patting younger men on the shoulders, guiding them by the light of your early experiences, and doing the honours of the mountains generally to acquaintances your presence attracts. And there are many people who object like one's self to Cockneyfied Switzerland in the tourist season. They object to the bustle in hotels, which are always overcrowded, and which become unpleasantly lively in the small hours; nor do they find they fare much better in the more popular *pensions*, or in *sanitaria* like the Rigi Kaltbad. They get bored to death in the stagnating society with the dreary small-talk; and their souls come to sicken at the sight of the groups of worthy Swiss matrons and spinsters who will knit and mildly gossip by the hour. Such people, when they are in sound health, or have a slight dash of the adventurous in their composition, may find more congenial retreats in Tyrol, the Bavarian highlands, or the Dolomite country. Of course there is something to be said against these regions as for them. In the remoter valleys, which are the most refreshing to the *blasé* tourist, the accommodation is rough, the *cuisine* coarse, and the wines and beer worse than indifferent. If you are anything of a Sybarite, you sigh for the flesh-pots of some well-remembered hostelry like the comfortable Œsterreichischer Hof at Innspruck. Nor are the people all that romance used to paint them, in dilating on the exploits of Hofer and Spechbacher. The national character is better expressed by the dull big-nosed faces we have been familiarised with in the clever pictures of their native artists. Brave they are, even to ferocity, as you may learn from the pleasant little anecdotes of the fights between poachers and foresters, which you find in the pages of Boner or Baillie Grohman. They are sometimes churlishly disposed towards strangers, and by no means open or animated in their conversation; while at the same time, old-fashioned ideas of hospitality are apt to carry the masters of the village inns to the opposite and more objectionable extreme. The *wirth* will seat himself by you at the table where he has served your frugal repast; and except on the rare occasions when you discover him to be a character, you must be of a strangely sociable nature if you are entertained by his well-intended twaddle. But civility has its obligations, like nobility, and there is no help for it. In the noonday heat, when the flies are swarming over you and your steaming victuals—or at the evening meal, when your body is wearied and your mind would willingly be at rest—you must do your best to follow the horrible *patois* which involves your entertainer's inanity of ideas. If it is fine, you may wander out into the woods till it is time to withdraw to your chamber or cockloft; but wet weather comes upon you with excessive severity, and you know that in changing your quarters you may change decidedly for the worse. At the same time, each morrow may bring ample consolation even for such tribulations as these. There is an infinite charm in rich green valleys like the Zillerthal, with their broken trout-streams; in the graceful herds of cream-coloured cattle, with their soft, bright eyes, and clean-made limbs; in the goats scrambling along the goat-tracks among the wooded knolls; in the quaint old village streets, so seldom trodden by the tourist, with their fountains

flowing over into the hollowed pine-stems; in the churches and churchyards; in the calvaries and crosses, with their ghastly effigies and their pre-Raphaelite paintings, commemorating tragedies by flood or in forest. There are legends and stories of superstitions to be had for the gathering; and apropos to legends and history, here and there, by way of variety, the archæologist is arrested by some picturesque old *schloss* overhanging the river and commanding the pass, — a *schloss* whose dilapidated halls, with the worm-eaten furniture and mouldering tapestries, to say nothing of the views from the shattered casements, will well repay deliberate investigation.

Ascending the Inn valley and entering the Engadine, you are once more in the land of hotels, couriers, and ladies' maids. But the Engadine is still in great measure fenced off from the profane vulgar by the double mountain-barriers that divide it from those districts of the Grisons that are geographically Swiss. It is not every one in these times who cares to post; nor is it worth your while for a short sojourn to face the disagreeables of a sixteen hours' diligence journey, with a start at 4 A.M., and the prospect of returning in a day or two. But once in the happy valley, if not especially pressed for time, probably you are in no hurry to quit it. You have the comforts of low-country hotels in the perfection of mountain air. You may make yourself agreeable at the springs or *tables d'hôte*, and then turn your back on silks and civilisation to wander forth among the half-savage Bergamesque shepherds in their sheepskins. You may pluck the *edelweiss* for yourself—the plant that is mythically emblematical of break-neck precipices and bottomless abysses—without risking even a slip on the snow, to say nothing of a sprained ankle. You may arrange for excursions of any length in the most magnificent scenery, while you have ravines laid out as promenades within an easy stroll of the door of your inn. There is as great a variety of costume as of speech and race among the country-people that drive their carts along the roads leading from Italy to Switzerland and Tyrol. Doctors all the world over swear by the waters; and as for the quality of the air, it is only too invigorating. For out of the sunshine in the brightest day, you may be very glad to keep moving; there is always a difficulty in knowing how to dress; nor is there lounging to be done before the hotel-door after sundown, that crowning luxury of holidays in the mountains, unless indeed you swathe yourself in great-coats and railway rugs.

The time must come, and no doubt shortly, when one may go even further and still fare pretty well. The mountains of Bohemia, for instance, are almost absolutely unknown to us, and are likely to remain so till a fashion sets that way, when the inns will be rebuilt or made decently habitable. Mr Crosse, in the lively volume we noticed lately, dilated on the natural attractions of the Carpathians; although there, too, the matter of accommodation offers a serious obstacle in the meantime. The Southern Apennines, as we can say from personal knowledge, abound in all manner of natural beauties, as in ruins of strange old towns and curiosities of medieval architecture. And we wish some of the gentlemen who have time and money and ambitions beyond the ordinary range, in gratifying their personal longings for solitude, would do a good turn to the world they withdraw from, by acting as its pioneers on untrodden ground.

ENGLISHMEN AND FRENCHMEN.

It is not with any intention of contrasting the qualities of our own countrymen with those of our neighbours across the Channel that we place these words at the head of this page. Such an undertaking is much more easy on the surface than it is in reality. Nothing can be more evident than the difference of the outside which marks each of the great nationalities of Europe, and which furnishes to the artist of social manners many an easily defined and picturesque group. But, after all, under the surface, men are first men; they are more like than unlike each other: all that is essentially life is alike in them, and all the real distinctions of character exist everywhere. Each has the same choice to make for good or evil, the affections are the same all over the world, and so are the purposes that elevate and the passions that debase. We have no intention, accordingly, of making easy comparisons, but rather of setting before the reader, so far as we can, the portraits of several men simultaneously presented to the world, and very worthy of the interest and sympathy of their fellows. There is a diffuseness about the biography of the Englishman, and a concentration in the sketches of the French, which we might say were indicative of national character, were it not that the writers in both cases are English, which unfortunately puts a stop to this facile distinction to begin with. Mr Smiles's big book* alone is twice as large as the elegant volume in which Mr Hamerton presents us with all that is essential to the understanding of a complete group of remarkable men. It is a pity that Mr Smiles's book is so big, and perhaps in some particulars it is a pity that Mr Hamerton's is so little; but the latter is a very safe fault, as the reader will allow.

The last time that the well-known name of Mr Smiles appeared in these pages, it was in connection with one of the most interesting chapters of biography that has ever been added to literature. The book was little in this case: it contained an account of the struggling existence of a very poor uneducated man —one who never in all his laborious life was so well off as our servants are, and who had neither leisure nor grace nor external advantage of any kind to recommend him—a man who lived hardly, who knew what it was to skirt the very borders of want, whose house was a cottage, whose trade was one of the homeliest exercised by poor men, and who had gained nothing in the long battle of his life but a little unpractical knowledge—knowledge that never put a penny in his pocket nor added a comfort to his life. And yet the book was a noble book; the life, one that stirred the whole country with admiration, friendship, and fellow-feeling. The reader must not expect when he turns to the new biography which the same writer has now provided for us that any such pleasure awaits him. Mr Smiles has had more to do with the life of the successful than with the labours of the poor; and probably this present chapter of human experience has more affinity with his previous works, than had the beautiful story of unrewarded toil—sorrow, and trouble, and poverty, and courageous

* George Moore, Merchant and Philanthropist. By S. Smiles. London: Routledge.

steadfastness, which gave to the life of the poor Scotch Naturalist so wonderful a charm. But never was there a more curious instance of the different impressions made upon the mind by an entirely successful career, and one which is checkered with failure and trouble, than is afforded by these two books. George Moore was an admirably good man. When he died, not very long ago, it is true that a large proportion of the public, neither connected with commerce nor with the business of philanthropy, hearing of the great commotion caused by his death, and the great honours paid to him at his burial, were tenpted to ask, with some wonder, "Who was George Moore?" But yet, to a large district in England he was one of the best known and most beneficent of rural potentates. He was great in the City, where he had as many retainers as a feudal baron; and he was the moving spirit of more benevolent societies than we can reckon. His life was full of good works. He was the most brilliantly successful of men. What he was able to gain for himself, and what he was able to do for others, were both on so great a scale as to excite our wonder while we read; and yet, is it possible? Thomas Edward, the old cobbler, is twice as interesting—a far more delightful companion than he. It is not Mr Moore's fault, who was as good as gold—kind to everybody, and doing infinite good in his generation. Why is it? Perhaps because success and prosperity, though so delightful to possess, are not the qualities which interest us in a book; but whatever the reason may be, there is no doubt about the effect. Mr Smiles has not been fortunate in his hero, though his hero was the most fortunate of men.

And yet there is a good deal that is picturesque, and much that is edifying, in the life of George Moore. He was the son of a statesman of Cumberland—one of those homely worthies who were revealed to us by that illumination of genius which, three-quarters of a century ago, suddenly lighted up the Lakes. Since Wordsworth there are few people so ignorant as not to know what a Cumberland statesman is — an independent, however poor, yeoman of the mountains, whose family may be as old as the Howards, yet who has never risen, or cared to rise, if rising it could be called, beyond that rustic footing on the soil which nature gave him. George Moore was born in 1806, of one of those sturdy peasant-proprietors. He was one of five children, with nothing before them but to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, — honest and steady girls and boys, ready for whatever might come to them. George was the second son—"a very strong boy," as he himself records. Long after, when he was a great landed proprietor, and one of the richest men in England, caressed by all the great people of Cumberland, and with the highest honours in the kingdom open to him, he gave an account of the beginning of his career. "I started at sixpence a-day," he said, "and by the time that I was ten years old I got eighteenpence a-day. When I reached the age of twelve I 'carried my rig' with the men. I sheared with the sickle, and kept time and pace with the full-grown men. For this I earned two shillings a-day, with my food. This was considered unequalled for a boy of my age to accomplish." Nevertheless, he did not feel that this was as much as he was capable of. "I never swerved from my resolve to go away from home," he says. "I felt that I could not hang about half idle, with no better resource before me than of

being a farm-servant; so I determined that I would leave home at thirteen, and fight the battle of life for myself." This he did by becoming the apprentice of a draper in the nearest little town—Wigton (not the Scotch Wigton). Here he had every kind of menial work to do. "I had to make the fire, clean the windows, groom my master's horse, and do many things that boys from our ragged-schools nowadays think they are 'too good for.'" A little later he became the prop of the business—his master being a man of irregular and evil habits. Poor boy! he was not himself in a very good way. He got his meals at the little inn of the place, a bad school enough, and learned to gamble. "I kept a pack of cards in my pocket. I played at cards almost every night. I went to the public-houses and played with the men for high stakes. . . . I sometimes played the whole night through." This was not a promising beginning for the country lad. But a crisis came, when his master found out these nocturnal dissipations, and the boy, once recalled to a sense of his mistaken course, took bravely and finally the turn that leads to fortune. No thought of fortune, however, was in his mind. "I thought of my dear father, and feared that I might break his heart, and bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. I lay in bed almost without moving for twenty-four hours. No one came near me. I was without food or drink. I thought of what I should do when I got up. If my master turned me off, I would go straightway to America. I resolved in any case to give up card-playing and gambling—which, by God's grace, I am thankful to say I have firmly carried out."

The result of this early experience—the young penitent was only about fifteen, and his worst sin seems to have been card-playing—was his determination, in after days, when "I have had hundreds of young men in my employment—to forgive what I have seen wrong in their conduct, and give them another chance." It is not always that youthful error has so beneficial a result.

After this early reformation George became the prop of a failing business, and did all that a boy could do to bolster up the erring employer who never seems to have set him anything but a bad example. When his apprenticeship was over he set out for London with thirty pounds in his pocket, and a certain ancestral hair-trunk which had descended to him from his great-uncle and godfather. He knew nobody, and had no notion of any way of getting employment except the primitive one of going from shop to shop asking for it. He was rustic in dress, in accent, and in manners, speaking broad Cumberland, as indeed he is said to have done more or less all his life, — an honest, primitive country lad, with broad shoulders and hob-nailed shoes, and unbounded yet modest confidence in himself—a confidence which happily preserved him both now and throughout his life from the hesitations and tremors of more doubtful souls. He arrived in London the day before Good Friday 1825, and the first act of his town life was to attend certain north country sports—"the annual wrestling-match"—of the Cumberland men in London, held at Chelsea on Good Friday. Here the boy's blood was roused by the sight of the conflict, and he put down his name as one of the competitors. He is described as "very strong-looking, middle-sized, with a broad chest and strongly developed muscles," with dark hair curling about his head, and a brown and animated

face glowing with health and vigour. He was nineteen, in all the freshness of his youth, and his rustic strength got him the third prize, and a host of new friends, who took him to the nearest public-house and "treated him to drink." Not a very good beginning, one would have thought. But the lad had strength enough to throw off all that was bad. He broke off from his new acquaintances, refusing all further engagements, and next day set out on his quest "to find a situation." From shop to shop he went, presenting himself in his country clothes, with his healthy face and north-country accent. "Charles Meeking of Holborn" asked him if he wanted a *porter's* situation, and "this nearly broke my heart," for was he not a trained draper, who had served his apprenticeship, and managed his master's business? "He went nearly all over London. He entered as many as thirty drapers' shops in a day, always with the same result." "After beating about London for an entire week," he himself said years after, when he was a prosperous and wealthy man, "I began to think myself a not very marketable commodity in the great city."

Poor country lad! Despair began to close round him. He had promised to write to his father to tell him of his success, and, sick at heart, he fulfilled his promise, though there was nothing but failure to tell. "But when he had written his letter it was so blotted with tears that he could not send it." This made him resolve to wait a little longer before going off in despair to America, which seemed his last chance. And at the last moment a draper in Soho Square, who was himself a statesman's son, inquired after the wanderer. He was a Mr Ray, of "Grafton House," who had heard from Cumberland about the adventurous lad. He engaged him as his shopman at a salary of £30 a-year, rough and uncouth as he was; and thus began behind the counter of the obscure drapery in Soho, among all the cheap gowns and ribbons, as prosperous a career as was ever put on record. However, in these days Soho Square was not precisely what it is now. There were great ladies among the customers at Grafton House, one of whom very nearly ruined the unfortunate shopman by a mistake about money. But his obstinate good sense and prudence got him out of the scrape. His humble beginning is enlivened by the most genuine romance of town life,—the familiar poetical fable of the virtuous apprentice and the master's daughter — a fairy tale which naturally belongs to that emblematical Whittington, born to luck, who becomes three times Lord Mayor of London. "When George Moore had been about six months at Grafton House, he one day observed a bright little girl come tripping from the warehouse accompanied by her mother. 'Who are they?' he asked of one of those standing near. 'Why, don't you know? that's the guv'nor's wife and daughter.' 'Well,' said George, 'if ever I marry, that girl shall be my wife.'" And this early determination was realised—though at first it looked as little likely as was the page's suit to the king's daughter. The young north-country draper was not a man to have nay said to him, any more than a fairy knight.

George Moore's ambition, however, was not long content with the shop in Soho. He soon found that the bondage of the life was uncongenial to him, and that "he would rather break stones on the road than remain behind a counter." At twenty he transferred himself,

with the assistance of his first employer, to "the first lace-house in the city," where, at first, his uncouth qualities were more remarked than his genius for business, and where he was stimulated into a strenuous effort at self-education. He went to a night-school, and frequently sat "studying my lessons until the small hours in the morning"—and devoted himself to his work with all the eagerness of his nature. Two or three amusing and some charming incidents are told of him at this period of his life. He had got a situation for a younger brother, whose task of carrying out parcels after the day's work was very trying to his weaker *physique*, whereupon George, "when his day's work was over, put on an old coat, and went from the city to the west-end to deliver his brother's parcels," —an exhibition of homely heroism which is delightful: and here is a ludicrous example of the "pushing" and dauntless yet confused eagerness of the young man to do and see everything, which is curious in its evidence of character and half-awakened intellect:—

"After I had been two years in London, I had a great and anxious desire to see the House of Commons. I got a half-holiday for the purpose. I did not think of getting an order from an M.P. Indeed, I had not the slightest doubt of getting into the House. I first tried to get into the strangers' gallery, but failed. I then hung about the entrance to see whether I could find some opportunity. I saw three or four members hurrying in, and I hurried in with them. The door-keepers had not noticed me. I walked into the middle of the House. When I got in, I almost fainted with fear, lest I should be discovered. I first got into a seat with the name of Canning written upon it. I then proceeded to a seat behind, and sat there all the evening. I heard Mr Canning bring forward his motion to reduce the duty on corn. He made a brilliant speech. He was followed by many other speakers. I sat out the whole debate."

Fancy the lumpish Cumberland lad—half understanding, with the mind just awakening in him, trembling at his own temerity, yet not half aware how great that temerity was—blundering into Canning's seat, in the most august of assemblies! Probably the members about thought him some raw young squire just elected, as he sat, faint with alarm, yet keeping all his wits about him, and listening with all his ears. Little more than twenty years after, he was invited by several constituencies to represent them in the House which he had thus invaded in his ignorance; but the intense self-confidence of the man did not go this length. "He was of opinion that Parliament should be composed of the best, wisest, and most highly educated men in the country. He always averred that he was not one of these men." And no doubt this decision was a wise one.

However, the next step in Moore's life, though it was not a very splendid one, set him at once in the way of fortune. He was made "town-traveller for the firm." Then he was promoted to "the Liverpool and Manchester circuit." The office of bagman is not generally regarded with great respect, nor are we disposed to look for the heroic and conquering kind of men in its ranks; but in it seems to have been the very inspiration of this successful man's life. The goods with which he travelled from draper to draper, exercising all his ingenuity to sell—flattering, coaxing, even drinking, throwing himself into every innocent wile that was calculated to please his customers—was lace,—not, let anybody suppose, the laces of Flanders or Venice, but those unsophisticated goods which are made at Nottingham. His own

satisfaction in his work, and the admiration of Mr Smiles for his success, are comical,—though we do not see, after all, why a man should not be as happy in well-earned success as a bagman, as in any other well-conducted enterprise. It is no doubt only one of the prejudices of education which makes us smile at the following outburst of popular applause on a lower level than that which we are apt to hear of. We can imagine the scene in one of Dickens's books,—the bustling, active hero of the commercial room, knowing all the waiters' names, and great in all the knowledge of the road, and his circle of admiring shopmen of the country town, to whom his city glories were so dazzling, and his success the highest thing to be hoped for; but it is curious to meet with it in dignified literature of the improving sort.

"At the inns which he frequented he was regarded as a sort of hero. The other travellers used to pack up his goods, and thus help him on his way. They took pride in his success, and boasted of his greatness. A young traveller, who had just entered the Northern Circuit, arrived at the 'Star' Hotel, Manchester, while about a dozen travellers were helping George to pack up his goods. 'Who's that young fellow they are making such a fuss about?' 'Oh, its George!' 'And who's George?' 'What! don't you know the NAPOLEON OF WATLING STREET? let me introduce you.'"

The capitals are Mr Smiles's, not ours; and, as we have already said, we see no reason why we should laugh at the enthusiasm of the commercial travellers. Had they been a party of idle young soldiers in a garrison town, surrounding a popular brother, all would seem perfectly natural. As, however, the conquering hero thus sped onward in his career, he found confronting him here and there one opponent—and only one—who could make any stand against him. The two competitors found each other out with lively curiosity and respect. The other was a certain Groucock, a partner in his own firm. The two between them took all the honours of the road. Before Moore's time Groucock had carried everything his own way; but "Moore worked with greater celerity, and very soon divided the trade," then "gradually succeeded in taking the largest share of the business." Now and then one stole a march on the other, and gathered the entire harvest of orders before his rival was aware. At length Groucock "found it necessary to come to terms;" he offered Moore "the incredible salary of £500 a-year," to leave his present employers and travel for the Groucock firm. Moore, however, with his keen business sense, saw a better way than even this immense advance of earnings. He stood out for a partnership, and accordingly, at the age of twenty-three, became one of the firm of Groucock, Copestake, and Moore—now, we believe, one of the best-known firms in London. After this change he went on triumphantly in his career as a traveller, this time with no rival, carrying everything before him. The stories of his devices to get customers are often laughable, and sometimes so very "smart" that the reader may be disposed to wonder whether this is the ordinary way of legitimate business. That they do not consist with good taste is a minor matter, for perhaps good taste is not the thing to be looked for in these regions of society. Here is one of the many ways he took to get orders. The individual to be subdued was "a tenacious draper in a Lancashire town," who had always refused to deal with him. Moore's energies were in this case specially stimulated by a bet.

"The draper saw him entering the shop, and cried out, 'All full, all full, Mr Moore! I told you so before.' 'Never mind,' said George, 'you won't object to a crack.' "'Oh no,' said the draper. They cracked about many things, and then George Moore, calling the draper's attention to a new coat he wore, asked what he thought of it? 'It's a capital coat,' said the draper. 'Yes, first-rate; made in the best style by a first-rate London tailor.' The draper looked at it again, and again admired it. 'Why,' said George, 'you are exactly my size; it's quite new, I'll sell it you.' 'What's the price?' 'Twenty-five shillings.' 'What! that's very cheap.' 'Yes, it's a great bargain.' 'Then I'll buy it,' said the draper. George went back to his hotel, donned another suit, and sent the great bargain to the draper. George calling again, the draper offered to pay him. 'No, no,' said George, 'I'll book it; you've opened an account.' Mr Moore had sold the coat at a loss, but he was recouped by the £5 bet he had won, and he obtained an order besides. The draper afterwards became one of his best customers."

This is amusing enough; but it is not a very elevated kind of history. How different was the tale of the poor Scotch cobbler, lying in wait in the silence of the woods, hearing all the wild creatures stirring in their nests, waiting for the rare bird or insect on which his soul was set, from the vulgar record of trade success! But this is about all the reader is likely to make of Mr George Moore. He got to be a preposterously rich and successful man; he employed men by the hundred, and was very good and kind and considerate to them, never hard upon a backslider, always liberal and generous to the worthy. He succeeded in marrying his master's daughter, according to his original programme, but not in order to climb up higher by her means; and when she died, and he had mourned her duly, married another wife of greater social importance. And he was taken in with the warmest generosity of reception to the best houses in his county. The proud Howards opened their arms to him, and made him like one of their family. Bishops and archbishops, lords and squires, received and visited him. He was intreated, as we have said, but in vain, to represent various important constituencies in Parliament, from that of Nottingham where his lace was made, and with which he had accordingly a distinct trade connection, to that of the city of London, in which there was no man better known. He acquired a great house in his native district, and lived there part—but only part—of the busy year, dispensing magnificent hospitality, and living like a prince, conferring perpetual benefits upon the poor neighbours among whom he had been born as poor as any. But notwithstanding this wonderful success, he was always, so far as this biography shows, the cheerful, bustling bagman—the busiest, swiftest, and most popular of commercial travellers. We do not mean for a moment to disparage Mr Moore. No one, it is evident, would have been justified in branding him with the title of *parvenu*, or imputing to him the meannesses of a *nouveau riche*. At his most splendid moments his poorest friend, his clerks and workmen, had a place at his board among the Cumberland grandees and the dignified clergymen. He had no fibre of the snob in him, so far as can be seen, but simply and steadily kept his place, making no false pretences. But though he was not a snob in any sense of the word, he was a commercial traveller to the end. When he took up charity as his occupation, and spent his life in collecting subscriptions and managing benevolent undertakings, he pursued this new course in exactly the same spirit which had animated

him in his quest of orders, gathering cheques and subscriptions instead of commissions for lace, but with the self-same readiness of resource, industry, gaiety, and determination. To give any detailed account of these benevolent undertakings would be impossible—the name of them was legion. When he went to Cumberland for his holidays, even before he became the owner of a great house and a county notability, there ensued a kind of carnival of school-feasting and competitive examination, new games of a homely Olympus, which brought the whole county about him for days together. No Border lord or knight made so great a commotion in the country-side as did the London warehouseman from Bow Churchyard, the Cumberland yeoman's son. In town his spare moments were all filled with charitable work. Indeed it seems impossible to make out how he could have had any time for his business, so completely did he throw himself into the toils of charity. The Commercial Travellers' Schools made an appropriate beginning to his career of benevolence; and till the very end of his life he never gave up his ardent attempts to soothe the troubles of the world on one side and empty its pockets on the other. "When a society or institution was getting short of funds, the promoters immediately endeavoured to enlist him. He was not so much interested in the affairs of institutions which were thriving, as about the institutions that were falling and going down for lack of funds. Everybody concerned in charitable institutions in London knew that Mr Moore was one of the most indefatigable of beggars." "For nearly twenty years of his life, George Moore went round amongst his friends, and amongst many who were not his friends, and implored them for money on behalf of the charitable institutions of London." Rapid and brisk, with a bustle and sweep of energy which must have been exactly like that which carried him so triumphantly through the "Liverpool and Manchester circuit," and brought all his fellows round him to pack his boxes of patterns, he rushed into his friends' counting-houses. "I am on a begging expedition," he said. "Oh, we know that very well—what is it?" cried the victims. Thus the philanthropist bustled on.

This busy career reached a heroic point in the year 1871, when, on the news of the surrender of Paris, and the consequent opening of its besieged gates, Moore rushed upon the starving city with "seventy tons of food and £5000 in money," the produce of the Mansion-house fund for the relief of the sufferers. Nothing could exceed the eagerness with which he pushed his way onward through all difficulties with his waggons, the old afflatus of his trade coming whimsically in, in his ardent benevolence. It was as if some other Groucock, hot rival of his youth, was pressing on his steps to get at those hungry mouths and fainting souls before him. "I think I should have died had I not been first in Paris," he says, with incomparable *naïveté*. And he was first in the field. The story of the relief is a triumph of his speed and readiness and rapid organisation. He threw open his own Paris office as a depot of charity, and flung himself into the work with all his heart. The immense need, the unmistakable help which could be given, the cordial and unhesitating gratitude, all filled the very atmosphere which the English deputies were breathing, and made this office delightful to a man so warm-hearted, so eager to serve all who needed service, and so sure that he was doing the very best thing that could

be done, which it is evident was the spring of all his movements. He was overwhelmed with requests from refugees in England to find out husbands, brothers, and sons who had been left behind in France; and with unfailing kindness he charged himself with them. Convoy after convoy of fresh waggons loaded with food came in. The soldiers who worked at this benevolent commissariat pleased the leader most. "They have all stuck to their waggons, and brought them right through," he says. "Two others (civilians) came to me and complained that they could not get through. One had left his provisions in charge of some one at Amiens, and another nearer Paris. I ordered them back again with a very few words, and told them not to come to me again till they had got their waggons into Paris, and could report so." Thus things went on, till at last, after about three weeks' constant work, pouring rations into the hands and mouths of the starving, the police gave orders that the distribution of food should cease, as the crowds that surrounded Mr Moore's depot blocked the thoroughfare. Then followed a burst of enthusiastic charity. "We put on all steam," Moore wrote, "and determined to keep open all night as well as during the following day. All the streets round the warehouse were blocked with people. The food was all ready for distribution. We calculated *that we ran a party through in half a minute!* The French people were astonished at our energy. They cheered us. I remained till one at night, and left them in full swing." The work went on without intermission till eight o'clock next night, when the warehouse was closed,—"they had distributed food to 96,500 persons!" The remnant was given to the Archbishop of Paris, the Protestant pastors, and the Jewish Rabbi, for after-distribution. The effect of this exciting episode upon the dauntless and unwearying representative of English charity was very exhausting and painful. "I cannot recover from my weariness," he wrote after he returned home. "I dream all night about Paris, and cannot get sound rest." Sometimes he would start up at night, crying out, "Do you see that woman dying? I must go to Versailles." The grateful feeling shown towards him by the nation in whose service he had thus laboured, was touching and universal. Bouquets with pretty inscriptions were put anonymously into his carriage, with all the grace of France. Even the Communists kept their petroleum from the warehouse where l'Anglais had stood all night and served out bread to the starving, and spared the little adjacent church, it is said, for his sake. A Frenchman passing Mr Moore's house some years after, was seen to take off his hat as he did so, and being asked the reason, declared he could not pass that door without some tribute of respect. The whole incident is fine, and forms a kind of climax to this busy, worthy, beneficent, and always successful career.

He died in harness, on the point of attending one of the many public meetings for benevolent purposes in which his soul delighted. It was to be held in Carlisle, his county town; and he went with fifty pounds and the notes of his speech in his pocket, a hale and vigorous man of seventy, lifelike and strong, though very conscious of having reached the boundary-line of human existence, and with a curious way, only noted afterwards as was natural, of considering all the things he did as done for the last time. Standing in the street while waiting

for his meeting, he was suddenly thrown down by a runaway horse, his hour having come, and died next day in the Grey Goat Inn at Carlisle, the place from which he had started fifty-two years before to make his fortune in London. He had passed the night there, a boy of eighteen, ignorant and poor, and he now passed there his last night on earth, with all Cumberland, so to speak, watching every breath he drew. A man more kind, more universally helpful, never lived. He was good to everybody, and successful in almost everything he put his hand to. Neither age, nor the consciousness of such unusual attainments, happiness, honour, or wealth, ever averted his eager steps or diminished his energy. It would be unjust to refuse him the fullest meed of praise. We do not know why, with so many elements of nobleness in him, he should not be more interesting. Perhaps it is Mr Smiles's fault, perhaps it is the fault of Success—that delightful recompense of virtue, which fails of attracting our hearts, though it does a great deal better for its favourites. We take leave very respectfully of this good man; but a hundred times better we liked the cobbler, who succeeded in nothing; for human nature is very perverse. "What can you make," a sceptical City man said, when the work was undertaken, "out of the life of a London warehouseman?" and this at first discouraged Mr Smiles. It would have been no great loss to literature had he adopted this honest opinion.

There are few national peculiarities more remarkable than the manner in which Englishmen often adopt another country into a dearer and warmer place than their own, finding in its children the objects of their special admiration. France has this power of attracting the Anglo-Saxon mind more perhaps than any other country except Italy—more (we think) than Germany, though the Teutonic race is more nearly akin to our own; and this is all the more to be wondered at, that it is so seldom reciprocal. Frenchmen may be Anglo-maniacs, but they are very seldom lovers of the individual Englishman. They entertain a kind of amused respect for some English qualities; and among the Orleanists and parliamentary constitutional party in France there is a political admiration for the principles of English government which is dogmatic as a creed, and often not very intelligent. But the Englishman, though they may respect him, though they may take him for a model of honesty and clumsy strength, is never the object of personal interest and admiring regard which many Frenchmen are to their partisans on this side of the Channel. And the same predilection goes still further, extending from individuals to various developments of society. It is quite curious to note the difference between the pictures made by an Englishman of French provincial life, and those which come from the hands of native artists. The English writer finds unbounded interest, grace, and picturesque variety in scenes which to the Parisian are dull as ditch-water. The grasping, miserly peasant, with a heart as hard as a millstone, becomes impressionable, eloquent, and tender to his insular visitor; and the *vie de province*, which even in the hands of genius is *morne*, melancholy, and oppressive in the most terrible degree from a French point of view, is in English books everything that is lively, friendly, and bright. Mr Hamerton is one of the most remarkable instances of this affectionate sympathy, as, may we not add, is the anonymous author of 'Mar-

morne,' whose personality, to be sure, no one can guess at, and who is audacious enough to embody in the very name of his novel the sentiment of dulness and desolation which Frenchmen so often find (but he does not) in the life of a retired country neighbourhood. Compare Balzac's terrible pictures with the cheerful and sunny sketches made by English painters; and, indeed, even when the colours are not so tragic as those of Balzac, the sense of monotony, the dismal platitude of provincial existence, the dull society and heavy solitude portrayed by almost every Frenchman in the secondary towns of France, are enough to chill the blood in the reader's veins. How different is its aspect to our countrymen! We remember when Mr Campbell's book about 'Life in Normandy' filled us with enthusiasm, not to be quenched except by the terrible aspect of such a town as Avranches, for example, which we have always assured ourselves must have been spoiled by the English who infest the place; and Miss Thackeray's pictures of the Norman coast, how lively, how sweet, how bright is their gentle colouring! not dull in everlasting twilight as a Frenchman would make it. In what charming brightness, too, is French social life presented to us in Mr Marshall's pleasant book! A soft enthusiasm floods all the moral landscape—warm liking, affectionate admiration, and something that looks like gratitude, are in the picture. It is not an indifferent and impartial narrative, like the commonplace accounts of other countries. Italy attracts, indeed, the same sort of enthusiastic sentiment. But in Italy there are more distinct attractions of natural beauty and all the treasures of art to supply an additional motive of attachment; whereas, on the other side, the charm in France alone lies in her simplicity, without any lofty spell of art, and with no more beauty than we can find any day within reach of our own doors.

Mr Hamerton's new book* is warmly pervaded by this sympathy and attachment. We have here a group of Frenchmen not in any way connected with each other, though contemporaries and sometimes friends; and through them a glimpse of France is presented to us in some of its best and most attractive phases. The number is made up by a scientific explorer, a priest, a man of letters, and two artists—a painter and a sculptor,—all taken from the cultivated classes, and set before us with much of the force and vivacity of their national art, which is rarely so long-winded as our own. As in France a book like that which we have described in the previous pages—a more or less artless compilation of all the remains of a man not by any means of the highest mould—would be impossible; so the concentrated narrative, telling all that is needful for a comprehension of the character but little more, which is popular on the other side of the Channel, is little known among ourselves. Perhaps the unity of interest is somewhat lost by the massing together of a number of men in one small circle, which confuses our view of each individual, and makes a jumble of faculties and incidents in our recollection. Mr Hamerton, however, has chosen a group of men almost all actuated by the same kind of motives and impulses—men of high virtue, refined tastes, and pure associations.

* Modern Frenchmen. Five Biographies. By P. G. Hamerton. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday: London, 1878.

His traveller and author are not orthodox, but they are never irreligious, and even in their furthest straying a-field from the traditions of the Church, they never defy or treat her with disrespect; while his young priest is the very flower of that most attractive modern school of French Catholicism, which combines (or tries to combine) the highest devotion with the most liberal and tolerant sentiments. The histories of their lives as thus recorded are as concise and regular as an epic, which indeed every story of man's life ought to be. Oddly enough, the biographies of Englishmen, however full of steady purpose, rarely fit into this mould. Their beginnings and endings do not seem so distinct; they are less logical, less consistent, and the accidental and spontaneous tell for a great deal more in them. But it is unnecessary to generalise, when the lives themselves are before us, more distinct than any theory is likely to be.

Mr Hamerton would seem to be, to some extent at least, a believer in the doctrine of heredity; for he pauses to point out that almost all his heroes were the sons of men of some distinction, whose talents, and still more certainly whose starting-point, they inherited. Of the importance of this latter particular there can be no doubt. A man who has given his son the pedestal of his own work and reputation to start from, has done as much for him as he who has left him an estate. Let us begin, however, with the only entirely self-made man of Mr Hamerton's group, the homely and vigorous citizen-sculptor, François Rude. We fear few English readers will even know his name; but as that name has been given to one of the rooms in the Louvre, it has evidently gained full appreciation in his own country. Rude began his life as the son of a blacksmith in Dijon, who had invented a new kind of stove called a *prussienne*, to the manufacture and sale of which his boy was naturally dedicated. But the boy had a will of his own; and a chance visit to the public School of Art, and sight of all the beautiful things collected there, fired him with the enthusiasm of an artist. His father yielded on condition that his studies in art should be confined to such ornamental work as would serve for the decoration of the *prussienne*—a homely use: and thus the young François began his career. Not only did he thus undertake double toil—for attendance at the Art School did not lessen his own work at home, and his training to his trade as a maker of stoves—but with his hands full of manual labour, he rushed into the study of literature as well, sitting up half the night to educate himself, and storing his mind with reading. For this purpose he had to borrow not only books, but even the means of reading them—the candles which his father would not allow; and shut up in his little garret, he worked doggedly during the night to acquire information and fit himself to understand the new wonders which were dawning upon him. While thus filling up every spare moment, and working at the forge during the hours of the working day, he gained at his school the first prize for ornamental drawing, and the second for an academy study from the life. Thus decorated, was he to go on at his blacksmith's work adorning stoves? Clearly such a sacrifice was not possible; and the head of the Art School, a certain M. Devosge, procured his father's permission that François should take up art as a profession. Almost the first work the young man executed was a bust of a well-known citizen

of Dijon, which the town now possesses with pride. M. Devosge and M. Fremiet, another intelligent and generous townsman, took the young blacksmith-sculptor under their care. They got him commissions, they gave him their advice and help; and the latter, though a man holding an official position, and of much higher pretensions than those of the artisan-artist, who but the other day had been making stoves, took him into his own house, bought a substitute for him when he was drawn for the conscription, and fostered his genius in every way. When the young man finally set out for Paris at three-and-twenty to make his fortune, he carried with him such a sense of tender gratefulness and confidence in the love of his friends as makes the world bright. "The sculptor used to say in after-life that his feelings towards M.M. Devosge and Fremiet were much beyond what is called gratitude; his heart was too full of love for both of them to have room for any such sentiment, while they on their part had no notion of being patrons or benefactors." There is an instinctive delicacy of perception in these half-dozen words which go far beyond the vulgar doctrine of recompense for benefits received. Gratitude is a miserable and servile imitation of this true sentiment. If generous kindness does not produce love, what generous heart cares for the formal return of gratitude? It is a kind of small change for the gold of true and tender help. The young man left his friends "with his heart full of love," and followed by anxious thoughts and prayers as when a son goes out into the world.

But Rude was not one of those who keep their friends on the rack of anxiety. Carrying with him an introduction to Denon, then a great authority on art in Paris, the official director of museums, and head, so to speak, of the fine art department, he took also a little statuette as evidence of his powers, which the great man, dazzled, took for a copy from the antique; and threw himself into his work with such energy that in five years he gained the *prix de Rome*, the highest object of a young artist's hopes. Before he could start for Rome, however, Rude became entangled in the troubles of the time, which was stormy enough. He went to pay his friends a visit at Dijon in 1814, when about to set out for Italy, and here he became one of the heroes of a very picturesque and striking incident. The Emperor had just escaped from Elba, and the news had set all men's hearts thrilling, when the young man got back to his native town. He was a Bonapartist, ardent and enthusiastic, though not in the sense in which the word is used now. The Emperor was coming on one hand, and Ney was marching to meet him on the other — to meet and stop his former master, still the hope of France. Would he do it, was the question? Would the army, which had been Napoleon's, place itself in his way and arrest the progress of its old leader? They were to march through Dijon, and what if their temper might be tested there? In the haste of the moment nothing but a bold expedient could serve the purpose: for it was only while the soldiers were marching through the city that any influence could be exercised. Rude and five others, with tricoloured cockades, waited with beating hearts till the moment came.

"Just then they heard the trumpet of Ney's advanced-guard, and the six went boldly out with their colours, and posted themselves in line, with their backs to a hoarding in front of the theatre. The critical moment had now arrived; a regiment of hussars came riding along the street, with white

cockades and drawn swords. When Rude, in after-life, used to tell the story of that day, he said that he and his five companions shouted '*Vive l'Empereur!*' as the royalist cavalry came on. 'They had nothing to do,' he said, 'but lower the points of their sabres and pin us to the boards.' The first troop merely looked at them, looked at their tricoloured flags and cockades, and then turned aside to go down the Rue Rameau; the second troop came on. Rude and his companions shouted '*Vive l'Empereur!*' louder than ever. This time the soldiers hesitated, and on receiving the word of command to turn down the Rue Rameau, they answered '*Vive l'Empereur!*' Men and officers changed their white cockades for the tricolour."

It is impossible to imagine a more picturesque incident or a bolder action. It gave just the necessary impulse to clinch the decisions of the wavering and excited army: but even in doing this it might easily have cost the lives of the six bold pioneers and fuglemen.

This incident put an end to the Italian journey and the enjoyment of the *grand prix de Rome*. M. Fremiet, who had taken an active part in the momentary return of the Empire, had to fly on its final overthrow; and Rude behaved himself like the true son and man he was. He conveyed his friend away out of danger, then returned to take charge of his family, a number of helpless women and children, whom he conducted to Brussels, where they all settled in exile, and where Rude married the eldest daughter of the house. There he lived and worked with characteristic energy for a dozen years, establishing a school of art and extending his reputation in Belgium; but when he went back to Paris in 1827, he had made very little advance, so far as fortune went, since the time he had left it. Even a *prix de Rome* when out of sight and hearing is soon forgotten; and though he began at once to exhibit, no marked success attended the first four years of his return. He received, however, two commissions from Government—one for part of the frieze of the Arc de l'Etoile, the other for a bust of Lapeyrouse, which latter proved the turning-point of his career. The reader will remember an incident somewhat similar in the life of Michael Angelo: he too had an awkward bit of marble given to him, which nobody else could make anything of, out of which, however, came his gigantic David, and his still more gigantic fame. Rude's success was not like Michael Angelo's, neither in the work nor in the reputation. Yet there is a pleasant likeness between the incidents.

"That bust of Lapeyrouse, or rather the block of marble for it, had a powerful influence on the artist's future career. The Government had given the marble, which was larger than necessary, so Rude cut a piece off which had the shape of a prism. The possession of this piece of marble was a constant stimulus to the poor sculptor. 'Make something of me!' it said to him continually; and the answer was always, 'What can I make of such an oddly-shaped block as thee?' At length, after much pondering, it occurred to Rude that there was just room in it for a little Neapolitan fisher-boy playing with a tortoise; and as soon as this idea had suggested itself, he determined to carry it into execution.

"I have not said much hitherto about the sculptor's wife. Some characters describe themselves better in an authentic sentence than the art of the biographer can describe them in pages of the most careful writing, so Rude's wife shall speak for herself. The marble was there for the new statue, but what about the current expenses while the artist was executing it? A block of marble is not like a lump of clay—it cannot be fashioned between the rising and the setting of the sun. There were house expenses and studio expenses, the wages of the carver, and

all to be paid—out of what? 'If necessary, we will sell the linen off our backs,' said Madame Rude."

The success of this work was immense. "At the beginning of a certain fortnight in the spring of 1833 our hero was a perfectly obscure artist; whereas at the end of the same fortnight he was the most popular sculptor in France." The statue was purchased by Government for the Luxembourg, the sculptor received the cross of the Legion of Honour, and Rude's fortune was made. Alas! what did success or fame matter? His son died while he was still working at this statue—his only child, it would appear; and he never recovered from so terrible a blow.

This success, however, had no such effect upon the Frenchman as success so generally has even upon the most modest of artists. He made no change whatever in his homely life. "To the day of his death he remained resolutely plebeian," Mr Hamerton says, "gracing himself with all the virtues and accomplishments that might be attainable by a man of the common people, but without the slightest desire to raise himself into any other social class. . . . All his life he considered himself simply a working man, and his ambition was to do the best work he could, and to be himself, in all things, the model of those qualities which may be attainable in humble life. His work was always the best he could do, and he spared upon it neither time nor pains. He had a horror of the hasty, unconscientious productions which French workmen call *pacotille* and *camelotte;* exactly the same feeling that a first-rate cabinetmaker has with regard to goods got up hastily for sale." Mr Hamerton works this picture out with many more details than we can find space for; but the description of the noble workman, with his beard like a river-god, his figure "erect and straight as a pillar," his magnificent head, "grandly modelled, with a great breadth about the temples," is so attractive, that we instinctively look for one of Rajon's etchings of this fine primitive heroic figure. His beard, however,—"an immense beard of the purest white, which fell in broad masses like a cascade over his powerful chest,"—was not well thought of in refined circles in Paris. "It was not considered respectable,—it had a revolutionary aspect." "We cannot admit the man with the beard," said the great Forty of the Academy. Thus he never attained the very Olympus of French honour; but everything that could be had from the admiration and enthusiasm of the nation was his. His own town gave him a banquet, placing his two earliest busts among the chief decorations of the room in which it was held; shortly before his death, "by forty-seven votes out of fifty," the first of four great medals of honour, awarded at the Exhibition of 1855, was given to him; and his works and instructions were alike eagerly sought. Nevertheless, all the time he put on no exterior beyond that of a working man. "He would sit of an evening playing backgammon on the causeway in the Rue d'Enfer, just as if he had been in a country village." He worked from sunrise to sunset, always busy. In the evening, when he could not sit out of doors with his homely neighbours, he would sit at home making designs for his work, while his wife played to him, or some one read aloud. Yet this working man, in his shirt-sleeves, was never less than an artist. When he sat at last on the shores of the Mediterranean and watched the white waves, "Are not these the coursers of Neptune, and cannot you see

out there in the distance the chariot of Amphitrite?" he said.

We can take but one more biography from Mr Hamerton's interesting series. It is the longest and in some respects the most attractive in the book, as bringing before us not only one but two of the finest figures in recent French history, as well as perhaps the most delicately attractive of all the *salons*, that of Madame Récamier. Most people have heard the sad and beautiful story of André Ampère's early love and marriage, one of the most pure and tender idyls that has ever been communicated to the world. Mr Hamerton sketches lightly over again this most touching tale, but his real hero is the son of the poor young Julie, the wife whom the elder Ampère loved so dearly and lost so early. Jean Jacques Ampère is perhaps the better known to the ordinary reader of these two. His father was a man of great scientific attainments, but the son reaches the wider world of the general public by his books, though these are still of a kind above the interest of the crowd. The young man devoted himself to literature from his earliest years with a curious determination to be a poet which rarely occurs in England, at least until the neophyte has won his spurs and showed some capability for this ethereal trade. Perhaps in France, where poetry itself is a scientific pursuit, it is less necessary that the poet should be "born," and more likely that he may be "made." Young Ampère had all the educational advantages that France could give him, under the care of a wise and anxious father, but he had a "natural incapacity for science," which bewildered that careful guardian, and he was as little disposed towards the solid ways of making money as André Ampère himself. What he wanted was to make "des vers," which is a more correct description of the process than our usual account of the art as "writing poetry." "We should not estimate him correctly if we left his poetic labours out of account," Mr Hamerton says; but certainly it is not as a poet that any one is likely to dwell upon his memory. He was a profoundly sensitive youth. We are told that the effect upon him of reading 'Manfred' was tremendous. "Never in my whole life did reading crush me like that. On Sunday, I went to see the sunset, and it seemed menacing like the infernal flames," he says. His mind was moved and influenced by literature as the minds of other men are moved by the events of life.

Young Ampère too, however, had a romance in his existence, not like that of his father, yet full of interest in its way. So important does Mr Hamerton find this story, that he pauses to give an account of the beautiful Madame Récamier, to whom the young man attached himself with a fervour of worship which influenced his whole life, and who was in her day the centre of the most brilliant coterie in Paris, the friendly rival of Madame de Staël, not in literature but in popularity, the consoler and companion of so many of the chief spirits of the time. Mr Hamerton is scarcely less than unkind in his treatment of this distinguished, and, so far as any one knows, blameless woman. She had great beauty, and the faculty of sympathy to the extent of genius, if we may use that word for a moral quality which is usually attached to the intellectual. She was not in love with her husband, a man who was between forty and fifty when he married her, a girl of sixteen; but she seems to have neglected no duty to him which was involved in such a marriage,—a connection perfectly understood in France, and meaning anything but the close union which we pride

ourselves on observing more than any other nation. But scandal seems never to have breathed against her. She knew all the best men of her time, and received them, equally when retired in the poverty of the Abbaye aux Bois, where she found a refuge in the latter part of her life, and when in the exuberance of wealth and youth. They were friends to whom she gave a sweet and unfailing sympathy in all their struggles and troubles. From the great Chateaubriand—vain, exigent, and important—to the shy and impassioned boy Ampère, she gave her smile, her kind attention to every one. It was her mission in the world; and if she liked to console and charm all who came within her range, why should she be blamed for it? "The leading motive of her life was simply the deaire to remain a supreme influence in a certain limited circle. She liked to be the queen of a little court, to live surrounded by sympathy, affection, and admiration." This last, we suspect, most of us would like, if we could obtain it. To be "surrounded with sympathy, affection, and admiration," is the pleasantest of all things; and such consolations naturally come to one whose heart is overflowing with affection and sympathy, and who is kind to everybody within her reach. In the case of Jean Jacques Ampère, this affection and admiration ripened all unawares into passion. He loved her with all his foolish young heart: but she, a woman old enough to be his mother, did not love him. Was it her fault that the boy adored her? A jealous mother might have been excused for thinking so; but an impartial biographer has no right to breathe a word against Madame Récamier. She was exquisitely kind to the young man, motherly, never failing in sympathy and goodness; but there is not the shadow of a reason for believing that she encouraged this delusion of his. She "had only intended to be kind to the son of an illustrious man who was dear to her friend Ballanche," says Mr Hamerton; "but she was such a skilful artist in the use of feminine charms and influence, and her skill from long practice had become so much a part of herself, that she innocently subjugated poor Jean Jacques, who had never before talked to so sympathetic a listener. From that hour till the date of Madame Récamier's death, a space of nearly thirty years, Jean Jacques could never be happy for a week, and scarcely even for a day, unless he talked with her. Those who knew the lady already were not in the least surprised by this fresh evidence of her fascination."

There is a curious want of generosity in these inferences and insinuations which men are very apt to show towards women. This is a point in which Frenchmen are generally more enlightened than Englishmen, and perhaps it is the only one in which Mr Hamerton's insularity shows. Poor Madame Récamier! it is hard that even her motherly kindness, her gift of sympathy, so delightful to all who encountered it, should be charged against her. It was her grand distinction in the world, and there are not many people who possess this most delightful of gifts that we should make it a reproach to them. The fact is, that this devoted friendship for a woman, rising to visionary passion for a time,—passion always entirely hopeless, fanciful, delicate, and full of reverence—then sinking (if that can be called sinking which is the very flower of tender and disinterested sentiment) into the profound attachment of a filial friend, half son, half disciple, —is the very soul of Ampère's life. To both the Ampères the same fate has fallen. They are great in their respective careers, the one in science,

the other in literature; but when André Ampère's name meets our eye in a dry catalogue or list of honours, it blossoms like Aaron's rod with the marriage-crown of poor young Julia, and the flowers upon her early grave; while his son, amid all his travels and all his labours, even while we go with him through the ancient grandeurs of Rome, or trace under his guidance the early rising of French genius, holds our regard most of all by the purity, the faithfulness, the tender generosity of a long and spotless friendship. A man who could love so, who could be so faithful, and whose lack of recompense could never detract from his constant true attachment, could not have been a common man.

Ampère is a true type of the man of letters throughout his gentle and never joyful, but, on the whole, happy career. No harsh note sounds throughout his tranquil life. He was brought up in the best and most intellectual society of France, and even his mind never seems to have gone astray to anything unworthy of such an education. He travelled much in the countries sacred to the intelligence, and full of the associations of genius, and his works are full of the learning and highest recollections of the past. The absorbing devotion he had for Madame Récamier kept him from marriage perhaps. But he does not seem to have had a sufficiently vigorous individuality to have thought of such a self-assertion as marriage. His life was in books, in intellectual sympathies, in study, and in the brilliant talk in which he came to be so great an adept. "The three great needs of his life," as he himself defined them, were "friendship, imagination, and labour." And that the reader may see what labour meant to his mind, here is his description of what he had done. "As to languages, I am now nearly sure of knowing all that are worth studying. I read history to gain a conception of each epoch, and in order to interest myself in everything which belongs to it." Then he was "one of the most perfect talkers in the world." "He represented," Mr Hamerton tells us, "in all the capitals of Europe the perfection of French grace and culture; yet remained to the last without vanity, though petted by the best society everywhere." His friends were the very best and highest intelligences of the time, and wherever he went, their houses and hearts were open to him. When the woman who had swayed his life was old and ill, he was as the most devoted of sons to her. She was his family, his all in life; and yet not so much that he had not a hundred other delicate and tender ties, all spotless, noble, and free of self-interest. Why the biographer should be sorry for such a man because among the crowd of commonplace happinesses produced by marriage, he lived and died in a delicate maidenhood of mind, it is difficult to tell; nor why he should be angry with the woman who represented to Jean Jacques Ampère so many of the best things in life.

We fear that we may be suspected of giving, with Mr Hamerton, more of our sympathy to the Frenchmen than we can bestow upon our own countrymen. But George Moore, however, though a fair representative man, does not approach the highest class of English culture and intelligence to which, in France, Ampère belonged. Moore, indeed, could scarcely have been but an Englishman; whereas Ampère is much more cosmopolitan, and represents a class of which there are examples to be found everywhere, and which we could at this present moment parallel more exactly, perhaps, in London than in Paris. There is more than nationality concerned in the contrast; there is all

the difference of the artist and the citizen, of the man of action and the man of thought. Great, however, as are the attractions of the gentler nature, it may be doubted whether all the exertions of all the artists and writers of his time did half so much to alleviate the ills of humanity as the bustling benevolence of Mr George Moore, so much less fine and beautiful a ministrant. And there is one point at least in which they all resemble each other, which we note gratefully, widely diverse as are their ways of working. All these men worked in their different paths for God and man, with a sense of duty, responsibility, high honour, and fine meaning such as it is good to see. In this respect there is no monopoly on either side of the Channel, nor in any special creed or opinion; which is a most consoling doctrine to all who have at heart the broader interests of our common race.

SHEATHING THE SWORD.

"We have brought you back Peace, but Peace with Honour, and such a Peace as, I hope, will satisfy the Sovereign and the Country."
—*Spoken by Lord Beaconsfield from the window in Downing Street*, 16th July 1878.

1.

"I BRING you Peace;" hear the thrice-blest Commission,
Ye hearts that long have stood prepared for strife;
Disarm, and sow and reap free from suspicion,
Sell, buy, enjoy, promote the arts of Life!
With transport let us hail the great reprieve,
If that with Honour we may it receive.

2.

"I bring you Peace, and bring you Honour too;"
Among the assembled Powers the British nation
Bore itself loftily, as one which knew
Its rights, its influence, and its high vocation.
Hail, then, to Peace! hail, then, to Honour more!
Again stands England as she stood of yore,

3.

No longer sunk in self—no longer seeking
Specious excuse to shirk her duty's call,
Nor in immunity gold-purchased sneaking;
She'll prop the weak and raise up them that fall.
For righteous ends confront we freely dangers—
Our talent must be put to the exchangers.

4.

But while we welcome Peace, sound aye the fame
Of him whose skill and patience served our need—
Who rancorous foes and falt'ring friends o'ercame,
And showed how Constancy and Pluck succeed:
To him our hearty offering let us yield,
Praise, Honour, Gratitude to BEACONSFIELD!!

W. G. H.

THE TREATIES OF PEACE.

THE great controversy which has absorbed the attention of Europe for three years, paralysed its trade, and inflicted upon it the cost and suffering either of war or its preparation, has at length been closed. The magnitude of the settlement, particularly as regards the *rôle* assigned henceforth to Great Britain in the East, overwhelms for the time being even the feeling of profound satisfaction with which we have learnt the conclusion of a peace so honourable to this country that it amounts to a bloodless yet decisive victory. The responsibilities which we have assumed in regard to the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, by virtue of the Defensive Treaty with the Sultan, may easily be exaggerated, and probably will be exaggerated for party purposes. Nevertheless every Englishman, of whatever party, must regard them as a most grave and serious undertaking, not by any means to be approached with a light heart or a jubilant satisfaction, but to be approved only so far as they shall be demonstrated to have been inevitable. We have practically given a military guarantee that the existing frontier, as settled by the Congress, or rather by the Treaty of San Stefano, slightly modified by the interference of this country, shall be preserved for all time against the further encroachments of Russia. With or without that guarantee we could not have allowed that frontier to be violated. Still we can only accept such an engagement in the same spirit as we should have accepted the issue of war itself—viz., as a stern and unavoidable necessity prescribed by the law of self-preservation, and the responsibilities of that empire which our forefathers have bequeathed to us. Great Britain did not desire the extension of her power or any increase to the territories for whose safety and welfare she is already answerable. The protectorate which we have assumed over Asia Minor, with the serious efforts which it may entail on the next generation, and the liability to military warfare which it may involve, represents the price at which war has been averted. It is the measure of the disastrous consequence to England of that unscrupulous aggression which Russia was permitted to make upon the Ottoman empire, in violation of the Treaty of Paris. It can only, in our opinion, be justified on the ground of necessity; and assuming it to be necessary, the burden it imposes upon the English people exactly represents the loss which the abrogation of the treaties of 1856 has inflicted, and the cost, effort, and risk which are involved in replacing, by an equivalent arrangement, the security which we enjoyed under the former settlement. Had this country been unanimous from the first in forbidding the invasion of Turkish territories, instead of being paralysed by the insensate folly of the Bulgarian agitation, and of applauding the profound humanity of the Czar and his advisers, the South-East might still have been regulated by the Paris Treaty. But the short-sighted enthusiasm of English philanthropists, temporarily thrown off their heads by one of the characteristic incidents of the strife which was then beginning, joined to the supine indifference of the Continent, abetted the total abolition of the state of things to which that Treaty applied. We

are now called upon to pay the penalty; for, in order to build up the old settlement afresh in a manner which shall be equally effective in securing British interests in those quarters, we are compelled, in the opinion of our wisest statesmen, to undertake a far more laborious and responsible task than formerly, and to accept a position of peril which was previously unnecessary. The old settlement depended for its security on a joint guarantee which every one disregarded, on an efficient supervision which English Liberals systematically neglected. The new settlement will give our philanthropists scope for their energies, and will test their sincerity. And the joint guarantee is replaced by a much more efficient, because sole and immediate, protectorate. Turkish territory is now reduced to a minimum, but that residue must be more watchfully guarded against all dangers from within and without.

The task is one which may well fire the imagination of a great people, and rouse every sentiment of imperial pride or philanthropic benevolence. As to the former, the territories in respect of which we have assumed so much responsibility form the largest portion of the Ottoman dominion, and give to their possessors a strong and commanding position in the Black Sea, the Straits, and the east of the Mediterranean. They have been for more than 3000 years the scene on which the greatest conquerors of the world have struggled for empire and predominance. The Scythians and the Medes, the Greeks and the Persians, the Romans and the Parthians, have there fought for supremacy. Greek civilisation founded their famous cities; the early triumphs of Christianity are associated with a later period of their history; Mussulman supremacy has been their ruin. Anglo-Saxon energy is now directed to their renovation, and to the task of recalling their earlier prosperity, or of surpassing it by the aid of Western science, capital, and enterprise. Commercially, they may be well worth the attention of Englishmen; financially, they may repay whatever outlay may be needed to develop their intrinsic capabilities; and politically, their contentment and prosperity have become essential to British security. The success of our protectorate will establish our ascendancy at Constantinople, and indefinitely postpone hostilities with Russia.

Public opinion in this country is but slightly informed as to the political and economical condition of the various provinces comprised in Asia Minor. An interesting letter in the 'Times' of the 24th June, in which "A Traveller" closed a series of communications, generally recognised as full of accurate information, is worth referring to. He draws attention to the neglect under which the whole provincial population of Asiatic Turkey suffers. The notion which underlies Ottoman government is to increase the central authority, and leave the local administration to itself. It was not so very long ago proposed to relieve the shortcomings of its European administration by compelling the unspeakable Turk to set his face eastward; but in real truth it is eastwards that England will be obliged more and more to assume the responsibility for his failures, and undertake the duty of supplying a corrective. Asia Minor was excluded from the ken of Liberal philanthropists, whose ill-regulated enthusiasm for the Slavs and Bulgarians was careless of the consequences which might ensue from the violent deportation eastwards of the race which they had suddenly learnt to regard with a species of fanatical hatred. Yet those Asiatic districts which in the

course of events must either be abandoned to Russian intrigue and subsequent invasion, or else be administered under the eye of this country, required no further elements of confusion to complete their disorder. "A decreasing revenue, a dwindling population, not one but hundreds of deserted villages, broken bridges, fallen caravansaries, relics untold of bygone prosperity and wealth," are, in the words of "A Traveller," strong evidence alike of the capacity and resources of the country, as well as of the paralysis which has been inflicted by incurable maladministration. Local governors of administrative capacity so circumstanced that their interests lie on the side of the prosperity of their provinces, might gradually apply a remedy for the existing evil, and inspire amongst an agricultural population that sense of security which would soon become the fruitful parent of industry and enterprise. To rescue oriental populations from the clutches of the money-lender, and place them under a system of administration which shall regulate the imposition and collection of needful taxes, and apply their proceeds to the substantial requirements of the province, by building bridges, roads, schools, and maintaining police and troops, is an enormous undertaking, but one which, as it is now forced upon us, will speedily bring with it its own reward, in the increased prosperity and productiveness of some fertile regions of the earth, and in the increased confidence wherewith the populations of Western Asia, which practically lie on the borders of our own empire, will turn to our rule in preference to that of Russia. But before that reward can be reached, something more than enthusiastic agitation and platform philanthropy are required at our hands. Large efforts, large expenditure, sustained resolution, will be needed before the English householders will have achieved their purpose of introducing order and prosperity amongst the motley clans, nationalities, races, and creeds, which make up the two leading divisions of the Christian and Mohammedan inhabitants of Asiatic Turkey. It has been interesting to observe how our enthusiastic contemporary, the 'Spectator,' has been sobered by the prospect. Maudlin philanthropy is cheap enough when it takes the form of inviting Russian aggression, and of advocating the expulsion alike of Turkish officials from their country and English Ministers from the councils of their Sovereign. But when the inevitable results of that aggression unfold themselves, and high-flying sentiment must be replaced by practical effort, lofty and philanthropical aspirations reduced to the cold level of immediate effort, serious cost, and ascertained responsibility, the 'Spectator' is the first to flinch. The empire to which philanthropy, and the law of self-preservation in the events which have happened, compel the attention of Englishmen is, he complains, larger than Austria, France, and Spain all put together; it is 2000 miles away; it is occupied by 16 millions of half-civilised and oppressed peoples; it is sunk in hopeless anarchy and confusion; it is threatened by 60 millions of Slavs. The task on hand will cost, he says, ten millions a-year; will irritate France, Russia, and Italy. There is no agency wherewith order can be restored; philanthropy has undertaken an impossible task. Hitherto, if the unspeakable Turk would only set his face eastwards, or the Czar send forth his desolating hordes in the name of humanity, all would go well. If Great Britain undertakes the task, then pseudo-philanthropists stand aghast at its magni-

tude, its recklessness, and its gigantic perils. But they should have thought of all these things before they stimulated Russian aggression and abandoned the Treaty of Paris. The integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire are practically gone; and it is not for Great Britain to shrink from the inevitable consequences, or to accept in a half-hearted spirit the legacy of peril and of honourable exertion bequeathed to her by the fall of that empire which she allowed single-handed to struggle with its fate.

We are certainly not over elated at the prospect before us, but the depressed and gloomy view of the 'Spectator' is ridiculous when we recollect the course which that journal has persistently taken throughout the recent troubles. Coercing the Turk is the one idea of politicians of that stamp. Joint action with Russia is their invariable proposal whenever the Eastern Question is raised. But the task which now appals them would not be achieved by that course of action,—it would only be rendered ten times more difficult and equally inevitable. It is of no use at this time of day recriminating as to whose policy has rendered this task unavoidable now. The position at which we have arrived is this. Russia refuses to give up Kars, Ardahan, and Batoum. We say that the new frontier which she has secured, marks the limit to which she can be allowed to advance with safety to ourselves. Any further extension of territory in that direction must be resisted. The Treaty of Paris and several generations of statesmen would have regarded the present extension as extremely disastrous. The only terms on which we could assent to it were, that Russia must agree to its being the final limit, ourselves undertaking to oppose immediately by force of arms any further attempt inconsistent with that understanding. We presume that the new line has been so drawn as to represent a defensible frontier; and if so, the necessity for immediate war has been averted. But unless a future struggle be submitted to as inevitable, it was absolutely necessary for the English Ministers to take measures which, while they tend to avert it, will also strengthen our hands in case it occurs. Every one knows that, in that quarter of the world, England and Russia stand face to face, and it would be the mere helplessness of despair if we did not take at once all necessary measures of precaution. If Russia renounces her Asiatic conquests, there is no further need of our interference. As she refuses to do so, and probably will continue her refusal, the result is, as Lord Salisbury's despatch to Sir Henry Layard points out, that the Asiatic populations will learn to "calculate upon the speedy fall of the Ottoman domination, and turn their eyes towards its successor." The moment, therefore, had arrived when England must decide, and act upon her decision. Either she must stand by while the decay of the remaining Ottoman empire is being accelerated by further intrigues (to be followed by invasion) amongst races already disaffected and disposed to political change, or she must at once engage to defend it, and stipulate for the rights which will enable her to take the necessary precautions within and without. Conquest of these territories, or reconquest from Russia of her recent acquisitions, would have imposed these duties, which will be all the more readily discharged inasmuch as our hands have not been weakened by the exhaustion of warfare. It has been necessary that the British empire should be "rounded off," as it were, and secured in a vulnerable

and exposed part of its dominions; and we must discharge the duties which we have undertaken in a manner befitting the inheritors of empire, with a view to assert its rights and maintain its security. As Lord Salisbury, with a terseness and outspokenness which all must rejoice to witness in English diplomacy, points out, the success of Russian arms is producing in the minds of Eastern populations a belief in the speedy fall of the Ottoman Power, and a disposition to turn towards the victor. A new basis has been provided for the operations of intrigue, to be followed in no distant time by invasion. The only effective remedy is "an engagement on the part of a Power strong enough to fulfil it, that any further encroachments by Russia upon Turkish territory in Asia will be prevented by force of arms." Accordingly the engagement has been given "fully and unreservedly," partly to act as a warning, and partly to inspire the requisite confidence that Ottoman rule is not destined to a speedy fall.

It will have been observed that the question of the Asiatic provinces has been omitted from the Treaty of Berlin. It is no doubt provided that the treaties of 1856 and 1871 remain in force, except so far as the Treaty of Berlin alters their provisions. The last Treaty is silent as regards the Straits and Black Sea, which are still governed by the former instruments. But the Asiatic provinces of Turkey are a subject upon which the European Powers decline to interfere. Russia and England must settle between themselves as to their future; and unless they are to be at once left on the slide, to roll down into the open lap of the northern victor, the people of this country must rouse themselves to avert or prepare for a considerable struggle. To guarantee their defence simply and solely would be to repeat the weakest part of the Paris Treaty. That arrangement perished, because it failed to provide for the better administration of Ottoman government. Renewed neglect of or acquiescence in Turkish misrule would now expose us to the certainty of war. If our interests are so vitally involved in the maintenance of the Ottoman dominions, we cannot relapse into the indifference of the twenty years which succeeded the Crimean war. The authorities at Constantinople can no longer be left to themselves to perpetuate maladministration, and precipitate the ruin of their empire, and the recurrence of war. The precise mode in which their administration will be controlled does not yet appear. There is a marked difference between our engagements to occupy and administer Cyprus, and our undefined right to insist on the Sultan's better government of Asia Minor, and on satisfactory arrangement being made for that purpose. Indirectly, we presume, the administration of those provinces will be carried on by this country, through local governors, carefully selected and faithfully supported. It is impossible to suppose that having once recognised the necessity of incurring this responsibility, the English Government would allow the inertia and corruption of the officers of the Stamboul Government to impede the accomplishment of purposes which it believes to be essential to the security of the Ottoman empire.

The object in assuming this protectorate was, as Lord Beaconsfield pointed out in that most weighty statement which he made on the 18th of July to the House of Lords, to produce tranquillity and order with a view to invite the energy and enterprise of Europe to what really is another continent. The

progress of Russia, he said, whatever her intentions, produced disorganisation and want of confidence in the Porte, and but for our interference Asia Minor would be either the victim of anarchy or the possession of Russia. It was time to avert the great evils which were destroying Asia Minor and the equally rich countries beyond. The Sultan, says Lord Beaconsfield, "has invariably during his reign expressed his desire to act with England and to act with Europe, especially in the better administration of his affairs."

Lord Derby disparaged altogether the occupation of Cyprus, but he thoroughly disapproved and denounced the treaty of guarantee. Not merely was it a gigantic liability to undertake, but it would destroy any capacity the Turks might possess for self-help and self-maintenance. If it was merely a military guarantee, it would not prevent disorganisation; while a protectorate would become "a virtual annexation of the country, not sanctioned by any treaty, and not recognised by any foreign Power." The Sultan, he said, will be jealous of our interference, and will appeal to the jealousy of other Powers; either we shall become responsible for the maintenance of a bad government, or attempting to reform with divided power and unrecognised authority, we shall slide into an annexation to which other Powers will be hostile. Should we become *de facto* masters of the country, we lose more than we gain. We have a frontier open to Russian invasion. There is no good port in the Black Sea for our ironclad fleet, and we should be thrown entirely on our land resources for the defence of Armenia. In fact he regarded the Asiatic guarantee as "a most dangerous thing." The reply of Lord Salisbury was complete. A man with such a faculty of destructive criticism is incapable of acting. The British empire would never have been built up in that spirit, and cannot be maintained in that way. Of course there are difficulties and dangers and responsibilities; but "if we have made up our minds to avoid responsibility, we have made up our minds to renounce empire." The question is, "Whether the responsibility we have incurred is greater than the responsibility which would have resulted if we had left the thing alone?" We could not leave the countries of Mesopotamia and Asia Minor to their fate, unless we were prepared to give out to the world that Russia was welcome to them, and that England was powerless to prevent her taking them. As we were not prepared to do this, the boldest was the safest course. In the words of the Prime Minister we say to Russia, "Thus far and no farther," and take up a position of resolute defence. In the words of Lord Salisbury—

> "We have a strong conviction that there is a statesmanlike party in Russia which does not desire the policy of extension and annexation, and we believe it would strengthen that party, which desires to avoid a perpetual recurrence of difficulty and war, by pointing out to the nation the dangers which must inevitably arise if this policy of annexation be pursued in Asia Minor, and by announcing it in such a manner as would leave no room for mistake as to the policy which this country was likely to pursue. We believe we have given assistance to the more statesmenlike, prudent, and sagacious statesmen of Russia, which may be invaluable to them, and that we have taken the strongest security for the future maintenance of that peace which it has been our happiness to bring back to England."

Thus the policy of creating a renovated and well-governed Asiatic

Turkey is, in the turn which events have taken, essential to English interest. England therefore must take it in hand, and resolve to carry it into execution. The first step, all seem to agree, must be to obliterate the distinction between the Christian—whether Greek or Armenian, orthodox Catholic or Protestant—and the Mohammedan races. It is the maintenance of that distinction which has cost the Sultan province after province; its abolition under the guidance of England in Asia, as in Europe under the new Treaty, must secure and renovate the remainder of his empire by conciliating the one and energetically repressing the licence of the other. Not merely must the fiscal administration be reformed, but Mohammedan law must be abolished where Christians are concerned, and Christian evidence be admitted in the courts; capable governors and judges must be appointed, and their authority supported, and exercised in all cases, as far as possible, under the supervision of English consuls and commissioners.

The policy to which Great Britain now stands committed involves the support of the Ottoman Government and resistance to Russian encroachment; and if the Liberal Opposition in England is henceforth to take its place in the national councils, it must begin by abjuring all the invectives and the misplaced confidences of the last two years. Mr Gladstone and his immediate followers must reconsider their scheme of reversing the traditional policy of the Foreign Office, of applauding the strong humanity of the Czar, and of coercing the Turk in some vague and indefinite manner. A great work lies before the nation. Liberals, if they are to share in the work of government, must give up wringing their hands over the Bulgarian atrocities of two years ago. The paltry platitudes of the St James's Hall Conference may be put on one side, and their authors may exhibit with advantage more sense and discretion in the future. One thing is quite certain, that, if the Liberal party is to continue to exist, it must place itself more in accord with the national feeling on the Eastern Question. It must recognise that the fate of empires is bound up with the settlement of these oriental disputes, the patient improvement of the condition of Ottoman dependants, and the adjustment of the boundaries of Ottoman dominion. Hitherto it has shown itself in office capable of drifting into a war upon this question—the causes and results of which its leaders are wholly unable to explain. In opposition it has stimulated a panic at home, of which all its most trusted members are now heartily ashamed, and urged on an unscrupulous aggression from abroad, from the most pernicious consequences of which we have been saved by the skill and resolution of the Government, at the price of undertaking a most serious effort and giving a most responsible guarantee. Its perverse machinations have tended to exalt the fame of the great statesman whose policy they were directed to frustrate and subvert; and even his unquestioned supremacy and extraordinary triumph are enhanced by the remembrance of his rival's furious declamation and opposition. Mr Gladstone's equivocal antecedents in reference to this Eastern Question, ought to have restrained his impetuosity and inspired him with discretion. Never happy in his treatment of foreign affairs, covered with reproach on account of his dealings in and out of office with the Crimean war, his conduct as a Minister during the American civil

war, the Alabama arbitration, the negotiations in 1871 respecting the Black Sea clauses of the Paris Treaty, his wild and ungoverned course during the last two years,—have in the end left him bankrupt in character and reputation with respect to our foreign relations. His eminent career must depend for its fame on his legislative achievements, his eloquence, and his financial successes; and perhaps his greatest title to the recollection of posterity will be that he was for years the successful rival of the man who has now proved his unquestioned supremacy.

Although the relations of this country to Asia Minor are at present indefinite, involving a right to insist on satisfactory arrangements being made for its better government, and to devise or approve the necessary reforms therein, and pointing to an inevitable increase of authority which will in time absorb the main duties of administration, —there is no such indefiniteness in regard to the island of Cyprus. That island is practically severed at once from the rule of the Sultan, and will be occupied and administered for our own benefit, paying a quit-rent to Turkey, fixed at the present average annual value of the island under Ottoman administration. If a brighter day has seemed to dawn upon the Asiatic provinces, the island of Cyprus, at all events, experiences a sudden and beneficent revolution in its destiny. Conquest after conquest has rolled over the place from the earliest times without appreciable advantage to its fortunes. It is now quietly and silently annexed to the British empire; and an almost boundless prospect of enterprise and importance is opened to it. Its possession will supply to England a want which has been severely felt, since the cession of the Ionian Island sand the opening of the Suez Canal revealed to this country that a most important link in the chain of our sea communications was without adequate protection. Since Corfu was abandoned, Malta was the only naval station between Gibraltar and Port Said. Cyprus is the nearest island to the Suez Canal, and its possession enables our ships to command the entrance to the Canal almost as effectually as an occupation of Egypt would do. It closes the Gulf of Scanderoon and makes us masters of Syria. It consolidates the naval strength of Great Britain in the east of the Mediterranean, and is sufficiently near to the Dardanelles to facilitate the closing of those straits, if ever it should be necessary. To have seized the Dardanelles, or to have occupied Egypt, or to have taken possession of the two extremities of the Suez Canal, would have wounded the susceptibilities either of Europe or of France. The occupation of Cyprus answers the purposes in view equally well, and except for a momentary and somewhat unreasonable irritation in France similar to that which greeted the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, has passed unquestioned by the Powers. The French will eventually approve it. They must see that some such step was absolutely necessary for defensive purposes against Russia and to enable England to undertake the severe duties which the course of events and the future tranquillity of the world impose upon her. The particular spot has been selected for one main reason, that it is a place in reference to which France had made no reservations, and in which she has no interests. Its selection indicates a settled purpose on the part of this country not to place ourselves, under whatever temptation or encouragement, in a position of hostility to France, or

which might, by offering the appearance of menacing her dignity and interests, check the sympathies and goodwill which, dating from the Crimean war, are being cemented by her peaceful, industrious, and well-ordered course, and which will outlast the temporary feeling that represents the restlessness of partisanship rather than the conviction of the people.

The whole transaction, whether we regard the present virtual annexation of Cyprus, or what in all probability is the prospective annexation of Asia Minor, is a gigantic step in the development of that empire which is the inheritance of the British people. It bears witness to the greatness of the peril, which, in the opinion of a long line of statesmen and generals, and conspicuously in that of the present Prime Minister, threatens us from Russian domination and earth-hunger in that quarter of the world. The grave efforts which this country is now called upon to make are the substitute for those which war would have entailed. Perhaps even a successful war might have left us in a similar position, with the same task to fulfil, but with impaired resources and exhausted energies. The Ministry has felt it necessary to summon the people of this country to embark upon new fields of enterprise, and undertake a duty which none but a military empire could discharge. We must shake ourselves free from the reproach of being an exhausted Power, and render our new frontiers impregnable from without, guarded from within not more by force of British arms than by the loyalty and contentment which British supervision and control will, we trust, be enabled to inspire. The two empires of India and Asia Minor — originally the heritage of the Emperors of Delhi and the Sultans of Turkey, but gradually lapsing to this country, first as the representatives and then as the successors of those sovereigns —will eventually be brought into closer contact, and will mutually aid each other in the development of their resources. The projected railway through the Euphrates or Tigris valley, so long neglected as a route to India, may become a necessary mode of communication between two great dependencies, when the vast natural resources of Asia Minor have been developed by wise administration, and by the energies which the sense of security and justice will call into play, and which Western enterprise will stimulate and reward. Whatever the political future of those provinces—whether they are virtually annexed to the British empire, or whether their own capacity for self-government, or some unexpected vigour on the part of the ruling Turks, renders mere supervision through consuls and commissioners effectual—the end must somehow be attained of effecting their stability and good government. All races of inhabitants—Armenians, Christians, Mohammedans, Slavs—all turn to this country for protection; and at last the exigencies of our situation compel us to undertake it.

The Anglo-Turkish Convention is the keystone of the new settlement from the point of view of British interests. Without it, there would have been no prospect of its stability. It throws into the shade, as far as we are concerned, the Treaty at Berlin, although that engagement by itself is one of the most important diplomatic transactions which Europe has ever concluded. The circumstances, no doubt, under which the Congress assembled and deliberated were eminently favourable to a fair and reasonable settlement. Turkey had been defeated and was prostrate, in

a very different position from that in which she attended the Conference of Paris in 1856. A large portion of the Sultan's dominions was in the actual possession of his victorious enemy. The Sultan had signed a bond for the delivering up of yet further territory, including some of his most important strongholds. It was not an occasion for repeating that most obnoxious provision of the Treaty of Paris, which, though intended to guard the Sultan's dominions against foreign intervention, was nevertheless the pretext for interference, the cause of discontent, and ultimately of the overthrow of the Ottoman power. Whatever miseries this war has occasioned, and however unscrupulous and selfish the aggression may have been, one result seems tolerably manifest, that, alike in Europe and in Asia, the knell of Mussulman misrule has sounded. No one dreamed at Berlin of restoring to the Sultan the full attributes of sovereignty, and receiving from him the gracious communication of firmans which had spontaneously emanated from his sovereign will and from "his constant solicitude for the welfare of his subjects." The Powers would have been slow to "recognise the high value" of such a communication, had it been made or offered; and still less were they disposed to disclaim all responsibility for the interior condition of his empire. That principle of action is finally abandoned. The Congress not merely stayed the progress and desolation of war, and effected the resuscitation to a considerable extent of the Sultan's European dominions, but it laid down the principles of their administration and the machinery of their government. Although past maladministration has been wilfully exaggerated for interested purposes, and made the pretext for spoliation, yet the sentiments which dominated the Treaty of Paris are abandoned. Time has shown that no settlement of the South-East will be durable which does not provide for its internal order and just administration.

The fame of the Treaty of Berlin, having regard to the experience of recent years, will depend upon the time that it continues to operate successfully. And from that point of view, the arrangements made to satisfy the provincial populations are the most important. Made "with a view to European order," so far as they are effective they will go far to insure the vitality of this new settlement, by enlisting in its behalf and defence the sympathies and the interests of the subject races. It is the most Conservative part of the whole scheme; and so far as it operates successfully, it will serve to strengthen the guarantees against future aggression which are provided by the Treaty. If to Austrian extension, Roumanian jealousy, Servian and Montenegrin independence without, are added contentment and prosperity within, a very firm barrier, it may not unreasonably be hoped, will have been raised against the Gortschakoffs and Ignatieffs of the future.

It may be that Russian influence will preponderate in the new Bulgaria to the north of the Balkans, and that the suzerainty of the Sultan may be in time objected to. But the new principality will at all events occupy a changed position as regards the facilities which it will offer for intrigue and invasion. The surrounding states will be, we hope, the champions of order instead of the fomenters of disturbances. A Christian Government, a national militia, an elected Prince, the total disappearance of Ottoman troops and fortresses, form the basis of the new arrangement. Laws are to be

framed by an assembly of notables, which, while making due allowance for the rights and interests of those inhabitants who are not Bulgarians, shall proceed upon the basis of complete religious equality, as regards civil and political rights, admission to office, or the exercise of any calling whatever. There are a number of provisions to adjust the relations of the new principality to its neighbours, and to the Sublime Porte. Its prosperity and contentment for the future will be in its own hands; at all events, it will be perfectly impossible to attribute any shortcomings in its condition to Ottoman misrule.

Further south the province of Eastern Roumelia will chiefly interest the English people, for it is the creation of English statesmen, and remains as a monument of their firmness in cancelling the avowed intentions of victorious Russia. In spite of the Treaty of San Stefano, that province will remain under the direct military and political authority of the Sultan, who will raise and garrison fortifications on its frontier. No irregular troops will be allowed to be used, and internal order must be maintained by a native *gendarmerie*, assisted by a local militia, both of which will be officered with due regard to the religion of those amongst whom they are stationed. The administration of the province will ultimately be intrusted to a governor-general appointed for five years by the Sublime Porte, with the assent of the Powers. Although the whole of the arrangements for the due organisation of the province will be the subject of an imperial firman, they must be previously settled with a European Commission. The limitations upon the sovereignty of the Sultan, when compared with the Treaty of Paris, amount to a total destruction of its capacity for misrule. It is not, however, a Muscovite, but a European ascendancy, which is set up. The Commission is to determine the powers and functions of that governor whom the Powers are virtually to appoint. It is to determine the judicial, financial, and administrative requirements of the province. It is to administer the finances till the new organisation or local government is ready to take them over. Religious liberty is secured to the populations as a matter of European law.

If this scheme of administration works successfully, without that friction which may easily result from its somewhat cumbrous machinery of control, it ought to secure the inhabitants a just and beneficent administration. Europe plainly recognises that the political and economical condition, both of Bulgaria and Roumelia, are matters of high international importance, not to be trusted in any way to the Stamboul authorities, and has done its best to provide a scheme under which that condition may prosper and improve. The results must be left to time; but there would seem to be every promise of adequately securing life, property, and religious rights. It would be the fanaticism of political distrust to believe that the nine months which yet remain of Russian occupation will be devoted to sowing the seeds, in whatever way, of future discontent and disturbance, and to establishing an influence which will be directed to subvert the humane intentions of the Congress.

Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro obtain their independence, and certain increase of territory, on condition of openly adopting the same public law as that which is to prevail in Bulgaria. That provision is the charter of their

rights to the inhabitants of all these principalities, and forms the basis on which their whole administration must rest, according to the decree of Europe. It is as follows:—

Distinction of religious belief or confession shall not operate against any one as a reason of exclusion or incapacity, as far as concerns the enjoyment of civil and political rights, admission to public employment, offices, or honours, or the exercise of different professions or industries, whatever the locality may be. Religious liberty and the open profession of every creed shall be assured to all the natural subjects of the principality, as well as to strangers; and no trammels shall be imposed on the hierarchical organisation of the different religious bodies, or their relations, with their spiritual chiefs.

Then as regards the security of Mussulman proprietors, who, under the new arrangements, are deprived of their former ascendancy, and perhaps relegated to a position which may be one of comparative danger, the scheme suggested by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, some two years ago, appears to have been adopted. Facilities are given for their withdrawal, by enabling them in that case to retain their lands and provide for their management by lessees or other third parties. But the principle of religious liberty, which is the dominant idea of the new settlement, is to be made applicable to the whole of the Ottoman empire. The 57th article of the Treaty binds the Ottoman Government to give it the widest scope; and the right of the diplomatic and consular agents of the Powers to see it carried into effect is reserved. The whole scheme of administration aims at the general improvement and security of the late and present subjects of the Porte; and possibly a brighter and happier day is dawning for the unfortunate subjects of Mohammedan maladministration. Much as their condition has been exaggerated and misrepresented for political purposes, and little as it justified the war which is now concluded, every one must rejoice that the recent deliberations of Europe should have resulted in a scheme so obviously intended, and probably so well calculated, to insure them greater prosperity and security than could possibly have been obtained under the unfettered rule of the Porte. The two Treaties which thus restore to the Sultan a large proportion of the Ottoman dominion, amount to an absolute revolution in the position and prospects alike of the European and Asiatic provinces. If a large share of responsibility henceforth devolves upon Great Britain, it is a high imperial and beneficent task which she has undertaken. It will doubtless be accepted with the courage and seriousness which it demands; and if it is performed with steadfastness and spirit, it will not merely renovate large territories and populations, but it will strengthen and secure the empire of Great Britain in those quarters where it is most vulnerable, and most needs protection.

We have dwelt, in the first place, upon these provisions for good government both in Asia and Europe, because in them lie the chief guarantee for the durability of this settlement. A great deal will depend in the future upon the action of the English Government. We are now so heavily pledged in regard to the East, that to repeat the policy of indifference and inaction which succeeded to the Crimean war, would be the height of rashness. The establishment of order and contentment in the dominions of the Sultan is our best

preservative against a very serious war. But, apart from the prospect of the vitality of the new settlement being adequately secured by internal measures of reform, the Treaty of Berlin fulfils another condition of permanence in that it has satisfactorily adjusted the relative pretensions of the signatory Powers, while fully upholding the interests of this country. We have always maintained that the Treaty of Paris must be replaced by an arrangement which would, if not to an equal extent, at all events to an adequate degree, secure the interests of Great Britain. It seems to us that we now occupy a stronger position than we did before the war, but that we do so at the price of establishing a frontier line conterminous with that of a great military empire. Still, behind that frontier are some warlike races filled with inextinguishable hostility to Russia; and, on the other hand, our vested rights in Asia Minor give us an unquestioned ascendancy at Constantinople, and a stronger hold upon the Straits, and upon the positions which command those Straits from the south. Henceforth, although we abide by the ancient rule of the Ottoman empire, which closes both the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus to the ships of war of all nations, there can be no question that in case of Russian encroachment upon the new frontier line, her whole coasts along the Black Sea are instantly accessible to our ironclads, and are vulnerable at any point which we may choose to select. Our naval power, too, at the east of the Mediterranean, and for the protection of Egypt and the Suez Canal, is largely increased by the possession of Cyprus. The notion of the Black Sea becoming a *mare clausum* for Russia, whilst we are interested in the coasts of Asia Minor from the Bosphorus to Batoum, must be for ever dispelled. The visionary schemes, which were shadowed forth in the Treaty of San Stefano, for establishing Russian power on the coasts of the Ægean and the western shore of the Euxine, are abandoned. Relatively to Great Britain, Russia has gained nothing by recent events. Undoubtedly we pay heavily for the counterbalancing advantages we have obtained. But it has cost us nothing in blood and next to nothing in war taxation; and in all probability the effort and expenditure which are entailed upon us will be of a productive, as they most assuredly will be of an honourable and imperial, character.

Lord Beaconsfield claims for the Treaty that the menace to European independence has been removed, and the threatened injury to the British empire averted. The Congress restored to the Sultan 30,000 geographical square miles, and two and a half millions of population. Bulgaria is now merely a state in the valley of the Danube, one-third of what was contemplated in the Treaty of San Stefano. The race which defended Plevna can defend the Balkans. He explained that, so far from the possessors of Sofia being in a position strong enough to turn the Balkans, Mehemet Ali Pasha himself had pointed out that, as a strategical position, Sofia was worthless, but that it was of vital importance to the Sultan to secure the Pass of Ichtiman,—and that, accordingly, was done. Unless Mehemet Ali was grossly mistaken on a matter of vital importance to his country, the new Turkish frontier must be of adequate strength. With regard to Varna, that was to the north of the Balkans, and in itself was not a place of importance, especially as compared with the harbour of Bourgas, which the Congress allotted to Turkey.

Lord Derby, on the other hand, says that we have not provided an invincible barrier to the further extension of Russian influence. That in the nature of things would be impossible. But we think that the difficulties in the way of extending it are immensely increased. As Prince Bismarck observed, there is again a Turkey in Europe; it is provided with a defensible frontier, and the population with guarantees for good government. Not merely is Russia prevented thereby from at once inheriting its remains, but its prospect of ever doing so is indefinitely postponed. Another Power has intervened. By the arrival of the Austrians at Novi Bazar, the whole course of affairs, as Lord Salisbury observed, has been changed.

"There is now a strong Power," he said—"strong in itself, and strong in the fact that under its present Government it is one of the best administered states in Europe; a Power which has solved to a great and singular extent the difficult problem of reconciling conflicting races and creeds to live under a common Government—which is on the highroad to Constantinople; and though no one who knows the tenor of Austrian policy would suspect her statesmen of the slightest desire to precipitate such a disastrous result, yet the Government had announced to the world in general, and to intending aggressors in particular, that if either intrigue or violence should shake the Turkish empire to pieces, it will not be Russia that will rule upon the Bosphorus."

We must say that, after making every allowance for the burdens which we have undertaken, and which we have no wish in any way to underrate, we still deliberately regard the Treaty of Berlin as, in the words of Prince Bismarck, a magnificent success for this country. With the full knowledge of the strong positions which we have acquired in order to counterbalance her Asiatic encroachments, Russia nevertheless felt herself constrained to affix her signature to a Treaty which deprives her of nearly all the material stipulations of the San Stefano convention. Foremost in her concessions we place the solemn recognition of that main principle of the Treaty of Paris which General Ignatieff had so ostentatiously discarded — viz., that the whole work of resettlement was the right and the duty of the signatory Powers. That was the decisive and world-renowned triumph of England. Whatever fate may attend some of the provisions of this Treaty, Europe owes it to England that she is again organised and strong. The Triple Alliance is dissolved, and public law is re-established, with Austria and England installed as its protectors, with the approval of Europe and the gratitude of France. Even M. Gambetta talks of England's brilliant re-entry into the European circle, and welcomes the result as "covering all the defects which may be found in the details of the Treaty." We may justly be proud of our welcome, and of the spirit which animates it.

No doubt Russia has made good the relative superiority of her forces and her power, as compared with Turkey. The journals in this country which followed the vicissitudes of her military fortunes with a sympathy which was all the more disgraceful that it showed no signs of being counterbalanced by any anxiety either for the security of British interests or for the results upon the conquered provinces of unrestrained Muscovite predominance, were gratified to the utmost. Constantinople, the lines of Bulair, the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, the coast of the Euxine and of the Ægean, all would have been at the mercy of the Czar but for the interposition of this country. In the interests

alike of the populations of Turkey, of the balance of power, and of European tranquillity, the Salisbury Circular demanded that the Russian convention with Turkey should be submitted unreservedly to a Congress, with a view to its reconstruction. The demand was, that General Ignatieff's Treaty should be torn up by the roots; and it has been, so far as European Turkey is concerned, torn up by the roots. Large territory has been restored to the Sultan; the line of the Balkans, as the strongest frontier line within the confines of his empire, has been given back to him, with unreserved liberty to garrison and defend it. It was in reference to this concession, the most vital part of the whole arrangement, that the British Plenipotentiaries, and especially Lord Beaconsfield, have reaped an undying renown. They treated its refusal as a *casus belli*, and succeeded without a war, but by a steadfast courage and resolution worthy of their brilliant achievement, in rolling back the tide of Russian invasion behind the Balkans, and in restoring to the Sultan a large portion of his dominions. Further than that, the strong Slav state which it was sought to establish within and without that range, "under the auspices and control of Russia, possessing important harbours upon the shores of the Black Sea and the Archipelago, and conferring upon that Power a preponderating influence over both the political and commercial relations in those seas," was abolished. All of it within that range—that is, nearly two-thirds of the whole—has been replaced under the direct military and political rule of the Sultan. The Greek populations of Thrace and Macedonia are no longer merged in the dominant Slav majority. Even if Russian influence predominates in the new province of Bulgaria, it is not a strong state; it is more than a hundred miles from the Ægean sea; it possesses an inconsiderable sea-board, and no other port than Varna, "which can hardly be used for any but commercial purposes." And as regards Russian influence, a European Commission will frame its institutions, and bring them into operation after the Russian army has been withdrawn. Moreover, the interposition of the Austrian Power charged with the administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the hostility of Roumania, the discontent of Servia and Montenegro, the barrier of the Danube, the experience of the evils resulting from Muscovite intrigues and invasions, and the substantial prosperity with which a rich and fertile soil will reward peace and industry, are considerable impediments in the way of any undue or disastrous use of Russian influence. The results of British interference may be summed up in the words of Lord Salisbury's despatch:—

"The Greek populations no longer fall within the boundaries of the autonomous Slav Principality; and all Russian influence has been removed to a distance from the shores of the Ægean Sea. The same territorial arrangements have the effect of attaining the essential aim which, in the recent negotiations, her Majesty's Government have had in view—the independent existence and action of the Government of Constantinople. The political outposts of Russian power have been pushed back to the region beyond the Balkans, and its opportunities for establishing influence in the reduced Bulgaria have been materially diminished. The Sultan's dominions have been provided with a defensible frontier far removed from his capital. The interposition of the Austrian Power between the two independent Slav states, while it withdraws from him no territory of strategical or financial value, offers him a security against renewed aggression on their part which no other possible

arrangement could have furnished. Rich and extensive provinces have been restored to his rule, at the same time that careful provision against future misgovernment has been made, which will, it may be hoped, assure their loyalty, and prevent a recurrence of the calamities which have brought the Ottoman Power to the verge of ruin. Arrangements of a different kind, but having the same end in view, have provided for the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan, security for the present, and the hope of prosperity and stability in the future."

And with regard to the Black Sea, Lord Salisbury claims this as the result of the endeavours of the British Plenipotentiaries :—

"The replacement under Turkish rule of Bourgas and the southern half of the seaboard of Bulgaria on the Euxine, and the strictly commercial character assigned by the Treaty to Batoum, have largely obviated the menace to the liberty of the Black Sea which was contained in the original proposals."

The Vienna correspondent of the 'Times' (July 18) points out, however, that no millennium has been reached. He considers that the main provisions of the Treaty, while endeavouring to make the fairest possible compromise, have only brought the antagonism of interests into closer contact. "The difficulty," he reminds us, "in the way of forming new and autonomous Christian States in the Balkan peninsula lies in the want of elements capable of working them." Though Greece and Servia might produce leaders, the Bulgarians have no one whom they could put forward as fit to exercise public influence, except in the southernmost portion. The Danubian Bulgaria is inhabited by an ignorant peasantry. As soon as Bulgaria is organised out of this unpromising material, she will intrigue, he somewhat inconsistently adds, in order to annex the southern districts, where the flower of the Bulgarian nation dwells. And then he says—

"The opportunity for such a scheme is fully given by the delimitation of Bulgaria and the hybrid organisation devised for Eastern Roumelia, which almost entirely deprives the central authority in Constantinople of any control over what is passing in the country, restricting even its military authority to the frontier garrisons. The addition to it of the Sandjak of Sofia not only brings Bulgaria into the heart of Roumelia, from which it may work farther east, but by including the head valleys of the Struma, with the Met Su and the Kara Su, it opens out the way towards the kindred districts of Macedonia in the west. On the other hand, there is the autonomous organisation of Eastern Roumelia to be considered. These various races, which have been carrying on a war of extermination against each other, and a large portion of whom, in the Rhodope mountains, and on the upper Arda, are still in arms, are all of a sudden to sit in the council-chamber side by side and work together. This of itself, it will be seen, is a problem rather more difficult to solve than even the organisation of Bulgaria, which will be virtually, at least, in the hands of one man—the Russian Commissioner; while as to Eastern Roumelia, six commissioners are to work in concert with the Porte."

Further than that, he argues that complications will probably arise between Austria and Turkey and the two provinces; then that there is a latent but inevitable antagonism between Austria on the one side, and Servia and Montenegro supported by Russia on the other; then that the extension of Austria in the districts of the Adriatic is likely to inflame Italy with jealousy; then that the vague promise given to the Greeks opens another sore. All these things portend difficulties, whilst the Turkish power on which the Treaty is said to rely being gone, there is no one to build up the edifice devised by the Congress.

But Austria, as pointed out by the

same correspondent ('Times,' July 19), although she has not given the direct guarantee on the European side which England has on the Asiatic side, has nevertheless taken up a position "in the very centre and focus whence further attempts against the remaining possessions of Turkey in Europe might proceed, and within easy reach of all those who might undertake them." In such a position a written pledge would be superfluous. By force of her position and interests, she becomes a buttress to the Ottoman empire; and her co-operation with England in regard to the European side of the Eastern Question is more than ever assured. These two Powers are pledged by their interests, their engagements, and the positions which they have respectively taken up, to render the new settlement as operative and successful as the nature of things will permit.

The settlement of the European dominion of the Sultan was undoubtedly a great triumph for Europe, and for England in particular. According to the views attributed to a member of the Congress, it was plain from the outset that an agreement existed between England and Austria to oppose even by force the aims of Russia. Prince Bismarck was bent upon peace at any price, and was firmly supported in that policy by France and Italy. Russia had to yield all along the European line. In Asia, where no support was to be had, we contented ourselves with a counterbalancing arrangement, except so far as we successfully insisted upon a strictly commercial character being assigned to Batoum and the retrocession of the district and town of Bayazid. The European trade from Trebizond to Persia is thus rendered secure; and for the rest we trust, both for the adequacy and permanency of the new settlement, to action which is external to the Congress.

As regards the effect of the arrangements made in the Balkan peninsula, we are sanguine enough to hope that they will at least be as efficacious as unrestricted Mohammedan rule for the purpose of stemming the tide of Muscovite invasion. It is said that the Balkan range is a sham line of defence, and that the Sultan will be powerless in the future to offer effective resistance; whilst through the new principality of Bulgaria the road is open for fresh intrigue and a repetition of the old schemes with which Europe is familiar. Possibly it may be so, but we are disposed to trust to the conservative influence of the new agencies which recent events and the Treaty of Berlin have brought into play, and to which we have previously referred. But granted that the peril still exists in an equal or even greater degree than it has done during the last twenty years, what is England to do in the matter? We have done our utmost in concert with Europe, and in vindication of public faith and international duty, and the result is a cancelment of the Treaty of San Stefano to an extent which astounds diplomacy. Those who cavil at the success which has been achieved, and foretell a speedy re-enactment of the scenes which have just closed, seem to have no policy but that of war at any price. According to them, Russia should be treated as a faithless and barbarous Power which must, for the safety of the world, be shattered and suppressed,—*Delenda est Carthago.* But a great empire, comprising eighty millions of the human race, cannot be dealt with in that fashion. This was no doubt the spirit in which the Crimean war was waged; but few Englishmen are proud of that chapter in their political history. Russia and England must pursue what we trust will remain, as far as Asiatic annexa-

tion is concerned, the parallel lines of their destiny. If Ottoman power is destined to decay, our energies must be thrown into the inevitable and gradual work of reconstruction, with a view to limit Russian encroachment and to make good the outer bulwarks of our own empire. It will task the statesmanship of this country to compass that result from time to time successfully and without war. But to say beforehand that it is impossible, and that, in the interests of the general safety, a weakened and exhausted Power must be shattered to pieces before she has time to recover her strength, shows more of despair than courage — more of national animosity than of comprehensive policy. The interposition of Austria within the Balkan peninsula must inevitably throw her interests into the scale, as against the success of Muscovite intrigue. No doubt the Russians remain a powerful and numerous people, destined to exercise a full share of influence over the territories which lie on their southern boundary. It is enough for England that, as Turkish authority recedes, other agencies are being developed which will tend to counterbalance that influence. The recent treaties are not such as to invite a repetition of the late sanguinary, costly, and not very profitable war. If, however, destiny is the other way, Great Britain has secured the time, the opportunity, and the right to render her important interests in the neighbourhood perfectly secure. She is on the spot; her ascendancy at Constantinople is complete; her grasp on the Straits, the Black Sea, the east of the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, has been placed beyond dispute. For offence and defence her position is stronger than it was; and she has enjoyed the triumph of pushing her rival back, alike from the shores of the Ægean and the western coast of the Euxine. We cannot conceive what there is left, after these successes have been obtained, which would be worth fighting for. So far from cavilling at what has been done, it far exceeds anything we ever thought possible without a war. This country has never lain under obligations to any one man, greater than those which the Prime Minister has imposed upon her. No doubt Lord Salisbury is entitled to a large share in the applause; and the country will not readily forget his unwavering adherence to the Government at a time when half-hearted action would have been ruinous to its best interests. But it is in Lord Beaconsfield that the country recognises the leader who has kept, through good report and evil report, its aim steadily fixed on its true goal. Whether the whole country was lashed into a fury against the Turk, or vehemently calling for war against the Czar, he tenaciously adhered to the policy of safeguarding British interests and empire on the lines of the Paris Treaty. By his patience, reticence, imperturbable courage, and decision, he has effected the greatest diplomatic victory that was ever achieved. The Aylesbury speech of two years ago showed that he could control his countrymen when influenced by the wildest panic ever created by party animosity, and change the current of national feeling. The measures with which he prepared to resist the completion of Russian designs, showed that his resources in action were equal to the occasion, and that this country could meet an unexpected and overwhelming crisis by a display of unexpected strength. The lines of his policy have throughout been so clear and simple that it is astonishing that they could have been misrepresented with so much violence and virulence. They were

adhered to with a pertinacity which extorted even the envious admiration of Mr Gladstone; and they have at length terminated in a success which the oldest statesmen in Europe recognise as due to the skill, sagacity, and resource with which they were conducted.

We feel convinced that the English people will very generally decide that, so far from the recent treaties having left anything to be desired, the only question is whether we have not grasped at too much. Our view is, that Turkish power having been roughly shaken and its fall accelerated, that "illimitable scramble" which Mr Gladstone alluded to in his Bulgarian pamphlet, and which all statesmen have foreseen, is brought indefinitely nearer. Both Austria and England have taken the opportunity, whilst forcing Russia to retreat, to materially strengthen their position with regard to the future. Both were compelled to do so, otherwise they must at once have acquiesced in Russian aggrandisement. Russia had precipitated matters. Her action had compelled both Austria and England either to accept new and greater responsibilities, or else to retire from the field. All parties, Russia included, were agreed that the day of partition had not arrived. Had Russia been strong enough to enter Constantinople—had she taken the capital, proclaimed the extinction of Turkish authority in Europe, and invited the signatory Powers to reconstruct European Turkey—the whole face of the question would have been altered. War or partition must have ensued, probably both. But Russia herself shrank from that course. All recognised that for the general safety the anomaly of a Mohammedan empire in Christian Europe must for a time, probably for a lengthened period, continue. General Ignatieff desired that the Sultan should remain as a Muscovite vassal. Europe resolved that he should remain under the tutelage of his residuary legatees, among whom Russia should not occupy a foremost place. There is no *tertium quid.* The war has destroyed the independent power of the Sultan, who nevertheless survives as part of the European system. The alternative is, either that Russia should hold him in leading strings, or that he political heirs of his vast dominions, whether for themselves or in trust for the races of the future, should guard his empire and control its administration. The world recoils from the prospect of one vast Muscovite domination. The leading Powers interested in the Eastern Question, if that prospect is to be averted, must step forward and assume the task which Russia has precipitated, but feels herself unequal to discharge. Russia has struck down her prey, but she wants time before she can either devour or assimilate it. For us to have hesitated now, at this critical moment in the fate of empires, would have been to yield for all time. Not merely do the commanding interests which England possesses in those regions forbid her to yield, but the ultimate consequences of the fall of Ottoman empire, our relations to Mohammedan power throughout the world, the fate of those races and nations, with and without a future, which turn to us for protection,—compel us to vindicate the duties and responsibilities of imperial power. The Anglo-Austrian understanding, resulting in simultaneous though not in joint action, destroys the exclusive predominance of Russia as completely as a successful war would have done. This understanding needs no treaty to cement it. A common and vital interest has produced it, and impelled to the action which has resulted from it. It offers the best guarantee for improved

Ottoman administration, and the best security that, in future political changes in that quarter of the world, the interests of Europe, and of the races whose growth we trust will be fostered, will be adequately attended to.

Peace, we have no doubt, would not have been preserved, nor could any satisfactory settlement have been arrived at, but for the exhaustion of both the combatants. Until we see the Protocols, we cannot tell to what extent the other Powers of Europe have contributed to the success of the Congress. Enough, however, has been disclosed to render it extremely probable that the authority and determination of Prince Bismarck, and the sympathy, goodwill, and assistance of France and Italy, have largely contributed to the happy result. But what are we to say to the forlorn condition of the English Opposition? The position of Liberals in reference to this Eastern Question has become so exceedingly painful, that it is almost a rule of social courtesy not to mention it in their presence. It must be admitted that their party has laboured under singular disadvantages. Their foremost man refused the responsibilities of leadership, while he declined to follow and assumed to dictate. Lord Granville and Lord Hartington never had a fair chance of displaying their statesmanship, or of assisting to form the opinion and policy of the country. Mr Gladstone has throughout been the central figure of the Opposition, and has been followed by fully one-half of the party. Never was seen a more inflammatory agitator than this retired Nestor of politics. That issues of peace or war hung in the balance, that great principles and great interests were at stake, was nothing to him. His own policy had led the country into a war which nearly all admit might and ought to have been avoided. Yet, on his own showing, he devoted his days and nights to oppose the policy of the Premier, who, taught by his close experience of the Aberdeen Ministry, was strenuously avoiding all its errors, and striving to render peace practicable and possible. When success had crowned his efforts, and the whole country had welcomed him back in triumph and gratitude, could anything jar upon the public mind more painfully than the pitiful cry of incoherent fury and distress that was sent up by his overwhelmed and defeated rival from Southwark?

It is very easy to recount the dangers of what we have done. What, however, would have been the dangers of the contrary policy of inaction? We look in vain to see the estimate formed of them. Would Asia Minor in that case have become first the victim of anarchy and then a Russian possession; and if so, would the result be disastrous to ourselves and to others? We look in vain for any answer to this question. If the Opposition is an honest one, an answer must be found. But Mr Gladstone rakes up the old dead and buried Berlin Memorandum. He objects to secrecy. We ought to have joined Russia in her beneficent action. Bessarabia has been given up. The six millions, and perhaps more, have been spent. Details of that kind are dwelt upon, and it is hinted that the Government was scarcely honest in retaining office after their difficulties were increased by the Bulgarian agitation. As regards what we have done in Asia, it is an insane covenant. Russia, he says, does not want to go into Asia Minor. If so, the dangers of our covenant disappear. Then, again, he says, we have no interest in keeping Russia out. But that assertion is not made good. Perhaps Mr Gladstone is of the same opinion as

Mr Forster, whose speech at the Cobden Club was reported at the same time. That distinguished authority upon the Eastern Question, who runs away from his own motions, and whose mind is a thing of a very fluctuating character with respect to our Foreign policy, says that we have guaranteed misgovernment in Turkey in Asia. That is a most extraordinary statement to be made by any man who has read the Treaty. Further than that, he says, "the punishment for misgovernment in Turkey is rebellion, assisted by Russia;" and we ought not to provide against that. It is "not our special duty to reform the world." So that, in Mr Forster's opinion, there is no objection to Asia Minor becoming first the victim of anarchy, and then a Russian possession. That would have been, according to him, the natural and fitting sequence of events. And the covenant which provides against it is a mere bribe to certain classes, and springs from a wild, reckless, and dangerous policy.

We regret to see a great party building up its Opposition policy with so little regard to the present or the future. The motion of Lord Hartington will doubtless insure an excellent debate, which we trust will throw light upon the subject. But if there are no sounder views to be put forward than those expressed by Mr Gladstone and Mr Forster, the Liberals will end, as they began, by contributing nothing but sound and fury to the discussion of this question. No doubt, we have now an exposed frontier in Asia Minor, but so we have all over the world. But if Russia likes to begin the attack, our efforts will not be limited to that single quarter of the world. Moreover, in the opinion of those who care for the maintenance of the British empire, and who do not intend that one invariable cycle shall be maintained of Turkish misgovernment and Russian aggression and annexation, we should have had to defend Asia Minor whether we made a treaty beforehand or not. In that point of view, the "insane" covenant is all clear profit, as it enables us to take political and other means of precaution. In the contrary point of view, a line of policy is recommended which England has almost unanimously discarded, and which a large portion of the Liberal party emphatically condemns. Will the party of Lord Palmerston commit itself to the principle, that Russian aggrandisement is the just and inevitable consequence of Turkish misrule, and as such is not to be resisted by England? If it does, it will finally dissever itself from the traditions and policy of the past, and render its future accession to office equivalent to a renunciation of our Eastern policy, and a repudiation of our existing relations to the Powers of Europe, and especially to Russia, Austria, and Turkey. Doubtless the cooler heads of the party will prevail; and while the motion of Lord Hartington will enable the more "insane" enthusiasm of his followers to wear itself out, the Opposition itself will merely dispute the immediate necessity of the policy, and while refraining from condemning it in principle, will call for a party censure upon the details of its execution.

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THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

THE demoralisation which began in the Liberal party under Mr Gladstone's leadership has gone on apace. He has indeed thrown up the reins, and is no longer officially responsible; but he is still the *soul* of the party. And it is impossible for any body with a soul so perturbed and ill-directed to initiate and follow out any clear, large, consistent, and really liberal line of policy. Mr Gladstone has great capacities. No one has ever disputed his powers of mastering details, of illuminating them by the light of such convictions as animate him for the moment, and of massing them into powerful and compact lines of declamatory argument. His oratory lacks the clear, nervous ring and idiomatic force of Mr Bright's, and the incisive and epigrammatic brilliancy of Lord Beaconsfield's. It is, however, a marvellous, because an impassioned power, animated on all great occasions by the earnestness, real or simulated, which comes from the swing of feeling. No oratory of our day is more fitted to wield the fierce Democracy—to convey a false meaning under an air of reason, and to gloss a misstatement with the solemnity of religion.

But a country and a party require more in their leaders than eloquence and ability, and what is called *earnestness*. Than the latter quality—of which so much is heard in a certain class of religious Radical newspapers—there is none in fact more dangerous or more capable of evil. It is "good," as we know on high authority, "to be zealously affected in a good thing;" but it is equally possible to be zealously affected in a bad thing: and one can hardly imagine a greater confusion of ideas, or a more pitiable incapacity of distinguishing right from wrong, than are implied in the laudation one hears of Mr Gladstone's earnestness, when he is driving, with all the might of his passionate and volatile temper, in courses condemned by the good sense and right feeling of all moderate men of any party. We can only say, Save us from such earnestness! The most cynical temper, with some measure of foresight and coolness of judgment, were a better guide.

But it is not only the exaggera-

tions of Mr Gladstone's temper, and the sudden gyrations of his personal vanity or ambition, that have long constituted danger for the country and ruin for his party. It is, even more, the underlying *Philistinism* of his whole policy and ideas of statesmanship. Educated at Eton and at Oxford, the late leader of the Liberals is yet something of a *tradesman* at heart. *Numbers* are his test of excellence; the casual opinion of the majority his best sign of wisdom. There is not an institution in the country, we honestly believe, that is dear to him for any other than utilitarian purposes. Although he has written so much about Homer, and although his studies have carried him towards a certain kind of historical research, he is singularly destitute of historic insight or imagination. A Scotchman, he has never been touched by the pathos or the beauty—nay, he has never understood the meaning — of Scotch traditions. He has cared for Universities or Churches, not because they were natural institutions, growing with all their imperfections out of the natural soil of a country, and therefore to be tenderly handled as natural growths, but only as they seemed, to his own narrow judgment, good or bad; in other words, according as he judged them to teach "the truth" * or not. It is this sort of talk about "the truth" which has made him the idol at once of the High Church bigot and the Dissenting dogmatist, and even of the omniscient Positivist. Every coterie—from the anti-Vaccinators to the anti-State-Churchmen—which believes itself better than its neighbours, and has its *nostrum* for the cure of society, or the advance of its own dogmas at the expense of common interests, finds in him some measure of sympathy. He is ready with a word of encouragement to any political fool who has only the hardihood not to be ashamed of his folly. He is constantly placing himself at the disposal of men with aggressive purposes or a policy of discontent. Swayed by the passion of the hour, although it may spring from ignorance, from jealousy, from all the lower rather than the higher impulses of human nature, he veers to its every breath. The agitation of two years ago, with all its exaggerations and falsehoods, was to him glorious. It spoke the heart of the country—and what could be grander than to see the heart of a great country roused with a noble rage on behalf of the weak against the violent and strong! All the genuine moral elements in such a spectacle were indeed grand; but surely it was the part of a statesman to satisfy himself how far Russian intrigue, as well as Turkish ferocity, had to do with the facts which he painted in such colours, and sought to coin into political capital, that turned to dross in his hands.

Of all men, Mr Gladstone is most responsible for the new attitude of the Liberal party during the last ten years, as a party moved by agitation rather than by enlightened public opinion. Whatever may have been the good or evil of Liberalism in former times, it had at least always a policy. It professed to have great objects in view, the wisdom and benefit of which it sought to set forth. It addressed the mind of the country. It claimed to be the party of *reason* against prejudice, of breadth against narrowness or sectarianism. It is unnecessary to consider how far this was the case. Such was the pretension of the party. Its mission was to hold forth certain great principles,

* See his speech on the Appropriation Scheme in 1835.

that others might see them and turn towards their light. It sought in all things to lead and not to follow. But now it no longer even pretends to such a mission. It no longer advocates definite principles or a definite course of policy as right and good in themselves. Instead of leading, it stands hesitating before the mob of sectaries in England and Scotland alike, and virtually saying to them, "Tell us what we shall do. Only make a sufficient noise, and we shall respond. We leaders have no particular wish to move—there are many difficulties in such a line of movement—but only press sufficiently hard, and we will be found at your head."

This is no caricature. It is a literal translation of the language of the Liberal leaders on one of the most important questions of the day. Waiting upon Providence, and obedience to the impulses of sectarian passion rather than to the broad movements of popular opinion, have become their characteristic. Formerly Dissenters were heard, like any-other class of citizens, when they had grievances to complain of; and there was an old and natural alliance between Liberalism and Nonconformity. We do not quarrel with this alliance. We do not blame any party—Liberal or Conservative—for taking up and agitating for the removal of any intelligible grievance whatever. Parties cannot live without definite lines of action and definite alliances. But it is something entirely new for a party to whistle to the public for a line of action, and not even to the public on any large scale, but to an extreme section of it. It is something entirely new to appeal to sectarian prejudice and the blind hatred of established institutions as one of the forces to be considered in the government of the country. And for Liberalism it is an entirely new departure to profess not merely to do justice to Dissenters, but to *identify itself with Dissenters.* This too, not because the party itself has become a convert to Dissenterism, but because, in the lack of other springs of movement, there seems to be here the desiderated power that may once more secure office. If the Dissenters in England and Scotland are strong enough to constitute a party by themselves, let them by all means do so. Let them act according to their instincts, and pursue their own dogmas at all hazards. That is their business. But the Liberal party, however it may have favoured all the just rights of Dissenters, has never *hitherto identified itself with Dissenting dogmas.* Even now it dare not do so. All its prominent members—all who have any claim to lead the rest—are members of the National Churches of England or Scotland. And yet they are virtually saying to the Dissenting sects, "Your cause is our cause, if only you will show yourselves strong enough. We ourselves would prefer to see all national institutions liberalised. This has been our traditionary policy; but if nothing will satisfy you but destruction, and you will only prove your strength to carry out your destructive purposes by sending us back to power, we are ready to obey your behests. As soon as the country is 'ripe' for it—in other and truer words, when the seed of religious hatred and class jealousy, which you have been sowing for years, has grown into a crop of revolution—we are ready to head the revolution, and level all Churches to your own level."

In this country of free opinion there has always been a party opposed to the National Church, as there has always been a party, more or less, opposed to the Throne and to the House of Lords. Such ele-

ments of public opinion, so far as they are forces in society, must be dealt with fairly, like any other political forces. And of course it is undeniable that, if any one or other of them acquire sufficient strength, it will become an influential factor in the government of the country. However much we may deplore the triumph of such principles, we have no right to denounce those who have always honestly professed them. But the Liberal party has been hitherto neither a Republican, nor an anti-Aristocratic, nor an anti-State-Church party. On the contrary, it has repudiated the dogmas associated with one and all of these extremes alike. It has been intelligently attached to the Throne; is has been largely — many of its supporters have thought, far too largely—aristocratic in its composition; it has professed to prize the National Churches both of England and Scotland as bulwarks of that liberal Protestantism with which its own principles have been so much identified. All this it has been; and only because it has thus reflected a large and complex side of the national thought and life, has it played the part that it has done in our national history. Such a party may of course be ruined by the cowardice and treachery of its official leaders. But no leaders have a right to change its traditionary principles, or its centre of action. No leaders have a right to throw down a bait to one class of its supporters at the expense of another. And yet this is the game which the Liberal leaders have been playing now for some years. In that hunger for office which they have always been so little able to disguise, they have begun to balance their inclinations, not towards the more comprehensive intelligence which has hitherto guided them, but towards the Radical and blind instincts which have always moved in their track. This, as we have said, is not to lead but to follow, and to follow in a very ignominious manner. Can the Liberals wonder that paralysis has overtaken their organisations throughout the country, and that there is an evident inclination of the more moderate and just-minded who have long supported them, to draw off into isolation, or to pass into the ranks of liberalised Conservatism?

The new Liberal movement has been shown in more directions than one, but it has been especially manifest in the great question of National Religion, and the exigency which this question has begun to assume in Scotland. Formerly the Church, like the Throne, was recognised by both the great parties alike as a national institution, conformable to the inclinations of the people, and secured by statute and national feeling in the exercise of historical rights and privileges. It was the distinctive policy of the Liberal party to broaden and popularise the Church to the utmost extent, so that an increasing bulk of the population should be able to avail themselves of its advantages; and especially it was an aim of this policy to remove all restrictions, civil, and, as far as possible, social, from those who conscientiously dissented from the national communion. In the nature of the case, the latter or negative line of action necessarily excited most interest, and became most active and prominent. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts recently celebrated was one of its greatest achievements. This measure united, at least, all Liberals in its support, and was successful mainly by the support of Liberals within the Churches of England and Scotland—men honestly and even enthusiastically devoted to the idea

of National religion, but who hated to see this idea associated with political disabilities of any kind. Such men believed, rightly or wrongly, that the National Churches not only did not need the support of such restrictions, but that they would be far stronger without them. In any case it is impossible to deny that the great impulse towards such reforms came as much from within the National Churches as from without them, and that the reforms could never have been carried without the support of Liberal Churchmen. The very name in whose honour the recent celebration of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts was designed, was the name, not of a Dissenter, but of a loyal if Liberal member of the Church of England. In short, the animating idea of Liberal policy towards national religion, as embodied in the Churches of England and Scotland, has been that of reform, and not of abolition. The one idea is Liberal, the other is Radical. The one is what has been hitherto the policy of a national party, the other the dogma of a sect. It seems clear as noonday that if what has been hitherto a national party chooses to exchange its traditional policy for a line of action dictated by sectarian feeling, it loses any national character that has belonged to it. It sinks into Radicalism, and a very low kind of Radicalism, animated by the impulses of religious bigotry rather than by any bold advance of speculative thought.

It will be noticed that we have spoken throughout of the Churches of England and Scotland. We have done this advisedly, because candour compels the acknowledgment that in one instance it may be asserted to have been the unanimous policy of the Liberal party to abolish a National Church. But this very exception, so far as it is an exception, proves the rule. For it must not be forgotten that even in reference to the Irish Church the old policy of the Liberals was to abbreviate and reform rather than destroy it; and that it was the prevalence of Gladstonian nonsense about the Irish Church Establishment being upheld for the sake of "teaching the truth" which prevented its reformation being carried out years before the day of its doom came, ushered in by the very man who, in the Parliament of 1835, defended it on such grounds. Most appropriately the Church dogmatist of 1835 became the Church abolitionist of 1868. It is the fate of men who yield to what they themselves and their admirers call high principle, but which is really passion, to sweep in this way from one extreme to another.

But it may be allowed that many old Liberals—men, for example, like Lord Macaulay—were always hostile to the Irish Establishment, in a sense in which they were never hostile to the Churches of England or Scotland, and on grounds quite intelligible and consistent with the historical instincts of Liberalism, right or wrong. As Lord Macaulay himself said in the House of Commons on the 23d of April 1845, when the Maynooth College Bill was under discussion—"What panegyric has ever been pronounced on the Churches of England and Scotland which is not a satire on the Church of Ireland?" Take the Church of Scotland as supposed to be the weaker of the two. It is a Presbyterian Church in a Presbyterian country; its creed is the National creed; its form of worship the National form of worship. Schisms may have reduced its numerical strength—a subject on which we shall have something to say before we have done; but it is still, in the eyes of all reasonable men, the Church of

the Reformation and the Church of the Revolution. It is therefore a National institution in doctrine and discipline, in National sympathy and practical utility, in a sense in which the Irish Establishment can never be said to have been a national institution. Even if the abolition of the Irish Establishment, therefore, were allowed to be in the due line of Liberal policy, there were many reasons justifying such a line which cannot apply to the Churches of England and Scotland. Broadly if not legally speaking, the Irish Church may be said to have been a denominational rather than a national institution which was destroyed in 1869. Restrictions of all kinds, it may be argued, were so bound up with the legal rights of such an institution, that in order to get quit of the restrictions, it was necessary to get quit of the institution itself. This, if an inadequate, is all the same a feasible line of argument.

But a pre-Gladstonian Liberal may go further and say, that he accepted this great act of destruction, not because he approved of it, but simply because he could not help it. To him it was a grave political mistake to leave the Irish Church with its full-blown abuses standing—a mistake attributable to the action of men like Mr Gladstone, more than to any other cause—till the waves of polemical nonconformity, and the general movement of Liberalism, clashing for a time together, wholly carried away the institution. To the Radical Nonconformist the abolition of the Irish Church was a great heroic act, and Mr Gladstone the hero of the hour. To the wise Liberal thinker, who knows at what cost all acts of national violence are perpetrated, neither the occasion nor the man were heroic, however inevitable.

But it is necessary to trace more particularly the recent actions of certain Liberal leaders in order to bring before our readers the full significance of the change they would initiate in the principles of their party on the question of national religion. At a loss for some definite line of policy which would again carry them forward to office, they have sought in all directions after the traces of popular agitation—now the county franchise, and now the land questions raised by some of the more forward of their number, and now the religious jealousies of the northern part of the kingdom. Unlike the Conservative leaders, who, when excluded from office by what seemed the deliberate judgment of the constituencies, had the grace to bide in patience the return of popular favour, and to practise an attitude of dignified abstinence from vulgar clamours, the Liberal leaders have been at once clamorous and disunited. They have courted the gale of rising agitation in every direction, and yet they have not been able heartily to agree to run together in any one direction. Not even the extension of the county franchise has united them; and at the moment at which we write, one of the most prominent and efficient of the members of Mr Gladstone's Government—Mr Göschen—has intimated his resolution to retire from the representation of the City of London on this very account, that he is unable to follow the majority of his party in still further reducing the franchise. Hopeless of union in the strictly political line, they have turned their eyes to the excited religious atmosphere of Scotland, and seeing there signs of disturbance, they have begun to cherish hopes that the eruptive tendencies of the Scottish mind on the subject of religion may possibly open up for them a path of advancement. There is, to say the least of it, an unspeakable *meanness*

in this hope. Were Scotland in any respect religiously oppressed, instead of being, in this as in other respects, the freest country in the world, it might have invited the Liberal agitator. But it has not even any exclusive churchyards. There are none of its Churches at any disadvantage with another, *save in so far as they have deliberately preferred the disadvantage at the price of some advantage, dearer to them than anything the State can give them.* The clergy of the Dissenting Churches in Scotland, one and all, enjoy very much the same position and *prestige* as those of the Established Church—that is to say, such social credit as they make for themselves by their character and efficiency as Christian ministers. There is hardly a trace of the social preference so commonly accorded in England to the minister of the National Church, in comparison with his Dissenting brethren. If the clergy of the Established Church, or of the Episcopal communion, enjoy, upon the whole, any preference, this is entirely owing to their personal qualities being more acceptable to the better classes of society. In short, Scotland, democratised to the core in other respects, is as democratic in religion as even an advanced Liberal could well desire. Its Church prerogatives have been levelled down till the trace of privilege hardly exists. And every wise thinker, however Liberal, would rather be disposed to do something to foster the germs of a higher religious culture in Scotland, than to reduce to still further bareness its almost dead level of religious democracy.

But no. Democratised as Scotland is, *it still has a National* Church. This, and its legal system, culminating in the Edinburgh Court of Session, may be said to be the only historical institutions that remain in a country which was once jealously proud of all national monuments. Its old school system, which had many claims to veneration, perished under the destructive hands of the late Government; and a bran-new rate-supported system, with all the vulgar adjuncts and levelling tendencies that come from rates, has taken its place. The levelling mania which overthrew the Parish School, sees something further to overthrow in the Parish Church. Ecclesiastical divisions, it is well known, in Scotland breed strong passion; and in the absence of all other movement in the country, may we not—certain leaders of the Liberal party have virtually said to themselves—get the moving power in Scotland that can again carry us into office? Movement is what we need—passion excited anyhow, although it come from the stained depths of religious jealousy and bigotry. If only we can raise the wind, let us raise it. It may blow hard and far, and carry in its sweep the Church of England, with which we have no wish to meddle—meddling with which will make a "tremendous" row, says my Lord Hartington; but whatever may come of the storm, if it only help the Liberal party, it is a good storm, and deserves our encouragement. If a policy of this order—and the motives of this policy are certainly not higher than we have described—is not a *mean* policy, we do not understand the rudiments of party ethics. Its meanness is so obvious, that we should hope many an honest Dissenter, little as he may care for the Church of Scotland, may be ashamed of it, and disown it.

But if the policy itself be mean and unworthy of a great party, the avowed excuse for it is no less contemptible, and ignorant to boot. That we may not be accused of

misrepresentation, we will give this excuse in the words of Lord Hartington himself—the acknowledged leader of the Liberal party. At least there is no other who is allowed to lead since Mr Gladstone, like Achilles in his wrath, retired to the shades of Hawarden, or his library in Harley Street, in the sulks.

In the beginning of last winter it was thought that the time had arrived for initiating this "new departure," as it was called, of the Liberal party in Scotland. A conclave—the chief members of which were a young Radical nobleman, hitherto more remarkable for audacity than wisdom, and one or two well-worn Liberal officials and members of Parliament—settled within itself the programme, and summoned Lord Hartington to its aid. He was to be the *Deus ex machinâ;* and the voice of the new chief of Liberalism, heard for the first time among Scotch Liberals, it was imagined, might charm their elements of discord, and unite them in a fresh movement. Lord Hartington certainly brought a fresh mind to the subject, as will be evident to our readers. The general question of Disestablishment, he said, was one of such "tremendous difficulties," that statesmen far "abler and bolder" than himself might well turn away from it. In the usual phrase, it was still far from "ripe for solution." Yet the action of the Conservative Government had prepared the way for its impending discussion. The Public Worship Regulation Act "had circumscribed the liberty of the clergy of the Church of England, and taken away what in the opinion of many was one of its greatest advantages—its wide and comprehensive character." Not a word as to the fact that the Public Worship Regulation Act had been actively supported by some of the most prominent members of the Liberal party. Not a word as to whether the Act was justifiable or not in the view of the notorious lawlessness of a certain section of the Ritualistic clergy. Not a word as to the absurdity of supposing that a true Church comprehension can ever be compatible with the defiance of the law. This would have been to expect both too much knowledge and too much exercise of political thoughtfulness from the new Liberal head. It was enough, in the drifting and mindless shiftlessness which has overtaken the party, to indicate that the relations between Church and State had been disturbed "mainly with the assistance of the Conservative Government;" and that a certain impetus had thus been given to a further disturbance of these relations. If anything more than another characterised the old dealings of Liberalism, the Liberalism of such a man as Lord John Russell, with questions of this kind, it was the clear and decisive necessity of the State controlling all excesses of clerical lawlessness, and regulating them with a peremptory rigour. But this robuster view of Liberal policy has quite died out in these days, when Liberalism gathers policy from the Radical "daily," and its philosophy from the sentimental "weekly." It is enough that religion should be touched by the fingers of Government in order to evoke a cry that the days of State Churches are numbered. Meddle with them at all, and they are sure to come to pieces. Political cowardice could go no farther.

But the Conservative Government had not only passed the Public Worship Regulation Act; it had also passed the Act for the Abolition of Patronage in Scotland, for which he allowed "there was a great deal to be said, and for which many of his

Scotch friends and supporters voted." This Act was especially "a step in the direction of Disestablishment;" and "for this reason, because it weakened the connection of the Church; it weakened the tie which had bound the Church to the State and the public, as represented by the patrons in the exercise of their patronage." When a man knows nothing of a subject himself on which he is yet compelled to speak, he must have recourse to some authority; and there is no difficulty in detecting the authority on which his lordship here relies. It is, as usual, not more recondite than the daily Radical newspaper.

Let it be borne in mind that it is no business of ours to defend the abolition of patronage in the Scotch Church. This may have been for the Church, and in reference to the political exigencies before it, a bad rather than a good Act. That is a question admitting of a variety of opinions, which we are not called upon at present to discuss. But of this there can be no doubt whatever, that the abolition of patronage in Scotland was a measure largely in favour with the old Liberal chiefs of Scotland, and which they had done what they could to promote. The anti-Patronage agitation had been from the beginning mainly a Liberal movement, to which Cockburn and Jeffrey and the Moncreiffs had lent their sanction. The anti-Patronage party was the popular party; and at the last, the Act abolishing patronage in 1874 was passed, as Lord Hartington admits, "with the assistance of many Liberals." It might have been supposed, therefore, to have moved an approving response in the heart even of a modern Liberal chief. But no. "I voted," says Lord Hartington, "for the amendment of my friend Mr Baxter, because I thought, and many English Liberals thought, that it was not wise to deal with so important and so delicate a matter until further inquiry had been made in regard to the strength and position of the various Churches in Scotland."

It is deserving of attention that the motive which animated Lord Hartington and "many English Liberals" to vote against the abolition of patronage, had no connection with any evil consequences which he attributes to the Act. It was a vein of tenderness in his breast for the susceptibilities of Dissent that moved him to join Mr Baxter—no wish to maintain the connection of the Church with the State, and with that public which he has been told the patrons represented. In other words, he opposed a Liberal measure to gratify the Dissenters; and so soon as that measure is passed, he sees in it a step towards Dissenterism. Of the measure itself, he knows nothing and says nothing. He cannot see it for the blaze of Dissenting hatred it has called forth. And this is modern Liberal statesmanship! And a man is not ashamed to come down to Edinburgh to talk nonsense of this kind. Not a word as to whether the Act was a wise or good or liberal Act in itself—an Act suitable to the inclinations of the people of Scotland, and which had been in former times actively promoted by those very Dissenters for whose susceptibilities his lordship has such a tender concern. This would have been again to expect too much—to expect a modern Liberal statesman to look *a public question in the face on its own merits.* It is not the question itself, he would answer—if he were to give an honest answer—it is the prejudices of a large portion of my supporters in Scotland that I must consult. This is the modern game of Liberalism, and this is called a policy!

But the ignorance of Lord Hartington on the subject is not less conspicuous than the elevated motive which he confesses to have animated him. The patrons of the Scottish Church, it seems, were the representatives of the public. The "private" rights of patrons one has often heard of, but it is a new Radical notion that they stood for the public. It has been hitherto supposed that it was the very conflict between the public or the congregations and the patrons that made all the ecclesiastical difficulty in Scotland. This was the long-standing grievance of patronage in the eyes of the Scottish people. It was, and had never ceased to be, their prevailing impression that they had been unrighteously deprived by the famous Act of 1711 of their true historical right to elect their own ministers. We need not enter into the validity of this impression. The fact of its existence, which is undeniable, is enough to show the gross misconception of the whole question underlying Lord Hartington's statement. Evidently he knows nothing of what Scottish patronage was—what it represented, or even how far it existed. It is well known by those who know anything of Scotland that for some time patronage had ceased to be a power at all. This was fully explained by Mr Disraeli during the discussion on the subject in the House of Commons. It was nothing else than a right of nomination liable to challenge at any point by the congregations and the Church. The Crown itself—which, if any patron could, might have claimed to represent the public—had practically disused its patronate right for more than a generation. Embarrassed with a large trust, which it could never discharge without taking counsel with the beneficiaries on whose behalf it was exercised, it is not to be wondered at that the Crown consented to its abolition altogether. A power which had ceased to be real, and which only gave trouble to its possessors, was better annulled. And this is perhaps the best thing that can be said in favour of the Act of 1874.

So far from the Church of Scotland being less a public or National Church on account of the abolition of patronage, it may be said that ever since the restoration of patronage in the reign of Queen Anne, the Scottish nation had never ceased to protest against its existence. And especially was it a note of the rising Liberalism that overspread the country between 1832 and 1842, that Church patronage was an evil and should be removed. There were those who thought that it had advantages, and especially that it opened the door into the Church for men of more cultured if less popular gifts—and the result may show that there was much force in such a view; but those who stood by patronage and its supposed advantages were Conservatives. That Liberal leaders should now mourn for its abolition, and talk nonsense on the subject, at which all genuine Scotch Liberals must laugh, merely shows the ignominious shifts of a once respectable party, which has lost its brains, and found its only motive-power in its tail.

But this sort of thing is evidently to become the cant of Liberals bidding for the Radical vote. Even Mr Gladstone, who must know better, was not ashamed to say in his place in Parliament during the late debate, June 19th, on the Scotch Churches, that the abolition of patronage was "a distinct challenge on the subject of Establishment." This is virtually to say that the abolition of what has long been

considered a national grievance—which the Dissenting sects have pointed to as a badge of the servitude of the National Church—is a fact so far from gratifying to those very Dissenters, when at length it comes, that it fills them with vexation. Having reproached the Church for the existence of patronage for a hundred years or more, they now reproach and abuse it worse than ever because the offence has been taken away. Instead of seeing in the removal of the offence a summons to examine and consider the reasonableness of their continued separation from the Church, they see in it only a call to agitate for its destruction. And this illustration of Christian temper and wisdom receives Mr Gladstone's approving nod. He not only does not find anything disgraceful in it, but the Christian earnestness which inspires him so much in contrast with his great rival, leaps forth to greet it. A temper of this kind is after his own heart. It may be doubted, indeed, how far he did not inspire it from the first. He has long hoped it might be his glory to assist, if not to lead, in the destruction of Scottish Presbyterianism. He never liked it. In his early days, when the glow of his High Church fanaticism had not yet spent itself, he gave many tokens in Scotland how cordially he disliked its historical faith, and the Church which represented it. And no one has welcomed with a keener zest the signs of a religious agitation which may lead to its final overthrow. No one has lent himself with a greedier ear to all the false statistics which have been circulated for years in depreciation of the numbers and the liberality of the Church of Scotland. There is reason indeed to think that he has been in secret alliance with the leaders of the Disestablishment agitation there — extreme Presbyterians though they are. He has found a bond of sympathy with them in their High Church dogmas. Much as he dislikes Presbyterianism, the Free Church has become interesting to him from its sacerdotalism and its natural affinity with a side of ecclesiastical life to which he has always felt attached. Notoriously he has made himself in Parliament and elsewhere the spokesman of certain Free Church authorities who have not hesitated to promote gross slanders as to the relative position of the Established Church and the other Presbyterian Churches in Scotland. In this very speech on the 19th of June last, relying on such authorities, he says, axiomatically—with that sublime innocence as to the real facts of a case which he can assume so well,—"Before 1874, we know that the Church Establishment in Scotland"—it would be too much to expect him to speak of the Church of Scotland — "was the religion of the minority of the people." Repeatedly in the course of the same speech he speaks of the National Church being the "Church of a minority," and that he has difficulty in understanding "that a Church can be a National Church which is a Church of the minority." Will it be believed that the very statistics which were ordered on the motion of one of his own supporters —with the view, no doubt, to show the extent of this minority — had *demonstrated* that the Church of Scotland represented a *considerable majority* of the Scottish people—certainly of Scottish Presbyterians? This result has never been challenged, and admits of no challenge. Not only so, but there is good reason to believe that since 1874 the members of the Church of Scotland have largely increased, while those of the other Presbyterian Churches have stood still, or even decreased, con-

sidering the general growth of the population.

Principal Tulloch, the Moderator of the General Assembly, has placed this fact beyond the reach of controversy by a letter in the 'Times' of July 6th, with an appended statement of statistics, which have remained unchallenged. The statistics are in fact self-authenticating, being based, so far as the Church is concerned, on Government returns made in 1874 on the motion of Mr Ellice, and subsequently verified by a return to the House of Lords, on the motion of Lord Minto, in 1876; and on the other hand, on the Reports made by the Free Church and United Presbyterian Church themselves. The result is that the communicants belonging to the Church of Scotland were, in 1874, 461,369, while the communicants of the Free Church and United Presbyterian Church together are only 394,581, showing the Church of Scotland to have 66,788 communicants more than both together; and if adherents be taken into account, as they ought to be, this majority would be greatly swelled. It admits, indeed, of proof that the majority is now considerably larger than was stated by the Principal; and it should be distinctly remembered that the Presbyterian Dissenters, while they have not hesitated to put forward sweeping statements about their numerical strength, have always shrunk from submitting it to the test of an official census.

Our subject has led us to deal exclusively with the attitude of the Liberal party towards the Church of Scotland. Our interest in the subject is not merely ecclesiastical, nor yet wholly political. If we were disposed to put aside higher considerations, we might rejoice in the ruin of a party which we have always more or less opposed, and whose rapid degeneracy into a destructive Radicalism is only a fulfilment of predictions we have often uttered. But it is unpleasant to triumph over the decay of a class of ideas which were once at least respectable, and professed by many intellectual names in Scotland. It is pitiable to see the flag of religious jealousy supplant that of political independence; and it is still more pitiable to think that the object of all this low-minded and slanderous assault should be an institution which has deserved so well of its country as the Church of Scotland, of which the House of Commons Committee appointed in 1834 to consider the law of patronage—a Committee which embraced such names as those of Sir Robert Peel, Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Lord Dunfermline, and Lord Dalmeny — said in simple and emphatic words, "No institution has ever existed which, at so little cost, has accomplished so much good." It is impossible to contemplate even the possibility of the overthrow of such an institution without feelings of profound and painful emotion. But we have taken up the subject at all for other and still stronger reasons, which concentrate all the principles that we have always professed, and shall never cease to defend. Of all the historical institutions of Scotland, the Established Church is one of the last which remains to be conserved. If it is overturned for the exigencies of a Liberalism which has lost both its character and its sense, or from the apathy of a Conservatism which fails to realise all that such an overturn means, there will survive little in Scotland to distinguish it as a nation. The country will become, as many now desire it to become, a mere northern province of England; and movements which have even now begun for the removal of its

supreme courts of law southward will rapidly culminate in success.

But more than this, if the Church of Scotland is removed, there will remain no link whatever between the commonalty of Scotland and its higher classes. Already, not by the fault, but by the misfortune, of the Church, the links uniting the lower and upper classes of society have been greatly broken. The Church has suffered in consequence, and society has also suffered, although it may not be conscious of what it has lost. Remove the Established Church, and social bonds in Scotland will become thoroughly disturbed. Certain sections of the Church—the better and the more cultured—will fall away, if not at once, very soon, into the ranks of Episcopacy; the larger class, both of clergy and people, especially in the west of Scotland, will sink into the common slough of Presbyterian Dissenters; and all the anti-social feelings which already largely prevail amongst classes of these Dissenters—feelings of vulgar dislike and jealousy of those above them—will largely and rapidly increase. Necessarily they must do so. For the new class of Disestablished ministers will be driven upon the support of their people, with all the disadvantage of being raw recruits in the arts of popular favour; and they will have no alternative but to outbid their rivals in the cultivation of these arts. Nor will this take place only in towns, but in country districts, where social barriers, if even more strongly marked than in towns, are also more easily surmountable. Any one who is acquainted with the country parishes of Scotland knows that, even now, the relations between landlord and tenant, fouar and superior, are becoming strained; and that the parish church and the parish minister, when these are *living*—as, thank God, in most parishes of Scotland they still are—are almost the only bond—save the factor!—that unites them.

Destroy all this—take away the *right* that a parish minister, and no other person in a parish, has to lay the hand of his counsel and good offices on laird and cottager, on farmer and farm-servant, alike—and there will be removed an indefinite but an incalculable power for good in every parish. Class feelings which, when they once begin to spread in the country, are apt to become specially morose and ill-conditioned, will be allowed to grow as foul weeds in deserted corners. We are no alarmists, and we have no wish to exaggerate any public evil. Happily the worst extremities sometimes bring with them their own remedies. But we cannot think that either the social or economic future of Scotland is likely to be a pleasant one amidst such a growth of evil feeling. We know that there are those who will smile at our picture, and point to the feeling of good order as not less marked, and the sense of property as not less keen, amongst Dissenters than amongst Churchmen. This may be true, although it is not true to the extent often supposed. But the Church is still the powerful make-weight that steadies popular impulses outside as well as inside its own pale. Remove this make-weight, or rather convert it—as it must in great part necessarily become converted—into a Radical engine, fed with the same Radical fervours as its fellows, and we can only express a hope that there may be no burst when the engines are violently heated; and amidst a dead level of democracy there remains little to assail save the laws of property.

Only one other thought before closing. Liberals and Conserva-

tives may alike be assured that there never was a greater delusion than to suppose that the fate of the Church of England is not bound up with that of the Church of Scotland. Among other ignominious devices of the Liberal leaders, it is a prominent one to urge that the two Churches must be judged quite separately. "I contend," says Mr Gladstone, "that the cases of these Church Establishments must be considered each on its own merits." "I am not about to say a word," says Lord Hartington, "as to the question of Disestablishment in England." These are the smooth words of party advocacy, hungering for support, or hoping to turn aside opposition. And it is barely possible that a class of English Conservatives may, in their ignorance of the forces really at work, lend some ear to them. But if they do so, they will soon find their mistake. Let it be borne in mind that the forces which are really moving the present agitation, are not any genuine form of national discontent in Scotland nor in England. If they were, the sources of the discontent might be removed —the National Churches might be readapted to the national feeling. But the real forces are not popular or national, but *sectarian and dogmatic; and the chief home of these forces is in England.* The Church of England is the real object of offence to them. The money which promotes the agitation year by year comes almost all from England,* and is given by men or societies who hate the English Church for its social privileges and the very largeness of the power which it exercises. They think comparatively little of the Church of Scotland, save as a means for the overthrow of the more powerful institution. And should this overthrow be accomplished, they will soon advance, flushed with their triumph, to the larger and far more coveted task before them. The time will come for the Liberal party to take a new plunge into the descent of Radicalism, and to attempt to carry itself once more back into power over the destruction of a national institution. That this will be the inevitable result of yielding to the present agitation, no one of any political foresight can doubt. It is still possible, however, for the mass of intelligent Liberals, as well as Conservatives, to stamp out, by firm and resolute resistance, an agitation which has no roots in popular conviction any more than in enlightened political philosophy. The sectarian dogmatism out of which it comes would be seen in its true proportions if the question were fairly and by itself put to the popular vote.

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* The 'Pall Mall Gazette' quotes (4th July last), on the authority of the 'Nonconformist,' the following statement of the amount of the income of the Liberation Society, and the sources from which it comes, adding the appropriate comment, that if the Church of England is not disestablished it will certainly not be from want of zeal on the part of its opponents. "The income of the Society from its establishment in 1844 has been steadily rising, and now amounts to over £16,000 a-year. The Society's report shows that Bradford stands at the head of contributing towns, sending not less than £3536; London comes next, contributing £1521; Manchester sends £1345; Bristol, £485; Ashton-under-Lyne, £216; Leicester, £165; Glasgow, £129!! Norwich, £119; Nottingham, £91."

JOHN CALDIGATE.—PART VI.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE WEDDING.

It was a sad wedding, though everything within the power of Mr Robert Bolton was done to make it gay. There was a great breakfast, and all the Boltons were at last persuaded to be present except Mrs Bolton and Mrs Nicholas. As to Mrs Nicholas, she was hardly even asked. "Of course we would be delighted to see Mrs Nicholas, if she would come," Mrs Robert said to Nicholas himself. But there had been such long-continued and absolute hostility between the ladies that this was known to be impossible. In regard to Mrs Bolton herself, great efforts were made. Her husband condescended to beg her to consent on this one occasion to appear among the Philistines. But as the time came nearer she became more and more firm in her resolution. "You shall not touch pitch and not be defiled," she said. "You cannot serve God and Mammon." When the old man tried to show her that there was no question of Mammon here, she evaded him, as she always did on such occasions, either by a real or simulated deficiency of consequent intelligence. She regarded John Caldigate as being altogether unregenerate, and therefore a man of the world,—and therefore a disciple of Mammon. She asked him whether he wanted her to do what she thought to be sinful. "It is very sinful hating people as you hate my sons' families," he said in his wrath. "No, Nicholas; I do not hate their families. I certainly do not hate Margaret, nor yet Fanny;—but I think that they live in opposition to the Gospel. Am I to belie my own belief?" Now the old man was quite certain that his wife did hate both Robert's wife and William's, and would not admit in her own mind this distinction between the conduct of persons and the persons themselves. But he altogether failed in his attempts to induce her to go to the breakfast.

The great contest was between the mother and the daughter; but in all that passed between them no reference even was made to the banquet. As to that Hester was indifferent. She thought, on the whole, that her mother would do best to be absent. After all, what is a breakfast;—or what the significance of any merry meeting, even for a wedding? There would, no doubt, be much said and much done on such an occasion at variance with her mother's feelings. Even the enforced gaiety of the dresses would be distasteful to her, and there would hardly be sufficient cause for pressing her to be present on such an occasion. But in reference to the church, the question, to Hester's thinking, was very different. "Mamma," she said, "if you are not there, it will be a lasting misery to me."

"How can I go there when I would give so much to save you from going there yourself?" This was a terrible thing for a mother to say to her own child on the eve of her wedding, but it had been now said so often as to have lost something of its sting. It had come to be understood that Mrs Bolton would not allow herself to give any assent to the marriage, but that the marriage was to go on without such assent. All that had been settled. But still she might go to the church

with them and pray for good results. She feared that evil would come, but still she might wish for good,—wish for it and pray for it.

"You don't want me to be unhappy, mamma?"

"Want!" said the mother. "Who can want her child to be unhappy? But there is an unhappiness harder to be borne, more to be dreaded, enduring so much longer than that which we may suffer here."

"Will you not come and pray that I may be delivered also from that? As I am going from you, will you not let me know that you are there with me at the last moment. Though you do not love him, you do not wish to quarrel with me. Oh, mamma, let me feel at any rate that you are there." Then the mother promised that she would be there, in the church, though unknown to or at least unrecognised by any one else. When the morning came, and when Hester was dropped at The Nurseries, in order that she might go up and be invested in her finery amidst her bridesmaids, who were all her cousins, the carriage went on and took Mrs Bolton to the church. It was represented to her that, by this arrangement, she would be forced to remain an hour alone in the cold building. But she was one of those who regarded all discomfort as meritorious,—as in some way adding something to her claim for heaven. Self-scourging with rods as a penance, was to her thinking a papistical ordinance most abominable and damnatory;—but the essence of the self-scourging was as comfortable to her as ever was a hair-shirt to a Roman Catholic enthusiast. So she went and sat apart in a dark distant pew, dressed in black and deeply veiled, praying, not, it is to be feared, that John Caldigate might be a good husband to her girl, but that he, as he made his way downward to things below, might not drag her darling with him. That only a few can be saved was the fact in all her religion with which she was most thoroughly conversant. The strait way and the narrow gate, through which only a few can pass! Were they not known to all believers, to all who had a glimmering of belief, as an established part of the Christian faith, as a part so established that to dream even that the gate would be made broad and the way open would be to dream against the Gospel, against the very plainest of God's words? If so,—and she would tell herself at all hours that certainly, certainly, certainly so it was,—then why should she trouble herself for one so little likely to come in the way of salvation as this man who was now robbing her of her daughter? If it was the will of the Almighty—as it clearly was the will of the Almighty—that, out of every hundred, ninety and nine should perish, could she dare now to pray more than for one? Or if her prayers were wider must they not be inefficacious? Yes;—there had been the thief upon the cross! It was all possible. But this man was a thief, not upon the cross. And therefore, as she prayed that morning, she said not a prayer for him.

In the meantime the carriage had gone back for the bride, who in very simple raiment, but yet in bridal-white array, was taken up to the church. These Boltons were prosperous people, who had all their carriages, so that there was no lack of vehicles. Two of the girls from London and two from The Nurseries made up the bevy of bridesmaids, who were as bright and fair as though the bride had come from some worldlier stock. Mrs Robert, indeed, had done all she could to give to the whole concern a becoming bridal brightness, till even Mrs

Daniel had been tempted to remonstrate. "I don't see why you shouldn't wear pretty things if you've got the money to pay for them," said Mrs Robert. Mrs Daniel shook her head, but on the afternoon before the wedding she bought an additional ribbon.

Caldigate came over from Folking that morning attended by one John Jones, an old college friend, as his best man. The squire was not at the wedding, but on the day before he was with Hester at The Nurseries, telling her that she should be his dear daughter, and at the same time giving her a whole set of wicked but very pretty worldly gauds. "Upon my word, my dear, he has been very gracious," said Mrs Robert, when she saw them. "I quite envy the girls being married nowadays, because they get such pretty things."

"They are very pretty," said Hester.

"And must have cost, I'm afraid to say how much money."

"I suppose it means to say that he will love me, and therefore I am so glad to have them!" But the squire, though he did mean to say that he would love her, did not come to the wedding. He was, he said, unaccustomed to such things, and hoped that he might be excused.

Therefore, from the Folking side there was no one but John Caldigate himself and John Jones. Of the Babingtons, of course, there was not one. As long as there was a possibility of success Mrs Babington had kept up her remonstrances;—but when there was no longer a possibility she announced that there was to be an everlasting quarrel between the houses. Babington and Folking were for the future to know nothing of each other. Caldigate had hoped that though the ladies would for a time be unforgiving, his uncle and his male cousins would not take up the quarrel. But aunt Polly was too strong for that; and he was declared to be a viper who had been warmed in all their bosoms and had then stung them all round. "If you will nurse a viper in your bosom, of course he will sting you," said aunt Polly, in a letter which she took the trouble to write to the squire. In reply to which the squire wrote back thus: "My dear sister, if you will look into your dictionary of natural history you will see that vipers have no stings. Yours truly, D. Caldigate." This letter was supposed to add much to the already existing offence.

But the marriage ceremony was performed in spite of all this quarrelling, and the mother standing up in the dark corner of her pew heard her daughter's silver-clear voice as she vowed to devote herself to her husband. As she heard it, she also devoted herself. When sorrow should come, as sorrow certainly would come, then she would be ready once again to be a mother to her child. But till that time should come the wife of John Caldigate would be nothing to her.

She was not content with thinking and resolving that it should be so, but she declared her intention in so many words to her daughter. For poor Hester, though she was proud of her husband, this was in truth a miserable day. Could she have been induced to separate herself altogether from her mother on the previous night, or even on that morning, it would have been better; but there was with her that customary longing for a last word of farewell which has often made so many of us wretched. And then there was a feeling that, as she was giving herself away in marriage altogether in opposition to her mother's counsels, on that very account she owed to her more attached and increased observance. Therefore she

had arranged with her husband that when she returned from the banquet to prepare herself for her journey, a longer absence than usual should be allowed to her;—so that she might be taken back to Chesterton, and might thus see her mother the last after saying farewell to all the others. Then the carriage should return to The Nurseries and he would be ready to step in, and she need not show herself again, worn out as she would be with the tears and sobbings which she anticipated.

It all went as it was arranged, but it would have been much better to arrange it otherwise. The journey to the Grange and back, together with the time spent in the interview, took an hour,—and the time went very slowly with the marriage guests. There always comes a period beyond which it is impossible to be festive. When the bride left the room, the bridesmaids and other ladies went with her. Then the gentlemen who remained hardly knew what to do with each other. Old Mr Bolton was not jovial on the occasion, and the four brothers hardly knew how to find subjects for conversation on such an occasion. The bridegroom felt the hour to be very long, although he consented to play billiards with the boys; and John Jones, although he did at last escape and find his way up among the girls, thought that his friend had married himself into a very sombre family. But all this was pleasant pastime indeed compared with that which poor Hester endured in her mother's bedroom. "So it has been done," said Mrs Bolton, sitting in a comfortless little chair, which she was accustomed to use when secluded, with her Bible, from all the household. She spoke in a voice that might have been fit had a son of hers been just executed on the gallows.

"Oh, mamma, do not speak of it like that?"

"My darling, my own one, would you have me pretend what I do not feel?" "Why, yes. Even that would be better than treatment such as this." That would have been Hester's reply could she have spoken her mind; but she could not speak it, and therefore she stood silent. "I will not pretend. You and your father have done this thing against my wishes and against my advice."

"It is I that have done it, mamma."

"You would not have persevered had he been firm,—as firm as I have been. But he has vacillated, turning hither and thither, serving God and Mammon. And he has allowed himself to be ruled by his own son. I will never, never speak to Robert Bolton again."

"Oh, mamma, do not say that."

"I do say it; I swear it. You shall not touch pitch and not be defiled. If there be pitch on earth he is pitch. If your eye offend you, pluck it out. He is my stepson, I know; but I will pluck him out like an eye that has offended. It is he that has robbed me of my child."

"Am I not still your child?" said Hester, going down on her knees with her hands in her mother's lap and her eyes turned up to her mother's face.

"No; you are not mine any longer. You are his; you are that man's wife. When he bids you do that which is evil in the sight of the Lord, you must do it. And he will bid you. You are not my child now. As days run on and sins grow black I cannot warn you now against the wrath to come. But though you are not my child, though you are this man's wife, I will pray for you."

"And for him?"

"I do not know. I cannot say. Who am I that I should venture to pray specially for a stranger? That His way may be shown to all sinners;—thus will I pray for him. And it will be shown. Though whether he will walk in it,—who can say that?" So much was true of John Caldigate, no doubt, and is true of all; but there was a tone in her voice which implied that in regard to this special sinner there could be very little hope indeed.

"Why should you think that he is bad, mamma?"

"We are all bad. There is no doubt about his being bad. There is not one among us fit to sweep the lowest step of God's throne. But they who are His people shall be made bright enough to sit round His feet. May the time come when you, my darling, shall be restored to the fold." The poor young wife by this time had acknowledged to herself the mistake she had made in thus coming to her mother after her marriage. She now was of course in that ecstatic phase of existence which makes one's own self altogether subordinate to the self of another person. That her husband should be happy constituted her hope of happiness; that he should be comfortable, her comfort. If he were thought worthy, that would be her worthiness; or if he were good, that would be her goodness. And even as to those higher, more distant aspirations, amidst which her mother was always dwelling, she would take no joy for herself which did not include him. The denunciations against him which were so plainly included even in her mother's blessings and prayers for herself, did not frighten her on behalf of the man to whom she had devoted herself. She could see the fanaticism and fury of her mother's creed. But she could not escape from the curse of the moment. When that last imprecation was made by the woman, with her hands folded and her eyes turned up to heaven, Hester could only bury her face on her mother's knees and weep. "When that time comes, and I know it will come, you shall return to me, and once more be my child," said the mother.

"You do not mean that I shall leave my husband?"

"Who can tell? If you do, and I am living, you shall be my child. Till then we must be apart. How can it be otherwise? Can I give my cheek to a man to be kissed, and call him my son, when I think that he has robbed me of my only treasure?"

This was so terrible that the daughter could only hang around her mother's neck, sobbing and kissing her at the same time, and then go without another word. She was sure of this,—that if she must lose one or the other, her mother or her husband, then she would lose her mother. When she returned to The Nurseries, her husband, according to agreement, came out to her at once. She had bidden adieu to all the others; but at the last moment her father put his hand into the carriage, so that she could take it and kiss it. "Mamma is so sad," she said to him; "go home to her and comfort her." Of course the old man did go home, but he was aware that there would for some time be little comfort there either for him or for his wife. He and his sons had been too powerful for her in arranging the marriage; but now, now that it was done, nothing could stop her reproaches. He had been made to think it wrong on one side to shut his girl up, and now from the other side he was being made to think that he had done very wrong in allowing her to escape.

It had been arranged that they should be driven out of Cambridge to the railway station at Audley End

on their way to London; so that they might avoid the crowd of people who would know them at the Cambridge station. As soon as they had got away from the door of Robert Bolton's house, the husband attempted to comfort his young wife. "At any rate it is over," he said, alluding of course to the tedium of their wedding festivities.

"So much is over," she replied.

"You do not regret anything?"

She shook her head slowly as she leaned lovingly against his shoulder. "You are not sorry, Hester, that you have become my wife?"

"I had to be your wife,—because I love you."

"Is that a sorrow?"

"I had been all my mother's;—and now I am all yours. She has thrown me off because I have disobeyed her. I hope you will never throw me off."

"Is it likely?"

"I think not. I know that I shall never throw you off. They have tried to make me believe that you are not all that you ought to be—in religion. But now your religion shall be my religion, and your life my life. I shall be of your colour—altogether. But, John, a limb cannot be wrenched out of a socket, as I have been torn away from my mother, without pain."

"She will forgive it all when we come back."

"I fear—I fear. I never knew her to forgive anything yet." This was very bad; but nevertheless it was plain to him as it had been plain to Robert and William Bolton, that not because of the violence of the woman's character should the life of her daughter have been sacrificed to her. His duty to make her new life bright for her was all the more plain and all the more sound,—and as they made their first journey together he explained to her how sacred that duty should always be to him.

CHAPTER XXII.—AS TO TOUCHING PITCH.

Before the wedding old Mr Caldigate arranged with his son that he would give up to the young married people the house at Folking, and indeed the entire management of the property. "I have made up my mind about it," said the squire, who at this time was living with his son on happy terms. "I have never been adapted for the life of a country gentleman," he continued, "though I have endeavoured to make the best of it, and have in a certain way come to love the old place. But I don't care about wheat nor yet about bullocks;—and a country house should always have a mistress." And so it was settled. Mr Caldigate took for himself a house in Cambridge, whither he proposed to remove nothing but himself and his books, and promised to have Folking ready for his son and his son's bride on their return from their wedding-tour. In all this Robert Bolton and the old squire acted together, the brother thinking that the position would suit his sister well. But others among the Boltons,—Mrs Daniel, the London people, and even Mrs Robert herself,—had thought that the "young people" had better be further away from the influences or annoyances of Puritan Grange. Robert, however, had declared that it would be absurd to yield to the temper, and prejudice, and fury—as he called it—of his father's wife. When this discussion was going on she had absolutely quarrelled with

the attorney, and the attorney had made up his mind that she should be—ignored. And then, too, as Robert explained, it must be for the husband and not for the wife to choose where they would live. Folking was, or at any rate would be, his own, by right of inheritance, and it was not to be thought of that a man should be driven away from his natural duties and from the enjoyment of his natural privileges by the mad humours of a fanatic female. In all this old Mr Bolton was hardly consulted; but there was no reason why he should express an opinion. He was giving his daughter absolutely no fortune; nor had he even vouchsafed to declare what money should be coming to her at his death. John Caldigate had positively refused to say a word on the subject;—had refused even when instigated to do so by Hester's brother. "It shall be just as he pleases," Caldigate had said. "I told your father that I was not looking after his daughter with any view to money, and I will be as good as my word." Robert had told her father that something should be arranged;—but the old man had put it off from day to day, and nothing had been arranged. And so it came to pass that he was excluded almost from having an opinion as to his daughter's future life.

It was understood that the marriage trip should be continued for some months. Caldigate was fettered by no business that required an early return. He had worked hard for five years, and felt that he had earned a holiday. And Hester naturally was well disposed to be absent for as long a time as would suit her husband. Time, and time alone, might perhaps soften her mother's heart. They went to Italy, and stayed during the winter months in Rome; and then, when the fine weather came, they returned across the Alps, and lingered about among the playgrounds of Europe, visiting Switzerland, the Tyrol, and the Pyrenees, and returning home to Cambridgeshire at the close of the following September.

And then there was a reason for the return. It would be well that the coming heir to the Folking estate should be born at Folking. Whether an heir, or only an insignificant girl, it would be well that the child should be born amidst the comforts of home; and so they came back. When they reached the station at Cambridge the squire was there to receive them, as were also Robert Bolton and his wife. "I am already in my new house," said the old man,—"but I mean to go out with you for to-day and to-morrow, and just stay till you are comfortably fixed."

"I never see her myself," said Robert, in answer to a whispered inquiry from his sister. "Or it would be more correct to say she will never see me. But I hear from the others that she speaks of you constantly."

"She has written to me, of course; but she never mentions John. In writing back I have always sent his love, and have endeavoured to show that I would not recognise any quarrel."

"If I were you," said Robert, "I would not take him with me when I went." Then the three Caldigates were taken off to Folking.

A week passed by and then arrived the day on which it had been arranged that Hester was to go to Chesterton and see her mother. There had been numerous letters, and at last the matter was settled between Caldigate and old Mr Bolton at the bank. "I think you had better let her come alone," the old man had said when Caldigate asked whether he might be allowed to accompany his wife. "Mrs Bol-

ton has not been well since her daughter's marriage, and has felt the desolation of her position very much. She is weak and nervous, and I think you had better let Hester come alone." Had Caldigate known his mother-in-law better he would not have suggested a visit from himself. No one who did know her would have looked forward to see her old hatred eradicated by an absence of nine months. Hester therefore went into Cambridge alone, and was taken up to the house by her father. As she entered the iron gates she felt almost as though she were going into the presence of one who was an enemy to herself. And yet when she saw her mother, she rushed at once into the poor woman's arms. "Oh, mamma, dear mamma, dearest mamma! My own, own, own mamma!"

Mrs Bolton was sitting by the open window of a small breakfast parlour which looked into the garden, and had before her on her little table her knitting and a volume of sermons. "So you have come back, Hester," she said, after a short pause. She had risen at first to receive her daughter, and had returned her child's caresses, but had then reseated herself quickly, as though anxious not to evince any strong feeling on the occasion.

"Yes, mamma, I have come back. We have been so happy!"

"I am glad you have been happy. Such joys are short-lived; but still——"

"He has been so good to me, mamma!"

Good! What was the meaning of the word good? She doubted the goodness of such goodness as his. Do not they who are tempted by the pleasures of the world always praise the good-nature and kindness of them by whom they are tempted? There are meanings to the word good which are so opposed one to another! "A husband is, I suppose, generally kind to his wife, at any rate for a little time," she said.

"Oh, mamma, I do so wish you knew him!" The woman turned her face round, away from her daughter, and assumed that look of hard, determined, impregnable obstinacy with which Hester had been well acquainted all her life. But the young wife had come there with a purpose, not strong, perhaps, in actual hope, but resolute even against hope to do her best. There must be an enduring misery to her unless she could bring her mother into some friendly relation with her husband, and she had calculated that the softness produced by her return would give a better chance for this than she might find at any more protracted time. But Mrs Bolton had also made her calculations and had come to her determination. She turned her head away therefore, and sat quite silent, with the old stubborn look of resolved purpose.

"Mamma, you will let him come to you now?"

"No."

"Not your own Hester's husband?"

"No."

"Are we to be divided for ever?"

"Did I not tell you before,—when you were going? Shall I lie, and say that I love him? I will not touch pitch, lest I be defiled."

"Mamma, he is my husband. You shall not call him pitch. He is my very own. Mamma, mamma!—recall the word that you have said."

The woman felt that it had to be recalled in some degree. "I said nothing of him, Hester. I call that pitch which I believe to be wrong, and if I swerve but a hair's-breadth willingly towards what I believe to be evil, then I shall be touching

pitch and then I shall be defiled. I did not say that he was pitch. Judge not and ye shall not be judged." But if ever judgment was pronounced, and a verdict given, and penalties awarded, such was done now in regard to John Caldigate.

"But, mamma, why will it be doing evil to be gracious to your daughter's husband?"

The woman had an answer to this appeal very clearly set forth in her mind though she was unable to produce it clearly in words. When the marriage had been first discussed she had opposed it with all her power, because she had believed the man to be wicked. He was unregenerate;—and when she had put it to her husband and to the Nicholases and to the Daniels to see whether such was not the case, they had not contradicted her. It was acknowledged that he was such a one as Robert,—a worldly man all round. And then he was worse than Robert, having been a spendthrift, a gambler, and, if the rumours which had reached them were true, given to the company of loose women. She had striven with all her might that such a one should not be allowed to take her daughter from her, and had striven in vain. He had succeeded;—but his character was not changed by his success. Did she not know him to be chaff that must be separated by the wind from the corn and then consumed in the fire? His character was not altered because that special human being whom she loved the best in all the world had fallen into his power. He was not the less chaff,—the less likely to be burned. That her daughter should become chaff also,—ah, there was the agony of it! If instead of taking the husband and wife together, she could even now separate them,—would it not be her duty to do so? Of all duties would it not be the first? Let the misery here be what it might, what was that to eternal misery or to eternal bliss? When therefore she was asked whether she would be doing evil were she to be gracious to her own son-in-law, she was quite, quite sure that any such civility would be a sin. The man was pitch,—though she had been coerced by the exigencies of a worldly courtesy to deny that she had intended to say so. He was pitch to her, and she declared to herself that were she to touch him she would be defiled. But she knew not in what language to explain all this. "What you call graciousness, Hester, is an obligation of which religion knows nothing," she said, after a pause.

"I don't know why it shouldn't. Are we to be divided, mamma, because of religion?"

"If you were alone——"

"But I am not alone. Oh, mamma, mamma, do you not know that I am going to become a mother?"

"My child!"

"And you will not be with me, because you think that you and John differ as to religious forms."

"Forms!" she said; "forms! Is the spirit there? By their fruits ye shall know them. I ask you yourself whether his life as you have seen it is such as I should think conformable with the Word of God?"

"Whose life is so?"

"But an effort may be made. Do not let us palter with each other, Hester! There are the sheep,—and there are the goats! Of which is he? According to the teaching of your early years, in which flock would he be found if account were taken now?"

There was something so terrible in this that the young wife who was thus called upon to denounce her husband separated herself by some steps from her mother, retreating

back to a chair in which she seated herself. "Do you remember, mamma, the words you said just now? Judge not and ye shall not be judged."

"Nor do I judge."

"And how does it go on? Forgive and ye shall be forgiven."

"Neither do I judge, nor can I forgive." This she said, putting all her emphasis on the pronoun, and thereby declaring her own humility. "But the great truths of my religion are dear to me. I will not trust myself in the way of sinners, because by some worldly alliance to which I myself was no consenting party, I have been brought into worldly contact with them. I at any rate will be firm. I say to you now no more than I said, ah, so many times, when it was still possible that my words should not be vain. They were vain. But not on that account am I to be changed. I will not be wound like a skein of silk round your little finger." That was it. Was she to give way in everything because they had been successful among them in carrying out this marriage in opposition to her judgment? Was she to assent that this man be treated as a sheep because he had prevailed against her, while she was so well aware that he would still have been a goat to them all had he not prevailed? She at any rate was sincere. She was consistent. She would be true to her principles even at the expense of all her natural yearnings. Of what use to her would be her religious convictions if she were to give them up just because her heart-strings were torn and agonised? The man was a goat though he were ten times told her child's husband. So she looked again away into the garden, and resolved that she would not yield in a single point.

"Good-bye, mamma," said Hester, rising from her chair, and coming up to her mother.

"Good-bye, Hester. God bless you, my child!"

"You will not come to me to Folking?"

"No; I will not go to Folking."

"I may come to you here?"

"Oh yes;—as often as you will, and for as long as you will."

"I cannot stay away from home without him, you know," said the young wife.

"As often as you will, and for as long as you will," the mother said again, repeating the words with emphasis. "Would I could have you here as I used to do, so as to look after every want and administer to every wish. My fingers shall work for your baby, and my prayers shall be said for him and for you, morning and night. I am not changed, Hester. I am still and ever shall be, while I am spared, your own loving mother." So they parted, and Hester was driven back to Folking.

In forming our opinion as to others we are daily brought into difficulty by doubting how much we should allow to their convictions, and how far we are justified in condemning those who do not accede to our own. Mrs Bolton believed every word that she said. There was no touch of hypocrisy about her. Could she without sting of conscience have gone off to Folking and ate of her son-in-law's bread and drank of his cup, and sat in his presence, no mother living would have enjoyed more thoroughly the delight of waiting upon and caressing and bending over her child. She denied herself all this with an agony of spirit, groaning not only over their earthly separation, thinking not only of her daughter's present dangers, but tormented also by reflections as to dangers and possible separations in another world. But she knew she

was right. She knew at least that were she to act otherwise there would be upon her conscience the weight of sin. She did not know that the convictions on which she rested with such confidence had come in truth from her injured pride,—had settled themselves in her mind because she had been beaten in her endeavours to prevent her daughter's marriage. She was not aware that she regarded John Caldigate as a goat,—as one who beyond all doubt was a goat,—simply because John Caldigate had had his way, while she had been debarred from hers. Such, no doubt, was the case. And yet who can deny her praise for fidelity to her own convictions? When we read of those who have massacred and tortured their opponents in religion, have boiled alive the unfortunates who have differed from themselves as to the meaning of an unintelligible word or two, have vigorously torn the entrails out of those who have been pious with a piety different from their own, how shall we dare to say that they should be punished for their fidelity? Mrs Bolton spent much of that afternoon with her knees on the hard boards,—thinking that a hassock would have taken something from the sanctity of the action,—wrestling for her child in prayer. And she told herself that her prayer had been heard. She got up more than ever assured that she must not touch pitch lest she should be defiled. Let us pray for what we will with earnestness,—though it be for the destruction of half a world,—we are sure to think that our prayers have been heard.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE NEW HEIR.

Things went on smoothly at Folking, or with apparent smoothness, for three months, during which John Caldigate surprised both his friends and his enemies by the exemplary manner in which he fulfilled his duties as a parish squire. He was put on the commission, and was in the way to become the most active Justice of the Peace in those parts. He made himself intimate with all the tenants, and was almost worshipped by Mr Ralph Holt, his nearest neighbour, to whose judgment he submitted himself in all agricultural matters. He shot a little, but moderately, having no inclination to foster what is called a head of game. And he went to church very regularly, having renewed his intimacy with Mr Bromley, the parson, a gentleman who had unfortunately found it necessary to quarrel with the old squire, because the old squire had been so manifestly a pagan.

There had been unhappiness in the parish on this head, and especially unhappiness to Mr Bromley, who was a good man. That Mr Caldigate should be what he called a pagan had been represented by Mr Bromley to his friends as a great misfortune, and especially a misfortune to the squire himself. But he would have ignored that in regard to social life,—so Mr Bromley said when discussing the matter,—if the pagan would have desisted from arguing the subject. But when Mr Caldigate insisted on the parson owning the unreasonableness of his own belief, and called upon him to confess himself to be either a fool or a hypocrite, then the parson found himself constrained to drop all further intercourse. "It is the way with all priests," said the old squire triumphantly to the first man he could get to hear him. "The moment you disagree with them they become your enemies at

once, and would straightway kill you if they had the power." He probably did not know how very disagreeable he had made himself to the poor clergyman.

But now matters were on a much better footing, and all the parish rejoiced. The new squire was seen in his pew every Sunday morning, and often entertained the parson at the house. The rumour of this change was indeed so great that more than the truth reached the ears of some of the Boltons, and advantage was taken of it by those who desired to prove to Mrs Bolton that the man was not a goat. What more would she have? He went regularly to morning and evening service,—here it was that rumour exaggerated our hero's virtues,—did all his duty as a country gentleman, and was kind to his wife. The Daniels, who were but lukewarm people, thought that Mrs Bolton was bound to give way. Mrs Robert declared among her friends that the poor woman was becoming mad from religion, and the old banker himself was driven very hard for a reply when Robert asked him whether such a son-in-law as John Caldigate ought to be kept at arm's-length. The old man did in truth hate the name of John Caldigate, and regretted bitterly the indiscretion of that day when the spendthrift had been admitted within his gates. Though he had agreed to the marriage, partly from a sense of duty to his child, partly under the influences of his son, he had, since that, been subject to his wife for nine or ten months. She had not been able to prevail against him in action; but no earthly power could stop her tongue. Now when these new praises were dinned into his ears—when he did convince himself that, as far as worldly matters went, his son-in-law was likely to become a prosperous and respected gentleman—he would fain have let the question of hostility drop. There need not have been much intercourse between Puritan Grange and Folking; but then also there need be no quarrel. He was desirous that Caldigate should be allowed to come to the house, and that even visits of ceremony should be made to Folking. But Mrs Bolton would have nothing to do with such half friendship. In the time that was coming she must be everything or nothing to her daughter. And she could not be brought to think that one who had been so manifestly a goat should cease to be a goat so suddenly. In other words, she could not soften her heart towards the man who had conquered her. Therefore when the time came for the baby to be born there had been no reconciliation between Puritan Grange and Folking.

Mrs Babington had been somewhat less stern. Immediately on the return of the married couple to their own home she had still been full of wrath, and had predicted every kind of evil; but when she heard that all tongues were saying all good things of this nephew of hers, and when she was reminded by her husband that blood is thicker than water, and when she reflected that it is the duty of Christians to forgive injuries, she wrote to the sinner as follows:—

"Babington Hall,
November 187—.

"My dear John,—We are all here desirous that bygones should be bygones, and are willing to forgive—though we may not perhaps be able to forget. I am quite of opinion that resentments should not be lasting, let them have been ever so well justified by circumstances at first.

"Your uncle bids me say that he hopes you will come over and shoot the Puddinghall coverts with Hum-

phry and John. They propose Thursday next, but would alter the day if that does not suit.

"We have heard of your wife's condition, of course, and trust that everything may go well with her. I shall hope to make her acquaintance some day when she is able to receive visitors.

"I am particularly induced at the present moment to hold out to you once more the right hand of fellowship and family affection by the fact that dear Julia is about to settle herself most advantageously in life. She is engaged to marry the Rev. Augustus Smirkie, the rector of Plum-cum-Pippins near Woodbridge in this county. We all like Mr Smirkie very much indeed, and think *that Julia has been most fortunate in her choice.*" (These words were underscored doubly by way of showing how very much superior was Mr Augustus Smirkie to Mr John Caldigate). "I may perhaps as well mention, to avoid anything disagreeable at present, that Julia is at this time staying with Mr Smirkie's mother at Ipswich.—Your affectionate aunt,

"MARYANNE BABINGTON."

Caldigate was at first inclined to send, in answer to this letter, a reply which would not have been agreeable to his aunt, but was talked into a better state of mind by his wife. "Telling me that she will forgive me! The question is whether I will forgive her!" "Let that be the question," said his wife, "and do forgive her. She wants to come round, and, of course, she has to make the best of it for herself. Tell her from me that I shall be delighted to see her whenever she chooses to come."

"Poor Julia!" said Caldigate, laughing.

"Of course you think so, John. That's natural enough. Perhaps I think so too. But what has that to do with it?"

"It's rather unfortunate that I know so much about Mr Smirkie. He is fifty years old, and has five children by his former wife."

"I don't see why he shouldn't be a good husband for all that."

"And Plum-cum-Pippins is less than £300 a-year. Poor dear Julia!"

"I believe you are jealous, John."

"Well; yes. Look at the way she has underscored it. Of course I'm jealous." Nevertheless he wrote a courteous answer promising to go over and shoot the coverts, and stay for one night.

He did go over and shoot the coverts, and stayed for one night; but the visit was not very successful. Aunt Polly would talk of the glories of the Plum-cum-Pippins rectory in a manner which implied that dear Julia's escape from a fate which once threatened her had been quite providential. When he alluded,—as he did but should not have done,—to the young Smirkies, she spoke with almost ecstatic enthusiasm of the "dear children," Caldigate knowing the while that the eldest child must be at least sixteen. And then, though aunt Polly was kind to him, she was kind in an almost insulting manner,—as though he were to be received for the sake of auld lang syne in spite of the step he had taken downwards in the world. He did his best to bear all this with no more than an inward smile, telling himself that it behoved him as a man to allow her to have her little revenge. But the smile was seen, and the more that was seen of it, the more often was he reminded that he had lost that place in the Babington elysium which might have been his, had he not been too foolish to know what was good for him. And a hint was

given that the Boltons a short time since had not been aristocratic, whereas it was proved to him from Burke's Landed Gentry that the Smirkies had been established in Suffolk ever since Cromwell's time. No doubt their land had gone, but still there had been Smirkies.

"How did you get on with them?" his father asked, as he passed home through Cambridge.

"Much the same as usual. Of course in such a family a son-in-law elect is more thought of than a useless married man."

"They snubbed you."

"Aunt Polly snubbed me a little, and I don't think I had quite so good a place for the shooting as in the old days. But all that was to be expected. I quite agree with aunt Polly that family quarrels are foolish things."

"I am not so sure. Some people doom themselves to an infinity of annoyance because they won't avoid the society of disagreeable people. I don't know that I have ever quarrelled with any one. I have never intended to do so. But when I find that a man or woman is not sympathetic I think it better to keep out of the way." That was the squire's account of himself. These who knew him in the neighbourhood were accustomed to say that he had quarrelled with everybody about him.

In December the baby was born, just twelve months after the marriage, and there were great demonstrations of joy, and ringing of bells in the parishes of Utterden and Netherden. The baby was a boy, and all was as it ought to be. John Caldigate himself, when he came to look at his position and to understand the mind of those around him, was astonished to find how strong was the feeling in his own favour, and how thoroughly the tenants had been outraged by the idea that the property might be made over to a more distant member of the family. What was it to them who lived in the house at Folking? Why should they have been solicitous in the matter? They had their leases, and there was no adequate reason for supposing that one Caldigate would be more pleasant in his dealing with them than another. And yet it was evident to him now that this birth of a real heir at the squire's house, with a fair prospect that the acres would descend in a right line, was regarded by them all with almost superstitious satisfaction. The bells were rung as though the church-towers were going to be pulled down, and there was not a farmer or a farmer's wife who did not come to the door of Folking to ask how the young mother and the baby were doing.

"This is as it should be, squoire," said Ralph Holt, who was going about in his Sunday clothes, as though it was a day much too sacred for muck and work. He had caught hold of Caldigate in the stable-yard, and was now walking with him down towards the ferry.

"Yes;—she's doing very well, they tell me," said the newly-made father.

"In course she'll do well. Why not? A healthy lass like she, if I may make so free? There ain't nothing like having them strong and young, with no town-bred airs about 'em. I never doubted as she wouldn't do well. I can tell from their very walk what sort of mothers they'll be." Mr Holt had long been known as the most judicious breeder of stock in that neighbourhood. "But it ain't only that, squoire."

"The young un will do well too, I hope."

"In course he will. Why not? The foals take after their dams for

a time, pretty much always. But what I mean is;—we be all glad you've come back from them out-o'-the-way parts."

"I had to go there, Holt."

"Well;—we don't know much about that, sir, and I don't mean nothing about that."

"To tell the truth, my friend, I should not have done very well here unless I had been able to top-dress the English acres with a little Australian gold."

"Like enough, squoire; like enough. But I wasn't making bold to say nothing about that. For a young gentleman to go out a while and then to come back was all very well. Most of 'em does it. But when there was a talk as you weren't to come back, and that Master George was to take the place;—why, then, it did seem as things was very wrong."

"Master George might have been quite as good as I."

"It wasn't the proper thing, squoire. It wasn't straight. If you hadn't never 'a been, sir, or if the Lord Almighty had taken you as He did the others, God bless 'em, nobody wouldn't have had a right to say nothing. But as you was to the fore it wouldn't have been straight, and no one wouldn't have thought it straight." Instigated by this, John Caldigate looked a good deal into the matter that day, and began to feel that, having been born Squire of Folking, he had, perhaps, no right to deal with himself otherwise. Then various thoughts passed through his mind as to other dealings which had taken place. How great had been the chance against his being Squire of Folking when he started with Dick Shand to look for Australian gold! And how little had been the chance of his calling Hester Bolton his wife when he was pledging his word to Mrs Smith on board the Goldfinder! But now it had all come round to him just as he would have had it. There was his wife up-stairs in the big square bed-room with her baby,—the wife as to whom he had made that romantic resolution when he had hardly spoken to her; and there had been the bells ringing and the tenants congratulating him, and everything had been pleasant. His father who had so scorned him,—who in the days of Davis and Newmarket had been so well justified in scorning him,—was now his closest friend. Thinking of all this, he told himself that he had certainly received better things than he had deserved.

A day or two after the birth of the baby Mrs Robert came out to see the new prodigy, and on the following day Mrs Daniel. Mrs Robert was, of course, very friendly, and disposed to be in all respects a good sister-in-law. Hester's great grief was in regard to her mother. She was steadfast enough in her resolution to stand in all respects by her husband, if there must be a separation,—but the idea of the separation robbed her of much of her happiness. Mrs Robert was aware that a great effort was being made with Mrs Bolton. The young squire's respectability was so great, and his conduct so good, that not only the Boltons themselves, but neighbours around who knew aught of the Bolton affairs, were loud in denouncing the woman for turning up her nose at such a son-in-law. The great object was to induce her to say that she would allow Caldigate to enter the house at Chesterton. "You know I never see her now," said Mrs Robert; "I'm too much of a sinner to think of entering the gates."

"Do not laugh at her Margaret," said Hester.

"I do not mean to laugh at her. It is simply the truth. Robert and

I have made up our minds that it is better for us all that I should not put myself in her way."

"Think how different it must be for me!"

"Of course it is. It is dreadful to think that she should be so—— prejudiced. But what can I do, dear? If they will go on persevering, she will, of course, have to give way." The "they" spoken of were the Daniels, and old Mr Bolton himself, and latterly the Nicholases, all of whom were of opinion that the separation of the mother from her daughter was very dreadful, especially when it came to be understood that the squire of Folking went regularly to his parish church.

On the next day Mrs Daniel came out; and though she was much less liked by Hester than her younger sister-in-law, she brought more comfortable tidings. She had been at the Grange a day or two before, and Mrs Bolton had almost consented to say that she would see John Caldigate. "You shouldn't be in a hurry, you know, my dear," said Mrs Daniel.

"But what has John done that there should be any question about all this?"

"I suppose he was a little—just a little—what they call fast once."

"He got into debt when he was a boy," said the wife, "and then paid off everything and a great deal more by his own industry. It seems to me that everybody ought to be proud of him."

"I don't think your mother is just proud of him, my dear."

"Poor mamma!"

"I hope he'll go when he's told to do so."

"John! Of course he'll go if I ask him. There's nothing he wouldn't do to make me happy. But really when I talk to him about it at all, I am ashamed of myself. Poor mamma!" The result of this visit was, however, very comforting. Mrs Daniel had seen Mrs Bolton, and had herself been witness to the fact that Mrs Bolton had mitigated the sternness of her denial when asked to receive her son-in-law at Puritan Grange. It was, said Mrs Daniel, the settled opinion of the Bolton family, that, in the course of another month or so, the woman would be induced to give way under the pressure put upon her by the family generally.

CHAPTER XXIV.—NEWS FROM THE GOLD-MINES.

It was said at the beginning of the last chapter that things had gone on smoothly, or with apparent smoothness, at Folking since the return of the Caldigates from their wedding-tour; but there had in truth been a small cloud in the Folking heavens over and beyond that Babington haze which was now vanishing, and the storm at Chesterton as to which hopes were entertained that it would clear itself away. It will perhaps be remembered that Caldigate's offer for the sale of his interest in the Polyeuka mine had been suddenly accepted by certain enterprising persons in Australia, and that the money itself had been absolutely forthcoming. This had been in every way fortunate, as he had been saved from the trouble of another journey to the colony; and his money matters had been put on such a footing as to make him altogether comfortable. But just when he heard that the money had been lodged to his account,—and when the money actually had been so paid,—he received a telegram from Mr Crinkett,

begging that the matter might be for a time postponed. This, of course, was out of the question. His terms had been accepted,—which might have gone for very little had not the money been forthcoming. But the cash was positively in his hands. Who ever heard of a man "postponing" an arrangement in such circumstances? Let them do what they might with Polyeuka, he was safe! He telegraphed back to say that there could be no postponement. As far as he was concerned the whole thing was settled. Then there came a multiplicity of telegrams, very costly to the Crinkett interest;—costly also and troublesome to himself; for he, though the matter was so pleasantly settled as far as he was concerned, could not altogether ignore the plaints that were made to him. Then there came very long letters, long and loud; letters not only from Crinkett, but from others, telling him that the Polyeuka gold had come to an end, the lode disappearing altogether, as lodes sometimes do disappear. The fact was that the Crinkett Company asked to have back half its money, offering him the Polyeuka mine in its entirety if he chose to accept it.

John Caldigate, though in England he could be and was a liberal gentleman, had been long enough in Australia to know that if he meant to hold his own among such men as Mr Crinkett, he must make the best of such turns of fortune as chance might give him. Under no circumstances would Crinkett have been generous to him. Had Polyeuka suddenly become more prolific in the precious metal than any mine in the colony the Crinkett Company would have laughed at any claim made by him for further payment. When a bargain has been fairly made, the parties must make the best of it. He was therefore very decided in his refusal to make restitution, though he was at the same time profuse in his expressions of sorrow.

Then there came a threat,—not from Crinkett, but from Mrs Euphemia Smith. And the letter was not signed Euphemia Smith,—but Euphemia Caldigate. And the letter was as follows:—

"In spite of all your treachery to me I do not wish to ruin you, or to destroy your young wife, by proving myself in England to have been married to you at Ahalala. But I will do so unless you assent to the terms which Crinkett has proposed. He and I are in partnership in the matter with two or three others, and are willing to let all that has gone before be forgotten if we have means given us to make another start. You cannot feel that the money you have received is fairly yours, and I can hardly think you would wish to become rich by taking from me all that I have earned after so many hardships. If you will do as I propose, you had better send out an agent. On paying us the money he shall not only have the marriage-certificate, but shall stand by and see me married to Crinkett, who is now a widower. After that, of course, I can make no claim to you. If you will not do this, both I and Crinkett, and the other man who was present at our marriage, and Anne Young, who has been with me ever since, will go at once to England, and the law must take its course.

"I have no scruple in demanding this as you owe me so much more.

"Allan, the Wesleyan who married us, has gone out of the colony, no one knows where,—but I send you the copy of the certificate; and all the four of us who were there are still together. And there were others who were at Ahalala at the

time, and who remember the marriage well. Dick Shand was not in the chapel, but Dick knew all about it. There is quite plenty of evidence.

"Send back by the wire word what you will do, and let your agent come over as soon as possible.

"EUPHEMIA CALDIGATE."

However true or however false the allegations made in the above letter may have been, for a time it stunned him greatly. This letter reached him about a month before the birth of his son, and for a day or two it seriously disturbed him. He did not show it to his wife, but wandered about the place alone, thinking whether he would take any notice of it, and what notice. At last he resolved that he would take the letter to his brother-in-law Robert, and ask the attorney's advice. "How much of it is true?" demanded Robert, when he read the letter twice from beginning to end.

"A good deal," said Caldigate,—"as much as may be, with the exception that I was never married to the woman."

"I suppose not that." Robert Bolton as he spoke was very grave, but did not at first seem disposed to be angry. "Had you not better tell me everything, do you think?"

"It is for that purpose that I have come and brought you the letter. You understand about the money."

"I suppose so."

"There can be no reason why I should return a penny of it?"

"Certainly not, now. You certainly must not return it under a threat, — even though the woman should be starving. There can be no circumstances—" and as he spoke he dashed his hand down upon the table,—"no circumstances in which a man should allow money to be extorted from him by a threat. For Hester's sake you must not do that."

"No, no; I must not do that, of course."

"And now tell me what is true?" There was something of authority in the tone of his voice, something perhaps of censure, something too of doubt, which went much against the grain with Caldigate. He had determined to tell his story, feeling that counsel was necessary to him, but he wished so to tell it as to subject himself to no criticism and to admit no fault. He wanted assistance, but he wanted it on friendly and sympathetic terms. He had a great dislike to being—"blown up," as he would probably have expressed it himself, and he already thought that he saw in his companion's eye a tendency that way. Turning all this in his mind, he paused a moment before he began to tell his tale. "You say that a good deal in this woman's letter is true. Had you not better tell me what is true?"

"I was very intimate with her."

"Did she ever live with you?"

"Yes, she did."

"As your wife?"

"Well; yes. It is of course best that you should know all." Then he gave a tolerably true account of all that had happened between himself and Mrs Smith up to the time at which, as the reader knows, he found her performing at the Sydney theatre.

"You had made her a distinct promise of marriage on board the ship?"

"I think I had."

"You think?"

"Yes; I think I did. Can you not understand that a man may be in great doubt as to the exact words that he may have spoken at such a time?"

"Hardly."

"Then I don't think you realise

the man's position. I wish to let you know the truth as exactly as I can. You had better take it for granted that I did make such a promise, though probably no such promise was absolutely uttered. But I did tell her afterwards that I would marry her."

"Afterwards?"

"Yes, when she followed me up to Ahalala."

"Did Richard Shand know her?"

"Of course he did,—on board the ship;—and he was with me when she came to Ahalala."

"And she lived with you?"

"Yes."

"And you promised to marry her?"

"Yes."

"And that was all?"

"I did not marry her, of course," said Caldigate.

"Who heard the promise?"

"It was declared by her in the presence of that Wesleyan minister she speaks of. He went to her to rebuke her, and she told him of the promise. Then he asked me, and I did not deny it. At the moment when he taxed me with it I was almost minded to do as I had promised."

"You repeated your promise, then, to him?"

"Nothing of the kind. I did not deny it, and I told him at last to mind his own business. Life up there was a little rough at that time."

"So it seems, indeed. And then, after that?"

"I had given her money and she had some claims in a gold-mine. When she was successful for a time she became so keen about her money that I fancy she hardly wished to get herself married. Then we had some words, and so we parted."

"Did she call herself—Mrs Caldigate?"

"I never called her so."

"Did she herself assume the name?"

"It was a wild kind of life up there, Robert, and this was apparent in nothing more than in the names people used. I daresay some of the people did call her Mrs Caldigate. But they knew she was not my wife."

"And this man Crinkett?"

"He knew all about it."

"He had a wife. Did his wife know her?"

"He had quarrelled with his wife at that time and had sent her away from Nobble. Mrs Smith was then living at Nobble, and Crinkett knew more about her than I did. She was mad after gold, and it was with Crinkett she was working. I gave her a lot of shares in another mine to leave me."

"What mine?"

"The Old Stick-in-the-Mud they called it. I had been in partnership with Crinkett and wanted to get out of the thing, and go in altogether for Polyeuka. At that time the woman cared little for husbands or lovers. She had been bitten with the fury of gold-gambling, and, like so many of them, filled her mind with an idea of unlimited wealth. And she had a turn of luck. I suppose she was worth at one time eight or ten thousand pounds."

"But she did not keep it?"

"I knew but little of her afterwards. I kept out of her way; and though I had dealings with Crinkett, I dropped them as soon as I could." Then he paused;—but Robert Bolton held his peace with anything but a satisfied countenance. "Now I think you know all about it."

"It is a most distressing story."

"All attempts at robbery and imposition are of course distressing."

"There is so much in it that is—disgraceful."

"I deny it altogether,—if you mean disgraceful to me."

"If it all had been known as it is known now,—as it is known even by your own telling, do you think that I should have consented to your marriage with my sister?"

"Why not?" Robert Bolton shrugged his shoulders. "And I think, moreover, that had you refused your consent I should have married your sister just the same."

"Then you know very little about the matter."

"I don't think there can be any good in going into that. It is at any rate the fact that your sister is my wife. As this demand has been made upon me, it was natural that I should wish to discuss it with some one whom I can trust. I tell you all the facts, but I am not going to listen to any fault-finding as to my past life."

"Poor Hester!"

"Why is she poor? She does not think herself so."

"Because there is a world of sorrow and trouble before her; and because all that you have told to me must probably be made known to her."

"She knows it already;—that is, she knows what you mean. I have not told her of the woman's lie, nor of this demand for money. But I shall when she is strong enough to hear it and to talk of it. You are very much mistaken if you think that there are secrets between me and Hester."

"I don't suppose you will be pleased to hear the story of such a life told in all the public papers."

"Certainly not;—but it will be an annoyance which I can bear. You or any one else would be very much mistaken who would suppose that life out in those places can go on in the same regular way that it does here. Gold beneath the ground is a dangerous thing to touch, and few who have had to do with it have come out much freer from misfortune than myself. As for these people, I don't suppose that I shall hear from them again. I shall send them both word that not a shilling is to be expected from me."

There was after this a long discussion as to the nature of the messages to be sent. There was no absolute quarrel between the two men, and the attorney acknowledged to himself that it was now his duty to give the best advice in his power to his brother-in-law; but their manner to each other was changed. It was evident that Robert did not quite believe all that Caldigate told him, and evident also that Caldigate resented this want of confidence. But still each knew that he could not do without the other. Their connection was too firm and too close to be shaken off. And therefore, though their tones were hardly friendly, still they consulted as to what should be done. It was at last decided that two messages should be sent by Caldigate, one to Crinkett and the other to Mrs Smith, and each in the same words. "No money will be sent you on behalf of the Polyeuka mine," and that this should be all. Any letter, Robert Bolton thought, would be inexpedient. Then they parted, and the two messages were at once sent.

After a day or two Caldigate recovered his spirits. We all probably know how some trouble will come upon us and for a period seem to quell all that is joyous in our life, and that then by quick degrees the weight of the trouble will grow less, till the natural spring and vivacity of the mind will recover itself, and make little or nothing of that which a few hours ago was felt to be so grievous a burden. So it had been with John Caldigate. He had been man enough to hold up his head when telling his story to Robert

Bolton, and to declare that the annoyance would be one that he could bear easily;—but still for some hours after that he had been unhappy. If by sacrificing some considerable sum of money,—even a large sum of money, say ten thousand pounds,—he could at that moment have insured the silence of Crinkett and the woman, he would have paid his money. He knew the world well enough to be aware that he could insure nothing by any such sacrifice. He must defy these claimants;—and then if they chose to come to England with their story, he must bear it as best he could. Those who saw him did not know that aught ailed him, and Robert Bolton spoke no word of the matter to any one at Cambridge.

But Robert Bolton thought very much of it,—so much that on the following day he ran up to London on purpose to discuss the matter with his brother William. How would it be with them, and what would be his duty, if the statement made by the woman should turn out to be true? What security had they after the story told by Caldigate himself that there had been no marriage? By his own showing he had lived with the woman, had promised to marry her, had acknowledged his promise in the hearing of a clergyman, and had been aware that she had called herself by his name. Then he had given her money to go away. This had been his own story. "Do you believe him?" he said to his brother William.

"Yes, I do. In the first place, though I can understand from his antecedents and from his surroundings at the time, that he should have lived a loose sort of life when he was out there, I don't think that he is a rascal or even a liar."

"One wouldn't wish to think so."

"I do not think so. He doesn't look like it, or talk like it, or act like it."

"How many cases do we know in which some abominable unexpected villany has destroyed the happiness and respectability of a family?"

"But what would you do?" asked the barrister. "She is married to him. You cannot separate them if you would."

"No,—poor girl. If it be so, her misery is accomplished; but if it be so, she should at once be taken away from him. What a triumph it would be to her mother!"

"That is a dreadful thing to say, Robert."

"But nevertheless true. Think of her warnings and refusals, and of my persistence! But if it be so, not the less must we all insist upon —destroying him. If it be so, he must be punished to the extent of the law."

William Bolton, however, would not admit that it could be so; and Robert declared that though he suspected,—though in such a case he found himself bound to suspect,—he did not in truth believe that Caldigate had been guilty of so terrible a crime. All probability was against it;—but still it was possible. Then, after much deliberation, it was decided that an agent should be sent out by them to New South Wales, to learn the truth, as far as it could be learned, and to bring back whatever evidence might be collected without making too much noise in the collection of it. Then there arose the question whether Caldigate should be told of this;—but it was decided that it should be done at the joint expense of the two brothers without the knowledge of Hester's husband.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

(*Second Series.*)

NO. III.—THE IDEA OF HOME.

THE assertion that "languages are the expression of the genius of nations" is accepted by many of us as a vaguely approximate truth. We incline to recognise that national forms of speech are likely to be more or less indicative of national forms of character, and that the configuration of thought in different countries may possibly present some sort of connexity with the shape of the talk employed to disclose that thought. Yet, though we may own that this notion is admissible in principle, very few people would probably be inclined —if they knew their own mind— to go beyond a somewhat doubting adhesion to such a rule; and scarcely any of us would consent to accept the theory advanced by some enthusiastic philologists and historians, that language can be regarded as a reliable guide to the study and the determination of national tendencies and capacities. Who would seriously admit, for instance, after consideration, that because certain words are the exclusive property of certain languages, the ideas which those words convey must consequently be a similarly exclusive property of the nations which employ those languages? The fact of the existence of the words supplies, it is true, a *primâ facie* proof that they were required, in the lands in which we find them, in order to express a local thought; but the absence of equivalent words in other lands cannot reasonably be taken to constitute valid evidence of any corresponding absence of a similar thought elsewhere. We may perhaps safely assume, from the presence or absence of particular words in the dictionaries of certain peoples, that the need of a concrete and specific definition of particular sentiments has, from some endemic cause, been felt and been satisfied by one race and not by another; but surely we cannot grant more than that; for would it not be altogether contrary to our actual experience of the relative composition of national characters, to infer that the want of a word must necessarily imply any want of a correlative sentiment? The purely moral faculty of feeling a sentiment is, manifestly and incontestably, independent of the purely material faculty of demonstrating that sentiment by one word. To prove this, we have but to look at some of the most ordinary examples which lie before our eyes. Who would venture to pretend that the French are unable to distinguish between the feeling of "love" and the feeling of "like" because their language contains but one word to express both? Who would proclaim that no people but the Germans are capable of realising the delightful notion of *gemüthlich* because they alone amongst the nations possess the word? Who would assert that because we English can only say "new" and "number" we are therefore incompetent to see our way to the varying senses of *neuf* and *nouveau*, of *nombre* and *numéro*? Who would affirm that marriage exists entirely in England, but that it is practised only

partially in France, and is utterly unknown in Germany, for the reason that we alone in the three countries possess the two special words "husband" and "wife" to describe the married state; while the French can only say *mari* and *femme*—husband and woman; and the Germans are reduced to the wretched epithets of *Mann* and *Frau*—man and woman? No—it cannot be seriously argued that reality of perception has any consanguinity with concision of definition, or that earnestness of sensation is in any way related to precision of description. On the contrary, it may be said, without exaggeration, that the most intense and the most emotional impressions of which human nature is susceptible, are precisely those which it is the most difficult to expound in specific terms.

These considerations are surely reasonable, and yet our practice is not always in accord with them. Notwithstanding their apparent truth, we are not unfrequently disposed, in daily life, to let them get out of sight, and to think and to talk as if they had no existence. Are not a good many of us often confidently asserting, for instance,—and this brings us to the subject which we are going to look at here—that "Home" is an essentially English idea, because we fancy, in the negligence of our prejudices, that "home" is an essentially English word? Yet, in indulging this particular impression, we are not only acting in contradiction to the general principles which have just been indicated, but, furthermore, we are committing a material error, and are perpetrating a flagrant injustice: a material error, because the word "home" exists in the Teutonic and Scandinavian tongues as completely as it does in English; a flagrant injustice, because the idea of "home" is felt and realised, in varying degrees and forms, throughout a large part of the earth.

But if, recognising our error and our injustice, we were to attempt, honestly, to repair the one and to atone for the other; and if, with that double object, we were to begin to look about us, outside our own shores, for other "homes" to which we could address excuses for having carelessly and impertinently forgotten their name and their existence, we should at once discover that several other nations besides ourselves are committing identically the same error, are perpetrating identically the same injustice, and are living, self-admiringly, in precisely the same unfounded, egotistical persuasion that they alone know "home." Throughout the German earth, in Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Iceland, we should find convictions on the question as fervent as our own. In all these lands an ineradicable popular belief exists that the indigenous word alone is capable of adequately expressing the deep, sweet, earnest thought it tells of, and that the thought itself is cherished and carried out there with a perfection which no other soil can imitate. Whether the word be *heim*, *hiem*, *hem*, or *heimr*, the faith in its unapproachable merit is equally profound; whatever be the latitude in which it is employed, the confidence in the exceptional completeness of its local form of application is equally unshakeable. Each of the nations which are handling these rival nouns, is almost more convinced than even England is, that its own word, and its own realisation of it, are the only worthy ones, and that all emulative candidatures—if indeed any such be possible at all—are mere paltry shams and empty imitations. Half-a-dozen countries claim a monopoly in the matter, just as we ourselves do; and

this fact supplies some sort of excuse for our own prejudices, for it proves, at all events, that we are not alone in entertaining them.

But the fact does a good deal more than this. In showing us that we are surrounded by races which, like the English, insist that they alone can properly baptise and can thoroughly feel "home," they furnish striking evidence of the vast value which the people of those races attach to the idea which the word conveys. On that part of the subject they and we are unanimous; we all demonstrate, by the eagerness and the enthusiasm of our claim to be first, that we long with special fervour for victory in the competition.

It must, however, be borne in mind, that—so far as the mere word is concerned—that competition, ardent as it is, is limited to a relatively small area. Neither the Slav nor the Latin races take part in it, for the excellent reason that their tongues contain no term equivalent to "home." The word itself—the true word, the precise word—is the exclusive property of the British, German, and Scandinavian nations. Elsewhere there are but shadows of it. But though it is solely in the north-western corner of Europe that we can detect the word, it is not there alone that we can discover the idea which the word represents. The quarrel as to whether *heim* or "home," or any other similar or dissimilar sound, expresses best the full meaning of the thought, is, after all, an idle one. It rests on nothing, and can lead to no good end whatever. The true interest of the subject is not there. It lies, not in the relative merits of analogous syllables, but in the comparative intensities with which the sentiment itself is exhibited by different peoples. On this point, also, wide differences of opinion will be found all round us; but there are distinct facts to guide us, and discussion, consequently, becomes possible and useful.

The first of those facts which strikes us is that, though in its completest and highest material manifestations, "home" is, like the denomination which expresses it, an essentially Northern product, the *notion* of home, as distinguished from its practice, is discernible in almost every land. That notion is not, and probably never has been, a product of cold or heat, of latitude or climate, of rank or wealth, of any natural or artificial cause, or of any accident of country or position. It is the resultant of an almost universal need, the fruit of an almost universal yearning. And again, this need and this yearning must be as ancient as they are deep and general, for the word "home" was invented and used long before the time had come for the fulfilment of the idea which that pregnant word was destined one day to convey. All the designations of home which have been enumerated here are old—older certainly, by far, than any of the conditions on which the realisation of the idea at present depends. We may presume from this that the longing for a home of some kind, however insufficient, was so inborn in men, that they took at once what they could get, and called it, in their trustful ignorance, by the admirable title which we now apply to a very different development of the same thought. Our actual perception of the meaning of the word is essentially modern; for "home" cannot be realised, as we have learnt to view it now, without the aid of certain conditions which modern life alone has created. It probably existed, in the sense of which it was then susceptible, even when men had no lodging-

place but a hollow tree or a hole in a rock; but its meaning has indeed changed since, for, in its full, present import, it signifies security, permanence, habit, comfort, and, furthermore, almost a sentiment of property. So long as those various components could not be grouped together, there could have been no "home" in our existing use of the word; there was a state which was described by the same name, but it was not the same state. Home—our home of to-day—cannot have had being while war and slavery were habitual accompaniments of life; it cannot have begun to assume a form until men had not only placed a solid roof over their heads, but had also ceased to fear either that enemies might burn that roof next day, or that masters might expel them from its cover. Some animals, perhaps, like bees and ants and beavers, may have always profoundly understood the real capacities of "home;" but humanity cannot have even suspected that the modern "home" was possible so long as durability and safety were unattained. Freedom and peace have been its father and mother. Those two conditions still constitute everywhere the essential foundations of "home;" but they are no longer sufficient by themselves; the present world wants more; the superstructure must be built with additional and different materials. So far, probably, everybody will agree with everybody else; but here we reach a point at which we shall cease to be unanimous, for each of us has his own idea of the precise nature of the additional materials required. When once liberty and safety are secured, our desires begin to vary largely; each one of us has, more or less, to make his home for himself, according to his temperament and his means of action, and most varying are the shapes which the results present.

Their varieties are not, however, products of individual fancies exclusively; national influences have also a large share in their formation. The first great grouping into classes is indeed the work of national action alone; the division, by personal peculiarities and habits, into genera and species, comes in the second line. Different conceptions of the idea of "home" are expressed as national testimonies by the races of Europe, each one for itself, with a clearness which permits us to recognise the part which is essentially impersonal and public, in contradiction to what is individual and specific in each case. The evidence in the matter is everywhere so abundant, that an endeavour to determine the shape and character of the national practice of "home," as applied in any particular country, ought not to be very difficult to carry out. For instance, regarding the question, in each land, as a great local whole, and putting aside all shadings and all accidents, it is surely just to describe the English home, in its main outlines, as a massive fortress which its occupiers defend against all comers; the German home as a woman's labouring place, which offers but weak attractions to men; and the French home as a common ground of union, where all the members of a family, and each of their friends, find a seat awaiting them. There are exceptions everywhere in quantities; but who that knows and can compare the daily life of the English, the Germans, and the French, will deny the general accuracy of these rough definitions?

The idiosyncrasies of the French home—of the true typical French home, that is—are, taken as a whole, the most admirable in Europe. Of course there are weak points in them.

Of course there are defects in the French system. Of course there are in France, as elsewhere, a mass of stupid, gloomy firesides, of all ranks, of all shades, and of all degrees, which are animated by no life, which present no interest or action, which offer neither character nor charm. But those are not the representative homes of France; those are not illustrative examples of the idea of home as nationally realised in the land: those are the exceptions, not the rule. The national type of home, the national sentiment of home, the national use of home, are other. Nationally, amongst the French, home is a general meeting-spot for cheeriness and affection. How, indeed, could it be anything else with the character of the race? Home in France is made what it is by the temperament of the people, and by their special disposition to use and enjoy in common all the elements of satisfaction which they can accumulate by joint subscription. In England, the sharp severance into classes destroys the possibility of collective social action. In Germany the same difficulty exists, though in another form; and furthermore, women and men live virtually apart from each other there; each sex composes associations for itself in itself, and society, in its true sense, is a privilege of a limited upper category, and is nationally unknown. But in France there seems to be a vast unconscious partnership throughout the land for the rendering of life pleasant—a federation which includes all persons—an alliance which unites all interests—a coalition which amalgamates all opinions—a league which utilises all agencies, which profits by all accidents, which works indoors and out of doors, which uses the homes as it uses the streets. Society, as it is conceived and realised in France, admits no obstacles to the demands of its all-comprehending activity; it accepts no refusals; it stands forward in its force as a recognised public necessity, as a valued public right; it knocks imperiously at all doors; it calls on the entire people to come out and participate in the common work; it insists that each and all shall aid in the universal labour, and shall contribute to the general end. And it does all this without the faintest notion that it is doing it. Under such conditions society in France most naturally denies to home the character of a special refuge or a favourite hiding-place; it contemptuously refuses to see in it a citadel for defence or a prison for enclosure; it indignantly despises it as a traitor to the common cause, if it persists in keeping its shutters closed. In the eyes of society home is but one of its workshops—a factory in which the tools are family affections and fireside ties, in which the materials fashioned are manners, thought, and language, and of which the special function is to produce implements adapted to social needs.

Sociableness is probably the most striking of the various characteristics of the French home; but it is surrounded by others which stand forward in almost equal evidence. The eager action of the women, the intensity of family union, the love and the constant pursuit of sensations and emotions, contribute largely to the end attained. Created and supported by causes so prolific as these, home exercises an enormous power in France: no other place competes with it; all classes recognise its influence; neither the wine-shop nor the club attracts the Frenchman away from it; he goes to it with a convinced contentment which is one of the marks of its value. But he does

not enter it to shut himself up in it with his wife and children; he regards it, just as society does, not as a personal exclusive property of his own, in which no one else has a right to share, but as part of a collective social whole, and he, consequently, is unable to conceive that he would properly use it if he barred it up and wrote "No Admission for Strangers" on the gate. It might, indeed, be argued, without much exaggeration, that his disposition to unshroud his home to others as other homes are set before himself, is precisely one of the causes of the attraction which his own home exercises over him; its openness bestows upon it as many brightnesses and provides it with as many contacts as he can discover elsewhere,—and for that very reason he likes it and is proud of it. His home life is substantially identical, in character, in objects, and even in society, with all that life elsewhere can offer him; so, though he goes much elsewhere, he neither abandons nor despises home, for comparison shows him nothing better. He wishes it to be a hive in movement, adorned with all that animation, gaiety, and good-fellowship can do for it; but he sees in it neither a sanctuary nor a stronghold.

And if the men view home after this fashion, the women regard it in the same light more clearly still, for the making of it is essentially their work. The men accept it, utilise it, and rejoice in it, but it is the women who construct it; and in no other of her functions does the typical character of the Frenchwoman exhibit itself more clearly, in no other of her efforts is her influence on her nation more easily discernible. The peculiar restlessness of her spirit finds a limitless field of action in her efforts to extend the influence of her home; her keen inventivity is unceasingly employed in the composition of new results from old causes, and in the obtaining of varied pleasures without expenditure of money. Her demonstrative affectionateness receives abundant satisfaction from the community of her life with her relations and friends. As she usually abhors calm, and instinctively regards it as synonymous with stupidity, she naturally excludes it from her home, on the principle that any emotion is better than the absence of emotion. She regards activity and fertility of impressions as the indispensable basis of home life; she proclaims that *ennui* is the most dangerous enemy of that life; and what is *ennui* but "an afflicting sensation for want of a sensation"? So she takes especial care that there shall be no such want around her, and she establishes as the foremost principle of her action that both duty and interest oblige her to provide sensation for herself and for those who share her home.

This situation is so absolutely unlike that which exists in England, that it may be useful to remember, in partial explanation of the difference, that, nationally, we English do not amuse ourselves; that, though our upper strata absorb pleasures in prodigious quantities, and with an intensity of eagerness for which no parallel can be found elsewhere, the people, as a whole, know scarcely anything of amusement, and contemplate it from afar as a class privilege which is beyond their reach. It could scarcely, indeed, be otherwise; for we regard amusement as a distinct and special process, as an operation requiring outside aid, as the evident result of a recognisable cause, and, more than all, as a product unattainable without a direct or indirect disbursement of money. Amusement in England has become, in its main aspects, a

thing to be bought; it needs time, organisation, and cash; so—for want of those conditions—the mass of the nation has to do without it. But in France, on the contrary, amusement is a universal birthright. In France it is not a process, it is a state; it is not an active operation, it is an instinctive sentiment; it is not the result of any cause whatever, it is a true example of spontaneous generation. The French need amusement, so they have it; it springs up everywhere around them; everything is a possible occasion for it; its sources abide in the nature of the race, its elements are in the people themselves; it is an internal capacity, not an external creation. And in this capacity lies the main explanation of the general brightness of their homes: it is it which enables the women to provide the abundant decoration of gaiety that ornaments the life of France; it aids to throw over the land the delightful aspect of social oneness which, in spite of class divisions, of political hates, of poverty and wealth, and of all the differences of characters and tendencies, is still so striking and so evident to the foreign looker-on. The common necessity and the common capacity of amusement, and the universal disposition to extract amusement from the simplest and the most easily utilisable causes, create a bond which holds the entire race together.

With such a force at work in almost every house, it is but natural that all French homes should be very much like each other; that the same pattern should be reproduced in them abundantly; that their tone and objects should be substantially identical throughout the land; and that for this reason, again, in addition to those which have been already indicated, they should present a marked and recognisable national type. And the vividness of that type is rendered clearer still by two other causes—the intensity of the family tie, and the constant longing for emotional sensation. Allusion has been already made to each of them; but they merit further notice, for they contribute almost as much as the mutuality of association and of amusement to the building up of the French home.

Family union is generally felt and practised with such thoroughness in France that it constitutes one of the great levers of the life of the people. It is a union which includes all sorts of connections within its elastic grasp; which shuts out neither aunts nor brothers-in-law; which neglects neither collaterals, nor agnates, nor cognates; which puts forward attachment between persons of the same kin as a natural pleasure as well as a natural duty; and which — more wonderful than all—does not repudiate even poor relations. Its effect on homes is both to hold them together and to open them out; to extend the circle of their composition, and, simultaneously, to deepen the earnestness of their action. And, naturally, it adds largely to the national physiognomy of those homes by bestowing on them an amplitude of composition and a variety of ingredients which are but rarely found outside France, and by creating in them, consequently, a particular effect of largeness and comprehensiveness. This does not mean, of course, that one single roof habitually covers all the members of a family (though there are innumerable examples of accumulations of three generations in the same house), but that the separate homes of each of those members are regarded by them as a sort of joint possession in which the

home sentiment is instinctively felt by each of them towards the others. And it is not pretended that the conditions which have just been indicated are universal, but only that they are general, and that they apply to the majority of cases. There are in France, as elsewhere, sons who quarrel with their fathers, brothers who hate their sisters, and husbands who abhor their wives; but still, the aspect of French hearths, as a whole, is one of striking unity and of wide-spreading, much-embracing sympathy.

The desire for sensation, which is common, in almost equal degrees, to both men and women, imports into the subject another characteristic of a still more local kind, for nowhere is the enjoyment and the research of sensation carried so far as it is in France. Indeed, its introduction into homes, its maintenance there as a useful and even a necessary aid of daily life, its employment as a dispeller of monotony and as a creator of constant novelties of impression, are so absolutely peculiar to France, that of all the elements which enter into the composition of the idea of home there, this one is, perhaps, the most exclusively national. Elsewhere emotions are usually regarded as somewhat out of place in homes; tranquillity of perception, and a certain unchangeableness of thought, are supposed, in other countries, to be inherent to home life. But in France the contrary system is applied. In France the danger of stupidity is so keenly felt, the destructive nature of its action on social intercourse is so distinctly recognised, that constant battle is kept up against every manifestation of its presence. The horror of dulness, of inertness, of impassibility, of silence, is so intense, that, by mere reaction from it, the admiration of susceptibility, of vivacity, of excitability, which is inborn in the race, is rendered stronger and deeper still.

Each of these forces, acting separately, would produce a marked influence on the life of the people; but as they are all working permanently and vigorously together, with harmony and without friction, the effect has become both universal and irresistible. The collective operation, on the most extended scale, of agencies of such a nature, has shaped the homes of France into the essentially national and local type which they present.

That type is singularly full of merits—of such rare and real merits that all unprejudiced observers will recognise and proclaim them. But beside them stands the first of the defects of the system—the want of calm. Excitement is in the character of the race: we find it, in varying degrees, all over France, and in almost everything that the French do; but it strikes us with especial force when it glares at us in homes, because it is not possible to conceive the perfect idea of home without a certain quantity of repose, without occasional respite from ambitions, animations, and perturbations, without the sweet refreshment which is induced by tranquillising contacts, by soothing affections, by stilling thoughts. Such rest would be easy to obtain in French homes, for, in almost all of them, its elements lie about in luxuriant abundance; but the nation's life and the nation's nature are hostile to the development of those elements, and only permit them to continue to exist on condition of hiding themselves, of remaining latent, of not presuming to struggle against the outside, and of never showing themselves in action excepting on rare occasions when

the outside has consented, for an instant, to withdraw.

And yet this insufficiency of interiorness, this non-realisation of the notion of retreat, this perpetual sentiment of relationship with the world, which seem to foreigners to be so general in French homes, are not perceptible to the French themselves. For them, with their needs and habits, their homes are precisely what they ought to be. The French see nothing in their system that can be improved; and if they are satisfied, we have certainly no right to call upon them to change.

It is not, however, either with their eyes or with our own that we are looking, for the moment, at their homes. We are trying to consider them from an abstract point of view,—to apply to them an imaginary measure, and to determine, not whether they are defective for the French (we see clearly that they are not), but how far they come short of theoretical perfection—how far they fail to realise the ideal model. They reach so much nearer to it than any of their competitors, that it is mournful to see them fail to quite attain it. The homes of France possess, in the brilliant and attaching potentialities which have just been indicated, a larger perfection than we can discover elsewhere of the particular qualifications which enable the greatest number to participate in the greatest joy. Gaiety, intelligence, and joint action are applied in them to the pursuit of happiness for all. Dulness, sadness, and all the forms of stupidity and *ennui* are combated in them. They offer a strangely wide development of family affections. And surely—whatever be the prejudices of other races in favour of other forms and of other functions of home—it cannot fairly be pretended either that similar capacities exist, or that similar results are attained in other lands.

Against these superiorities we have to set off two grave deficiencies, the want of calm being the foremost of them. And if a balance could be struck by simply measuring out the merits of joy and calm in their application to home, we might, each one of us, work out that part of the calculation according to our individual notion of psychological arithmetic. But the inquiry contains other elements. The entire theory of the modern home is engaged in it. The whole principle of the objects and the uses of home depends upon the reply which we may give to it. Should home be essentially a place of joy, or should it be essentially a place of rest?

The answer which most of us would incline to make is, probably—it should be both together, or each alternately, according to our shifting tempers and varying needs. But can it be so? And if the French have failed to render it so, is it possible that any other race can succeed where they, with all their powers, have left the work undone?

This question brings us face to face, in one bound, with the action of nationalities on home; for what are joy and rest in such a case but manifestations of a national idea, but expressions of a national need? What are they, to take a rough example, but echoes of the voice of France calling laughingly for the one, and of the speech of England asking gravely for the other? And these echoes lead us to the strange reflection that, as in France, the homes seem to reflect the dispositions of the women, so, in England, they appear to indicate the desires of the men. It is certainly the women who, in their hot pursuit of

sensation, drive out calm in the one case, and, almost as assuredly, it is the men who claim it in the other. This exercise of the home-forming influence by one sex in France, and by the other sex in England, puts directly before us one of the reasons why the realisation of the national idea of home differs so largely in the two countries.

The English side of the subject is not, however, under discussion here; its French aspects alone concern us; and furthermore, no contrast is needed to bring them into light, for they stand out clearly by themselves in the vigour and the strikingness of their local character, in the unmistakableness of their nationality. They are what they are because they are French. They contribute an altogether special contingent to the idea of home, and they furnish one more testimony to the unvarying action of French nature on all that it touches. But this particularism cannot justly be regretted, for a certain proportion of it is indispensable to the actual conception of home. Cosmopolitanism and international unity would be in direct contradiction with that conception. In the present case, indeed, regret lies in the opposite direction; for the very intensity of the national influence which provokes this marked specificness, manifestly weakens and diminishes the operation of all the multiform personal forces whose agency is needed to create individuality in homes. Without their aid, neither the lights and shades which bring about variety, nor the movements of expression, nor the shiftings of colour, which indicate the presence of fancy and of originality, are likely to be called into existence; and it is precisely because they are frequently wanting in France that we detect there, in spite of brilliancy and gaiety, so much uniformity of outline, so much monotony of tendency and of object in all the homes of the land. The nation does too much, and individuals do too little. And herein lies a second grave defect of the French ideal. The fact that the self-same defect exists elsewhere does not render it less real in France; the tyranny of majorities is not peculiar to that country, but we find there a vigorous example of it in the case before us.

And yet it is strange that such a tyranny should be able to display itself in a land where social liberty is developed to the extent which it reaches in France. The faculty of doing as you like, without occupying yourself about the opinion of your neighbour, constitutes one of the particular charms of life there; but in this matter of the organisation of homes we see but little trace of it. French homes are about as much like each other as English homes are, and for the same reason. Everybody fashions them as everybody else does. Scarcely any one throws into them individuality, or what philosophers call the "Me." The appearance of nationalism becomes of course more marked in consequence of the absence of personality; but, from the ideal point of view, there is no advantage in that, for, as has been already said, it is difficult to conceive a perfect home unless individual intervention is superadded in it to national action.

In France individual intervention is rarely perceptible, except, indeed, in the arrangement of the material elements of home. But the demonstration of self in furniture is of little importance in the matter, for whatever be the merit and the value of surroundings which satisfy the eye, whatever be the contentments induced by them, the leverage of

home as a governing power in life depends on conditions of mind, and not on the colour of tapestries or the shape of sideboards. Furthermore, in a national measurement of home the state of the entire people must be looked at; no selections can be made; it is from the mass (which possesses neither tapestries nor sideboards) that experience and arguments should be drawn. And if we observe that the mass lives uniformly—if we recognise that the units who compose it have ceased to be producers of new things—if we see that they accept a model and apply a rule, that they bring to work no perceptible inventivity, —then, evidently, it may be urged that they have abdicated the right of applying their own preferences, and that they yield to the pressure of a dominating national type.

But how curious it is that they should yield to that pressure in the matter of home, and that they should resist it in everything else. No people are more personal than the French; individuality is everywhere amongst them; it is often, indeed, carried so far that it inflates itself into mannerism and pretension. But in this one case of the composition of home it makes no attempt to assert itself. The result is that, with all the gaiety and brightness of French homes, we are frequently disappointed in them by a want of the vigour which is obtainable only by the use of personal forces, and by a frequent cropping up of blank spaces in the midst of the vivid colouring which is proper to the land.

It is strange, also, that the two great defects of the French system should be of natures so antagonistic to each other. How is it possible that the absence of calm and the absence of colour can coexist in the same people? The exactly opposite result might have been confidently looked for. It might have been expected that the very same pursuit of sensation which drives out repose would have necessarily and inevitably provoked a variety of personal vigours and of individual fertilities. But it is not so. However much French temperaments may be personal, French homes remain national.

Yet, notwithstanding their evident faults and their seeming contradictions, what incomparable homes they are! Where else is anything like them to be found? How admirably they realise the ideal of what family life may be in all its tender, eager, loving, sunny attributes! If French homes are not perfect, they approach, at all events, much nearer to perfection than any other homes do, precisely for the reason that they contain the largest proportion of the components that produce happiness in its active living forms. It cannot be denied that the sort of gladness which results from quick movement of the sensibilities, from developed responsiveness, and from eager use of the perceptive faculties, is a brighter state, both intellectually and susceptively, than the passive contentment engendered by the absence of emotion. Great as are the merits of occasional repose, indispensable, indeed, as it is to well-ordered existence, it is, after all, a negative condition; it implies, more or less, a suspension of life. The French avoid that suspension as much as possible; they do all they can to maintain themselves in the positive shapes of wellbeing; they have organised their home system in that intent, and that is why it stands so high amongst its fellows.

And furthermore, it must be remembered that the faults which

foreigners may see in French homes are invisible to the dwellers in those homes. Custom blinds them, just as it blinds us English. Their judgment on the question is like our own, a result of prejudice; it is based exclusively on the teaching of their own habits, without comparisons; but as the topic is one on which they, like all other people, feel with enthusiasm, it is unlikely that they will ever be led to admit defects in their system. As was said at the beginning of this article, each nation believes that it alone is right in the matter; so that if we claimed the faculty of disapproving the French, they might, with equal justice and effect, insist on judging us in return, and would, doubtless, find occasion to say a good deal against our ways. We should do well to remember, as regards this part of the case, that the subject of homes is a very large one, and that it includes, not only an extensive collection of national types, but also, in addition, a varied series of exceptional cases and conditions in which we can scarcely refuse to recognise the reality of the existence of new phases and new species of home. And this necessity for admiting into the group a good many outside elements which did not seem, at first sight, to form part of it, should render us generous and liberal towards the French and other foreigners. Can we, for instance, deny, with justice, that a lighthouse is a home to the keepers who dwell in it? or that the snow-huts of the Esquimaux are homes to them during their eight months of winter? or even that the vagabond tents of Asia, the wandering roofs of skin or woven hair, are homes to the tribes they shelter? They are not homes according to the rules applied in France or England; but it would be an act of illogical unfairness to assert that they are not susceptible of becoming homes to their inmates. And look at another example, more striking still than any of these: look at monks and nuns, who live in circumstances which seem, to our view, to exclude all possibility of home sentiment, but who create for themselves thoughts and hopes which throw into their barren cells a meaning and a charm, and who, consequently, discover in them a true and touching character of home. In this frequent case it is not possible to doubt that fervour and emotion provoke a sensation of peculiar contentment which gilds the barest walls, which softens the hardest pallets, which casts sweetness over naked ugliness. It is not our home, but is it not a home? Again, in some strange specimens, personal character alone, irrespective of all external conditions whatever, may be supposed to bestow on the most unlikely resting-places a certain aspect of home. May it not be suggested, in illustration, without too violent exaggeration, that Diogenes may have found a veritable home in his tub, Simeon Stylites in his pillar, or even naked Truth in the bottom of her well?

It is evident that none of these cases correspond at all to the present perfected European theory of home; but they show, at all events, that in considering the question as a whole, we have to take account of a good many conflicting elements, and that we should therefore do well, in approaching it, to divest ourselves as far as possible of preconceived notions, and of the impression that our own rule is the only good one. The modern English doctrine appears, it is true, to have been applied by Horace in that Sabine farm, which he described as

"The homely house that harbours quiet rest;"

but neither his testimony nor his authority suffices to prove that "rest" is so indispensable in homes that the French are wrong for not possessing it. No particular method and no particular law can be applied to so elastic a subject. Each example must be left with its merits and its faults. The New Zealand system exhibits very few of the characteristics which we pursue in Europe, but it possesses individuality in a remarkable degree. A Maori hut is so sacredly personal a property of its owner, that when he dies no one is permitted to utilise it, and it is left, untenanted, to rot. No stronger illustration could probably be discovered, and yet it is not likely that it would lead the French to recognise that they are not sufficiently individual. Contrasts between parts of the subject are useless; comparison is serviceable only when applied to the whole—to the mass of advantages or disadvantages discoverable in each case; and even if we limit our criticism to general aspects and to aggregate forms, even if we avoid the temptation to frame an opinion on details, even then we need to exercise a good deal of toleration before we can arrive at a just result. But it happens that home is a subject on which we all feel deeply, and on which it is, consequently, particularly difficult for us to be tolerant. Toleration usually implies indifference; it is rarely a product of reason; it is incompatible with ardent faith; no enthusiast is capable of it: so, as every one of us is animated in some degree by the conviction that we alone are right, it is scarcely likely that any considerable number of persons will anywhere be found in a position which permits them to exercise toleration. And judicial impartiality, which is a higher form of toleration, will of course be still more unattainable; so that the subject is one on which conflict of opinion is inevitable.

The longing of the absent for their home, their own home and no other, is both a consequence and an evidence of this state of mind; and the universality of its existence shows how widely spread that state is. Whether it be called homesickness, or *heimweh,* or nostalgia, it is always the same "sadness to return;" and it furnishes, in all its applications, unceasing testimony to the intense exclusiveness of our thoughts of home. And yet, in the case before us, in the idea of home as realised in France, there is so much that all of us must desire, so much that all of us must wish to appropriate, that, if the world is capable of making an exception in its non-admissiveness, it is surely in favour of France that the exception would be made. If there be on the earth a type of home which is capable of exciting a majority to vote for its adoption, it must be, assuredly, the bright home of France, with its joyousness, its carelessness, its laughter, and its faults.

Its faults are probably incurable; they must be accepted (for the present at all events) as they are, for the sake of the merits which accompany them. But as the same judgment may safely be pronounced on all the other national types of home, there is no special reproach in it for France. This does not mean, however, that betterment is improbable in the general application of the idea of home; on the contrary, the history of its march supplies such abundant evidence of its onward tendency that we may fairly expect its development to continue, and that our children, in France and elsewhere, will extract from home

even more than we do. Still, though the law of progress obliges us to suppose that the world will continue to advance in this matter as in all else, it does seem, all the same, rather difficult to imagine that posterity will really be able to amend much what we already have. The actual homes of Europe are so highly wrought, they combine so many admirable constituents, that there scarcely appears to be any space left in them for further growth. Material and mechanical expansions we may confidently look for; but it is difficult to see how they are to add to the existing goodnesses of home. Even if our successors should invent some day the automatic service described in 'The Coming Race,' that perfecting will not render their homes more thorough, more graceful, or more charming than those which we bequeath to them. We have safety, permanence, the legal right of independence, undisturbed property, old associations, comfort, elegance, satisfaction of our habits, our tastes, and our affections. And in the case of France we have still more — for many joys and brilliancies are superadded there. The union of these conditions bestows on the French home of our period as much excellence as our ambition can covet or our imagination can conceive. If future generations are able to carry that excellence higher still, it will be probably because progress consists as much in the unceasing creation of new desires as in the easier satisfaction of old needs.

In France there may be a growth of variety, but there can scarcely be a development of intensity. The system may perhaps expand in width, but it is difficult to conceive that it can gain in profoundness, for it is based so essentially on deep feeling that its foundations seem incapable of being thrust still lower. They stretch into the heart-life of the people, they reach to the substratum of its spirit, they rest upon its fondnesses. Where else can they possibly be extended? The French idea of home stands forward in an eager brightness of its own; it is true to say of it, "Its air is a smile."

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GORDON BALDWIN.—CONCLUSION.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

VIII.

When Forbes had alluded to his married life, Baldwin had quickly turned the conversation. It was a subject he did not care to talk about. His was not, strictly speaking, an unhappy marriage; but the felicity of which he had dreamed, he had certainly not found. Jane, as a wife, remained as cold and as unimpassioned as she had appeared before marriage. She showed no ill-humour or petulance, and gave her husband no cause for complaint; but she never smiled, and she went about quietly and silently, as if some secret sorrow oppressed her. Baldwin felt this bitterly. He had endeavoured, by perfect candour, by watchful tenderness, and by entire devotion, to win her confidence; but all his efforts had been unavailing. After a time his pride rebelled at this state of things—to offer love where he received nothing but dutiful politeness in return. Sometimes his blood would boil with indignation when he longed to clasp this icy creature to his heart, and yet could feel plainly that there was no response to his tenderness; but he mastered those passionate emotions, and only sighed as he released the delicate little hand she had carelessly yielded to him, and which she now as listlessly let drop by her side.

Why was not Jane happy? Baldwin did everything he could to make her so. She did not seem to care for his efforts, or even to notice them. Her face never lighted up with an expression of gratitude; no kindly word passed those firm lips, and her cold eyes looked without interest on all that surrounded her. Baldwin grew uneasy and dispirited.

"What is the matter with you, my dear Jane?" he asked, one evening when they were seated alone before the fire. "Are you ill?"

"Nothing is the matter with me," she answered, wearily.

"You are hiding something from me; what is it? You know that I have only one great wish, and that is to see you happy."

"I want nothing," she repeated. She was staring at the fire with wide-open eyes, and Baldwin could see that in them two big tears were shining, which, after a while, rolled slowly down her pale cheeks.

He went up to her and took her in his arms, and with the tenderness of a mother who is trying to soothe a suffering child, he said, "Speak to me, my beloved—speak!" but she pushed him away gently, and only said—

"I am a little tired. I do not know what is the matter with me. Let me alone."

He looked anxiously at her. "I will send for a doctor; you are ill."

She only shook her head in silence. Her tears came faster, but not a word escaped her lips.

"Will you not answer me?" he asked once more, tenderly and softly.

"What can I answer?" she exclaimed, passionately. "Have you anything to reproach me with? Do I not readily obey every wish of yours? What more do you want? Do not torment me!"

He looked at her in astonishment,

and said gently, "I am very unhappy." He then rose and left her to go to his own room, which was at the further end of their apartment, but he could not bear to remain there. He took up his hat and left the house to quiet his excited nerves in the fresh open air.

Baldwin was a sensible practical man who, in his life, had encountered many difficulties, and who had learned that one cannot overcome them by sitting down quietly and letting events take their course. A threatening danger, a great misfortune, only strengthened his moral faculties. He could clearly discern and carefully examine every way out of a perilous position; but against the grief which now filled his heart, he knew no remedy. He walked helplessly up and down in the dimly-lighted avenue, asking himself again and again how he could improve the unsatisfactory relations existing between his wife and himself.

Jane had remained seated in the same place. She had wiped the tears from her cheeks, and continued to stare into the blazing fire.

For a little while, immediately after her marriage, she had done her best to like Baldwin. She had not succeeded at once, and had quickly abandoned the attempt. And now she disliked her husband. She thought him ill-mannered and uncultivated. His heavy step in the room made her nervous; his voice was too loud; his tender attentions, which she did not dare to reject, were irksome to her. "Why will he not leave me alone?" she said to herself, angrily; "why does he torment me with his love?" During her whole life she had never thought of anything but her own comfort and happiness; and even when she had made that feeble attempt to love Baldwin, she had only considered her own interest. She knew that it would be more pleasant to live with a man whom she could love than with one for whom she did not care. For the welfare of others—of strangers—she felt very little concern. Baldwin was a stranger to her. He was her husband—more was the pity! She cursed the hour when, in a fit of irritation and of weak despondency, she had permitted him to clasp her in his arms. He had been short-sighted enough, when she was weeping on his shoulder, to believe in her love. Her love! He had no idea *how* she could love. He became every day more displeasing in her eyes. She had to close her lips tightly to refrain from an expression of anger when he noisily opened the door and she heard his step in the room. She shrank when he threw himself heavily into a chair. She felt weak, tired, miserable; he was strong and healthy. She felt irritated even at this. "Forbes gave him his right name," she said to herself; "he is a wild man, and he ought to have married a savage." What a difference between him and Forbes! But as to Forbes, she wished to hate him! He was the cause of all her misery. She would have liked to give him some magic potion in which he would have imbibed that same dumb, heavy wretchedness which crushed her heart. And yet she recognised his light step as soon as he approached her, and his soft soothing voice sounded like music in her ears. She reproached herself bitterly, not because in her heart she was faithless to her husband, but because her pride could not cure her of her love. "I wish he were dead, and I too, and then all would be over," she said to herself.

A ring at the door roused her from her gloomy reverie. It was nine o'clock. Who could come at that hour? She had heard Bald-

win go out, but she knew that he always had the key of the house with him.—"George Forbes!" she murmured. He was the only one of their acquaintances who, since her father's death, paid them evening visits; but she had never been alone with him, and she did not wish to be alone with him now. She hastily rose to leave the room. At the same moment, the servant opened the door and announced Mr Forbes.

On a table in the centre of the large drawing-room a lamp was burning, whose light, subdued by a shade, was thrown exclusively on the table. Beyond that narrow illumined circle, a soft twilight reigned in the room.

Forbes approached Jane with apparent composure and sat down in a chair by her side. He inquired after Baldwin. She answered that he had just gone out. Then the conversation dropped. The pause became painful at once, and Jane tried in vain to find something to say. At last Forbes spoke: there was a peculiar, hoarse sound in his voice.

"I am glad at last to have an opportunity of speaking to you alone and undisturbed, as in old times. I have to ask you for an explanation."

She made no answer, but continued to look fixedly before her.

"Mrs Baldwin," continued Forbes, gently and deliberately, "may I ask by what fault of mine I have incurred your displeasure?" She looked at him stealthily without raising her head or moving. He could not see her face, which remained in shadow. After a few seconds, as she made no reply, he went on—

"We have been good friends for many years—at least I always thought so. What have I done to forfeit your friendship? Since your marriage, you have treated me like a stranger—nay, worse than a stranger. I have tried my best to retain your good opinion, or to win it back, and I know too well that I have failed. It has grieved me very much, I can assure you. My acquaintances generally, I am aware, consider me cold and heartless. I owe this reputation to the circumstance that I do not allow everybody to get the better of me. It is not easy, I admit, to win my confidence. I am not in the habit of opening my heart to others. This is the first time in my life that I speak about myself, and I do so because I wish you to know me. As a rule, I do not approve of confidential communications, and I generally mistrust those who want to tell me their secrets. Experience has taught me that those who have taken me into their confidence, have usually wanted to borrow money immediately afterwards. People know that I have grown suspicious in this respect, and very few now attempt to approach me. But precisely because I have so few friends, I set a great value on the good opinion of those who favour me with their friendship. I used to reckon you among those few. Have I been mistaken? That would be a greater misfortune than you can imagine—greater than I dare to tell you."

His voice had become subdued, gentle, tender—as Jane had never heard it before. Her blood was rushing like fire through her veins. Her heart was almost bursting. How did that man dare to speak to her like that? He had neglected her when she was free, and when she would willingly have given herself to him if he had asked her to be his. *He* had been the cause of all her misery; *he* had driven her to despair. What did he mean now? Was he laughing at her? or

did he despise her, and did he wish to take advantage of her nameless misery, to degrade her into an object of contempt to herself and to him?

She did not answer. She could only preserve an appearance of self-control by remaining silent.

"Will you not speak to me, Mrs Baldwin? . . . Jane . . ." He bent forward; she felt his breath upon her cheek, he was going to take her hand.

She sprang to her feet, pale as death; she raised her hand, and with outstretched arm and a gesture full of majesty, without saying a word, she pointed to the door. He rose in utter confusion and attempted to speak. "Mrs Baldwin . . ." he began; her glowing eyes looked at him with such an expression of passionate wrath and contempt that he dared not proceed. Unspeakably humiliated, he moved towards the door slowly. She remained like a marble statue in the same haughty menacing attitude, and it was only after the door had closed behind him that she sank fainting into a chair.

Forbes rushed down the avenue like a madman. Not far from Baldwin's house he was met by a tall man, who, having recognised him by the light of a street lamp, turned round to look after him in astonishment, and then slowly went on his way.

. . . . . .

"Has Forbes been here?" inquired Baldwin when, a few minutes later, he entered his own drawing-room.

Jane, who was sitting in front of the fire with her back towards him, did not answer. He went up to her. She had fallen back in her chair, with half-opened eyes and white lips like a corpse. He took her up in his arms as if she had been a child, and carried her into another room, where he laid her on a bed. He had often seen sick and dying people, and he did not for a moment lose his presence of mind. He saw at once that Jane had fainted, and by the help of a few simple restoratives she soon recovered. She slowly opened her eyes and looked strangely at him. "The wretch!" she murmured.

"What has happened?" inquired Baldwin, anxiously.

She recognised her husband, closed her eyes, and turned her head away, as if she wanted to sleep.

Baldwin remained for a short time at the bedside without speaking; then he asked again what had happened. She answered, scarcely audibly, "I am tired—I cannot speak—let me rest." Against this weakness, real or feigned, he felt himself powerless. He called his wife's maid, gave her some instructions, and went into his own room. But he only remained there a few minutes. Anger, suspicion, and jealousy tormented him.—He had seen Forbes rush past him in the street in a wild, excited manner, and immediately afterwards he had found his wife in a fainting state.—What had taken place between those two?—He must know it, and at once. His wife could not, or would not, give him an explanation; Forbes, at any rate, should give him an answer.

It was a mild evening in March. The street door was open, and the *concierge* was standing a few yards off, talking with a neighbour. Baldwin left the house unperceived. He walked quickly to Forbes's house, and from the outside examined carefully the windows of the room where Forbes usually sat when he was at home in the evening. When he saw that all was dark he turned away. A few minutes later he was on the quay. The place seemed even more deserted than usual.

Not a step was to be heard. The dark, turbid waters of the river, swollen by the spring rains, rushed gloomily along on his right. Countless lights from the opposite shore and from the bridges were reflected in long tremulous lines in the water. On his left were the old trees of the *Cours la Reine,* casting a dark shadow around. In the distance was heard the heavy unceasing roll of carriages.

When Baldwin had reached about half-way between the bridge of the Alma and the bridge of the Invalides, he noticed, at a short distance in front of him, the figure of a man, who had been hidden, up to that time, by the surrounding darkness. He was leaning over the low stone parapet of the quay, and seemed to be looking down into the gloomy river. Baldwin recognised the man he was seeking.—Forbes, hearing the quick, heavy step, looked up, and in a moment the two men stood face to face. A street lamp near them gave sufficient light to enable them to distinguish each other's features clearly. Forbes was very pale; Baldwin, excited by his quick walk and the tempest of passion which was raging within his breast, stood before him with burning cheeks and flashing eyes.

"What have you been doing in my house?" he said. He spoke with an ominous tremor in his voice.

Forbes looked at him in confusion, without answering.

"What have you done in my house?" repeated Baldwin, in a louder tone.—A short pause.—"Will you not answer, Forbes? Do you hear me? Will you answer?"

"You are too excited," replied Forbes, regaining some composure; "come home with me. Be quiet, I can explain everything."

"I will not cross the threshold of your house again. You shall answer me now—here—at once!"

Forbes stepped back involuntarily. Baldwin caught hold of him by the shoulder.

"You shall not escape me.—Answer! answer!"

Baldwin was a powerful man, and his passion gave him the strength of a giant. He shook Forbes like a light lifeless body. "Answer!" he cried again, with blind fury.

For the space of the tenth part of a second he saw before him a ghastly pale face, out of which a pair of large black eyes stared at him in wild terror; then he saw Forbes, whom he had pushed violently away, fall backwards against the sharp edge of the low wall; he heard his head, with a dull heavy thud, strike against the stones;—a fearful groan;—then all was still. Forbes was lying on the pavement, close to the wall, and Baldwin was leaning over him, looking anxiously into the convulsed face.

"Forbes!"

No answer.

The eyes of the dying man opened once more in his last agony—a horrible rattling sound in his throat—a short convulsive writhing of his body—and then suddenly complete repose—the repose of death.

Baldwin looked wildly around. For a few seconds he stood irresolute; then that cool self-possession which always came to his aid in the hour of danger, awoke within him. He recognised his perilous position with perfect lucidity. He heard the roll of a heavy carriage, and saw to his right, only some hundred paces off, the red light of an omnibus. With a few strides he crossed over to the other side of the quay, and was hidden beneath the shadow of the trees of the *Cours la Reine.*

The omnibus went by without stopping; but from the Invalides

two men were coming towards him. The night was so still that Baldwin could distinctly hear what they said.

"What's this?" exclaimed one, as they came up to the body.

"A drunken man."

They both stooped down.

"Call a policeman; I'll stop here; this man is dead!"

One of the two men ran towards the Place de la Concorde. Baldwin took the opposite direction, and hurrying as much as he could without attracting the attention of those he overtook on his way, he reached his own house. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed since he had left it. The *concierge* was smoking a pipe, and walking up and down before the open door. Baldwin recognised him from afar, and managed to enter the house without being seen by him. He walked noiselessly up-stairs, and reached his own room unnoticed. He quickly took off his overcoat, and threw himself into a chair by the fire. —Then, and only then, when he had effaced every trace of his deed, when he had escaped the most pressing and immediate danger, did he begin to reflect on what had taken place.

A thousand thoughts pressed upon him, but not in wild confusion. Things passed before him in logical sequence, and he could calmly consider and weigh every circumstance: Forbes had insulted his wife; she had alluded to him, and to no other, in that exclamation, "Wretch!" He was fully justified in demanding an explanation of what had taken place. Jane would not give it; he had gone to Forbes for it. Forbes, too, had refused to answer. He had wanted to force him to speak, and had grown angry; but even in his wrath he had never intended to *kill* Forbes. Without knowing what he was doing, he had pushed him violently. But Forbes was dead; and who could now stand up and bear witness to Baldwin's innocence? If he gave himself up as the author of this involuntary crime, he would have to submit to strange, suspicious judges, who would consider his truthful testimony as mere lying and perjury, and who would treat and perhaps condemn him — an innocent man — like a common malefactor. Nothing obliged him to expose himself to such a risk. His conscience reproached him with nothing; he had meant no harm.—Should he accuse himself? Should he stand forward and say, "That man died by my hand"? Should he deliver over his good name to malicious comments and suspicions? No! he would not do that. He would, on the contrary, do everything in his power to avert such an undeserved misfortune.

He called to mind every circumstance which had immediately preceded or followed the accident. Nobody had seen him go out; nobody had seen him return home; he had been absent only a short time. It was impossible that any suspicion should attach to him.—"Nobody knows what I have done," he said to himself, as he weighed every point over and over again; "and nobody shall know it."

At this moment he heard a violent ring at the door-bell, followed by loud talking in the ante-room. His quick ear caught repeatedly the name of Forbes. He placed the lamp, which was covered with a shade, on a low table, so that his face might remain in darkness, and waited a few seconds in intense anxiety. The door of his room was thrown open violently, and Forbes's old servant entered. Baldwin's servant followed, but remained standing at the door.

"Well! what is it?"

"They have brought home my master dead! He has been murdered."

With easily feigned surprise, Baldwin sprang to his feet to follow the messenger of woe. He addressed several questions to the servant, as he would have done if he had had no knowledge of all that had happened, and in a few minutes they reached Forbes's house. The door stood wide open, and was guarded by two policemen. Baldwin and his companion were, however, at once admitted, and entered the bedroom without being questioned.

There, on a bed, lay the half-undressed body of the dead man. Three persons were in the room, who in a few words introduced themselves as the doctor, the chief police officer of the district, and his assistant. The officer, at whose request Baldwin had been sent for as a friend of the deceased, told him all he knew of the case. About three-quarters of an hour before, two gentlemen, accompanied by a *sergent de ville*, had come to the police station and had given information that they had found the dead body of a man on the quay, between the bridge of the Alma and the bridge of the Invalides. The identity of the deceased had soon been ascertained, as a pocket-book with his address and a large sum of money had been found on his person. The officer wished now to know if Mr Baldwin, whom the servant had designated as an intimate friend of the deceased, could give any information likely to throw light on the tragic end of the unfortunate gentleman.

No; he knew nothing.

"When did you see Mr Forbes for the last time?" inquired the officer.

"A few hours ago. I came home at about nine o'clock, and I met him close to my house, where he had called to see me."

"What did he say to you?"

"He did not speak to me. He did not recognise me in the darkness, and walked quickly past me. I had seen him during the day, and had nothing particular to say to him. I did not stop him."

"Did he leave any message for you with your servant?"

"No; if he had, I would have received it."

"With whom did he speak in your house?"

"With my wife."

"What did he say to her?"

"I do not know. My wife was not very well when I got home, and in attending to her, I forgot to ask about Forbes. He was a frequent visitor at my house, and there was nothing strange in his calling."

The conversation assumed the shape of a regular examination. Baldwin noticed this, and began to be careful. He determined to answer every question truthfully, and to conceal only what nobody but himself could know, and what nobody else was ever to know. Not once did he contradict himself; the officer was far from suspecting him, and finally closed the conversation by saying that Mr and Mrs Baldwin, as well as the servant who had opened the door for Mr Forbes, would probably be examined on the morrow by a police magistrate. Baldwin merely bowed assent, and turned to the doctor to ask him what had been the immediate cause of death. He listened attentively to the learned explanation of the physician, and was able to look on the corpse without any outward sign of emotion. All his energies were directed to the one object of not betraying himself by word, look, or deed. All else was of secondary importance for the time being. When he would be alone, he would reflect upon it all.

Now, there was no time for reflection. The first thing was, that he should not be suspected by that intelligent, shrewd police officer. He felt vaguely that he could not yet realise all the consequences of his deed; that misfortune was threatening him as the natural result of such an event; that blood calls for blood. All these thoughts rushed through his brain indistinctly, but he managed to keep them under control. For the present, all he had to do was to secure his retreat. While he was thinking of this he heard the officer say to his assistant that two policemen would keep watch in the house until everything had been officially sealed up. Then he asked Baldwin if he knew where the deceased was in the habit of keeping his money and papers of value. Baldwin pointed out a box in which Forbes usually kept his cash and any important papers. This box was opened with a key which had been found in the dead man's pocket, and a considerable sum in gold and bank-notes was discovered. While the police officer was busy counting the money in the presence of witnesses, Baldwin noticed in the strong-box a carefully-sealed envelope. He took it out and read the address:—

"GORDON BALDWIN, Esq.
(of Hakodate),
PARIS.
"To be opened after my death."

"This may contain some useful information," he said to the police officer. "Do you not think it would be well to open it at once?"

The officer assented, but added that the letter must be communicated to the magistrate. Baldwin offered no objection. He opened the letter and began to read, while all present observed him with curiosity.

"PARIS, *February 26th.*

MY DEAR BALDWIN,—I have made up my mind to put an end to my life, and when you receive this, I will have carried out my intention."

Baldwin uttered an exclamation of surprise, and read these first lines aloud.

"That is very strange," remarked the officer. "From the doctor's report, I would have thought it impossible that your friend had committed suicide."

Baldwin continued:—

"I tell you this in order to prevent all erroneous conjectures and inquiries as to the cause of my death. I have always disliked sensational excitement, and it is my last wish to leave this world as quietly and as noiselessly as possible. I have made arrangements to facilitate, as far as I can, the fulfilment of my wish.

"My will has been deposited at the American Consulate, and has been drawn up by an experienced lawyer in such a manner that it cannot possibly be disputed after my death.

"The reason why I kill myself is a very simple one: I am weary of life. A Frenchman would say it in fewer words: *Je m'ennuie.* In your opinion, this can hardly be called a misfortune. You cannot conceive how insupportable *ennui* may become with time—*Tædet tamdiu eadem fecisse.* This is the only Latin sentence I know, but this one I understand better than any scholar: it is tedious to have always the same things to do; to know that, as long as we live we always will have to do the same things, and to feel that those things are wearisome and unprofitable.

"I have often regretted that I did not render you the service which you asked of me years ago. I beg you to forgive me. Use your influence with Thomas to make him forgive me likewise. I have never, knowingly, done your wife any

wrong. I hope she will sometimes think of me kindly.

"When I have said farewell to you, to your wife, and to my brother, I will have done with the world. How poor I have been—I, the rich man! You, Baldwin, were my best friend, and how little were you my friend! Thomas was my only brother, and for years he has been dead and lost to me! Jane Leland is your wife.—A woman who is another man's wife, a brother who is lost, a friend who is indifferent—that is all I possessed.—It was not enough.

"At this moment I am neither excited nor cast down. A feeling of profound rest, such as I have not felt for a long time, fills my breast. The thought that I can lay down the burden of life whenever I please gives me new courage. Only a quarter of an hour ago, when I began to write to you, it was my intention to kill myself to-night. Now that I know to a certainty that I shall kill myself, now that I have made every preparation for the last act of my life, and am assured of being able to carry out my intention whenever I please, I feel courage to try the experiment of living a few days longer. Perhaps something new may happen to me. I can wait quietly. I have nothing more to lose, nothing to fear. Satiated, even to nausea, I stand on the boundary of life; when you read this I will have overstepped it.

"George Forbes."

While Baldwin was reading this letter, the officer had sealed up the money and other valuables. He then carefully drew on his gloves, remarked that it was late, gave his assistant some further directions, and left the house with Baldwin. He bade him good-night at the door, requesting him to come again early the next morning. Then he pulled up his coat-collar, put his hands into his pockets, and trotted briskly home. Baldwin walked slowly down the avenue. He remained a few minutes lost in thought in front of his own house; then he rang the bell and was admitted.

IX.

The last wish which Forbes had expressed in his letter to Baldwin was obeyed. He was buried very quietly. Parisian newspapers only alluded discreetly to the tragic affair. All the inquiries of the police proved fruitless. The evidence of the doctors showed, it is true, that the hypothesis of suicide could not be admitted; but, on the other hand, it was difficult to believe in a murder, as a large sum of money had been found on the person of the deceased, and as Forbes was not known to have a single enemy.

Baldwin's servant deposed that on the fatal evening Mr Forbes had paid a short visit to Mrs Baldwin. He had noticed nothing peculiar in Mr Forbes's manner. — Mrs Baldwin declared that, after she had told Forbes that her husband was not at home, he had not stayed long with her. She, too, had noticed nothing extraordinary in his behaviour, nor had he said anything that could lead her to believe that he was threatened by any danger.

The evidence of the two gentlemen who found the body showed that Forbes had died between ten and half-past ten o'clock. A policeman who was on duty near the bridge of the Alma, said that, about ten o'clock, he had seen an open carriage driven by at a furious rate; he could not say whether it was

a private carriage or a cab. The doctors, the chief officer of police, and the police magistrate came unanimously to the conclusion that Forbes must have been in that carriage, and that in his fear when the horses ran away, he had jumped out and so caused his own death. This explanation satisfied everybody, and the fatal event was very soon all but forgotten. Only between Baldwin and his wife it stood like a dark shadow.

Baldwin was conscious that, whenever he was alone with Jane, her eyes followed anxiously and suspiciously all his movements, as if she were afraid of him. Even the sham familiarity which, up to that time, had existed between them, disappeared. They lived together in gloomy, oppressive silence—each with a secret and a suspicion at heart. Baldwin had never dared to ask his wife again what had taken place between Forbes and herself at that last meeting. The words seemed to choke him whenever he tried to utter, in her presence, the name of the man who had died by his hand. His peace was gone, and he knew that he could never again find it. Henceforward he had to live under a heavy burden, and only death could bring repose. Fear—a feeling which he had never known before—took hold of him. If his secret were discovered? If his dark deed were brought to light? He shuddered at the very thought.—He would leave Paris; he would seek occupation; hard work might drive away those terrible thoughts, might give him peace, would tire him at least and bring back sleep, which had fled since that terrible night. He longed to go back to Yesso, among the simple-minded islanders, who had confidence in him, who knew nothing of what had happened in Paris, who would never know it. He would escape from his wife's searching, hostile looks, which watched and tormented him. He had never in all his life cast down his eyes before any human being, and now he did not dare to look up in presence of his wife. It was unbearable.

Immediately after the death of Forbes, Baldwin had written to Thomas to inform him of his brother's sudden end, and to urge him to take possession of the large fortune which had been left to him. Baldwin now resolved to go to Hakodate and take charge of the business during Graham's absence. He was, in fact, as much afraid of Thomas as of Jane. He pictured to himself a meeting with his old friend. How could he look at him, while he told him the story of his brother's death? He fancied he could see Graham's eyes looking with full trust and affection into his own. Would he be able to dissemble and to lie before the light of those honest eyes? No! he could even better bear Jane's suspicions than Thomas's trustfulness. He would start at once for Hakodate. By that means he was almost sure to avoid seeing his friend, who, in all probability, had sailed for Europe immediately on hearing of his brother's death.

Having carefully weighed every consideration, he made up his mind one day to speak to Jane without further delay. He only waited till it was dark. He felt ashamed and humbled in his own eyes to take such a precaution, but he was forced to it—he could not help it. When the lamp was brought in, he placed himself with his back to the light. Jane sat opposite to him, pale, silent, and indifferent.

"Thomas Lansdale will have left Hakodate on receipt of my letter," he began; "one of us must be out there to take care of our business. I will return to Japan shortly. Will you go with me, or do you prefer to remain here?"

She did not reply to his question, but said—

"You are going to leave Paris?"

"I am obliged to go."

"I thought so."

He tried to appear surprised, and asked, "What made you think so?"

She merely shrugged her shoulders contemptuously.

"What made you think so?" he repeated. He made an effort, and looked straight into her face as he spoke.

"Do not ask me; you know it."

Her voice had a peculiar threatening accent. He felt humiliated, but he dared not press for an explanation. He repeated his question, "Will you go with me to Japan?"

"No"—and after a pause she added carelessly, "I expect a letter from my aunt Alice in a few days. I have made up my mind to live with her in future."

It had come to this! She knew that he had no longer any power over her, and that he would not dare to assert his rights. "I do not understand you," he said gently, "but I will not hinder you from doing what you wish. Since I have known you, I have had but one thought, and that was to make you happy."

He said these last words in a voice of indescribable sadness, and he felt the tears rising to his eyes. What had he done to deserve the misery which he had to endure? If any one was answerable for this horrible fate it was Jane, whose coldness had first awakened his suspicions, and whose unconsciously uttered exclamation about Forbes had excited his anger. The thought that some wrong had been done to his wife had maddened him when he laid hands on Forbes. She, above all others, ought to forgive him, and to comfort him—and she alone tormented him! He covered his face with his hands and wept. He had become another man since Forbes's death. All his former energy had forsaken him. Now he was weak and irritable. Jane saw his tears and his sufferings unmoved. She sat there cold and pitiless like a stone image, her distrustful eyes fixed steadily upon him. At last he rose and said, "You are hard and unjust towards me, but I will not complain. The time may come when you will regret that you have rejected my love. When that day comes, call me and I will return to you. Now I will go."

He left the room slowly. She followed him with her eyes; her mute lips moved, and without uttering a sound she breathed the word "Murderer!"

Baldwin felt sure that he had not betrayed himself to his wife. She could know nothing of the dark deed; but he felt sure now that she had guessed it. He knew, however, that his peace was gone, even if Jane had not suspected him. Her undeserved confidence would have been less bearable even than her suspicions. *One* thing only could have reconciled him to his fate. If he could have taken his wife into his confidence, if she had acknowledged his innocence, pitied his misfortune, and shared it with him;—yes, then he would have found comfort and peace in her presence. But Jane's looks sternly forbade any approach, and he must bear alone the heavy burden of his secret.

Baldwin spent the next day in putting his affairs in order. He made every preparation for his departure, without interference on Jane's part, by word or deed. She looked on, as if she were deaf and dumb. Two days after their last conversation, he went into her room to say good-bye. He had dreaded that moment, but it was soon over. His heart was so overwhelmed with

grief that he hardly noticed Jane's coldness. She did not offer him her hand, and when he leant forward to kiss her, she drew back in silence.

"Farewell, Jane!" he said; and in a tone of entreaty he added, "Let us meet again." She bowed her head without saying a word. He hesitated for an instant; but when he saw no sign of relenting in that cold face, he turned away.—It would have been better for him to stand before the most severe judge than to face that woman who had never loved him, who saw in him the cause of her unhappiness, and who now hated and dreaded him.—She had heard him on that fatal evening when she was lying ill on her bed; she knew when he had gone out and when he had come back. She knew that he must have been in the street at the very time of Forbes's death. The fact that he had concealed this circumstance had first aroused her suspicions; his gloominess, his confusion, had confirmed her in her belief. Since their last conversation, when that strong man had wept in her presence, she had felt absolutely sure of his guilt. "He is a murderer," she said to herself; but, nevertheless, she would not stand forth as his accuser. She, too, had a secret to keep; and her secret was more safe if she remained silent.

A few days after Baldwin's departure, Jane's aunt, Mademoiselle Alice de Montémars, arrived in Paris. She was a poor and elderly maiden lady, the sister of Jane's mother. Aunt Alice saw at a glance that she might secure a comfortable home for the rest of her days if she made herself agreeable to her wealthy niece. She spared no pains to make herself not only pleasant, but useful and even indispensable; and she succeeded, at the end of a few weeks, in persuading Jane to go with her to her home, and to settle in a cheerful watering-place in the south of France.

X.

Baldwin had accomplished the greater part of his journey, and was in San Francisco awaiting the departure of the Pacific Mail Steamer for Japan. He intended to go by that line to Yokohama, where he was sure to find easily an opportunity for Hakodate.

In New York, in Chicago, and in San Francisco, he had inquired after Thomas Lansdale, or Thomas Graham — for he did not know under which name his friend was travelling—but he could learn nothing about him.—"He must have gone by way of China, India, and Egypt," he said to himself. "So much the better! Now I am quite sure not to meet him." His heart ached when he thought that henceforth he would have to avoid those two, whom he loved best in the world—Jane and Thomas. But he strove hard to accustom himself to the idea, and he now felt more able to bear his fate. He had become calmer and stronger since he had left Jane. He knew that she was well taken care of, and he felt no anxiety on her account. If she had loved him, she would have followed him; but she did not love him, she never had loved him. She had been false from the beginning—when she had given him her hand, when she had promised solemnly to "love and cherish him," and to be his "for better, for worse." His misfortune should not have estranged her from him. *He* had every reason

to resent her conduct; *she* had nothing to reproach him with—he had done her no wrong. It was a comfort to feel himself innocent, at any rate, so far as she was concerned. His account with her was closed, and the balance was in his favour. He was her creditor, and he forgave her her trespasses. But it was different with Thomas. Against Thomas he had sinned, and he dared not face him—at least not now. Perhaps he might be able to do so in years to come. It was well that Thomas had gone by way of India; he need not fear to meet him.

Baldwin left San Francisco on the 1st of July, and, twenty-two days later, he arrived at Yokohama. Those three weeks of peaceful rest on the great Pacific Ocean had acted like a healing balm on his wounded heart. He was still incapable of cheerful thoughts, but the gnawing anxiety which had tormented him in Paris had disappeared. In Yokohama he was welcomed by some old acquaintances. They all asked him, as soon as they saw him, what ailed him, and what had turned his hair so grey. He replied that he had been ill, and then quickly changed the conversation. Here again he inquired after Graham. There had been no news from Hakodate for the last two months, he was told, and nobody could say whether Graham had gone to Hong-Kong or Shanghai. The steamer Osakka was to leave in a few days for Hakodate, and would bring back letters from the North.

The captain of the Osakka was willing to take Baldwin as a passenger, and he was thus able to continue his voyage after only a few days' delay at Yokohama. On the 3d of August he arrived at Hakodate.

While the steamer was steering about the harbour to find a suitable anchorage, a number of small boats filled with Chinese and European merchants came alongside to get the letters and news she had brought.

Baldwin soon recognised his own house-boat, carrying a young Englishman named Howell, who for some time had been in his employ as book-keeper. Baldwin went to meet him at the gangway. Howell started with surprise at seeing his chief so unexpectedly. He shook hands warmly, and then inquired immediately, with evident anxiety, whether Mr Baldwin had been ill, and if he were still unwell. Baldwin gave the same answer he had given to his friends at Yokohama, and then asked in his turn when Mr Graham had left for Europe.

"Mr Graham is in Hakodate, and you will see him in a quarter of an hour. A few weeks ago he received a letter from you, and determined to go to Europe; but just before the departure of the steamer he changed his mind. He has written to you twice since then; his letters must have crossed you on the sea, and have reached London about a month ago."

Howell went away to look after his employer's luggage, and this gave Baldwin time to collect his thoughts. The meeting with Graham was now unavoidable—there was no help for it. He could do nothing for the present but wait and see what course matters would take. With assumed composure he got into the boat, and in a few minutes he was landed on the quay. Many of the Japanese, among whom Baldwin had lived for several years, welcomed him back with true heartiness; but all those who knew him well enough to speak to him put the same question, "Have you been ill, Mr Baldwin?"

Graham was seated in his room reading. He jumped up with an exclamation of joyful surprise when the door opened, and Baldwin's

well-known voice called out, "How do you do, Thomas?" But no sooner had he looked at his friend than he started back and said anxiously, "Some misfortune has befallen you, Baldwin! For God's sake, tell me what is the matter?"

Baldwin felt something rise in his throat which kept him speechless for a few seconds, then he said, "I have had a hard time of it, Graham; but we will speak about that presently. Tell me first, how is it that you are here? I thought you were on your way to Europe, and I have come out here to fill your place."

But Graham could not take his eyes off Baldwin's face, which he scanned with the anxious tenderness of a mother looking at her sick child which has been brought home to her.

"Gordon, what is the matter?" he asked again, with an imploring voice. "I cannot rest till I know all."

He took Baldwin's right hand between his two hands, and looked at him steadily. There was the old confiding look of which Baldwin had been afraid!

"I have been obliged to part from my wife," he said at last, without raising his eyes.

"My poor friend!"

Then followed a long pause. Baldwin covered his face with his hands.

"My poor friend!" repeated Graham.

Suddenly Baldwin became conscious that in order to extricate himself he had inadvertently exposed his wife to suspicion. No! that must not be. His unfortunate deed had cost him all his happiness—he did not complain; blood will have blood—but his honour, his self-respect, must not be sacrificed. He would not, by an act of cowardice, throw the burden upon Jane and injure her fair name. He said, in a low inquiring tone—

"Graham, you are my friend?"

"Yes, indeed I am. I have no one in the wide world but you. You may confide to me all that weighs on your mind, and I will do all in my power to help you." He paused for a moment, and then added solemnly, "So help me God!"

Beneath the window of the room where the two friends were seated lay the broad harbour of Hakodate. Heavy junks with brown square sails, and numberless fishing-boats, glided gently on the white-crested waves of the dark-blue sea. Baldwin kept his eyes fixed on this grand picture; and, without looking once at his friend, in low passionless accents, he told his miserable story. He did not accuse Forbes—he did not even know that he had been guilty—neither did he try to exculpate himself. He had been angry and excited; he had, without knowing what he was doing, pushed away Forbes, who had stumbled and had fallen. . . . "I bent over him, and saw him dying; killed by my hand. I see him at this moment. . . ."

He stopped, and for the first time looked anxiously into his friend's face. Graham, pale as death, kept his eyes bent on the ground.

"Nobody but you knows what has happened," continued Baldwin; "I owed this confession to no one but to you. To you I have given up my secret and myself; you can do with me what you like, I am in your hands. If I am guilty, I am ready to bear any punishment that may be imposed on me; but if I am innocent, then acquit me and release me from the torments which I can bear no longer. See how wretched I am, Thomas! Have pity on me! I have suffered terribly."

There was a long pause.

"I have nobody in the world but you," said Thomas, at last.

In his eyes shone all the old con-

fidence, the old love, and Baldwin could look into them without fear. Now—as with Jane, his debtor—his account was settled with Thomas, his creditor, who had forgiven him, likewise, his trespasses. He drew a long deep breath. Once more he was a free man.

. . . . .

Jane lives alternately in the south of France and in Paris—a young, rich widow. She has become very pious. Her piety is of that frigid sort which causes those who practise it to be venerated by the public at large, and feared by their friends. Her house is kept with exemplary order. Her servants—though she never scolds them—tremble before her. No beggar ever approaches her doors, but the name of Mrs Gordon Baldwin figures with large sums on the lists of every public charity. Her beneficence is, however, as free from vanity as from compassion. She does not endow schools, hospitals, and asylums, to hear her name quoted and praised, but because she thinks it her duty to be charitable; and she can only fulfil this duty by placing large sums of money in the hands of professional philanthropists. She finds it impossible to take an interest in the sufferings of individuals. She can think only of her own sorrow; and to alleviate that, she gives to suffering humanity. She is not wicked; she has never done anything positively wrong—nor anything unselfishly good. She has never cared much for those about her. Nature has denied her that faculty. She certainly cannot be admired; she can hardly be blamed. Kind people—and there are some in this world—will pity her.

Thomas Lansdale has settled in New York. Hundreds among the poor bless his name. Whoever is in want and can appeal to him leaves his door comforted and relieved. The last misfortune which has befallen him—Baldwin's death—has made the kind, tender-hearted man more charitable than ever. He often gives to the undeserving, but he continues to do good, to the best of his knowledge. His simple heart knows no suspicion. It is better to be deceived by some and to help many, than to mistrust all and to stand alone.

Soon after his return to Hakodate, Gordon Baldwin died the death of a hero. While swimming to carry a rope, in order to save from certain death the crew of a foundering vessel, he was dashed against a rock and frightfully crushed. He lived for about six hours—long enough to learn that the crew had been saved, and that his life had not been sacrificed in vain—long enough to know that Forbes's death had been expiated and atoned for. The members of the foreign community surrounded his house during the hours of his agony.—Thomas Lansdale closed his eyes. His loving, faithful look, of which Baldwin had once been afraid, was the last consolation of the dying man.

And so they are all provided for. Forbes and Baldwin are dead, and have found rest. Only two people, Jane and Thomas, think of them, and feel that with them is buried something that belonged to their own life and happiness, and that can never be replaced. Otherwise, it would be as though they had never been.—Thomas has never got over his grief for the loss of his friend; but he is not unhappy. He is deceived by some; honoured and loved by many. He continues to do good, and will continue till the end.—Jane lives retired, lonely and cold, high above all her surroundings, as on some frozen pinnacle amid eternal snows, and is in a fair way of earning the reputation of a saint.

CYPRUS: FROM THE JOURNAL NOTES OF LADY FRANKLIN.

MAY 1832.

[THE following Notes of a tour in Cyprus are from the Journals kept by Lady Franklin during 1831-33, while her husband was in command of H.M.S. Rainbow in the Mediterranean. She had been accompanied from England by some American friends, and having engaged an Austrian brig, the party took the opportunity of visiting Egypt and the Holy Land. Having returned from Jerusalem to Jaffa, she, with her travelling companions, continued the voyage to Constantinople in a vessel they had engaged at Alexandria.]

ON Thursday morning, May 17th, we embarked from Jaffa, and settled to sail for Cyprus. The wind was not fair for this island, but neither was it better for any other place to which we could have directed our course. We were all day beating out, or tacking in front of Jaffa, which has a compact, lofty, and rather handsome appearance from the sea, rising high above the shore-banks on each side. The mountains of Judæa were seen at a considerable distance in the background.

On the following day we advanced scarcely so far as to be opposite to Kaifa, but the wind being from the north brought us all day long the sound of the hard fighting going on at Acre—broadside after broadside without cessation. The noise was like bursts of fine but distant thunder suddenly arrested in its sound. Mount Carmel, and the chain of hills to the north, were only faintly visible in the horizon. On the third day they had disappeared from view, and we moved a little more briskly, though we did not keep our course in the evening, the wind being almost directly ahead. The captain told me that during our absence a line-of-battle ship we had seen at Alexandria had been before Acre, and after bombarding it very briskly for two days had gone back to Alexandria.

Captain Suhor told me also, that about four days after our departure from Kaifa the Madagascar came in there, accompanied by a French brig, and that the officers of both ships landed and made known to the Governor their intention to visit the camp at Acre, which obliged him to put every horse in the place and neighbourhood in requisition—not, however, without bastinadoing, or threats of it. At length the officers of the two ships set off in a body of fifty or sixty, the Governor with them, and had an interview with Ibrahim Pasha the younger, who during our absence had also been to the camp, accompanied by two or three thousand Druses, and the Emir Pasha. Captain Suhor went on board the Madagascar to see Captain Lyons. . . .

On the evening of Sunday the 20th of May we were about thirty miles from Cyprus, and should have arrived there in the night if the captain had not been afraid of nearing Cape Grego before daylight. When I came on deck on Monday morning about eight we had left it behind us on our right. There appeared to be a square castle on the top of it, though the book of sailing directions makes no mention of this, but describes the Cape as a long point, the end of it appearing like a sconce, whereby it is easily known. The captain said that what appeared like

a large castle was only rock. It is the south-east point of Cyprus.*

The line of coast from hence to Cape Pila (about four leagues) preserves nearly a horizontal elevation, of no apparent height, and is quite destitute of interest. Cape Pila has a tower upon it. The coast beyond, towards the west, appears more varied, and exhibits a great contrast of light and shade, or rather, of whiteness and blackness, the former proceeding apparently from bare cliffs or slopes of that colour.

The town of Larnaca, which was to be our port, is situated in a shallow bay between Cape Pila to the east and Cape Chiti to the south. The distance between the two Capes is three leagues and a half, and the *marina* of Larnaca lies between four and five miles to the north of Cape Chiti—a low flat promontory seen to the left when in the harbour of Larnaca. It has a tower upon it, which has been used as a lighthouse. As we neared the shore, on approaching Larnaca, the low grounds between the hills and the sea became visible. They looked yellow, as if their spring verdure were already burnt up, and the trees thinly scattered over them were small. The forms of the hills, however, are pleasing; and there is one rising behind the town of Larnaca, but at some distance inland, which is remarkable for its superior elevation, and which proves to be, as I supposed, the mount of Santa Croce, or St Cruis, the Cyprian Olympus. It stands much higher than those immediately near it, and is of a bent sugar-loaf form.

It was about twelve o'clock when we anchored in the roadstead (rather than in the harbour) of Larnaca, for the captain took a position far outside of any of the other merchant brigs which were at anchor; a circumstance which vexed me, because the sea was rough, and I had expected that the distance from the shore would be made an objection to free communication between it and the vessel. And so indeed it proved: for when I proposed that we should go on shore he objected; said the sea was so rough, we should be bathed in water, and had better wait a few hours longer. In the meantime, however, he landed with Achmet, our travelling servant, who carried a letter of introduction with which we had been furnished to the English vice-consul here. They came back late with a letter from the consul, in which he politely excuses himself from coming to pay his respects to us on board on account of a contagious disease which within a few days had manifested itself, and which had caused the European residents to shut themselves up. We doubted whether he had given us the real reason for his shyness towards us, or whether he was afraid of us because we came from Jaffa.

It being necessary that another boat should go on shore, I determined to set my foot on land also, and accordingly took my place in the boat, accompanied by O—— and Mr C., who was glad to breathe the smell of land again, but who returned sick with the closeness and odour of it. The odour was not a bad one, however, but rather sweet, even though we breathed it in the bazaars and narrow streets of the *marina* or sea-houses of Larnaca, where the main part of the commercial population resides, and which is about half a mile from the village or town properly called Larnaca, the latter lying to the north-east. The road between the *marina* and

* North of this bay, and on the east side of the island, is the Gulf of Famagousta, a name connected with my reading, and which my sailing-book calls "once famous."

the town of Larnaca passes through open fields, partly bearing some scrubby crops of barley, but for the most part waste, or covered with rubbish and the ruins of houses. I understood that three of the European consuls lived at *salinas*, as the *marina* of Larnaca is also called (probably from the neighbouring salt-pit, which is the most considerable in the island); and the rest, among whom is the English consul, at Larnaca.

There are a few pleasant-looking houses on the beach on the *marina* having projecting upper storeys (what are called in Egypt *mashrabee)* and projecting roofs, frequently ornamented with an edging or border of light wood-work. The roofs in general are remarkable for having spouts, made, I believe, of tile, projecting from them; but being unornamented, they look like the rafters of an unfinished building, and have an ugly effect. The houses are built of unburnt bricks, the colour of the soil, upon a foundation of stones, which rise a few feet above the surface. The doorways are generally arched with stone; the doors, though wanting paint, are tolerably neat, and have fastenings of a less rude description than some we have seen in Egypt and Syria; so that, upon the whole, we appear to have advanced a step or two towards civilisation in coming to Cyprus.

Having landed with scarcely any more definite object than to look about us, we made our way to the *locanda*, another sign of civilisation, to see what sort of accommodation could be procured, but were not much inclined to enter the house when we heard that the two chief rooms were occupied by a sick person who had "une fièvre maligne," and his French doctor. However, we looked at a sort of common room, neatly enough furnished, with a table, chairs, and lamp, and at two so-called bedrooms, in a separate house, which were by no means inviting. The rooms, like those of all the houses we saw, surrounded a court which has generally a few trees or flowers in the centre. The name of this inn, kept by a Piedmontese (who, however, would not speak Italian, but only French), is "Hôtel de la Girafe," written on the swinging board of a sign-post. I was afterwards told that there were two or three of these *locandas*, of which that called "L'Hôtel de la Marina" was said to be the best. We groped our way in the dark to our boat, and were guided back to the ship by a lantern, which was fixed to the masthead.

The next morning (Tuesday the 22d), finding that there was no chance of sailing, Dr and Mrs K. determined to land and go to the consul to ask about the exchange of money. This being the case, though I felt convinced we should not be acceptable visitors, I did not scruple to accompany them, intending to inquire as to the nature of the ports at Limasol and Baffo, so that if the wind continued contrary, and no time was likely to be lost by going to one or the other by land, I might make arrangements for doing this.

We found the gate of his house closed, but it was opened to receive us, and we were immediately met by the consul with much civility, and requested to enter the house. This, however, we declined doing, and insisted upon remaining seated on two opposite benches placed under the walls of the broad passage which opened into the garden court; while the vice-consul and his daughters brought out chairs, on which they sat. He was dressed in the French style, and wore the English cockade in his hat, and spoke French, which he seemed to prefer to Italian. He excused himself for

not showing us the attentions to be expected from him on account of the plague, or, as some said, the cholera morbus, of which three persons had died within a few days at Larnaca; and when he heard that we were thinking of going to Limasol, placed every facility in our way, and offered us the house of his son-in-law there, where we should find everything we wanted. He said that if we set off in the evening for Limasol, and stopped for two hours on the way, we should still arrive by five next morning; but the only difficulty was to get the mules in time to start this evening. If we set off next day, they could be sent for from Nicosia, in the interior of the island, whence they generally came, and would be free from infection. He did not know that they could be procured here by the evening, and wondered why we could not wait until to-morrow. I told him that our party was going to divide, and that those who remained on board would set sail that very night if possible. It was therefore necessary for those who intended to go by land to be on shore; but I told him that we would delay starting until morning if he could tell us of any place where we could sleep, alleging we were afraid of the *locanda* (at that time we knew of the existence of only one), as there was a malignant fever there. To this Mr C., who always acts upon the principle that you must take as much as you can get from a Levantine, directly added that, if the mules could be procured, we would set off that evening; but if not, perhaps he (the consul) could give us a lodging for the night. Poor Mr Vice-consul, thus cruelly pushed, made the best of it, and took me up-stairs to show me an empty room which he could give me, and which looked tolerably clean. He detained me here, and bade me sit down, that he might ask more minutely who we all were, Mr B.'s letter giving only a very general description. When we had explained all to his satisfaction, his respect seemed increased (though he was very well-behaved before), and he told me he had a mule and horse at my service; the latter, which he used in his carriage, would carry me, and the other his janissary (whom he would send with us) should ride.

This being settled, and as it was past twelve o'clock, the usual dinner-hour, I proposed taking leave, notwithstanding Mr C.'s desire to get some dinner here, and the discomfort of being turned out into dust and sun without anything to see or knowing any house we could take shelter in till four or five o'clock, before which we had reason to believe that on account of the high sea we should not be able to return to the ship. It must have been trying to the poor vice-consul when Mr —— asked if he could tell us of any house where we could repose before this hour arrived. He reflected, and mentioned one to a man in attendance, who, he said, was his cook, but whom he had sent out of the house whilst he was in quarantine, because the man was in the habit of going home to his family at night, and now that this contagious malady was suspected he dreaded the communication. This was a reason why the man should not have been there at all.

Though he did not invite us to dine, the consul lost no time in giving us coffee and sherbet or lemonade, with some excellent little finger biscuits, made by his youngest daughter, a young girl of thirteen or fourteen years. There were two elder ones, the second of whom, we heard, was promised, or betrothed. She had rather an expressive countenance, and a pretty figure. The eldest was very tall,

but not so pretty. They were all three dressed in scanty cotton gowns, and had coloured handkerchiefs rolled round their heads. The vice-consul has a daughter married to the British agent at Limasol, to whom he recommended us. He is a native of the Ionian Islands, but has lived thirty years in Cyprus. As with all the other Greek inhabitants, Greek is the language of his family, though they generally understand or speak a little Italian also, and probably Turkish or Arabic. The vice-consul himself is considered a linguist and *litterato*, from speaking and understanding so many languages. He spoke a very little English, but reads and understands it better; and he displayed his classical knowledge in speaking of Baffo, the ancient Paphos, where the Cyprian goddess had her celebrated fane. The royal arms of England are displayed on two conspicuous places opposite to each other on his gates, sculptured and painted over the inner side of the outer gate, and painted on a picture over the outer doors of the inner rooms on the opposite side of the court. He questioned us respecting the state of things in Syria, and spoke as the consul in a Turkish province should do, of the resources of the Grand Signior, and of his determination to destroy and annihilate Mehemet Ali.

We left the consulate with the understanding that we should return in the evening ready to set off to Limasol if mules could be procured for us, and accepting a lodging from the vice-consul if he did not succeed in obtaining them. We then walked, with his cook for a guide, to a house at the entrance of the *marina*, where we found two respectable Greek women (mother and daughter), in a very decent house, the best room of which, looking into a garden court, we took possession of. It belongs to a man who keeps a tavern or inn by the seaside, and his wife and mother seem to be employed here in making bread and biscuit and in raising silk-worms. They brought us coffee; and soon after Achmet, who had been marketing, made his appearance; and we used the kitchen-stove to cook some mutton-steaks, and fill our spare time by having some dinner.

Towards five o'clock our captain showed himself to us, and said the sea would now allow us to go on board. He also informed us that the three English *signori* had arrived, and anchored close to us. We had no sooner got on board than they sent to ask if we could receive them, and came immediately after, and sat talking with us of their adventures in Syria until, the sun having nearly sunk in the horizon, I proposed that we should return to the shore, since, if the animals could be found, it was intended that we should set off this evening for Limasol.

On landing again at the *marina*, we were pursuing our way to the vice-consul's house at Larnaca, but were arrested by the sight of his janissary and the mules, waiting at the house where we had dined. The janissary had brought with him our letter of introduction for Limasol, and we therefore stopped short here; though, from the vice-consul having sent one only of the animals belonging to himself which he had promised, there was one wanting for O——, whom I had brought with me, our friends who remained on board having objected to parting with Achmet.

We were already very late for setting off, and as another mule or donkey was to be procured, and the moon did not rise until late, we determined to remain where we

were, and set off by the light of its declining beams the following morning.

We were joined here by the captain of our own ship and that of the English *signori*, who came to represent to me, that having heard of a piracy lately committed in these seas between Cyprus and Rhodes, and thinking it desirable that we should be guarded against any possible attack, they thought I might approve of the two vessels keeping company, their united guns and armed crews being sufficient to insure us from molestation. The earnestness with which Captain Coda (of the Tuscan brig), in particular, urged the expediency of the case, convinced me that they at least thought there was something to fear, since not only does he seem to be no coward, but as his vessel is reputed to be a very good sailer, he was subjecting himself to lose the pleasure of proving this in our eyes, by slackening his pace to ours. I told him, therefore, I could have no objection to the proposal, but that he must consult his own *signori* first; and to Captain Suhor I said, that he must consult my fellow-travellers. But when Captain Coda replied that if I would only allow him to say to those gentlemen that it was my wish we should go on together, they would certainly consent, I absolutely forbade him to say anything of the kind.

While tea was preparing in our new quarters, the young mistress of the house, a fine commanding-looking young woman, who could speak nothing but Greek, made signs to me that she wished me to take a little walk with her. I went out with her accordingly, accompanied by Mr C——, and was taken into a neighbour's house, to be shown off and treated to Cyprus wine and biscuits. She gave up her bedroom to me and O——; but though it looked clean to the eye, I had an almost sleepless night from the fleas and mosquitoes, and scarcely regretted the early hour at which it was necessary to rise the following morning.

We were not actually off, however, until nearly 4 A.M., as we guessed by the moon and by the morning dawn. The sun rose behind us after we had left Larnaca and the *marina* in our rear, and the great *salina*, or salt-pond, on our left. The man whom we had engaged as a guide and temporary servant, in the absence of Achmet, pointed out to me a mound at the farther end of the lake, which he said was entirely of salt. The twin steeples or minarets which rose over its banks, further on, belonged, he said, to a mosque, named Iecchia.

We were proceeding over a plain, with the sea behind us on the left, and the Mount of Santa Cruis before us, to the right, and, more distant than this mountain, was a lofty and undulating range of hills, which appeared to me of equal height, and which we saw afterwards in varied positions. The ground we passed over was cultivated here and there in patches; but the crops, which were of barley and bearded wheat, were miserably scanty. The road, as a horseway, was very good, and in most places might have served, as I believe it sometimes does, for a rude sort of carriage.

Some little way beyond the *salina*, we came to a road leading to Nicosia, and passing near this spot, under the Greek church of St Giorgio.

Nicosia is considered the capital of the island, and is distant eight hours from Larnaca. It would have been much more worth our while to visit this place than to go to Limasol, as it would have shown us the interior, and a better part of the island. But we could not

have done this without risking to detain the ship, or to have the journey between Larnaca and Limasol to perform after all, in case she had sailed during our absence at Nicosia. As it is, our ride to Limasol (seldom performed, I daresay, by any but the residents in the island) showed us only the outskirts of it along the sea-shore.

The mountains were inland on our right all the way, and our path lay mile after mile over uncultivated plains, across the beds of mountain-torrents near their entrance to the sea, over rocks, and through the wild thickets, or on the naked beach that skirts the water. Some cultivation was intermixed with this; and we saw, but did not pass through, two or three villages.

"Nicosia is near the middle of the island, towards the north-west. It is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Iremilus, and is situated in a low, moist, rich, and extensive plain. It once contained 80,000 people, and the population is now 15,000. Behind it, to the north, is a range of high, brown, pointed mountains; and around it, on the plain, are a number of low round hills. The number of houses is about 3500."

Such is the account of Nicosia in my book of sailing directions, which also states that the Bey or governor of the island resides there, and that he visits Larnaca annually to receive the visits of the consuls and their accustomed presents. The despatches from Constantinople arrive overland to Chelindreh, on the coast of Karamania, whence they are embarked for the north coast of Cyprus.

Proceeding beyond the church of St Giorgio, we passed an aqueduct of thirty-two stone arches, built across a hollow in the plain; and further on came to another portion of the same structure, consisting of twenty-three arches, diminishing in size as they rest against the banks, so as, at the ends, to raise the water no higher than was convenient to our mules as a water-trough. The water passes along over these arches uncovered. Still further on we passed the last portion of this aqueduct. At this spot the water is made to turn a mill; and there is a garden adjoining, and one or two willow and mulberry trees, which form rather a pretty scene.

Santa Croce now began to assume a position more to the right, as we approached the sea, and descended into the bed of a stream whose banks were richly adorned with the beautiful flowering oleander. Rising from the bed of the river, we crossed some rocky ground which gave us a view of the flat ground on the top of Cape Chiti, here extending to the left, with a tower upon it. On our right we observed a village on the side of a hill, which may perhaps be that which in my chart is called Chiti. Wherever the village of Chiti may be, it is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Citium.

We were now leaving Santa Croce behind us, and approaching some ridges of inferior elevation, resembling all the other hills we had seen in the naked whiteness of the soil, streaked and patched with black-looking foliage. Passing near a village on the right, which I was told was Mazzodo (or Mazzolo—the latter name appears in my chart to be a cape lying to the west of Cape Chiti), we were assured we had already come one-third of the way; and as by the appearance of the sun it could not yet be eight o'clock (we had none of us a watch), we fancied we were in excellent time, and, not feeling any fatigue, were determined to go on for the present.

We met a cart laden with barley and drawn by two oxen, and saw

one or two more in a field—a sight which struck us as a novelty, so long had we been disused either to the object itself, or to the road that could possibly admit of it. Having lost sight of the sea for a little while, we ascended some wild rocks (where our cart, had we had one, could no longer have availed us), amidst which the tamarisk and many other wild shrubs were in full luxuriance. Passing over these rocks we returned to the sea, and continued along its shore, raised above the beach on the left, and almost shut out for some way from a view of the interior on our right by a low ridge or bank, above which only a mountain-top was here or there visible. Our pathway was in general encumbered with bushes, or sometimes skirted a miserable-looking corn-field. It crossed, after we had passed the natural embankment on our right, two oleander-bordered streams coming down from openings in the mountains, which again were fully displayed to view.

After we had proceeded at least another four hours, we came to a house or stable on the sea-beach, where we stopped for an hour, our beasts being too tired to proceed farther. We had nothing to eat but some bread and oranges; nor were we able to drink, because there was no water. We were told that we were now six hours from Limasol; but this last account so entirely contradicted that which we had received four hours ago (when we were said to have come one-third of the way) that we knew not what to think,—whether we should be able to get on to Limasol, or must stop short at the next village.

Having remounted our mules, we crossed a fresh-water stream at its mouth and continued our way under a broken cliff which shut out all view of the inland country; but on rising out of this dell, which was covered with bushes and dwarf trees but had no herbage on its white and gleaming rocks, we found ourselves among the mountains, and made our way through a thicket of cypress, pine, &c., intermingled with a few cultivated fields, until the ascent of a considerable elevation again brought us in view of and near to the sea.

A long stretch of coast as far as Cape Gatta (beyond Limasol) was now before us, and that town, the object of all our efforts, appeared some miles within it, but still three or four hours off. The nearer line of coast was formed by some steep hills more verdant than others we had passed and falling down boldly to the shore. Beyond, the coast-line was lower and level. The masts of some vessels in the harbour, and the minarets of a mosque, pointed out the site of Limasol; but I was alarmed to see it so distant, for fatigue, cramp, and headache made me already scarcely able to sit on my horse. We found, when advanced about three hours beyond the place where we rested, that we had just passed (though at a distance, having left it on the right) the village that we had expected to come to. But we were now far beyond it and were assured on all sides that there was neither village nor house till we reached Limasol.

Our path continued nearly all the way along the shore, though raised above it. After we had passed two hills descending upon the beach, we came upon a large mass of wall projecting into the sea on a ledge of rock, which is called "Old Limasol," and appeared to be the remnant of something which has probably been washed away by the sea. This was upon the edge and at the mouth of a dry river-bed, and in the adjoining rock I observed some caves.

We sent forward the donkey-driver with our letter to Mr ——

to announce our arrival, and to come back with a lantern, still believing it would be dark long before we could reach Limasol. In this, however, we were mistaken—not so much because we exaggerated the distance, as that we abridged, more than was necessary, the time required for performing it, by supposing it to be later in the day than it really was. As we proceeded, the buildings of Limasol rose before us, much nearer than we had imagined; and it gave me much comfort to see that we should arrive in daylight.

As we approached Limasol we went a little more inland, along the outer edge of a corn-plain sprinkled with small trees, which extends towards the foot of the mountains, of which there is a noble and varied range to the north, facing the sea, and running east and west.

We arrived as the sun went down at the house of Mr ——, distinguished by its flag-staff, which two or three others also possess. He and his wife were out (they had received our letter of introduction, but could not have expected that we would follow it so quickly), and on their return seemed somewhat disturbed to find us in their house. It may have been (and I believe was) that the vice-consul had told them if they had any fear of our carrying infection, they should find another lodging for us; but being already in the house, they knew not how to turn us out. They also found me looking very ill and obliged to lie down upon the divan, really unable to speak or move; and though they at last were made to understand that extreme fatigue had caused this, they could not be sure there was no other reason, especially as I acknowledged to a headache (one sure symptom of the plague), and could not by any entreaties and remonstrances be induced to sit down to supper.

We were almost immediately shown up to another part of the house, quite new, and where I found a pleasant and neat-looking room, surrounded by glass windows and jalousies (even on the side of the passage), and ornamented with French prints of the Seasons, La Belle Anglaise, Polonaise, &c., on the whitewashed walls. Here the whole party assembled, nor could be removed until supper called them away. The divan in this room was given to me and O—— for a bed, and Mr C. lay on another outside as our guard.

The next morning, finding there was a lock to the door, I locked myself in until I felt well enough to be talked to. I made my appearance, however, before dinner, and let the wife of our host come into the room, when I gave her a silver thimble instead of her little brass one, and a pair of scissors, with other trifles. All this, with my brightened looks, with which I joked Mr ——, had the happiest effect. He confessed that he was dreadfully afraid of the plague—almost as much so as his father-in-law; but still he never supposed I was infected with it. He gave us a dinner of many dishes, of which I was forced to *provare* everything, whether I ate it or not. One of the dishes consisted of a layer of white thick milk spread upon a plate, and covered with honey. This is called in Arabic *keimach*, and is composed of the skim of boiled milk, Mr C. says. It has perfect whiteness and sweetness, with nothing of the character of cream.

Mr —— has certainly shown every disposition to perform his duties as a consular agent well, since he has gone so far as to take English travellers suspected of the plague into his house, rather than offend the nation he represents by

turning them out of doors. He improved wonderfully as we became better acquainted; questioned me minutely as to who I was, and who were the rest of the party, and his respect rose rapidly and evidently. He thought that, to a native of England, Cyprus must be an *inferno;* and though I did not allow this, I had no objection to his thinking as highly as he pleased of a country which his imagination is not active enough to estimate to extravagance. As, however, he spoke nothing but Italian besides his familiar Greek, I could have but little communication with him; and I asked him no questions except to inquire where the vineyards were situated, having seen none on our route from Larnaca. He said they were in the mountains; that the vintage season was in September; and that, instead of there being only twenty ship-loads of wine exported from this place, he supposed there must be at least fifty. The number of inhabitants in Limasol he believed to be not let less than one thousand, of whom about two-thirds are Greeks and the rest Turks, being in the same proportion as that of the general population of the island.

Close to his house in the chief street is a well-built stone church belonging to the Greeks, the chief of several others in the town. Within the walled enclosure in which the church stands, are several flat marble tombstones, raised above the ground, with inscriptions engraved on them. One of them is "Sacred to the memory of Esther Harriet Simeon Mary, only child of the Rev. Joseph and Lady Georgiana Wolff, who died in this city, 18th Aug. 1828, aged 9 months and 19 days. 'Is it well with the child? It is well' —2 Kings iv. 26. 'For I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven'—Matt. xviii. 10." I translated all this to Mr ——, who was much interested and pleased with it, and begged me to repeat it to him a second time, when he asked me who it was that said those last words. I remarked how well this stone and another adjoining, with an Italian inscription, were engraved, asking if they could have been done in the island. Mr —— replied in the negative. He thought Mr Wolff's came from England, but it appears it was done in Malta. My question, however (particularly as it was well founded), must have convinced him either how much better things were done in England than in Cyprus, or of the little estimation in which I held the arts of Cyprus, since I could not suppose it possible that a well-engraved tablet could have been executed here. Mr —— said that Mr Wolff and his wife resided some months in this place in a house on the outskirts of the town. Lady Georgiana not only lost her child, but had a fever here herself.

At Limasol, the Greeks occupy the lower, the Turks the upper, part of the town. On this upper part is a pretty mosque, with a tall minaret, standing beside a river (now dry), which is crossed by an old Venetian bridge of two pointed arches. Several enclosed gardens border the channel of the river, which is as usual fringed with oleander-trees on its left bank. Some little way above the bridge is a low wall of stone masonry, the remains of some ancient construction. Below the mosque above mentioned, is an oblong compact-looking castle of hewn stone. It seems to be shut up and uninhabited, but I believe some soldiers go into it at night. There is another castle or fort of smaller dimensions on the beach of the *marina*, or lower part the town, and near to this is the

house of the Commandante della Piazza. It must be the lower castle which is alluded to in the sailing-book, where it says that Limasol may be known by an old castle that stands on the shore. "You may anchor before the castle in any depth, from twelve to six fathoms, on good ground. In the winter season ships generally lie in eight or nine fathoms, but in the summer in six or seven. South-east winds blow directly in."

In the lower part of the town or *marina*, bordering the sea, are many wine-magazines, and the casks and wine-skins in the street show some signs of the nature of the trade carried on here. "The best white wine is made on the mountains near Limasol."

I was accompanied in part of my walk by our hostess and a train of several people belonging to the house, and in the other part by Mr —— alone. They have three children, all boys, the eldest about five years old, and the youngest five months; the latter is called Socrates, and is carried about rolled up like a mummy in the arms of one or other of the maid-servants.

On returning from my walk, I was engaged in putting up some plants I had picked on the way, an operation which seemed to amuse and interest Mr ——, who never left me a moment. He told me he believed I valued these plants more than anything I had seen in Cyprus. I protested against this, recollecting not only the impoliteness of such an acknowledgment, but also that I had just been presented by his wife with a very beautiful and new chemise, made of the most delicate silk gauze, which I had been inquiring about in order to purchase. "At least," he said, "you value them at more than a hundred dollars." But he was surprised I did not include among them some beautiful carnations and pinks, flowers of which there is generally a plant or two in their garden courts, and which they seem to hold in the utmost esteem. My assurance that it was from no disrespect to the pink, but because it was well known in England, did not seem quite to satisfy him.

We had some tea brought in, boiled in my own tin pot (which I brought with me for want of anything better), whilst I was still busy with my flowers, and had not finished, when it was discovered that a vessel, larger than any of those which generally frequent the port, was in sight, and appeared to be coming in. We went out upon the terrace (or roof of the house), and whilst the vessel was still some way off, heard Achmet's voice in the yard, and learned, with some surprise, that a boat had been sent from the ship at that distance, and that there was no intention to anchor, but only to slacken sail that we might go out to her. We lost no time, therefore, in packing up my bag (into which the above gauze chemise was thrust in spite of all resistance on my part), and took a hasty leave, rejoiced to perceive that we had not yet worn out our host's hospitality, and that we went away while it would still have been agreeable to them that we should have stopped.

I meant to have bought a few bottles of old Cyprus wine, which may be had of twenty, forty, and even sixty years, and is the more valuable in proportion as it is old; but finding that it was likely to be given me as a present, and also that I should not get any of great age, I contented myself with a single bottle, the age and value of which I was ignorant of. In return, I gave Mr —— . . . but the greatest kindness I did was not to press him (as we had been doing

before) to pay us a visit on board the ship, a step he could not have taken without considerable alarm, and which it would have been out of the question, under present circumstances, to propose.

There were two lights shown from the ship to guide our boat in its return. We heard they had sailed the day before from Larnaca at 4 A.M., but had made scarcely any way until to-day, when, in the afternoon, a favourable breeze sprang up, and brought them to Limasol in about four hours. The Tuscan brig did not set off until the afternoon of the same day on which our vessel started, but they came up with us in the night, or at least were seen a little distance off on the following morning, the 25th, when, the wind being again contrary, we were employed in tacking round Cape Gavato (or Delgatta), the southernmost point of Cyprus. It is a low and level promontory, stretching far into the sea, appearing to those who come from the west like an island, but seen, on a nearer approach, to be connected by a sandy isthmus with Cyprus. It is about three leagues to the southwest of Limasol. On the following morning (May 26th) we had passed Cape Blanco (or Bianco), six leagues from Cape Gavato. Cape Blanco derives its name from the chalky whiteness of its cliffs, which are steep and of considerable height. The coast beyond, towards Baffo, is low and marshy, though there is some elevated land rising parallel with it at no great distance. The captain, as the wind was still ahead, expressed his intention of going into Baffo; but we were all day trying to make for this place, and could not attain to it. Our two vessels were so close together in the evening that we attempted to speak to the other, but the effort answered very little purpose.

The next morning (May 27th) about 10 o'clock, we anchored off the beach at Baffo, and I went on shore with the captain and Mr C. to learn how far it was to the town. Our landing-place was at a few stones thrown down upon the beach in shallow water, under a square stone building which is or has been a magazine. Here we were surprised to find ourselves received by two or three well-dressed Turks, with their attendants, fully armed. The former were squatted on the ground smoking their pipes, and tranquilly awaiting our arrival; for having seen the two ships making for the port, they had come down from the town to know our business, and hear what account we could give of ourselves. The governor of the town was one of the party. The captain and I seated ourselves among the rest, whilst he satisfied their curiosity in Greek.

In this posture we were found by the three Englishmen from the Tuscan brig, who had followed us on shore, and who, after inquiring when we should be at Baffo, set off for the town upon the horses of the Turks, which they hired of them, while the captain and I returned to our ship for dinner. After this, we landed again at the same spot, but instead of finding the six donkeys or mules we had ordered to be waiting for us, there was nothing at all, and we were proceeding to walk quietly in the sun towards the town in the hope of meeting them, when one by one they came lazily forward across the fields to meet us, though only sufficient in number to allow Dr and Mrs ——, Mr C., and myself to mount.

The distance from our landing-place to the upper town of Baffo is about an hour and a half. The first part of it is through level cornfields, and waste ground overgrown

with a variety of thistles. We afterwards ascended a low ridge of rock (hewn into many caves) which rises abruptly like a cliff from the plain, and bending to the left along the ridge, overlooked some rich gardens of fig-trees and pomegranates, which lie in the nooks of their natural walls, and the flat corn-fields beyond, between them and the rising ground where stand the ruins of the old Venetian town of Baffo. We also saw, to the west of this, a castle standing out in the sea.

The upper town of Baffo consists (as the book says) of the quarter called the Metropolis, where the Turks live, and of the Greek quarter, called Ktima, and is about half a mile from the sea. We were taken to the house of a Greek, overlooking a church belonging to the same people, and the plain towards the sea. Here we found our English friends, who had been making a good luncheon on Cyprus wine and cheese (a small, hard, round cheese of the size of a roll, made of goat's milk), and were waiting for us.

When all our donkeys could be collected, we set off for the ruined town or *marina* (descending on foot the very steep rock upon which the upper town is built) into the plain. We soon arrived at Baffo, the ancient Paphos, and as we wandered amongst the considerable ruins of a place which has evidently had its palaces, churches, temples, and baths, amused ourselves by guessing the site of the famed temple of Venus, and which of the standing columns that are strewed about might have belonged to her portico. It is quite clear, however, I believe, that none of the ruins lying here are of the remote antiquity of that temple. If of the time of the Venetians, they are probably of the date of the sixteenth century; the Venetians, who bought the island of Cyprus of the heirs of the house of Lusignan, having lost it to the Turks in 1571.

The ruins are intermixed with gardens, which add to the beauty, if not to the interest of the place. Amongst the spots and objects which we noticed were a subterranean church or chapel in the rock with a well adjoining; a large marble slab in the shape of a door lying on its face, and divided by mouldings in the marble into three transverse compartments; a church, retaining some of its internal archings, in front of which are four columns (without capitals), alternately granite and marble, and which are half buried in the ground or in rubbish (a small portion of fresco-painting still adheres to the wall of the interior); a bath, in a very perfect state, consisting of a small room entered by an ornamented archway, and containing a large marble receiver for the water, standing like a lofty sarcophagus in the middle of the room, with the stones, &c., for heating the water behind the wall; a large church in the shape of a Latin cross, having a transept or chapel still nearly perfect at its south side;* and in an adjoining field, two tall upright columns of fine granite, and some short ones, one of which, of dark marble, is spirally fluted.

Ascending a little way beyond this last spot, we come to a small church or chapel, apparently in repair, but shut up, built upon a rock which overlooks the sea and

* This chapel is square, and has a Gothic window on three sides. The roof is entire, vaulted and groined. The walls of the church are almost even with the ground, except at the east end, where are still standing the two tribunes or alcoves terminating the aisles. A modern Greek church, apparently in use, adjoins this ruin.

the narrow portion of the plain intervening, as well as the castle projected on its rocky ledge into the sea on the right. A few palm-trees among the ruins near this spot, give it a very picturesque character; and we agreed that, had the isolated rock only presented a larger foundation, no better spot could be found for the fane of the Paphian goddess.

We saw scarcely any inhabitants among these ruins, though it appears, on the authority of the sailing-book, that there are (or were) about eighty families (Greeks and Turks) living here. There is an English agent at Baffo, but we did not see him, nor did I learn where he lived. I forgot to make any inquiry there respecting the famous Fontana Amorosa, which is not noticed in my sailing-book, though it is laid down in all the charts as being on the north coast of the island, a little to the east of Cape Saligno, which is at the north-west extremity of Cyprus. By inquiries next day through our boatmen, I learned that it would take three days to go there from Baffo, and return.

On our way back, we took a path which led us near the beach on level ground to the spot where we landed, and here parted with our English friends, whose eight o'clock dinner was waiting for them on board their vessel. We supposed we should meet again at Rhodes; but our respective captains, I believe, were not disposed that we should part company. The whole of the next morning and afternoon they remained at anchor, though the wind was not worse than usual, but only the same.

We sailed about six in the evening with a still contrary wind; diverged to the south-west from the island, without, however, losing sight of it, and it was still visible next day when we held a course more due west; but on the third day (31st May) Cyprus had disappeared.

SONG OF THE NIGHT.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIACOMO LEOPARDI.*

THOU silent orb of Night,
What dost thou in the Heaven?
Thou risest up at even,
And o'er the deserts throw'st thy light,
To sink at day;
Answer, and say,

* Giacomo Leopardi (born 1798, died 1837) was one of the first of the Italian poets of the last half-century. A constant victim to disease and suffering, he was incapacitated from sustained composition on a large scale, and his principal poems are "Canti" and "Canzoni." Of these, perhaps the best known is the "Canto Notturno," of which the present free translation (for neither the metre nor the words of the original admit of an exact rendering) is submitted to the reader. For an interesting article on Leopardi, with translations of some of his other poems, the reader is referred to Maga, vol. xcviii., Oct. 1865.

The author is supposed to be speaking in the person of a shepherd belonging to one of the wandering tribes who pasture their flocks on the wide plains of Central Asia.

The translator, while anxious to introduce to the English-reading public a version of so fine a poem as the "Canto Notturno," desires, at the same time, happy as he is in a simpler faith, to disclaim on his own account all sympathy with the gloomy "nihilism" which pervades it.—H. C. M.

Hast thou not yet too weary found
The grey hills' everlasting round?
Irks it thee not for aye
On the broad plain's monotony to gaze?
How like to thine pass the poor shepherd's days!
He rises with the sun,
Drives to the field his flocks, and sees
Fountains, and flocks, and trees—
Then, his task done,
Lies wearily down at eventide,
And asks for naught beside.
Oh tell me, of what use may be
His life to him, or thine to thee?
Oh tell me, whither tend,
And to what end
These our brief pilgrimages,
Or thine eternal course throughout the changeless ages?

A weak old man, with whitened hair,
Half clad, with bleeding feet, and bare,
Bowed down beneath a heavy load,
Unresting on his onward road—
Where their grim watch the mountains keep,
Where quicksands lurk, and forests sleep—
Through burning sun and blinding rain,
Through wind and storm and hurricane,
Through summer heats and winter snows
Upon his breathless course he goes,
O'er broken rock, by torrent lone,
Stumbles—falls—rises—hurries on—
He may not pause, he must not rest,
Though wounded, bloody, sore oppressed,
Till, all his pains and perils past,
What is the goal he finds at last?—
A vast abyss, a headlong fall,
And mere oblivion covers all.
Such, virgin morn, the span
And life of man!

With pain he draws his earliest breath,
And o'er the cradle broods the shadow of Death.
Even from his natal morn
Sorrow and suffering lie first before him;
And to console him that he e'er was born,
Is their first care that bore him.
Then ever, as he grows,
In deed and word they soothe him, and sustain
His trembling footsteps on the path of pain,
And for Life's woes
Bid him take heart, and be
Strong for the weary road of sad Humanity.
This is the choicest boon they give,

The parents to the child; but wherefore then
Must they thus force us to the light, and save
And rear us to be men,
But to console us for the gift they gave?
If Life is wretched, wherefore must we live?
Such, spotless moon, are we
Of this mortality:
But thou, that art not mortal, but divine,
Turnest a deaf ear to these words of mine.

And yet perchance, lone pilgrim of the night,
Keeping thy thoughtful watch for evermore,
Thou read'st the riddle of the world aright,
Why men must bear so much, and grieve so sore.
Thou knowest what Death is, that from the face
Blots all the colours with one terrible hue;
And to what end thus, in a moment's space,
We perish out of all we loved and knew.
Nature for thee has a sure note of warning,
Which to thy vision all her purpose clears—
The meaning of the Evening and the Morning,
And of the silent, infinite march of years.
Thou knowest why Spring's kisses wake the hills,
And why the Summer burns, and why the Winter chills.

It must be that thou knowest all these things,
Though hidden from the simple shepherd's eyes;
Or so I dream, in vague imaginings
Watching thy silver silence in the skies,
Where on their broad bounds close Heaven's distant bars;
And while my dull flocks slowly follow me,
I look upon the Night aflame with stars,
And ask within me, what all this may be!
What means this infinite vault, and this profound
And infinite serenity on high,
And the great solitude that girds us round?
Oh, what are all these things, and what am I?
'Tis thus I wonder with myself—in vain;
Creation's uses are all dark to me,
The royal Heaven's immeasurable plain,
And the unnumbered stars' bright company,
And all the ceaseless toil, and mad endeavour,
Of things in Heaven and things upon the Earth,
Which turn and turn, for ever and for ever,
But to return where they had first their birth.*
The fruit and purpose of all these I miss,
Which, fair immortal, thou interpretest;
But all I know and all I feel is this,
That from the restless round of their unrest,

* Perhaps the unconscious tribute of the poet to the great Ποιητής of all. "The spirit shall return to the God who gave it."—H. C. M.

And even from me, frail waif, others may borrow
Some good or some content,—to me my life is sorrow.
  Happy, my flocks, are ye,
  That know not your own misery!
  How do I envy you your lot!
      Nor only so,
      Because ye sorrow not,
  And that all terror, pain, distress,
  Are in a moment's time forgot,
  But that ye never chanced to know
      Life's utter weariness.
Lapped in the soft shade, on the growing grasses,
Ye cheat the time in indolent repose;
But, though for me as peacefully it passes,
      No peace my spirit knows.
  Verdure and shade invite in vain,
Some strange spur goads me with an aching pain;
  The more I rest, the more upon me grows
      This dull unrest of brain.
  Yet have I naught to ask, naught to lament;
  As idle as your joy my discontent—
  But, though I cannot measure
  Whence or how great your pleasure,
      Happy, my flocks, are ye!
      Would ye could find a voice,
      To tell why ye rejoice,
  And that which gladdens you so wearies me!

  O gentle flock! O silver moon! had I
      Wings o'er the clouds to fly,
      And one by one the stars to number,
      Or like the thunder leap
      Headlong from steep to steep,
  Then might my soul rouse from its dreary slumber
  To happier waking; or too well it may be
    That mine is but the common doom of Earth,
    And whatsoe'er their lot, where'er their way be,
Fatal to all things born must be their day of birth.

HERMAN C. MERIVALE.

A FETISH CITY.

Some of the irreverent have long felt a suspicion that the ancients knew more about this world of ours than is accredited to them in the 'Classical Atlas.' Greeks and Romans did not publish the log of every ship entering their ports, nor examine the crew of each *oneraria* returned from parts unknown. The silence of pedantic geographers, who evidently took small pains to verify the accounts handed to them, is not to be relied on. Gentlemen of that sort feel more interest in refuting a predecessor, in triumphing over his misstated facts and mangling his theories, than in widening the general knowledge. Nevertheless a man is startled at first when local antiquaries invite him to credit Greek ruins in the Transvaal. They do wisely to put forward unquestionable evidence in support of such a statement. That has been done. Friezes, capitals, and miscellaneous objects, Greek in character beyond any doubt, have been forwarded to Cape Town from the neighbourhood of Bloemhof. They are important enough to show—if one may trust the judgment of those who have examined them—that a large city once stood there, and that high civilisation reigned therein. As is usual when the spell of oblivion breaks, it is suddenly discovered that the fact was known long ago, The œkist of Cape Colony, Van Riebeck, mentioned incidentally (edition of 1657, London) that far to the north lay a great city, Momotopata, adorned with temples, porticos, and columns. No one appears to have heard of the place from that time till now. Upon this evidence the ruins below Bloemhof have been called by the name Van Riebeck gives;—by the by, he adds that diamonds abound there. Without committing myself to any opinion, I wish to put forward a very curious report I received on the Diamond Fields from a digger, very poor and very eccentric. At that time the idea of a Greek city in South Africa would have been ridiculed without mercy. I myself paid no attention to the tale, but since a Greek city is now admitted, I cannot but remember this man's declaration.

Very poor and very eccentric he was indeed. At that time rags commanded no pity on the Fields, for they often contained, in their dirtiest recesses, some little store of gems which duchesses might envy. Nor were we prone to accept a miserable way of life as evidence of poverty, since examples familiar to every one inculcated caution. But seeing this man every day—for I lived just above his claim at Bultfontein—seeing him always at work, with an animated jack-jumper of a bush-boy for sole companion, I fell into the habit of wishing him good-day and luck. He seldom answered, which fact gave, perhaps, a zest to my unwearied courtesy. But when he did throw back the dirty hair from his eyes, swollen and bloodshot—the digger's eye, inflamed with dazzle of the grit, and sunshine blazing in the snowy walls of "stuff," and poisonous dust of lime that fills the air—his reply was always "Nix, mate!" Early in our acquaintance I told him to bring me his first "find," promising a fabulous price for luck. He never brought it. His bush-boy grew more bird-like and less human daily. It was not difficult to see that these poor wretches were starving, presently. The conviction

struck me one day, and I invited the man to my tent, whilst intrusting his boy to my head Kaffir, Chawles.

The urchin had a due share of those extraordinary gifts with which Providence has supplied his race for our bewilderment. He mimicked successively a lion, an elephant, a baboon, an ostrich, and other animals within his experience; fought a battle, and died; imitated me; and then, whilst my Kaffirs rolled with laughter, suddenly changed to a likeness of Chawles,—all in that nervous, restless, uncomprehending manner which makes the bush-boy resemble a bird the more, the more he shows a simian intelligence. He neither laughed nor seemed to know what he was doing. His eyes never ceased to glint and turn. His small muscles quivered restlessly even when he imitated, with marvellous truth, the stately pawing of a lion. Before his performance, and immediately after, he devoured "mealies" and offal, nearly raw, in quantities to astonish even a Kaffir. And then he laid him supine, and slept, with features twitching, stomach swollen like a drum, and little thin legs extended, but unrelaxed, ready to bound upon his feet at the slightest noise. An extraordinary creature is the Bushman, — one to drive conscientious anthropologists to despair.

Meanwhile I entertained my guest. He told me that he was an Africander of Huguenot blood. He had traded on a large scale up country; but one misfortune after another had broken up his connection with the Kaffir chiefs, and reduced him to digging on Bultfontein. Compassion would be quite thrown away upon many of his fellows in that state of life, but Vasson was not lucky. In four months of hard work he had found nothing. I was able to put the poor fellow into a small claim I had just purchased, where the usual percentage of half the finds for his labour should make him comfortable, and might give him a fortune. So, the next day, he set to work rejoicing.

I did not see much of Vasson after that, except on a Saturday, when he brought my diamonds, if any, and balanced accounts. The venture was fairly successful. After a time I moved to New Rush, with a round sum which my particular claim had brought me; and then, though not unlucky upon the whole, I met with an accident which laid me up for several months. It was in that time that I really made acquaintance with Vasson, who was very shy and retiring. Many stories he told to relieve the horrible tedium of my illness. My friends more prosperous were not unkind; but the business of diamond-digging in that halcyon day was too full of excitement, too cruelly checkered by ups and downs, to leave remembrance for those "shut up and left" in the struggle. A joyous word at the door, a hasty tale of somebody's luck, or of somebody's folly, exhausted the charitable impulse of my comrades. Vasson was a man of another stamp—lower, I think, but more grateful to me then. Somewhat dull, very self-conscious, silent, as are all who have passed their life among savages, and unable by constitution and habit to see the best point of his own stories, he was still my pleasantest companion—in fact, my only one. Many curious hints and details I picked up from him of life "up country," which I now regret to have let pass without a note. But one tale of his—that which I am about to transcribe—was impressed by three repetitions. I am sure I have it correct. After hearing, the reader

may decide for himself whether Cape Town antiquaries are right in identifying the ruins below Bloemhof with the ancient Momotopata.

In 1861 Vasson went up towards "the Lakes" with a train of five waggons, carrying about £5000 worth of goods, cotton, gunpowder, cutlery, and the like. Even at that time the trade was not what it had been. Competition had set in, and, as a necessary consequence, a reckless system of credit. Though the great chiefs still held themselves bound to one or other trader, they began to cease coercing their inferiors. These, unrestrained by pride, and incapable of balancing the advantages of honesty, did not regard their bargains as sacred. They took what they could get, promised everything, and performed as little as possible. Under sufficient pressing, the kings would still perpetrate horrible tortures upon a swindler; but the ferocity of their justice deterred humane traders from appealing to it, the more especially since one serious word from his black suzerain would have stopped any chief—which word was not pronounced. In fact, the monopoly was breaking up. But without monopoly, in these days of enterprise and universal speculation, savage trade cannot be carried on. I must ask the reader to think out for himself the necessity of this case, since I have no room to demonstrate it. His reflections will be greatly aided by a short conversation with any merchant who has commercial relations with Africa, with the far East, and such latitudes.

Vasson understood his business, and he foresaw the dead-lock which has since come about. He resolved to leave the track, already too much beaten by Jews and carpet-baggers, who, getting their own goods on credit, could afford, in a dishonest sense, to sell them on the same terms. After eighteen months' wandering amongst old customers, he reached the northern limit of the Matabele country. That warlike people claim authority over all bordering tribes; and if the king had known that one of "his traders" had ventured across the frontier, it might have cost that daring man his life. But Vasson was well acquainted with the risk. The Matabele keep a line of desert round them, like the ancient Suevi. Their ferocious bands constantly traverse it, but Vasson trusted to his own vigilance, and the superhuman cunning of his bush-boys. These people to the trader are more than dogs to the sportsman. My friend's oxen and horses were all "salted"—that is, had suffered and survived the attacks of the tzetze-fly; with them he confidently ventured into parts unknown; and upon leaving the trade-route, he followed a course due westward, in about the latitude, as he thinks, of Sofala.

The desert barrier of the Matabele is about thirty miles wide, beyond which, as they tell you, extends a country to which "no man comes nor hath come since the making of the world." That was the question which Vasson proposed to test. A week's journey through lands where his oxen found abundance of forage, showed him that the Matabele, in this respect as in others, are indifferent to the truth. He came upon a district well wooded, full of game, and not uncultivated, though the people remained invisible. They had cause to hide, with such savage neighbours. Vasson scouted assiduously, but failed to discover so much as a farm-hut. He had not yet quite passed the area of *veldt* lands, and with some judgment and risk could take his waggons in a line tolerably straight. Twenty Hottentots and Bastards well armed made his company, besides half-a-dozen teamsters, and as many bush-boys. They had stood

by him in worse fights than he was likely to encounter.

Where there is cultivation there must be people, and where people, trade. For the raw material appeared in plenty, and if these barbarians did not yet know the delight of cotton cloths and rum, business would be only the more profitable. Exciting work it is to push through an unknown country when the population remains obstinately out of sight, but African traders of the old school do not easily take alarm. Nevertheless, when he had marched for three weeks on end through this peopled solitude, passing never a road, seeing no house nor any inhabitant, Vasson began to feel anxious. For his life he entertained no fear at all, but a thousand accidents might wreck his fortune; and his Hottentots, afraid, like all negroes, of the unknown, grew more and more gloomy as they advanced. Game, however, showed in plenty, and thus the men escaped all pretence of hunger, that supreme excitement of insubordination and alarm.

After three weeks' steady journeying they found themselves before a chain of hills which barred their course. The vegetation had become more dense, and each day it grew more difficult to force the waggons on. Vasson announced that if from their tops no satisfactory prospect could be seen, he would turn back, and try districts eastward of the Matabele, which are known, indeed, but rarely visited. Accordingly, he left the waggons there, and climbed the nearest hill with a few trusty Hottentots. A day and a half brought him to the top, and from a clear knoll he looked across the plain below. First to catch his sight was a great river flowing northward, along the foot of the high ground. Its banks, thickly wooded, were patched with clearings of lighter green, which showed more frequent towards the left, where a long space seemed to mark a town. Not less than twenty miles of country lay before Vasson's eye, so far as he could judge, and it was all peopled and cultivated. He took rough bearings of a *kloof* or pass which seemed likely to be practicable for his waggons, and returned in great contentment. Half-way back he met a couple of the men left in charge escorting a number of strangers. The latter halted, whilst the Hottentots delivered their message. They brought overtures of friendship from an unknown sovereign. Vasson instantly produced his flask, and opened communication. The ambassadors were much like any other negroes — almost naked, well-shaped, and snub-featured. Their ornaments and clothes showed no sign of intercourse with Europeans, at which view the trader rejoiced. They wore a smiling and gentle expression, and carried no arms. The one peculiarity which struck Vasson was their mode of arranging the hair—that distinctive mark among negro tribes. These people shaved the crown of the head, and twisted their wool back over a pad from forehead to nape. They spoke Matabele with some difficulty.

The purport of their message was an invitation to the royal kraal. They said that the white man's presence had been reported to their king long ago, to his great satisfaction. He wished no better than to trade, and he would make himself responsible for the white man's stock. In earnest of his good intentions, he had sent these officers to guide the travellers, intrusting them with presents of food. All this is so usual on the part of a negro monarch that Vasson did not feel surprise. Though omitting no precaution, he followed the ambassadors readily. They did not lead him through the kloof which

his sagacity had chosen, but guided the waggons by a longer route, perhaps more convenient, but toilsome enough.

It is hard work to gather details from an African trader. A negro is a negro to him, a king is a king, and his palace is sufficiently described by the noun-substantive. All that occurred to Vasson as worth mentioning about this people was, that they seemed more intelligent and better-tempered than the warrior tribes with whom he had hitherto done business. They were fairer, perhaps; but in a negro kraal of the interior every shade of complexion may be noticed, from soot-black to bronze-yellow. Their features, too, were comparatively regular, but scarcely more so than in other cases. No exercise of memory could recall anything more peculiar about king or subjects. His majesty received the guest with usual ceremonies, raised him a large hut, and showed a perfect bewilderment of joy at the presents offered. He had never seen a white man before; and such European manufactures as had hitherto made his choicest spoil had been won from marauding Matabele. The king was young and good-looking. He possessed some hundreds of wives, a little army of *caboceers*, and used such ceremonial as is affected by other negro potentates. Trade proved to be excellent. The people had quantities of ivory, dressed skins, a good deal of gold-dust, and a few ostrich-feathers of high class. Some ancestral stones they valued also, which Vasson now recognises to have been diamonds. For the sake of encouragement he brought a few from influential personages; but, putting no value on them, they were soon lost. The trade could be properly described by no word less emphatic than "roaring." Whole tusks of ivory Vasson bought for a roll of cotton, feathers at six pennyworth of rum, superb *karosses* at a similar rate. In two months he had sold all his stock remaining, and justly considered himself a capitalist.

During this time he passed through the adventure which struck my imagination. The royal town, as I have said, was clustered on a spur of the mountain, with an arm of the river at its foot. The guides had brought Vasson over a defile many miles to the southward, and so down the river-bank. But when he began to think of returning, he remembered that kloof upon the northern side of the spur, which would certainly cut off many miles of road, if practicable. To his inquiries the answer was unanimous, that a thousand difficulties intervened. But something in the manner of his hosts convinced Vasson that they were telling a falsehood. Having now such a precious cargo, all kinds of fancies and suspicions gathered in his mind. He resolved to explore; and with that object accustomed the people to see him take long walks into the country, with his gun and a bush-boy. Then, having disarmed the jealousy of these simple fellows, he set out one day for the excursion.

Several paths led from the town to farm-lands on the river-bank. Vasson intended to round the hill, but, after walking a couple of miles, he crossed a narrow track that mounted on his right. Without hesitation he followed this short cut. The steep and broken path seemed to have had few travellers of late, but it climbed in a direction such that Vasson began to hope it would take him to the kloof itself. The distance was greater than he had thought; four hours good walking carried him only to the crest of the descent. He met no soul, but fetishes in abundance, which chilled the very marrow of his bush-boy. Fearsome objects

they were indeed, bits of awful rag tied to sticks, rotten chunks of wood across the road, feathers and strings fluttering on a branch. These things became more frequent as they went on, and Vasson began to fear that the kloof might be a fetish place, which would account for everything.

The path ended suddenly at a table-rock, which stood sheer above the entrance to a defile. Vasson halted in amaze. Before and above him rose a great propylon garlanded with creepers. Its blocks of huge stone showed scarcely one effacing mark of time. Gods long forgotten held court thereon, accepted tribute of peoples extinct, received the worship of mighty monarchs unrecorded. The cornice harboured flowers and birds in its bold ledge, but the shadow of it fell almost as clean as on the day when ancient colonies raised it—who shall tell how many centuries ago! The great arch stood at right angles to Vasson's place, and spanned nearly half the narrow cleft. Twenty men abreast could have walked through it, and the ground below was level like a causeway, though overgrown with brush. To left, the sheer precipice advanced so suddenly that Vasson could catch but a glimpse of the river; to right, at a hundred yards' distance, the semi-circle was completed, shutting out all further view up the pass. A deadly silence reigned. Not a breath stirred the glossy leaves, shining and glittering against the hot blue sky. Whip-like creepers trailed from the cornice without a shiver, and their bright stars of blossoms hung motionless. The sunshine burnt with stilly vehemence upon the pale-red stone, and checkered it with shadows deep as sculptured leaves. Such sight as that never came before the wanderer's eye. Vasson was seized with a reckless curiosity to know what lay beyond.

Right and left the cliff rose like a wall, so cut by human labour. Where he looked down, the vines beneath his feet had been smoothed away, but at a little distance on either side they fell to the very ground. He turned to force a way through the bush, and thus caught sight of his companion, who lay prostrate and shivering with fear, his eyes covered. Thus were the natives used to fall, no doubt, while they supplicated the fetish. Vasson told the half-inanimate creature that he wished to consult the gods in their very home, and left him there. He pushed without difficulty along the escarpment, for such it was—designed, without doubt, for the use of archers in case of attack. A few yards on, he found a creeper suitable, slung his rifle, and dropped down. Thoughtlessly letting go his hold, he fell waist-deep into a morass, hidden by broad-leaved plants and herbage. A cry of despair escaped him, but the bottom of the morass proved to be hard as stone. After great exertions, sounding with his ramrod, he gained the bank, which was faced with slabs of granite. Superhuman in its grandeur the arch appeared as Vasson stood beneath it and looked through. Upon the side remote from his former station, footholes had been rudely cut, and two strong ropes hung from the top. He saw the trick now. By this staircase mounted the fetish-priests to play their savage tricks upon the simple folk who asked their aid.

Keeping a look-out for treacherous magicians and snakes scarcely less harmful, Vasson walked up the kloof. After two or three turnings, always between those barriers of cliff, which at each corner bore a ruined turret, he saw at length the open space beyond, and once more halted with a thrill. What he had supposed a kloof was a level basin of many

hundred acres. Though it was well clothed with trees, he could trace the lie of the land; but no opening appeared save that in which he stood. Lofty hills closed round it like a wall. But other sights absorbed him. The causeway he had followed led to another propylon, and through that to a maze of stately ruins. White as marble in the distance shone the walls of a city, gapped, dismantled, but still superb. Only a glimpse of their circuit could be gained through intervening clumps of wood. Above and under and among the ruins green heads of foliage rose high into the air, with white columns gleaming through. Vasson was but a trader, and not imaginative; but such a sight killed fear. Experience told him that the fetish-men themselves would not be likely to dwell in these haunted ruins; indeed he marked a few brown huts under a knoll, with people moving to and fro. Heedless of consequences in his excitement, he plunged into the woods upon his left.

Stumbling over broken columns, turned from his course by walls half erect, he struggled on, guided by the hunter's instinct. After two hours' work the bastions of the city gleamed on a sudden through the trees. He had approached within fifty yards before seeing them. Like a hill of masonry the dismounted blocks sloped upwards. Trees stood amongst them, bushes sprang in every cleft between huge stones. Ten yards in air hung a big rock, lifted by the crest of a young cotton-tree, hurrying towards the light. Vasson climbed easily over the ruins. Within he found a vigorous jungle reigning, pavements all covered and broken, streets and houses uprooted. A few yards on either side bounded his utmost view, but what he saw convinced him of the luxury once ruling in this savage land. To right and left he made his way, finding only trees and thickets in a wilderness of rubbish. The tall white columns evidently stood in another quarter of the town. It was time to set back. But just as he made up his mind to turn, Vasson caught a glimpse of more important ruins, and pushed on for a last chance.

Another scramble on walls overthrown brought him to the edge of such a cavity as misdirected experience enabled him to recognise with ease. It was a "pan," says Vasson, fitted with seats halfway round. Those who know South African scenery will perceive how natural was the mistake. What Vasson thought to be a "pan" was doubtless a theatre. It seemed to me strong evidence of truth that the man should intelligibly describe objects so far beyond his knowledge as a propylon and a Greco-Egyptian theatre. The ranges of seats were almost perfect, and the wall of the uposkenion—to use the proper word—could be distinctly followed. Enough of it was left to give half-a-dozen persons a lofty seat. So many, in fact, lounged upon it, basking in the sun. The bright colours of their dress caught Vasson's eye upon the instant. He crouched in superstitious awe, for his nerves had been long on stretch. The skin of these people was white, their costume strange. Instinctively the explorer hid, but not in time. They saw him, and, leaping from the perch, they fled with an eerie clamour. Peering down, Vasson saw them pass between the shattered orchestra and the public seats. All his tremors vanished. The white complexion was yellow and diseased, the white hair sapless, the brilliant dresses fluttering tufts of rag. The creatures who dared to occupy that haunted city were Albino idiots, a class very common in negroland. Of their colour the fetish-

men made use, no doubt, when needful, and their foolishness preserved them from the terrors of the place.

Vasson hasted back, though he judged that the Albinos' exaggerated report would be more likely to alarm the priests than to stir them to pursuit. He had marked his track, of course, and followed it with speed. When the brown huts again came into sight, he was not surprised to observe a great animation reigning. The Albinos all were there, fluttering like a small crowd of parrots on the ground. But the fetish men and women had doubtless withdrawn to perform their incantations—in which they at least believe—and to construe this portent with awful alarms. Vasson crept from bush to bush across the open, gained the kloof, plunged into the morass where he had sounded it, swarmed the cliff, and found his bush-boy—still prostrate, still with eyes covered, still praying or sleeping, or—one knows not what to fancy of a creature but half human. At his master's kick he raised himself quietly to follow. Choosing a back way they reached the town before sunset, and Vasson called upon the king at once for his P.P.C. He "grasped the situation," and perceived that the fetish-men would be no long time before discovering that the white stranger had explored their mysteries. The small surplus of his stock Vasson distributed amongst the royal household and the most powerful *caboceers.* Twenty-four hours after beholding these strange sights he inspanned for the home journey.

Vasson passed safely through the Matabele realm, not without suspicion, however. Judicious bribes saved him. In reaching the colony he found himself a man of fortune. But successful traders in South Africa are the favourite victims of legal knavery. They gain an exaggerated notion of their shrewdness, which is only rectified by disastrous matching with the trained wit of German Hebrews. Vasson, like others, was as good as ruined the day he opened business. Three years after, he was obliged to take the "Kaffir road" once more, and his course was naturally directed towards that rich, retiring, and unsophisticated population, the secret of whose existence he had breathed to no soul living before me. But circumstances had changed. Who shall guess how the Matabele had heard of his illicit explorations, or how rumours wander across the desert? That question has occupied many minds, but it did not seem *actuel* to Vasson when the Matabele seized his waggons, arms, goods, and Hottentots for treason, taking credit for leaving him his life. My poor friend returned with a single horse and a sack of "mealies." The first venture into fairyland made his fortune; the second ruined him beyond hope. After that catastrophe he rubbed along with petty trade, penuriously saving up for another expedition. The ancients were wise. It costs a man his life to see the mysteries of the gods. In the hope of sudden wealth Vasson had tried the Diamond Fields, but to no purpose, for the object he had in view. None who keep before them a definite design succeed there, the evil Fates alone know why, for surely these deserve protection. When I left, Vasson had gathered but a very few hundred pounds toward the thousands needed. I have heard nothing from him since, but the newspapers inform us that Momotopata has been identified in certain Greek ruins below Bloemhof in the Transvaal. What then was Vasson's city? Were there two Greco-Egyptian colonies?

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

"Wenn ich an deinem Hause."

When past thy house at morning
  I take my way, to see
Thy face, sweet, at the window,
  Is deep delight to me.

Thy dark-brown eyes seem to ask me,
  As my sad, pale looks they scan,
Who art thou, and what ails thee,
  Thou strange and woe-worn man?

"I am a German poet,
  Through Germany widely known;
When they name the names that are famous,
  With these they will name my own.

"And what I ail, my sweet one,
  Why, most men ail the same;
When they name the worst of sorrows,
  Mine, too, they are sure to name."

"Man glaubt, dass ich mich gräme."

People think, that for love I am wasting,
  That my heart is wellnigh broke;
And I've come myself to believe it
  As firmly as other folk.

Thou great-eyed dear little creature,
  I have vow'd to thee day after day,
That words cannot tell how I love thee,
  That love gnaws my heart away.

But 'tis only alone in my chamber
  These passionate speeches have come;
And, alas! when I had thee before me,
  I have always been utterly dumb.

Oh yes, there were wicked spirits,
  Who sealed up my lips then and there;
And 'tis all through their wicked misdoings
  That now I am sunk in despair.

"*Der Schmetterling ist in die Rose verliebt.*"

THE butterfly is with the rose in love,
  Flits round her all the day;
But around himself with fondling smile
  The passion-stricken sunbeams play.

With whom the while is the rose in love?
  Who knows what her secrets are?
Is it the full-throated nightingale?
  Is it the silent evening star?

I know not with whom the rose is in love,
  But I love you all *sans* fail,
Rose, and sunbeams, and butterfly,
  Evening star, and nightingale.

"*Vergiftet sind meine Lieder.*"

MY songs, they are poison'd—poison'd!
  How otherwise could it be?
Over the flowers of my life's fresh hours
  Has poison been pour'd by thee.

My songs, they are poison'd—poison'd!
  How otherwise could it be?
In my heart I bear serpents many, and there
  I bear with them, dearest, thee.

"*In mein gar zu dunkles Leben.*"

ONCE upon my life's dark pathway,
  Gleam'd a phantom of delight;
Now that phantom fair has vanish'd,
  I am wholly wrapt in night.

Children in the dark, they suffer
  At their heart a spasm of fear;
And, their inward pain to deaden,
  Sing aloud, that all may hear.

I, a madcap child, now childlike
  In the dark to sing am fain;
If my song be not delightsome,
  It at least has eased my pain.

"So wandl' ich wieder den alten Weg."

So again I am pacing the well-known streets,
  The road I so oft have taken;
I come to the house where my darling dwelt,—
  How blank it looks and forsaken!

The streets are too narrow, they shut me in!
  The very stones of them scare me!
The houses fall on my head! I fly
  As fast as my feet can bear me!

"Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne!"

THE rose, the lily, the sun, and the dove,
I loved them all, with a passion of love.
That is past; now one only is dear to me,
My pretty, my witty, pure, peerless she;
She herself, source of all that is worthy love,
Is rose, and lily, and sun, and dove.

"Dein Angesicht, so lieb und schön."

THY face, so sweet and fair to see,
Of late has come in my dreams to me;
It is so gentle, and angel-fair,
And yet so wan, so wan with care.

The lips are rose-red; but anon
Death kisses them, and they are wan;
And quench'd is the celestial light,
That from thy sweet eyes flashes bright.

"Mein Liebchen, wir sassen beisammen."

MY love, we were sitting together
  In a skiff, thou and I alone;
Twas night, very still was the weather,
  And the great sea we floated on.

Fair isles in the moonlight were lying,
  Like spirits, asleep in a trance;
There strains of sweet music were sighing,
  And the mists heaved in aëry dance.

And ever more sweet the strains rose there,
  The mists flitted lightly and free;
But we floated on with our woes there,
  Forlorn on that wide, wide sea.

"*Ein Jungling liebt ein Mädchen.*"

A YOUNG man loves a maiden,
  She somebody else prefers,
That somebody else loves another,
  Who makes him by wedlock hers.

The maiden in mere vexation,
  Because of the loss she has had,
Weds the first kind soul that offers,
  And this makes the young man mad.

'Tis an old, a very old story,
  But still it is always new;
And when and wherever it happens,
  A man's heart is broken in two.

"*Du liebst mich nicht, Du liebst mich nicht.*"

MY love you cannot, cannot brook!
  I don't let that distress me;
So I but on thy face may look,
  In that's enough to bless me.

You hate, you hate, you hate me! is
  Your rosy-red mouth's greeting;
But let me have that mouth to kiss,
  And I'm content, my sweeting!

"*Oh, schwöre nicht, und küsse nur!*"

OH, swear not, only kiss me now,—
I believe, not I, no woman's vow!
Thy words are sweet, but sweeter far
The kisses I've ta'en from thy sweet lips are
These are mine, and in them I believe;
Words are mere vapour, and only deceive.

Oh, go on swearing, sweet love of mine!
I believe thy words, just because they are thine;
I swoon in rapture upon thy breast,
And believe that I am supremely blest;
I believe thou wilt love me for ever and aye,
And after that, too,—ay, for many a day!

"Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen."

HARK to yon fiddling and fluting,
  The trumpets bray loudly out!
My heart's very darling is footing
  It there with her wedding rout.

Hark to yon booming and droning
  Of hautboy, bassoon, and drum!
And, mingled through all, the moaning
  And sobs of good angels come.

"Ach, wenn ich nur der Schemel wär'."

(*The Head speaks.*)

OH, were I but the footstool, where
  The feet of my dear lady rest,
Press how she might, I should not care,
  The very pain would make me blest!

(*The Heart speaks.*)

Oh, were I but the cushion, where
  She sticks her pins and needles in,
Prick how they might, I should not care,
  Each prick a smile should only win!

(*The Song speaks.*)

Oh, were I but the paper roll,
  From which her *papillotes* she takes,
I'd whisper to her, how my soul
  For her, her only, lives and aches!

"Die blaue Frühling's Augen."

THE azure eyes of spring-time
  Look up from the grass; and they
Are the violets sweet I have chosen
  As a chaplet for my dear May.

I gather them, thinking, thinking,
  And all the thoughts that crowd
On my heart, and set it sighing,
  The nightingale sings aloud.

Yes, all I think she sings out
  In loud and piercing tone;
So is my tender secret
  To all the woodland known.

"Wenn du vorüberwandelst."

If thou dost but pass before me,
And I feel but the touch of thy dress,
My heart leaps, and follows in rapture
The track of thy loveliness.

Then thou turnest about, and bendest
Those great eyes of thine on me,
And my heart is so stricken with panic,
It scarcely can follow thee.

"Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam."

A pine-tree stands alone on
A bare bleak northern height;
The ice and snow they swathe it,
As it sleeps there, all in white.

'Tis dreaming of a palm-tree,
In a far-off Eastern land,
That mourns, alone and silent,
On a ledge of burning sand.

"Mein süsses Lieb, wenn du im Grab."

When thou shalt lie, my darling, low
In the dark grave, where they hide thee,
Then down to thee I will surely go,
And nestle in beside thee.

Wildly I'll kiss and clasp thee there,
Pale, cold, and silent lying;
Shout, shudder, weep in dumb despair,
Beside my dead love dying.

The midnight calls, up rise the dead,
And dance in airy swarms there;
We twain quit not our earthly bed,
I lie wrapt in your arms there.

Up rise the dead; the Judgment-day
To bliss or anguish calls them;
We twain lie on as before we lay,
And heed not what befalls them.

"Die Mitternacht war kalt und stumm."

THE midnight was cold, and still, and sad,
I roam'd through the wood, and my heart was mad;
I scared from slumber tree after tree,
And in pity they shook their heads at me.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet."

IN dreams, oh, I have wept, love!
I dream'd in the grave you were laid;
I awoke, and my cheek was wet, love,
And tears still adown it stray'd.

In dreams, oh, I have wept, love!
I dream'd you were false to me;
I awoke, and I went on weeping
Long, long and bitterly.

In dreams, oh, I have wept, love
I dream'd you still held me dear;
I awoke, and unto this hour, love,
Weep many a scalding tear.

"Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich."

I SEE thee nightly in dreams, my sweet,
Thine eyes the old welcome making,
And I fling me down at thy dear feet
With the cry of a heart that is breaking.

Thou lookest at me in woful wise
With a smile so sad and holy,
And pearly tear-drops from thine eyes
Steal silently and slowly.

Whispering a word thou lay'st on my hair
A wreath with sad cypress shotten;
I awake,—the wreath is no longer there,
And the word I have forgotten.

"*Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen.*"

HARK to the roar and the howling,
The rain, the autumnal squall!
My poor, sad darling, I wonder
Where she is amidst it all?

At the window I see her leaning
In her little lonely room;
Her eyes with tears overflowing,
She stares out into the gloom.

"*Aus alten Märchen winkt es.*"

FROM the realm of old-world story
There beckons a lily hand,
That calls up the sweetness, the glory,
The sounds of a magic land.

Where huge flowers droop in the splendour
Of closing day's golden red,
And gaze on each other with tender
Looks as of lovers new wed;

Where all the trees, too, have voices,
And all like a chorus sing,
And a sound as of music rejoices
In the babble of every spring;

On the air songs of true love are swelling,
Such as never elsewhere thou hast heard,
Till by yearnings divine beyond telling
Thy soul is divinely stirr'd.

Oh me, if I might go thither,
And gladden my care-worn breast,
Shake off all the sorrows that wither,
Be happy and truly at rest!

Ah, many a time in my dreaming
Through that blessed region I roam!
Then the morning sun comes with its beaming,
And scatters it all like foam.

"Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen."

'Tis summer, a bright summer morning,
And through the garden I stray;
The flowers, they prattle and whisper,
But I not a word can say.

The flowers, they prattle and whisper,
With pity my looks they scan;
"Oh, be not unkind to our sister,
Thou pale-faced, woe-worn man!"

"Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen auf Herze mein."

Lay your dear little hand on my heart, my fair!
Ah! you hear, how it knocks in its chamber there?
In it dwells a carpenter grim and vile,
And he's shaping a coffin for me the while.

There is knocking and hammering night and day;
Long since they have frighten'd my sleep away.
O carpenter, show that you know your trade,
That so to sleep I may soon be laid!

"Ich unglückselet'ger Atlas! Eine Welt."

I a most ill-starr'd Atlas! I am doom'd
To bear a world, all the whole world of sorrows;
To bear what is not bearable, and suffer
A slow heart-breaking anguish.

Thou haughty heart, thou hast e'en will'd it so!
Thou wouldst be happy, infinitely happy,
Or infinitely wretched, haughty heart,
And see now, thou art wretched!

LORD HARTINGTON'S RESOLUTIONS, AND THE POSITION OF THE OPPOSITION.

WITH the close of the Parliamentary session, terminates one of the most important chapters in the history of the Eastern Question. In the pages of the Magazine we have carefully traced every stage of the events of the last three years, and the important debate on Lord Hartington's Resolutions deserves by itself a brief commentary at our hands.

Criticism might indeed be summarised by recording the numbers of votes registered in favour of the Administration, for when in a pitched battle on ground selected by themselves, the Opposition leaders can only muster 195 supporters, as against 338 followers of the Government, the policy they advocate, or the objections they advance, stand *ipso facto* condemned. But it must be remembered that as the fortune of political warfare may at a future time place these gentlemen in the position of the responsible Ministers of this country, their utterances merit our serious attention, in order that we may know what their line of action is likely to be in the unhappy event of a European crisis arising during their tenure of power. Now we will first quote a rather remarkable sentence in Lord Hartington's opening speech. Criticising the temporary character of the Berlin Treaty, his lordship compared it with the Treaty of San Stefano, and said, "I give no opinion whether it (the Treaty of Berlin) is a better solution or not, but the Treaty of San Stefano pointed to a complete solution, which would have been entirely and solely in the interests of the Slav races." Englishmen then are to take it that the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons considers that it is at all events an open question whether the Treaty of San Stefano or the Treaty of Berlin would have been the better solution of the Eastern Question. Now, whilst we admit that there is some force in the argument that the Treaty of Berlin is making the best of a bad bargain, it is certainly a novel idea to us that its provisions could be held, under any circumstances, to be less advantageous to England than were those of the Treaty of San Stefano.

One other remark of Lord Hartington's must also be placed on record. Speaking of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, he says: "What is the nature of the British interests involved in Asia Minor? As far as I can see, our interests in India are not in any way affected by the question of Asia Minor. It is possible that at some future day there may be an Euphrates Valley railway; but I fail to see that even if such a railway was constructed, and it got into the hands of Russia, it would affect us much."

These two sentences speak for themselves. A moderate, sensible man such as the leader of the Opposition—cool-headed, and not carried away by the heat of debate, but initiating discussion on carefully prepared resolutions—thinks one treaty as good as another, or at all events will express no contrary opinion, and does not see that there would be much harm in Russia's getting possession of the Euphrates Valley. Our own opinion—which is also, as we are convinced, that of the enormous majority of Englishmen—is so totally at variance with the noble lord's position on both these points, that

we cannot hope to argue with or convince him. But it is right that his countrymen should know what course he may be expected to take on a future emergency, should power be delegated to his hands.

We must now turn from Lord Hartington's speech to what was practically the speech of the debate from the Opposition side of the House. Seldom has a more eloquent and more unconvincing speech been delivered than the discourse uttered by Mr Gladstone. We must own that, considering the great length at which he addressed the House, we would have desired on his part some rather fuller explanation than he vouchsafed to Lord Sandon of the reasons why, for the six years during which he was Prime Minister, it never occurred to him to inquire into the condition of the interesting Christian subjects of the Porte. We grant his contention that the Prime Minister is not supposed to be made acquainted with every detail upon which questions are addressed to the Foreign Office. But the First Lord of the Treasury is specially responsible, conjointly with the Foreign Secretary, for matters of such primary importance as the general tenor of our relations with foreign countries. The drafts of all important State papers are submitted for his approval, and it is unworthy of Mr Gladstone's reputation to seek by implication to make Lord Enfield his scapegoat.

Equally weak is his extraordinary assertion that the hands of Ministers were too full, during the Liberal tenure of office, to enable them to attend to the affairs of Asia Minor. Surely no time could have been more propitious for so doing than that during which Lord Clarendon was endeavouring to agree with Russia on that *modus vivendi* in the East panegyrised by Mr Gladstone. The question again cropped up collaterally at the time of the Black Sea Conference; whilst as for the assertion that during 1872-73 the Foreign Office was too busy with American affairs to attend to any others, the statement was simply preposterous.

But we pass from Mr Gladstone's defence of his own negligence to his strictures on the conduct of her Majesty's Ministers. First, he denies them all credit for having maintained peace, and says that, on the contrary, "the only danger to the accomplishment of peace for a good many months past has been the opinions and warlike proceedings of her Majesty's Government." According to the 'Times' report, this sentiment was loudly cheered—we presume by those gentlemen on the Liberal benches who, like their leader, appear to think one treaty as good as another; for doubtless peace might have been concluded "many months past," but it would have been the Peace of San Stefano.

Mr Gladstone then proceeds to denounce most severely the conduct of the English Plenipotentiaries at Berlin. Heavy charges are made that they betrayed Greece, that they were on the side of servitude as against freedom — one curious illustration (?) of which Mr Gladstone sarcastically cites—viz., that they showed great zeal for the establishment of civil and religious liberty throughout the new States created by the Congress. But for his other points. Mr Gladstone sees fit to assume—quite arbitrarily, as far as we are aware—that the Greeks are discontented with the results of the Congress. Unquestionably there may exist a Pan-Hellenic as well as a Pan-Slavonic organisation, the members of which may consider the outcome of the war as unsatisfactory as do the followers of M. Aksakoff. But as far

as any official information has reached us, Greece appears well satisfied with the extension of territory she is likely to acquire. It must be remembered that she will gain, without fighting, a larger extension of territory than did the belligerent States, Servia and Montenegro. Mr Gladstone almost makes it a reproach against Ministers that they induced Greece to hold her hand. Is Mr Gladstone acquainted with the geography of Greece? and does he know that had not England used the most strenuous efforts to avert such a calamity, a Turkish fleet would in all probability have appeared at the Piræus? The case of Greece, put in a nutshell, is this: She might have, by going to war with Turkey, secured the cession of Thessaly and Epirus, at the risk of seeing her capital and her most flourishing coast-towns destroyed, and at least with the certainty of having to expend a vast amount of blood and treasure. Acting on English advice and promises of future countenance, she remained at peace, and receives a substantial though a lesser compensation. Where, then, is the treachery? England never promised her Thessaly and Epirus; she never could have got them without a war; she cannot now. Our great influence at Constantinople alone procured her what she has got; and we cannot believe that any Greek statesman can feel otherwise than grateful to her Majesty's Ministers for their exertions on behalf of his country.

We have next to consider Mr Gladstone's charge that the British Plenipotentiaries were to be found throughout the discussion of the Congress habitually on the side of servitude against freedom. In dealing with this accusation we are met by the initial difficulty that the Liberal statesman's idea of the spirit and intentions with which Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury went to Berlin differs *toto cœlo* from our own. Mr Gladstone styles the limitations they have secured in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia limitations of freedom. Why, surely it was the main object of the British representatives, in conjunction with those of Austria, to restrict and reduce the area of the Bulgaria of San Stefano. If the object of the Congress had merely been to take away as many subjects from the Porte as possible, it would have been better to let the San Stefano Treaty stand as it was originally framed. But Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury went to Berlin with the notorious purpose of so modifying that instrument as to secure the reconstitution of a strong Mohammedan power in the south-east of Europe—whilst at the same time it was their duty to take the necessary precautions to guard, by internal reforms, against the possibility of a recurrence of the tragical events of 1876. Until we have some proof to the contrary, it is only fair to assume that the scheme adopted by the Congress will have beneficial results; and we must confess that, judging from the accounts given by the daily press, we should feel as secure and happy amongst Mohammedans as among the much-belauded Bulgars.

Mr Gladstone turned next to the question of the Salisbury-Schouvaloff Agreement, and brought forward the old charge against the Government of having rendered the Congress a sham by going into it with secret agreements prearranged with Russia and Turkey. This charge was so fully answered by the Home Secretary that we do not think that even the leaders of the Opposition are likely to recur to it in the speeches they may feel called upon to deliver during the recess. But, if the contrary be the case, the ostensible meaning of Mr Gladstone's

words is, that had he been at the head of a Government engaged in a most dangerously critical controversy with Russia—a controversy which threatened to terminate in war—and had an opportunity presented itself for the preservation of peace by attending a European Congress, Mr Gladstone would have preferred to allow the country to plunge into the horrors of war rather than do what every European Power desired us to do, and what in private life every rational man would do—viz., endeavour to come to an amicable understanding with our opponent in so far as to render possible the success of the Congress. Just let us consider the Agreement for a moment. Would or would not England have gone to war to enforce any of the points which it is claimed the Agreement surrendered? The only one on which a warlike feeling might have been aroused is the cession of Batoum. Whilst we sincerely regret its cession to Russia, still we cannot hold that her Majesty's Government would have been justified in going to war to prevent it; nor do we believe that the country would have supported them in such a policy. Without the expenditure of a drop of blood, we have at all events modified the advantages the occupation of the port confers on Russia, and, by the Anglo-Turkish Convention, have neutralised the moral effect of the Russian successes in Asia Minor. If the end ever does justify the means, the result of the Berlin Congress and the triumph of England may well outweigh the crime of her rulers in not submitting every step of their policy, *de die in diem*, to the scrutiny of Mr Gladstone and such gentlemen of his following as Messrs Edward Jenkins and Rylands. There is no real analogy between the case of the Berlin Memorandum and the Salisbury-Schouvaloff Agreement. The former paper was, or professed to be, a settlement of the Eastern Question prepared without the knowledge of England, France, and Italy, and proffered for our immediate acceptance and concurrence, as though the matter were one in which our interests were undeserving of any consideration. In the second case the principle of a Congress had been decided upon by all the Powers of Europe; but an impediment threatening to be fatal to the scheme had arisen between England and Russia. Yet both countries desired the Congress; Germany and Austria desired to do all in their power to remove the obstacle to its meeting; and by the Anglo-Russian Memorandum that obstacle was removed. There was not a word in the Memorandum precluding the fullest discussion of every clause of the Treaty of San Stefano; and to call the removal of a misunderstanding between England and Russia "limiting the practical freedom of Europe," and inconsistent with "the good faith that ought to prevail between this Power and every other Power," seems to us a most unwarrantable accusation.

We have not time to follow Mr Gladstone through all his mazy attacks on the Cyprus Convention. We believe that Ministers and the country at large take a common-sense view of the question—viz., that we have, for heavy reasons of State, undertaken a heavy responsibility. It is idle to talk of infractions of the Treaties of 1856 and 1871. Russia had infringed these so effectually that it would have been simply criminal folly on Lord Beaconsfield's part had he failed to take the necessary precautions to guard against Russia's misdeeds injuring his country's interests. Policy and humanity alike point to English influence becoming para-

mount in Asia Minor. The security of our Indian empire demands it; the interests of our Central Asian trade require it; common humanity and the welfare of the native tribes plead strongly for it. The Asiatics have confidence in the honesty and administrative ability of Englishmen. The task of civilising Asia Minor is vast—but not beyond our strength.

Nor is it to be supposed that her Majesty's Government will not gladly avail themselves of such co-operation as other European Powers may be willing to lend in the great work they have undertaken. We are not a jealous exclusive Power like Russia, stifling trade with prohibitory tariffs, freedom of speech, thought, and religion. We have our own rights and interests to maintain, and we concede the same position to other Powers. In Asia Minor we stand face to face with Russia, and have merely for the sake of peace been compelled to define our attitude towards her.

There is but one more sentence of Mr Gladstone's long speech which we must quote and express our complete dissent from. He said,—"I believe it to be one of the most threadbare of all weapons of party warfare when we hear, on the accession of a new Government, that, before its accession, the Government of England was despised all over the world, and that now, on the contrary, she has risen in the world's estimation." Now, if there is one more salient feature of the history of Europe during the last year or two than another, it has been the rise of English influence. During Mr Gladstone's tenure of power we were the butt and laughing-stock of the world. Not to speak of America, what Englishman but looks back with shame and disgust on the Black Sea Treaty, and the tone of the German lectures to us on our sale of arms to France? Those were the days when men wrote of 'Battles of Dorking' and of English humiliation and defeat. Now it is Russia that shrinks from the mere scabbard of England's sword, whilst Prince Bismarck speaks of the magnificent triumph England has achieved. Austria reasserts herself, emboldened by our example; and the ablest minds in France welcome the Treaty of Berlin mainly for the reason that England has resumed her natural position in the councils of Europe. In the most emphatic manner, therefore, do we protest against the sneer put forth by Mr Gladstone.

With the speech of the member for Greenwich, the interest of the debate, as regards the Opposition side of the House, may be said to have terminated. Mr Lowe has steadily been declining both in the matter and manner of his speeches during the last five years. His attack was only remarkable for its virulence, and for the very crushing reply it elicited from the Postmaster-General. Lord John Manners was never heard to greater advantage, and no member of the front Ministerial bench defended the course of the Government with more spirit and ability than his lordship. He was justly severe on the spirit of "revolutionary agitation" which pervaded Mr Lowe's speech; and he reaffirmed, with a clearness that left nothing to be desired, the true tenor and nature of the Salisbury-Schouvaloff Memorandum. Neither Mr Forster nor Sir William Harcourt contributed anything new to the debate, though the former still appeared unable to grasp the idea of a large policy, and, like Lord Hartington, to consider that it was really of very little consequence to whom Asia Minor belonged, and that anything was better than adding an iota to English responsibilities;

whilst Sir William Harcourt approved of the increase, at Turkey's expense, of the influence of every country except his own.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had an easy task in closing the debate, and he wound it up in a speech worthy both of the Government and of the occasion. The Opposition had entirely failed to substantiate a single charge against the Government. He was able by historical references to show that the conduct of the Administration in coming to an understanding with Russia, had been in accordance not only with common-sense, but with actual precedent. A secret agreement had been entered into by England, Austria, and France, before meeting in Conference at Paris in 1856. The objects of our general policy both in European and Asiatic Turkey, with which Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury have already set forth, were briefly recapitulated; and Sir Stafford Northcote had the satisfaction of finding 337 companions in the lobby recording their votes in favour of her Majesty's Ministers.

Speaking merely as party politicians, the result of the debate leaves nothing to be desired. But from an English point of view, the case is different. On matters of domestic legislation, party rivalry, however extreme, can hardly be injurious to the nation. But when a matter affecting the most vital interests of Great Britain is at stake—when the fate of provinces, empires, and continents is pending in the scales, we see, with the profoundest alarm, that some leading members of the Liberal party do not think it of any real importance to whom Asia Minor should belong, or what the balance of power in the South-east of Europe is to be, in comparison with the advantage that may accrue to their political opponents from the successful carrying out of a particular line of policy. And, as far as they are committed to anything, the Liberal leaders stand pledged rather to connive at, or submit to, Russian aggression and aggrandisement than to any more natural and national line of policy. In France every public man and every newspaper of importance condemn the course of isolation the Liberals have striven to impose upon England. Mr Gladstone never loses an opportunity of insulting Austria; even such stanch Liberal journals in Germany as the 'Kölnische Zeitung' condemn the English Liberal party. Their only foreign admirers are, *pour cause*, the Russians themselves and the Italia Irredenta faction, whose cardinal dogma is hatred of Austria.

This is a melancholy position for one of the two historical parties of England to find itself in. It is well that some months must now elapse before Parliament reassembles, and the strife of St Stephen's recommences. We trust that in calmer moments Liberals will not feel themselves bound to menace in no obscure terms the prerogative of the Crown, or to style her Majesty's Indian forces "savages and assassins," because Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues have gauged more accurately than themselves the necessities of the time and the requirements of England's honour. Let Mr Gladstone and his followers at once abandon the disloyal attempt to excite the feelings of France, of Italy, of Greece, and of Russia against their own country; let them remember that dark chapter in the history of Whiggism, when that party applauded the successes of Napoleon against their own countrymen, and sneered at or denied the victories of Wellington. It is in their own interests we would warn them. Patriotism, even when carried to an ex-

cess, appeals to the sympathy of the people of Great Britain. The British public might easily forgive a statesman or a party for Quixotism, but they will be far less lenient towards those who, to serve their personal ends, or to gratify their political antipathies, attempt to obstruct their rivals in a matter of vital import to the empire by endeavouring to arouse foreign jealousy against them.

The Government were charged with violating the spirit, if not the letter, of the Constitution, when they brought what the Opposition are sometimes pleased to designate as "foreign troops," to Malta. Fears were hinted at or mooted that the power of the Crown and the executive might be unduly aggrandised by Indian troops being brought to England. In short, to judge from many Liberal papers and speeches, her Majesty and Lord Beaconsfield might have been bent on coercing Englishmen by the power of foreign arms. We say that the present course of those men who are endeavouring to scare us out of Cyprus by the menace (which it seems their aim to make a reality) of foreign displeasure are acting in a far more unconstitutional manner than did the Tory Ministers. Let the country once believe that the Liberal party are either cringing to foreign Powers or intriguing with them against their fellow-countrymen, and we think we can predict for them a longer exclusion from power than is at all consonant with Whig proclivities. But we would hope for better things. Many of the most illustrious of English statesmen have been Liberals; and at this moment thousands of the party have sunk their political predilections in the consciousness that it was, before all things, their duty to support the British Government when brought face to face with a foreign foe. If Mr Gladstone's temperament precludes him from so far retracing his steps as to assist instead of impeding the Ministry in carrying out the stupendous task they have been compelled by imperative necessity to undertake, will not less violent Liberals reconsider their position?

Independent men of high social and intellectual standing, consistently Liberal in all domestic legislation, have set their leaders a worthy example. Ministers know the difficulties they have to face—their language in and out of Parliament has shown this abundantly. They anxiously invite the co-operation of the whole body of their countrymen to assist them in their work. Instead of sneering at the phrase, may we not hope that Lord Hartington and his followers will yet be found side by side with their rivals in establishing what is and what should be England's motto to the world—Peace with Honour?

REVIEW OF THE SESSION.

THE fifth session of this Parliament has been the longest, the most anxious, the most eventful, and the most triumphant that the Ministry has experienced. It began at a period of considerable gloom, in circumstances of peril, which had never been paralleled since the commencement of the session of 1855, when the success of Russian arms was imminent in the Crimea. The policy of conditional neutrality had been persisted in till the neutrality appeared to survive the threatened if not actual infringement of conditions which had been most solemnly specified and announced to the world. The Turkish resistance had been shattered, and Russia was descending from Adrianople upon those regions in which lay the most vital of all the British interests which we were pledged and resolved to defend. The catastrophe was sudden, and a general feeling of extreme uneasiness prevailed even amongst those who like ourselves were strongly in favour of conditional neutrality, and averse to Great Britain undertaking single-handed, by any premature action, a task which others equally with ourselves were concerned in accomplishing. Large as are our material interests in the East, the prospect of being periodically involved in a considerable war through the obstinacy of Turkey, and allowed to fight it single-handed through the caution of Austria, was not a prospect which we regarded with satisfaction. The public generally were angry and alarmed at what had already happened, but in the absence of all definite information, were strongly disposed to trust the Prime Minister, whose long and steady antagonism to Muscovite schemes was now rewarded by paramount power. Scarcely had Parliament met when it became manifest that dissensions prevailed in the Cabinet, and that the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary were at variance. Scarcely had three weeks passed over its head when it became equally manifest that the Opposition were divided into two moieties, and that, as a political power in the State, the Liberal party was completely paralysed. Its fury without the walls of Parliament was followed by timid resolutions within, timidly made and timidly withdrawn. The one redeeming feature of this anxious time was, that the Chief Minister of the Crown was the strongest man in the Cabinet, knew his own mind, and was only waiting for the popular support, which now bore down upon him in a torrent, to carry out a matured plan of action. In great crises it is the power of the individual will which is wanted, and fortunate is the country whose want is opportunely supplied. Lord Beaconsfield at once entered upon a career which has rescued England from a disastrous war, and covered his Administration with glory.

Many things besides his own consistent and determined policy had aided in conferring upon Lord Beaconsfield the authority which he has so successfully wielded. While he was waiting in silence, his opponents had exhausted their audiences if not themselves with the violence of their invectives. If underneath all the oratory with which the country had been deluged had lain any definite idea or scheme or policy which the public mind could have apprehended, or which had been clearly formed in the minds of the orators, it might

have gone hard with the Government. But there never was an alternative policy. Vituperation, which never looked further than the passing incident of the hour, which scorned consistency, and which was innocent of all motive save that of party and personal jealousy, fell idly on the public ear. The few and decisive utterances of Lord Beaconsfield at Aylesbury, in the House of Lords, and at the Mansion House, sank deep into the mind of the country; whilst Mr Gladstone's incessant appeals were forgotten as soon as made.

Then the resignations, first of Lord Carnarvon, and afterwards of Lord Derby, were so timed and so explained as to increase the power of Lord Beaconsfield and establish his position as the only possible Minister. These Ministers were responsible for having prescribed the conditions upon which neutrality would be observed, and for the despatch of May 1877 in which these were laid down. At the beginning of the session the Russian forces were making rapid advances in the direction of Constantinople and the Straits. The Cabinet ordered the fleet to the Sea of Marmora, to guard over the interests mentioned in that despatch. Both the Ministers above named resigned—Lord Derby afterwards withdrawing his resignation upon the advance of the fleet being countermanded, some concession with regard to making known the terms of the armistice having been made by Russia. To this hour these resignations are not understood by the country. The public was annoyed by the delay in sending the fleet, and still more by the apparent vacillation in the orders given. To send it was indispensable towards carrying out the engagement into which the Ministry had entered with Parliament and the country to defend certain interests. Action had been postponed till the last moment—in the opinion of many, beyond the last moment—and yet the Minister who was responsible for the policy refused to carry it into execution. Lord Carnarvon explained that he objected to the orders to the fleet and to the vote of credit, of which notice had been given in the House of Commons. He considered these to be inconsistent with our neutrality, and that the advance of the Russians involved no menace to our interests. The difference of opinion turned upon what was the right moment for our interference. Lord Carnarvon thought the step premature, but he failed to indicate at what stage, if at any, he would have approved it. Towards the close of the session he complained of Lord Beaconsfield's imputation that he shrank from carrying into effect the policy which he had approved. But in reality he has no answer to that imputation, unless he is prepared to assert that he read the despatch of May 1877 in a different sense from that of his colleagues. If his policy, notwithstanding that despatch, was a policy of absolute neutrality, he ought not to have remained in the Cabinet after it was written.

But far more important was the defection of the Foreign Secretary. The two cases were somewhat different. Lord Carnarvon approved the vote of credit so long as the money was not used, but objected to moving the fleet. Lord Derby was reluctant to summon Parliament, temporarily retired from the Cabinet on the question of the vote of credit, reluctantly acquiesced in the movement of the fleet, and finally resigned rather than call out the reserves after the publication of the Treaty of San Stefano. His view was, that the Turkish empire was gone and could not be restored,

and that, whatever objects we had in view, in consequence of its fall, could be obtained by diplomatic negotiations.

"We chose to stand neutral," he exclaimed—"conditionally neutral, if you please; but the conditions did not lessen the neutrality. We chose to stand neutral when we knew that Turkey must be defeated; and it is almost ridiculous now to say, 'Oh, that is quite true; but then, you see, when the war began we did not count upon Russia obtaining such an accession of military *prestige*.' If you did not expect that, what did you expect?"

The speech in which this observation occurs (see 'Times,' April 9) was a most remarkable one; but Lord Derby's resignation, whatever the character of his policy after Plevna, proceeded on the distinct ground, that the plans of the Government had become too adventurous, and that he preferred such modifications of the San Stefano arrangement as could be obtained by negotiations in preference to the risk of war. Fortune has since smiled upon the bolder and more chivalrous course; but it is not on that account that Lord Derby's course should be unfairly treated. His line of action was promptly repudiated by the country, but it need not be made out to be worse than it was. As we understand the relative positions of the two Secretaries of State, one refused to take any active measure of precaution until the conditions of peace were made known, or our conditions of neutrality actually infringed; the other acquiesced in taking certain precautions, but after the publication of the Treaty of San Stefano refused to concur in any policy which involved the risk of war, believing that the fall of Turkey was complete, and that our interests could be adjusted without a struggle. For the present, at least, both statesmen are absolutely extinguished. The course which they deemed it their duty to take has in the result enhanced the merit of their colleagues, who deliberately preferred, notwithstanding their opposition, that more decided course of action which has been crowned with such brilliant success. That course we will briefly recapitulate, so far as it belongs to the history of the session.

All the Ministers were agreed that on the 17th of January, the date of the Queen's Speech, the conditions of neutrality had not been infringed. Meanwhile negotiations for an armistice and peace were being carried on at Kezanlik, between the Russian and Turkish delegates, with the utmost secrecy and mystery; and that secrecy, it appeared as time went on, was being turned to the disadvantage of those who had religiously and honourably observed that policy of neutrality which had been adopted on the faith of Russia holding herself bound to us by the Treaty of Paris, and without which she would never have succeeded in her war. Positive assurances were constantly made by Prince Gortschakoff, and also by Count Schouvaloff, to that effect; but the language used was adroitly selected, and, in course of time, its purpose was disclosed. In the midst of all these most mysterious negotiations, the suspicious character of which was scarcely removed by the diplomatic representations made to this country, the Russian forces advanced with great rapidity. It was known when Parliament met that Adrianople would not be defended, and it shortly appeared that the defences of Constantinople were inadequate, and that Gallipoli and the Dardanelles were exposed. However willing the Russians might be to pledge themselves not to attack

Gallipoli, there was always a qualification to their promise; and they distinctly intimated that it might be necessary to occupy Constantinople. If once they had got complete possession of that capital, it would have been impossible to eject them; and as for the qualified promises and pledges, the "march of events" was a ready and convenient pretext for disregarding them. Under these circumstances, the fleet was at last ordered through the Dardanelles into the Sea of Marmora; and a vote of credit for six millions proposed to the House of Commons. Until the fleet was moved into the sea of Marmora the Russians treated our remonstrances with disdain. Prince Gortschakoff was beginning to allude to "*un intérêt Anglais*" as merely an interesting speculation, which he would condescend to discuss until the time came to disregard it. The presence of the fleet entirely changed his tone, and convinced him that the occupation of Constantinople must not be attempted. The proposal of the vote of credit was made with a view to put the military and naval forces of this country into a state of preparation, not necessarily for action, but to show that the position which England would take up in the impending Congress was one which she would, if necessary, maintain by force. The proposal of this vote had this further advantage, that it forced the Opposition to take up some definite position, to grant or reject it, and in either case to state their reasons and their policy. The course which they took was of the utmost importance. It disclosed to Europe the hollowness of all resistance to the Ministerial measures; the absence of any alternative policy which could pretend to any party or organised support. A week, or rather more, was allowed to intervene between the notice of motion and the discussion. The actual vote of money was not so essential, as to obtain a final and authoritative expression of opinion by the House of Commons.

The debate accordingly began on the 30th of January, with an amendment proposed by Mr Forster, that the House of Commons "saw no reason for adding to the burdens of the people by voting unnecessary supplies." In the morning of the same day there appeared reports of most violent speeches by Mr Gladstone at Oxford—those speeches to which subsequent correspondence with the Prime Minister have given an unwonted celebrity. Rumour, however, asserted that the proposed amendment was little to the liking of Lord Hartington, who had declined to move it in person. Lord Granville, moreover, had followed Mr Gladstone at Oxford with an observation directed against "supinely allowing Russia or any other country to trench upon our real interests," and had alluded to the grave responsibility which devolved upon Lord Hartington and the Opposition. There was not a word spoken by Lord Granville on that occasion, of opposition to or condemnation of the vote. Notwithstanding these notes of warning, away went the more enthusiastic members of the Liberal party. Mr Forster pledged himself to this, that the vote was unprecedented, calculated to establish a bad and dangerous precedent, unnecessary, its purpose such that he must protest against it. It was a sham vote, a paper vote, a vote of confidence, which the reckless conduct of the Government did not deserve. Mr Lowe said that to grant the vote would be to participate in a course of "vulgarity and snobbishness:"—

"The Government," he exclaimed, with intense bitterness, "have a per-

fect right—at least one must concede it, they being the stronger—to deal with our money, to trample upon us, to torment us, to outvote us; but there is one thing they have no right to do, and that is, to make us do what no gentleman could think of doing without repugnance. They have no right to put us in the position of the 'Bourgeois gentilhomme,' rattling the money in our pockets to show how rich we are. Such a degradation transcends the limits of a Parliamentary majority. Not only have they no right to make us behave in a manner unbecoming to a gentleman, but I do not think it fair upon us that we should be made extremely ridiculous. I am prepared to make many sacrifices for the country; of course every one is prepared to die for it; but every one is not prepared to render himself a laughing-stock to all mankind."

That nothing might be wanting to the case against the vote, Mr Göschen demonstrated that the Ministry would be stronger without it than with it, for that then they had the resources of England at their back.

This was the distilled essence of Liberal wisdom contributed for the good of the country at a most critical moment. Every one recollects the result. The amendment was withdrawn. Those violent speakers, before the debate was at an end, practically recanted all that they had been saying by walking out of the House rather than oppose the vote. The moral effect of such unparalleled and unprecedented conduct upon the fortunes of their party was of course extremely disastrous. But what was of more immediate practical importance was, that it completely destroyed the opposition to the Government. Mr Gladstone, of course, made an eloquent speech; but who is there who now recollects a word he said? It was in most marked contrast to the speech at Oxford; and its overtures of compromise were instantly repudiated by Mr Hardy. But when Mr Norwood and other members absolutely declined the responsibility of refusing the Government the supplies which they required, and the party itself came forward with no alternative policy to challenge the support of the country, opposition was fruitless. To avoid the most signal defeat of a disastrous session, Mr Forster withdrew his most unpatriotic, factious, and scandalous amendment, amidst the taunts and jeers of the more fanatical adherents of his former chief.

The panic in the House of Commons on the 8th February, in the midst of which this amendment was withdrawn, and on the subsidence of which it was not restored, will long be remembered. Panic was stronger even than party spirit, and overcame that invincible reluctance "to behave in a manner unbecoming a gentleman," which was implied, according to Mr Lowe, in supporting the vote. The rally round the Ministry in a moment of recognised danger was complete, and from that moment it was undisputed master of the situation. It was of no avail to say that circumstances had greatly changed since the proposal of the amendment. Nothing had happened which had not been previously imminent. The Russians were advancing with greater or less rapidity, an armistice and conditions of peace had been secretly concluded. All this had been foreseen, and the vote was proposed because such things were foreseen. Nothing had happened except that her Majesty's Opposition, who at the commencement of the debate were wilfully blind to what was passing before their eyes, rushed before the debate was over to the opposite extreme of undue panic. Their course of action, and the very language which they permitted themselves to use, showed

plainly that they were wholly unfit to cope with the situation. The very first time in which they had found themselves obliged to pass from irresponsible invective to responsible action, they placed themselves before Europe and the English public in what was called at the time a horrible scrape. We doubt if there is any instance on record of such bungling leadership. From the display of unpatriotic violence at Oxford down to the ignominious and panic-stricken surrender of their position in the House, we have a chapter in the history of party management which is replete with the evidence of ruin. The want of union, of discipline, of foresight, of self-restraint, of the due adjustment of party action to the public interests, of any settled line of policy indicating a definite purpose before them, betrayed that the once great Liberal party had ceased to be a power in the State, and had not even begun to retrieve its fallen and still dwindling fortunes. This was the critical event of the session, and decided its whole course. The debate itself was perfectly worthless. The Opposition seemed incapable of looking at anything but the six millions of money, and the mode of asking for, and of granting it. Their political horizon was bounded by the cash, and the wide field of interests beyond was to them a *terra incognita* not worth exploring. So little capacity had they for influencing the mind and temper of the nation, that they themselves confessed and complained that the longer their debate went on, the stronger became the warlike passion of the people. Their attitude of resistance to the Government redoubled the energy of hostility to Russia, and probably, if it had been prolonged, would have rendered peace impossible. As it was, it inevitably conferred at once supreme power on Lord Beaconsfield. Whatever his faults, or the faults of his policy in the eyes of independent critics, it was felt that he was incapable of such miserable vacillation and purposeless expenditure of strength. Tenacious of resolve, and master of the subject, he had already proved himself. He was now master of the situation; and whether Lord Derby or any other colleague resigned, was of no political moment whatever. A feeble minority of 124 members, with Mr Gladstone at their head, but deserted by the other recognised leaders of the Opposition, represented, when the usual sound and fury had subsided, the full strength of the resistance to his policy and measures.

Meanwhile the fleet had entered the Dardanelles, and approached Constantinople, and the Russians had intimated that in consequence they would consider whether or not they would occupy that city. The English Government protested against any such step, and adhered to their declaration that it would not be regarded with indifference. Fortunately the Ministry, in the events which had happened, found themselves strongly supported by both Houses of Parliament and by the general voice of the public. Preparations for a decisive encounter and resistance were being strenuously made, and no doubt influenced the final determination of the Russian authorities, both with regard to the projected entry into Constantinople, and also with respect to a scarcely less disastrous approach to the lines of Bulair and the fortifications of the Bosphorus.

The next event was the conclusion of the Treaty of San Stefano, followed, after some delay, by its publication. We had steadily declared beforehand what our course would be—viz., that we should

recognise no treaty concluded between Russia and Turkey which involved any deviation from the Treaty of Paris, until it was sanctioned by the signatory Powers; and we relied upon the Declaration of London of 1871. By that declaration Russia, as well as the other Powers, had solemnly agreed that no Power could liberate itself from the provisions of any treaty except with the concurrence of all the parties thereto. With reference to its projected treaty with Turkey, Russia had repeatedly declared that all matters bearing upon European interests should be settled in a European Congress. But, at the last moment, she refused to lay the Treaty of San Stefano on the table of the Congress. She wished to reserve to herself the right to except any articles of that Treaty from discussion which she might declare did not involve European interests. In other words, she would only submit such portions of the Treaty as she pleased for the consideration of the signatory Powers. England, on the other hand, insisted that every article of that Treaty should be placed before the Congress in such a manner that the Congress might judge whether it should be accepted or not; and declined to attend the Congress on any other terms. The other Powers considered it useless to hold a Congress in the absence of England; and for three months affairs were at a dead-lock, Russia incurring during the whole time war expenditure, with the prospect of its indefinite continuance; England, with her resources utterly untouched, spending a few millions in preparations, with the power to defer the actual operations of war till her adversary was utterly exhausted.

The rising temper of the English people, and the increasing determination not to be either tricked or oppressed in the final settlement, would have rendered it impossible for any Government to have tamely acquiesced in those proposals of Russia which were formulated in the Treaty of San Stefano. Without encumbering itself too much with details, the public mind grasped at least two points in the case, and adhered to them with tenacity: first, that the whole Treaty should be brought into Congress; next, that, as a whole, it should be remodelled so as to exclude Russian predominance in the disputed territories, in favour of some fairer adjustment of conflicting pretensions. Most of us added thereto a hearty wish that the lot of the subject races might be improved and their progress and liberty guaranteed. And whatever the crimes and political offences of the Turk, it was generally felt that his authority, if it could be restored and properly supervised, would be far better than unrestrained Muscovite rule, more efficacious for the purposes of good Government, and even if only a temporary expedient, at all events the best and most serviceable in the general interests that could be devised.

The actual course of events, as it bears upon the history of the Parliamentary session, runs as follows: The Cabinet resolved upon certain measures, including the calling out of the reserves, in order to vindicate the rights and duties of this country. Lord Derby, while strenuously insisting on the submission of the whole Treaty to a Congress, preferred to rely exclusively on diplomacy in the then state of affairs, objected to the measures which his colleagues proposed, and resigned. Mr Gladstone, as usual in every crisis, came to the front. To the Greenwich Five Hundred he seized the opportunity of enforcing the

duty of public economy, retrenchment, and the minimum of public establishments;—sound principles, no doubt, at fitting seasons, but a most inopportune moment for discussing them when great difficulties had to be encountered and great perils surmounted. He denounced the expenditure of a part of the six millions, and all military and naval preparations. He protested against the presence of the British fleet where it was. He declared that there was no sufficient reason for the delay about the Congress. He insinuated that it was a mere matter of diplomatic etiquette, of national or Ministerial vanity, sprung from the desire to obtain a diplomatic victory where no other victory had been obtained. It is worth while to contrast this with Lord Granville's complaint after that diplomatic victory had been achieved,—that it had only been effected on conditions, whilst his victory in 1871, in regard to the Russian declaration of that year, had been absolute. One leader objected to any Russian concession at all; the other required it to be unconditional. A deputation from Leeds, a few days afterwards, was addressed in a similar spirit. Mr Gladstone insisted that from every portion of the country came a refusal to be dragged into war for the vile purpose of supporting Ottoman domination. Not the shadow of a British interest, he said, was involved in the then state of things. "Why is it," he exclaimed, "that we are kept in this state of feverish uneasiness and anxiety from day to day?" The Government, however, took a very different view. They addressed to the Courts of Europe the spirited and crushing denunciation of the San Stefano Treaty which is known as the Salisbury Circular, and forthwith called out the Reserves. The Prime Minister, in the House of Lords, vigorously condemned the main provisions of the Treaty, the mystery and secrecy in which its negotiation had been enveloped, the delay in its publication, and the Russian refusal of the "natural, just, and indispensable" condition on which alone the Congress could be held. Some of the securities of the British empire in the East, he declared, were in peril, and he called upon the country to arm in its defence. The House of Lords unanimously responded. In the Commons Sir W. Lawson moved an amendment regretting the step which the Government had taken. It was decisively rejected by a majority of 255. Mr Gladstone, of course, made a long and eloquent speech; but, strange to say, notwithstanding his speeches to the Greenwich Five Hundred and the Leeds Deputation, he disapproved the amendment. He disapproved the military policy of the Government; but, *mirabile dictu*, he "saw nothing equivocal in the attachment of the Ministry to peace." That was the most remarkable statement in the whole speech; and though he did not vote in favour of calling out the Reserves, he seemed to acquiesce in Lord Hartington's discouragement of resistance. His moderation or misplaced confidence very shortly received a severe blow. Scarcely had Parliament adjourned than the news arrived that 7000 Indian troops had set sail from Bombay. Again a divided Opposition endeavoured to close its ranks. While Mr Gladstone wrote to the working men of Liverpool that the "unexampled folly" of the Government policy would shortly be looked back upon with a unanimity of grief and amazement, Lord Hartington refused to question the latest development of that policy upon any but bare constitutional grounds. Again the House of Lords acquiesced with-

out a division. A learned argument between the Lord Chancellor and Lord Selborne disposed of the legal questions involved, and the House of Commons by a considerable majority sanctioned the step which had been taken. That step is generally believed to have been decisive of the whole controversy. The unostentatious manner in which the vanguard of a powerful army was introduced upon the scene, the stern satisfaction with which it was regarded at home, and the growing resolution of the whole country to resist with all its strength any invasion or weakening of its securities in the East, convinced the Russian Government that it must make its election between the total remodelling of the treaty on the one hand, and a prolonged war in its behalf on the other. With such an alternative, Russia could not hesitate for any length of time. She was completely checkmated. The Turks had had time to render the defences of Constantinople impregnable. The British fleet presented an impassable barrier. Without declaring war, we could inflict on Russia for an indefinite time a ruinous war expenditure. And in case of war, all the advantages of time, unimpaired resources, and public opinion, would have been on our side.

The next incident was, that Lord Salisbury, in the early days of June, announced to the House of Lords that the German Government had issued an invitation to the signatories of the Treaty of Paris to a Congress, and that her Majesty's Government had accepted the invitation. All the Powers, including Russia, consented to admit the free discussion of the whole of the contents of the Treaty of San Stefano, and to participate therein. It was also announced that, contrary to all precedent, the Prime Minister as well as the Foreign Secretary would attend the Congress on behalf of England. That course was taken at the instance and earnest representation of Lord Salisbury, who felt that in the more momentous stages of the discussion the presence and authority of the Prime Minister were indispensable. The Plenipotentiaries had to decide upon the alternative of peace or war; and it was essential that at the critical moments the real representative of England should be present.

It is to the lasting honour of both Houses of Parliament that they maintained, during the whole of the prolonged negotiations at Berlin, a wise and dignified reserve. What might have happened if Parliament had not been sitting it is impossible, after the experience of the last two years, to say. A circumstance occurred which, to say the least, was provocative of debate. The Salisbury-Schouvaloff Memorandum of the 30th May was surreptitiously obtained, and forthwith given to the world. It has never yet been officially published; and, owing to the objection of one Government concerned, its accompanying documents are still withheld. It is incomplete, and therefore misleading. But it sufficiently appears that Russia and England, and probably the other Powers, had already arrived at some preliminary understanding before they entered the Congress. Some attempt was made to represent this as a departure from the principle laid down by the Government — as a partial withdrawal of the Treaty from the jurisdiction of the Congress. We hardly know if that contention is even yet altogether abandoned. Yet on the very face of the protocols it appears, as common-sense would have told all but the most unreasoning critics, that continual understandings outside the Congress

were indispensable to its success. Time after time adjournments were made in order that the Powers principally interested in a particular subject of discussion might come to an agreement out of doors. No arrangement, however important, whether verbal or written, arrived at between the Powers or any of them, and in every case known to be subject to the sanction of the Congress, could possibly interfere with the jurisdiction of that High Assembly. If no negotiations were to be entered into except those in presence of all the Plenipotentiaries, their sessions would never have concluded. Objections to the Memorandum on the ground that it partially withdrew the disputed questions from the decision of the Congress, or in any way fettered the powers of the Congress, were the wildest absurdities; though when they were first put forward, they received the sanction of many stanch supporters of the Government. It was indispensable to its success that Russia and England should have some preliminary understanding with each other as to the part which each would take. In that Memorandum, Russia made ample concessions, which in Congress were considerably developed. On the other hand, England engaged not to go to war single-handed for either Batoum or Bessarabia; and in consequence the Government were taunted and reproved by the zealous partisans of peace, who, whether the Ministry elected peace or war, were equally disgusted and indignant.

At last therefore the Congress was held. We discussed the treaties of peace from the English point of view in our last Number, and we now confine ourselves to the effect which that great settlement has had upon political parties in this country, and the place which it holds in a review of the session. Contrast the state of things as they stood on the evening when the Liberal party in a panic withdrew their amendment to the vote of credit in the early days of the session, and the state of things as they stood when Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury returned in triumph from Berlin. That panic was caused by a telegram from Mr Layard to the effect that, notwithstanding the armistice which had been concluded with the Turks, the Russians were still marching on towards Constantinople; that the Turkish troops had been compelled to evacuate Silivria, a port in the Sea of Marmora; that the Russians were about to occupy Tchatatdja; that they insisted on the lines of Tchekmedjee being abandoned, so as to leave Constantinople defenceless. The general feeling on the Opposition benches found expression in complaints from their less conspicuous members, that, at a moment of peril like that, the House should be divided on a miserable question of six millions of money. The decided anti-Russian feeling which pervaded the country, and which strenuously opposed Russian supremacy in the neighbourhood of the Straits, found its vent, and party passion was for the time being overborne. What happened afterwards? The Treaty of San Stefano actually created in those very regions a strong Slav State under the control of Russia. To the State thus called into existence were assigned important harbours on the shores of the Black Sea and the Archipelago, conferring upon it a preponderating influence over both political and commercial relations in those seas. Constantinople was adroitly severed from the Greek, Albanian, and Slavonic provinces still left under its government. The Greek populations were placed under the shadow of the all-embracing dominion of the

Czar, the Black Sea was converted into a Russian lake, Armenia and the route to Persia were placed at his mercy, and by its engagement to give territorial equivalents from time to time for an enormous indemnity, the whole of whatever of its former territories were left to the Porte was placed at the mercy of the conqueror. If the mere fact of the advance of the Russian armies towards Constantinople was sufficient to throw the Liberal party into a panic, it is in vain for them to pretend that the stipulations of San Stefano were not, taken as a whole, in their eyes disastrous and destructive of British security in the East. Further than that, Russia refused to bring the treaty into Congress, and was evidently bent, except that she had over-estimated her resources, upon inflicting a considerable humiliation upon this country. If we refer to the general conduct and bearing of the whole Liberal party in the House of Lords, and at least half of them in the House of Commons, we find no fault with their proceedings. The functions of Opposition were discharged with a due sense of the gravity of the situation,—of the necessity which sooner or later might arise for a severe and arduous war. Lord Granville is no more identified with Mr Gladstone in 1877-8 than he was in 1855-6, when he represented Lord Palmerston's Government in the House of Lords, and Mr Gladstone was vehemently opposing it in the House of Commons. Accordingly it was left to Mr Gladstone and his immediate followers to declare that no British interests were involved, that the treaty itself was the grandest blow yet struck for human freedom, that the retrocession of Bessarabia and the aggrandisement of the Greeks were the only subjects worth consideration, that we ought to go into Congress on Russia's terms, and that throughout it was England and the English Government who were threatening the peace of Europe, and impeding the great deliverance which was being wrought by Russia. It is inconceivable how any body of public men, led by a statesman who was responsible for that Crimean war, which aimed at the destruction of Russian predominance, and the establishment, on a permanent footing, of Turkish independence, could have committed themselves to this course of conduct. The Opposition leaders of a former day, who in public expressed their hope and belief that the French would drive Wellington and his English troops into the sea, do not merit, in our opinion, greater condemnation. The chiefs of those days were not responsible for the policy pursued. Mr Gladstone was not merely a Minister at the time of the Crimean war, but was Prime Minister at the time of the Treaty of 1871, within the four corners of which instrument lay the foundation, and were traced the lines, of the policy which he now so bitterly and so factiously condemned and denounced. Under these circumstances, what did the Government achieve? They compelled Russia to lay her treaty absolutely on the table of the Congress. They effected at Berlin a complete revolution in the treaty. They abolished this huge Slav State, and insisted on the Russian forces withdrawing behind the Balkans, and leaving the Sultan's dominions with a defensible frontier, strong enough to entitle its ruler to remain custodian of the Straits, and to enforce respect for his charge. They cancelled that subjection to Russia which was the essence of the San Stefano arrangement. They restored to the Sultan two-thirds of the territory which was to have formed the Bulgarian State — *i.e.*, upwards of 30,000 geographical square miles, and two millions and a half of population, "that territory being

the richest in the Balkans, where most of the lands are rich, and the population one of the wealthiest, most ingenious, and most loyal of his subjects." They restored to him his harbours and his former influence in the Ægean and Black Seas. They effected the introduction of Austrian power into the peninsula, and have established a state of things from which it is reasonable to hope, not merely that the Russian schemes of ascendancy are checked, but that Ottoman authority, so essential to the welfare of those lands, may be purified and strengthened; or if that should prove a delusive expectation, that at least a galling subjection to Russia is averted, and time allowed for the development of what are called the races of the future. Further than that, the cession of Cyprus, and a convention with the Sultan in reference to Asia Minor, provided not merely for the security of the British empire, but for the exercise of an all-important influence towards the good government, tranquillity, and prosperity of his Asiatic provinces. It was a splendid triumph of English power. Her fleets had covered the Mediterranean; her armies were fully prepared for action, they were beginning to arrive from India, were in readiness to start from Canada, and other dependencies of the empire; and an invincible fleet held possession of the Straits. Every one must know that the famous descent from the Balkans, in fact every step taken by Russia after the fall of Plevna, was directed against this country. Without a blow, with an effort which has barely cost us six millions of money, she has been taught the futility of her enterprise; and the total result of her ill-advised manœuvres and demonstrations of menace and hostility, has been once again to confer upon Great Britain the primacy of the Continent. In five months this great revolution was accomplished, from the panic of February to the triumph of July. And if the result redounds to the *prestige* and honour of England, it has also in the same degree strengthened the Ministry, which, whatever its subsequent history, must, in respect of its conduct of these great Eastern disputes, rank as one of the most famous of this reign and century.

But what of the Liberal Opposition? and how are they affected by this great national triumph? In the House of Lords they again took no step whatever, of any party significance; though they resorted to question and innuendo for the purpose of carrying on some sort of party warfare. But for those feeble efforts, the voice of party was silenced. In the House of Commons, a series of congratulatory regrets that it had not been practicable to win still further triumphs was proposed by Lord Hartington, winding up with a terrific impeachment of the treaty-making prerogative which Lord Hartington in his speech absolutely forgot to allude to. In another article we have discussed the chief features of his abortive essay at criticism. A portentous majority of 143, nearly three times the ordinary party majority of the Government, closed the discussion, and virtually silenced all further cavil. It seems to us that overwhelming as the numerical defeat is, it falls short of the total prostration, from a moral and political point of view, which the Liberal party has incurred. Five sessions of a Conservative Ministry have been as destructive as five sessions of a Liberal Ministry to the *prestige* and influence of the Liberal party. If in office their majority fell from 120 to 66, in opposition their minority has dwindled away till they can only collect 195 members —barely a third of the House—in support of their ill-defined and ill-

regulated policy; and the Government majority is increased from 50 to 143. The steady and rapid decline of the Liberal party during the last ten years is one of the most extraordinary political events of this century; and certainly their conduct with regard to this great Eastern Question goes far to explain their fall, and demonstrate their marked degeneracy from the days of Palmerston and Russell.

For what were the main features of the case which were in everybody's mind during the final debate, and with which the Opposition had to grapple? In Europe the Ministry had had to take part in a European settlement; in Asia they had had to deal single-handed with Russia. In either case they had to decide what concessions would be sufficient to obviate war; and, having obtained these, to make the best terms they could within the limits which diplomacy had, so to speak, reclaimed from the arbitrament of war. All criticism under such circumstances, to be worth anything, must, from the nature of things, be relative and comparative;—not of that absolute character which presupposes that the Ministry criticised is an absolutely free agent in everything that it does. Was there anything omitted from the settlement which England might have gained by war, and which she ought to have gone to war for rather than abandon? Was anything included in the settlement, any liability incurred, which events had not rendered necessary? Any answers to these questions, adverse to the Ministry, would deserve and secure respectful consideration, not merely from the outside public, but from its avowed supporters. The matter is too serious a one for any politician to yield to any Ministry a blind confidence upon it. But from first to last, in the final debate of the session, no answer was given to either question. It is useless to enlarge upon a discussion which has assuredly influenced neither Parliament nor the country. It was either devoted to criticising small details or proceeded upon the footing that no aggression upon British interests was involved, and no measures of defence necessary. It consequently was beside the mark altogether. Take, for example, Mr Gladstone's speech,—the strongest statement of the case against the Government which ability and experience could suggest, or party and personal animosity enforce. What does it amount to? First, no gratitude was due to the Ministers for the peace, for they alone had threatened its disturbance. In other words, they alone had refused to acquiesce in the Treaty of San Stefano, in arrangements which paved the way for the final substitution of a Muscovite for an Ottoman dominion. That is actually made a matter of accusation against them by one of the main authors of the Crimean war. Second, a partition had been come to of Turkish territory, under which the European subjects of the Porte have been reduced to one-third of their original number. For the Slavs a great deal had been accomplished, for they relied upon Russia; for the Greeks, comparatively nothing, for they relied upon England. The cutting down of the large Bulgaria left open a fine field for Russian intrigue. Third, the British Plenipotentiaries were always on the side of servitude. They sought to extend Roumelia as against Bulgaria, and to limit its liberties as against the Porte. They desired that, in case of disturbance, the latter should have the power to call in his troops. They reduced the limits of Montenegro, and upheld Servian and Roumanian liability to pay tribute. They refused to give Thessaly and Epirus to Greece.

Fourth, the Schouvaloff-Salisbury Memorandum was condemned as incompatible with the free and full reference of the entire treaty to Europe, and with good faith. Fifth, the Anglo-Turkish Convention was an absolute novelty, involving the defence of a distant frontier, and the social and political reconstruction of a vast extent of country. He derided the notion of Asiatic Turkey undergoing disintegration. It contained the best and most solid portion of the Mohammedan population in the whole Turkish empire. Why should anything be done? The Ministry wanted Cyprus, the Sultan bargained for the defence of Asia Minor, stipulations for good government were thrown in for the sake of preserving decent appearances. The Convention modified the Treaty of Paris, and was a violation of the Treaty of 1871. Lastly, the treaty-making prerogative had become intolerable.

Nothing could exceed the eloquence of this speech; and as an invective against the English Ministry, it left nothing unsaid. But as a criticism of a great European event, it is most unsatisfactory and inconclusive. What is the point of view from which the subject is approached? From the point of view of complete indifference to Russian aggrandisement, intense hostility to the continuance of Turkish authority, total disbelief in any British interests having been menaced during the last few months, or standing in need of any protection for the future. Of course, to a man who has once brought himself into that frame of mind, nothing is easier than to traverse the whole field of recent operations, striking vehemently at every single thing which was done or omitted. The check which Russian aggression has received does not interest him in the slightest degree. That England should compel the withdrawal of the Russian forces from below the Balkans, and should engage to resist their entrance into Asia Minor, is to strike on the side of servitude against freedom. The Treaty restores and guards the authority of the Sultan. As regards past restoration, it is denounced as very incomplete; as regards future protection, it is a mad undertaking. The fact that good government in the Balkans is now a matter of direct treaty obligation with Europe, and in Asia Minor a matter of direct treaty obligation with England, is forgotten by the self-constituted champion of the subject races. And in all the surrounding details the Ministry were incurably wrong in almost every particular. France has every reason to consider herself extremely aggrieved, and is invited to harbour resentment. The Greeks have been "sold;" and no one ought to trust us for the future. It is proposed that the Crown should be robbed of the treaty-making prerogative, and that for the future, we suppose, no treaty should be ratified, not even a treaty of Washington, until public meetings in all directions, summoned by Liberal wire-pullers, have decided on its merits.

It seems to us that even from Mr Gladstone's own point of view, he exaggerates his grounds of complaint. Turkey has, according to him, undergone a dismemberment which amounts to partition. The Sultan's authority is now extremely limited compared to what it was under the Treaty of Paris. And if Russia is so absolutely free from all ideas of annexation as it is said,—does not want Asia Minor, as is frequently asserted,—where is the danger of our guarantee? To denounce this Convention as insane betrays not merely a fear but a conviction that Russia intends aggression in the future. But no argument is forthcoming to show

that her further aggrandisement in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey would not imperil British security. The Foreign Secretary's fear that those provinces would become the victim of anarchy is angrily derided, but no arguments were brought forward to confute him. Nor is a word said as to the measures of precaution which this alleged partition and admitted weakening of Turkey necessitates on the part of England. And that is really how the Opposition leaves the subject: everything that has been done is wrong, but what ought to have been done is left entirely to conjecture. Where the Government have acquiesced rather than go to war, there the advanced Liberals complain that they ought to have acted regardless of consequences. Where they have acted, they ought to have acquiesced, indifferent as to Russia's future movements. We are told that the Liberal party will seize the first opportunity of reversing what has been done. If so, why did not they ask both Houses of Parliament decisively to condemn it? The real fact is, that we have inherited from the late war, and adopted as the price of peace, a policy which involves more active efforts in the East than we have been accustomed to since the Treaty of Paris. Many of us consider that we seriously neglected the duties which we had incurred by reason of the Crimean war; and it is astonishing that such a view should be repudiated by the agitators of two years since. The effect of the new arrangements is to place us in a position in which such negligence must not be repeated. We must exercise the influence which we have established at Constantinople, and trust that the experience which Russia has recently won of our power, without serious effort, to snatch from her the ill-gotten gains of war, will inspire her with more moderation in time to come. The war party of that empire has been taught as bitter a lesson as our own peace firebrands. We trust that the views of neither the one nor the other will prevail in time to come. The war party of St Petersburg must have learned that the success of their schemes is wholly disproportioned to their cost, both in blood and money. The Liberal party in England must lay aside its rancour and animosity, and either adopt the policy which it so foolishly derides, or be placed out of unison with public opinion, and the sentiment which so generally prevails, and in consequence be debarred for an indefinite number of years from office. Their exasperation in regard to the Royal Titles Bill, and one or two other measures, has been quite as fierce as that which the Treaty of Berlin has excited. But in a very short time they forgot all about it, and that is precisely what will happen to them in regard to this Eastern question.

It is perfectly impossible to build up a great party in the absence of any definite principles. The most extreme indignation will not last through a whole recess, and is far too evanescent to become a weapon of offence on the part of an Opposition. The Slave Trade Circulars and the Bulgarian atrocities quite exhausted all the energies which the 25th clause of the Education Act, and one or two subjects of that nature, continuously exercised without straining them by over-excitement. Meanwhile the party is dwindling in numbers, and still more in reputation and public estimation. It is time that it reconsidered its position, and endeavoured to infuse into its ranks the necessary discipline and self-restraint which will restore its usefulness. While the leaders are conspicuous by their absence from the House, while they lead in dif-

ferent directions, while the followers are only too eager to set up in all directions their independent standards, and while they ostentatiously put their sole remaining trust in some heaven-sent gush of popular passion which is to waft them back again to office, it is impossible that they will deserve or secure the confidence of the public. They have no name left to conjure with; and the leader capable of reconstructing them, of giving them a policy, and of inspiring them with confidence, has not yet made his appearance.

As regards legislation, the session was, as might have been expected, comparatively barren. There is no question before the country of great and pressing interest. Household suffrage in the counties, the burial of Dissenters in churchyards, the disestablishment of the English Church, the reform of the criminal law — are all of them questions which will keep. Throughout this and the last session they have escaped attention, and there is no immediate prospect of any general interest being aroused in their behalf. The whole mind of the nation has been rivetted upon a subject which, though of vital interest to the empire, is external to the United Kingdom, and to the work of legislation. In the Queen's Speech last January, a promise of consolidating the criminal law, and of reconstructing the county administration, was held out; but all that can be said of attempts to fulfil it is, that a Criminal Code Bill was introduced, published, and dropped; and that the Courts' Government Bill, though it was hotly debated at one end of the session, was quietly withdrawn at the other.

Yet the Sovereign at the close of the session was able to point with satisfaction to several measures of importance, out of more than one hundred Acts which have been passed during the late session. First in order came the Act which amends and amplifies the law relating to Factories and Workshops, designed to secure the health and education of those who are employed in them. This is another step in a series of measures calculated to improve the condition of the working-classes, and vindicate the claims of the Conservative party to be the authors of useful, as opposed to sensational, legislation. Looking back upon all the statutes passed by this Parliament to promote the health, the education, the prosperity, and the interests of the working-classes, the growth of associations of Conservative working men is easily explained. Contrasted with the measures of the previous Parliament, Mr Grant Duff's complaint that Lord Beaconsfield has taken John Bull to Cremorne, and the 'Spectator's' exhortation to the public to prefer "steady thinking and sober consideration" (surely its own qualities tersely described!) to political fireworks, sound a little misplaced. There is not much of political fireworks in securing cattle by legislative enactment against the introduction and spread of contagious diseases. To encourage the breed of live stock, and increase the food of the people, is certainly not to debauch the public mind, or to dazzle the judgment of the people. The law relating to Highways has been amended, Bishoprics in populous districts may be divided, an Intermediate Education (Ireland) Act has been passed, and the public health laws have been consolidated and amended. So also in Scotland, Acts have been passed relating to Education, to Endowed Schools and Hospitals, and also to improve the management of highways and for the abolition of tolls.

Of these measures, perhaps the Irish Intermediate Education Act, introduced by the Lord Chancellor,

was the most important. At the time of disestablishing the Irish Church its surplus funds were undisposed of, except in the most general terms. They were left for future Parliaments to deal with. It was now proposed to devote one million of such funds in aid of Irish intermediate education. The income arising from that million sterling is to be distributed, partly in prizes to the pupils, partly in fees to the managers of the schools, in proportion to the number of pupils whom they succeed in passing through the examinations. Most of these schools are under the control of religious bodies, and our old friend the religious difficulty appeared, but does not seem to have attracted much public attention or excitement, although the surplus funds of the Irish Church were directed in the Disestablishment Act to be set aside for non-sectarian purposes. The Bill was supported by the Home Rulers, and passed into law,—some trifling amendments with regard to payment of fees and the inspection of the schools, proposed by Mr Courteney and Mr Fawcett, having been rejected. The Government have evidently conciliated Irish support with so much success that Liberal critics of the result of the last and most decisive division of the session consider that fully one-half of the Irish members may be considered as lost to the supporters of Lord Hartington.

The Budget, or at all events the mode in which the supplementary estimates were provided for, underwent some sharp discussion at the hands of Mr Gladstone and Mr Childers. But it seems to be impossible to arouse any public interest upon it. The feeling in the country is, that the question which has just been solved, for at least a generation, is one of vast importance and considerable peril, and that we are well out of it at so small a cost. Less than six and a half millions have been expended in preventing a war which would undoubtedly have involved an enormous outlay. It was expenditure of that extraordinary character that it need not, as a matter of justice to tax-payers, be entirely defrayed in the current year. The Government considered that an addition of twopence in the pound having already been made to the income-tax, fourpence having been added to the duty on tobacco, and an increase having been made to the charge for dog-licences, and more than half of the extraordinary expenditure, in which at least a generation was interested, having in that way been met, the balance could stand over till next year, instead of providing additional ways and means at the end of the session. If reviving trade restores the elasticity of revenue, the money will speedily be provided; otherwise the present increased rate of income and tobacco tax will have to be borne for two more years, and every one will feel that if the foreign policy of the Government has been successful in its results, it has also been cheap in its execution. The recent treaties are quite as honourable and as advantageous for England as the treaties of 1856, and their cost has been comparatively trifling.

The effect of a Parliamentary session upon individual reputations is always a matter of public interest; but the session of 1878 has not, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, either made a new one or marred an old one. On the Government side of the House the session closed as it began, except that Lord John Manners took a more prominent part than heretofore in the defence of the Government, and in his reply to Mr Lowe made a speech that for close reasoning and quick reply was one

of the most effective speeches of the final debate, while Lord Sandon signalised his accession to the Cabinet by a spirited and successful vindication of its general policy. On the other side, Mr Gladstone sustained his unquestioned supremacy in eloquence and debating power; while the debates in regard to his complaints against Mr Layard, as well as his hostile correspondence with the Premier at the close of the session, attest an energy of interference with public affairs remarkable in a retired politician, who has withdrawn from active life. The most noticeable incidents were Mr Roebuck's scathing denunciation of the front Opposition bench, and Mr Butt's emphatic approval of the recent treaties, towards the end of the final debate. Mr Roebuck, who has never, we believe, held any Government office, has received the distinguished honour of admission to the Privy Council as a reward for parliamentary services. The Irish Home Rulers have also supported the Government, and except perhaps upon the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, have laid aside the tactics of obstruction which last year tended to bring the House of Commons itself into disrepute. In the House of Lords have occurred some of the best debates of the session, but they have chiefly been conducted by the well-known and familiar names. Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon have fallen from their high place in public estimation, in reference to an all-engrossing topic. But high reputations, such as those which both of them, and especially Lord Derby, have hitherto sustained, are not destroyed in this country by a single mistake, however grave. No eminent statesman of recent times ever made more portentous mistakes than Lord John Russell; and the success which, in spite of them, attended his career, as well as the veneration and regard which he carried with him to his grave, are a striking instance that ingratitude for public services and to public men is not a failing which can be justly charged against the English people.

If the session which has just closed has exercised little influence upon individual reputations, it will at all events be remembered as having witnessed the close of one of the most remarkable careers of recent English history. Earl Russell had outlived his generation and his party. His public life began before the Treaty of Vienna, and it has lasted till the Treaty of Berlin. Its commencement was in the darkest days of English Liberalism; its close at a moment when fortune, having so long befriended the party with which his name is associated, again frowns heavily on its prospects. During forty years of that long interval his party was in the ascendant, with only occasional breaks in the monotony of success. It carried great measures, and has left its mark upon the history of the country, whose character and fortunes it has powerfully influenced. It has perished because, having contracted all the vices incident to protracted prosperity, it lost its discipline, and caricatured, by the unreasonable extravagance of its members, the very principles which had called it into existence and animated it with life and vigour. The bracing air of Opposition had become a necessary tonic, though its restorative effects are still invisible. The name, however, which far more than that of either Lord Palmerston or Mr Gladstone will be most closely associated with its triumphs and most characteristic achievements, is that of Lord John Russell. Looking back upon his career—which was one of singu-

lar vicissitude, and is not without most serious blots, whether we regard his conduct within the Cabinet, so far as it has hitherto been revealed to us, or as a parliamentary tactician, with which we are all familiar — it was, taken as a whole, well worthy of the veneration which followed him to his tomb. From the time when he denounced the declaration of war on the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and voted in the small minority of 73 against it, down to the fall of the Wellington Ministry in 1830, Lord John Russell loyally adhered to his party, and infused spirit and hope into its ranks. He made the Reform question, and the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, his own; and when the hour of triumph arrived, although he was excluded from the Cabinet, he nevertheless retained the championship of that cause which had so signally contributed to restore, after an interval of forty-six years, the supremacy of the Whigs. Although Lord Althorp, the late Lord Derby (then Mr Stanley), and Lord Brougham contributed largely to the success of the Reform Bill of 1832, Lord John Russell was always the central figure in regard to it, and his personality became indelibly associated with it in the eye of the nation. Upon that achievement the whole of his subsequent career was founded. During the stormy debates and labours which preceded it, Lord John Russell developed intellect, capacity, oratory, and tact in party guidance. The ten years which followed were the brightest in his career. He had vanquished Peel. No colleague, not even Lord Palmerston, could pretend to be his rival; and though the Ministry which he led steadily declined in power and reputation, he sustained for years, almost single-handed, but with undaunted spirit and resource, an unequal struggle against some of the greatest debaters whom Parliament has ever produced. The financial reputation and skill of Sir Robert Peel, on the one hand, the exhaustion of the Liberal programme on the other, joined to that facility of rapid disintegration which is the bane of the Liberal party, and renders it so unsafe and inefficient as an instrument of government, led to the Conservative triumph of 1841. But Lord John Russell retained, after that signal disaster, the confidence and devotion to which long years of party fidelity, consistency, and spirited leadership undoubtedly entitled him at the hands of his followers. The Premiership followed in due course, at the next turn in the wheel of political fortune; and down to the death of Sir Robert Peel, in 1850, his supremacy remained unquestioned.

With the disappearance of his great rival, whose name will be linked with his in future histories, Lord John began the decline of his political fortune—possibly even of his political reputation. It must also be remembered that by this time most of the political evils, the luxuriance of which had called the Liberal party into existence, had disappeared. The generation of Sidmouth and Eldon had vanished; the Conservative party had inaugurated financial reforms; its new chiefs were men of broad and liberal views. Lord John Russell's power already lay in the past, and the frequency with which he appealed to bygone achievements showed that he was conscious of it. He was far too considerable a man, from his firmness, courage, debating power, and self-confidence, ever to be passed over; but the defects of his leadership became yearly more apparent, and the taunt of Mr Cobden, when his Government re-

signed, that he would never sit upon that bench again as Prime Minister of England, turned out to be an accurate prophecy. We need not go into details. Those who are acquainted with such works as Lord Palmerston's and the Prince Consort's biographies, with the merits of his quarrel with Lord Palmerston in 1851, with his conduct in the interior of Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet in reference to his claims to the Premiership, with his resignation at the beginning of 1855, and his subsequent resignation in the same year as a member of Lord Palmerston's Government, after the disclosure of his conduct as our negotiator at Vienna, know that the sense of his instability with regard to persons was increasing to an extent which destroyed the confidence of his former colleagues, and repelled the allegiance of the younger members of the party. Whatever it may have been due to,—whether to the narrow intolerance of spirit which is as inseparable from Liberalism as from Dissent, or to the pride of rank, or to a belief that his personal supremacy after Sir Robert Peel's death was not to be questioned,—his political conduct, until in 1859 he finally acquiesced in a position subordinate to Lord Palmerston, affords a striking instance how difficult it is for any statesman of the front rank in England to dislodge himself from the respect and confidence of the country. The public never suspected the extent to which Lord John Russell had, during the period which elapsed from 1850 to 1859, declined in the estimation of the Court, and of his colleagues whether Whig or Peelite.

In future times the biographer or historian, anxious to do justice to the greatness of Lord Russell's reputation, will dwell chiefly on his career and personal achievements anterior to the death of Sir Robert Peel. His foreign secretaryship under Lord Palmerston, and his second Premiership, were not of a character either to create or destroy his previous renown. To the present generation he is chiefly known by his impatient and unsuccessful struggles with the destiny which dethroned him from personal supremacy. Having alienated first Lord Palmerston, then the Peelites, and then his faithful Whigs, he found himself on the fall of that powerful Coalition, which he dissolved by his resignation, unable to form a Government. The Coalition Government had been his ruin —nearly as disastrous as a former coalition had been to Mr Fox. In fact the Whig as distinguished from the Liberal party has never since been heard of, though the 'Edinburgh Review' appears to think it may be revived with the aid of the letters of "Verax." Whether Lord John's submission to that Coalition was inevitable might be an interesting speculation. He entered into it in the belief that Lord Aberdeen would make way for him; had he refused to enter it, Lord Lansdowne was prepared reluctantly to take the Premiership. But if he had exercised more patience in his antagonism to the Derby Government of 1852, and, confident in the future, insisted upon waiting, in all probability the tide of fortune would again have rolled up to his feet. As a matter of fact, a few weeks or months brought on the Eastern Question, in presence of which compromises and coalitions would have been more than ever difficult to adjust, and loyalty to an established and competent leader increasingly difficult to violate.

However that may have been, Lord John Russell precipitated by his conduct the formation of the most disastrous Administration that

has ever governed England within living memory. Lord Palmerston rose upon its ruins, and although Lord Russell again became Premier at his death, the conduct of reform passed from his hands to those of Mr Disraeli. A number of causes had disintegrated the Liberal party; and although Mr Gladstone, by a sudden onslaught upon the Irish Church, and the aid of his personal authority, seemed to restore it to vigour, nevertheless in two sessions its ruin was assured. From that time it steadily decayed, till the general election of 1874 scattered it to the winds. The review of the session which has just closed shows that the political party which has replaced it is stronger than ever in the confidence of the country, and is capable of conducting both home and foreign affairs with prudence and success. What may be the fate of the next general election it is impossible to predict. The large constituencies and their secret action render it difficult to forecast their probable action. But this at least is apparent to every one, that abroad this country has been restored to the foremost rank, and at home you cannot get six men together to discuss a grievance. On the other hand, the Liberals up to the present moment have done nothing to retrieve their position, or to earn at the hands of the constituencies a reversal of their former verdict. They began by railing at the adverse decision as the result of an unholy alliance between the Bible and Beer; and publicly discussed their hopes of a speedy return to office in the full belief that their temporary ejection was a wrong to the nation, which must, for the public welfare, be speedily redressed. At the present moment they rest their hopes upon some temporary wave of popular emotion carrying them back to office, or upon the fickleness of that odd five per cent of electors in the small English boroughs which, according to Mr Forster, has effected their temporary overthrow. We look in vain for any signs that they have carefully regarded the causes of their fall from power, and that they are endeavouring to profit by the lessons of the past, and by patient reconsideration of their principles and position, to govern themselves more wisely in the future. All are interested in the wise and prudent conduct of Opposition, and in the existence of a well-ordered alternative confederacy, prepared to assume the reins of Government in default of the present holders. The history of the session just closed, and indeed of the whole career of the present Parliament, tells us that it is premature at present to indulge in hopes so sanguine, or in a prospect so conducive to the public welfare.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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THE NEW ORDEAL.—PRELIMINARY.

The work of destruction went on merrily. Almost every day brought news of the perfecting of some old, or the discovery of some new instrument for the more effectual killing of our fellow-creatures. Not that the spirit of humanity was silent the while. Side by side with improvements in arms of precision, and the advances accomplished in the application of science to the art of killing, were equal strides made in the ways of saving life. The military surgical faculty had brought their skill in the treatment of gunshot-wounds to quite a beautiful perfection,—for one thing, they had so much experience,—and would cure you of damages for which a few years before they would have whipped off your arm or your leg in a minute by way of giving a chance to the rest of your carcass. Then the hospitals were so much improved. Public feeling, indeed, had become very pronounced on the side of humanity, and laid down inflexible laws for respecting it. It was not sufficient for a nation to be skilled merely in taking life; in order to be deemed civilised it must not only do its best to kill the enemy first, but it must be able to cure him afterwards. The more you killed and wounded, the higher you were esteemed; and it might be observed of the nations of Europe that superiority in culture and military skill were always to be found together: but in order to rank high, something more than even this was needed; and to let the maimed in battle, either the enemy's or your own, take care of themselves afterwards, was unanimously voted barbarous. The civilised nations of Europe all had their regular corps of bearers to carry the wounded off the field, and their brigades of nurses to take care of them afterwards, in neat uniforms and with regular pay and promotion and pensions, till things had got to that state of perfection when twenty thousand men or so might be knocked over of an afternoon, and all—that is, all the survivors—taken away and put snugly to bed before night. Frederick or Napoleon would have wondered to see the degree of comfort which we had brought into the business. In their days many a poor

fellow might be left after a battle to lie out all night on the wet ground, and perhaps be found cold and stiff in the morning: but nothing of that kind could happen now, when war had come under the benign influence of modern humanity; or if it did, a pretty fuss was made about it. Whenever two nations went to war, both sides kept a sharp look-out to see that the adversary behaved with strictest propriety in this respect. Then, again, the same humane spirit laid down that destruction must be dealt out only in certain recognised ways. Kill, mutilate, smash, crush, mangle your adversary as much as you please, so long as he is sound in wind and limb; but you must not hit him when he is down; and as for using the bayonet against a man who refuses to stand up to you, such a barbarity was absolutely inadmissible. Sometimes, it is true, even with the best intentions a slip of this sort might happen in the hurry of fighting; and out of ten or twelve thousand fine fellows laid low of an afternoon, one or two might owe their *coup de grace* to a sly prod given out of rule; for even modern soldiers get hot over their work sometimes and forget their manners. But they were sure to be reminded of them pretty soon; the special correspondents would be down on the offending side at once; the whole press of Europe would protest indignantly against this violation of the moral feelings, and remonstrances would be freely addressed by the general of the offended army to the other side, with exchange of *parlementaires*, and hoisting of white flags, and all the rest of it, followed by explanations, and rejoinders, and even apologies. And then the quarrel being made up, the two armies would go to work again in the best possible spirit. The poor degraded Islamites, on the other hand, who in their simplicity thought that the object of fighting was to damage your enemy as much as possible, and had no scruple about hitting a man when he was down, and who had no nurses, because it wasn't considered decent for a respectable woman in their country to go about in public, or to nurse anybody but her own husband or father,—the Islamites, with their low moral sense, were looked on by the rest of Europe as little better than savages. As for the regular savages, with whom we sometimes got into trouble in various outlandish regions, no moral feeling was of course to be expected from them, and they had no scruple about using poisoned arrows, which the wretches could send a good fifty yards or more, and which if they struck a man were fatal. Of course we scorned to use their own weapons in retaliation; but exercising a fine moral restraint over ourselves, were content merely to fire good honest bullets and shells at the brutes from a distance, before they could get near enough to use their diabolical arrows.

Indeed we English were especially strong on the score of humanity, even compared with the other nations of Europe. Take up an English newspaper any morning, and side by side with the account of some new invention, a gun to throw a shell which would do twice as much execution as any other shell, or a new explosive substance to do twice the work of gunpowder, —the papers used to be full of these things, and very interesting reading they were—you would be sure to find the advertisement of some fund for carrying benevolence into the field, supplying beef-tea to the sick, or light literature to the wounded, or some such useful project. For we were a practical as well as a charitable people; we did not trust to the Government to look after our soldiers, but supplemented its out-

lay with voluntary contributions; and many a rich man would subscribe as much in a morning to one of these funds as would have paid for a handsome dinner, or a new bonnet for each of his daughters, and all this without taking credit to himself for being much better than his fellow-creatures.

It was while public feeling was in this healthy state,—humanity strongly developed, and invention of destructive weapons stimulated to the highest point, so that a man who discovered a new gun or a new projectile might hope to be made a knight or even a baronet, and be sure, in any case, of getting a good round sum for his pains,—that an ingenious scientific gentleman brought out a beautiful new bullet, warranted to go round the corner. Earthworks and traverses would be no longer of any use, however well you might be sheltered; unless you had absolutely a roof over your head, this new bullet would find you out—and when it did, you were done for, because part of the invention was that the bullet on striking the object burst into a score of fragments. No fear of the bullet coming short of its purpose by doing only trifling damage, as merely going through the fleshy part of the arm or leg, and letting the wounded man turn up all right again at the end of the campaign, as the clumsy missiles did which it was intended to supersede. "Warranted to wound mortally," was stamped on the wrapper of the cartridge just below the neat trade-mark. And the inventor did not claim more than he was entitled to; for when the cartridge was tried down at Woolwich marshes on some dummies, placed like soldiers lying snugly behind the parapet of a redoubt, the dummies were found to be all smashed to bits—the splinters so scattered, indeed, that the officer in charge of the experiment had some ado to get his accounts passed by the audit department because the fragments could not be found. The new bullet became the talk of the day, quite cutting out a famous African traveller, who came home a fortnight too late for his reputation. A visit to Woolwich became as much an item in the season's work as a visit to the Royal Academy; and young ladies labouring under a press of engagements would economise time by seeing the experiments in the morning and going to the Artillery ball in the evening. "So awfully interesting, don't you know!" some fair damsel would say to her partner at dinner the next day. "No, not the ball; that, of course, was pretty jolly: the gunners are a very good sort of fellows at their own mess. I mean that wonderful gyratic bullet. We saw fifty of those dear ridiculous dummies put in the redoubt, and Captain Fuse—he's the officer in charge, don't you know—said that if they had been real soldiers not one could have been even identified after ten minutes. So awfully scientific and interesting his explanation was. They say Professor Smash is to have a peerage."

The rumour was so far correct that the inventor had asked for one. The demand did not seem so very unreasonable, another man having lately been made a baronet whose invention would not kill with anything like the same precision; but there was a hitch about the matter, the Government wanting to make it an Irish peerage, and also about the sum to be paid for the patent. The Treasury named pounds and the Professor held out for guineas; and at last, in a huff, he went off and sold the patent to the Government of Mongolia, which at once made him a Count of the Holy Order of the Wily Fleece, and set

him up in a big factory, with brand-new machinery, all supplied by a famous Manchester firm, where he began to turn out the new gyratic cartridge at the rate of ever so many millions a-week. On hearing of the Professor's engagement our people were naturally very indignant. We had quite intended that science should take the place of numbers, and to make up for our deficiency in the latter respect by the superiority of our appliances, as became a free people; and it was generally held that for a nation like the Mongolians, so backward in science and culture, to get hold of this latest improvement in arms of precision, was a misuse of the blessings of Providence. However, a happy expedient for pulling up the Mongolians in the march they had stolen upon us, was hit upon by the discovery that explosive bullets were inadmissible in civilised warfare. The other Continental nations took up the cry, for Mongolia was just then the rising power whom all the others were interested in keeping down; and the agitation culminated in the assembly of a congress where every great Government was represented by its war and education ministers, and at which, after the celebration of numerous festivities and interchange of protocols, it was solemnly resolved that the use of explosive bullets was repugnant to the spirit of Christianity and the usages of civilised war; and that the undersigned envoys and ministers plenipotentiary in congress assembled, do hereby, on behalf of the Governments by whom they are respectively credited, repudiate and renounce the use there of in perpetuity. That the Mongolian envoys and plenipotentiaries should be among the co-signatories to this declaration created general surprise, for it was known that Professor Smash and his establishment were still hard at work; but the matter was explained when, immediately on the dissolution of the congress, the Mongolian Government published a circular expressive of their gratification, as champions of humanity and dealers in benevolence generally, at the resolution now come to by the great Powers to abandon the use of explosive *shells*. The effect of this circular can be compared only to that of the explosion of one of the missiles in question, so great was the astonishment it created among the different Governments. For each nation had been hard at work perfecting the manufacture of its field-artillery; and each, believing itself to be the fortunate possessor of the most destructive shell going, looked to stealing a march on its adversary whenever the next war should break out. There was therefore a general chorus of repudiation of the Mongolian circular. The declaration of the congress was applicable, it was declared, only to explosive bullets; shells were not even referred to by implication; and the Mongolian reputation for sharp practice in diplomacy was deemed to be more than ever justified by this unseemly proceeding. The Mongolians, however, were not to be put down so easily. To a reader of English newspapers, indeed, the difference between a bullet and shell was obvious enough; but the astute Mongolians pointed out, and with justice, that the proceedings of the congress had been held in French, and that they had expressly used the word "*boulet*" in their copy of the declaration, which our minister of education, who, although a distinguished class man at the university, was not a good French scholar, had translated "bullet." Here, then, was a very pretty misunderstanding. Nor was it easy to say what should be done under the circumstances. A return to plain cannon-balls was not to be thought of, for we had sunk ever so

many millions in new machinery for rifled guns, and the manufacture of a beautiful new shell, the trajectory of which had been calculated by some of our best mathematicians, who had demonstrated that its splinters would spread more widely and do more damage than those of any other shell that had ever been invented. The Mongolians, however, would not withdraw their claim, and a very lively contention ensued. A rising member of the Liberal party moved in Parliament that all ministers of education should in future pass a competitive examination in modern languages; our international jurists also gave us some very fine letters in the leading morning journal. But while the discussion was still in progress, public attention was suddenly diverted by the announcement of a new discovery, far transcending in importance that of Professor Smash.

It had come to be understood for some time back that it was impossible to foresee the future conditions of naval warfare. All that could be told with certainty seemed to be that, between torpedoes and ramming, all the ships on both sides would probably go to the bottom; and it was generally allowed on all hands that the life of the sailor on active service would probably be a short if not a merry one. But there still remained some sense of security for soldiers. If liable to be blown to bits by the beautiful new bullet, or torn limb from limb by the beautiful new shell, still the damage was individual, and not collective: a reasonable proportion of survivors might come off scot-free. But this source of consolation to a humane generation was suddenly removed by the discovery of what the inventor—also a professor, but an Arcadian — somewhat barbarously called his Diaskedastikos, the effect of which would be to do for the land forces what torpedoes and rams were expected to accomplish on the sea. At first, of course, rumours only were borne about that the Arcadians had got hold of a new invention which would give them an overwhelming advantage over their antagonist in the next set-to. But experiments on the large scale necessary for working out the idea could not be carried on in secret, and it soon became known that the Government of Arcadia was in possession of an apparatus by which whole brigades and divisions could be swept off the field just as surely as an ironclad could be sent to the bottom of the sea.

The anxiety which this discovery of the Arcadians created at first among the different Governments of Europe, and which was aggravated by the pugnacious tone at once adopted by the press of that vivacious people, was, however, soon allayed by the further discovery that this invention was as simple of employment as tremendous in effect, and that every nation was now in a position to destroy the armies of any other nation as surely as its own would also be liable to simultaneous destruction.

Here was a revolution in warfare with a vengeance, and for a little while the leaders of public opinion among ourselves were puzzled to know what view to take of the matter. At first we English experienced a sense of relief, at feeling that the use for big armies was gone, and that we had no longer anything to fear from the bloated armaments wielded by the force of conscription. But then to this succeeded the reflection that there was also an end of our superiority in mechanical appliances. It was no longer a case for mechanism; take with your army a few waggon-loads of chemicals, and all further preparation was superfluous. Accordingly, the leading journal

was quite in its element, coming out one day with beautiful generalities on the benefit accruing to the world by the ascendancy of moral force, and on the next with platitudes by the column on the uncertainty of future military operations, taking one side and the other in turns with perfect impartiality.

Things were in this state—the nations all holding on still to their old organisations for want of some light to point out a better way of arming, although no longer feeling any confidence in their weapons—when the famous quarrel broke out between our Government and that of Bœotia on the Happygoland question. A small matter at first, but soon expanding under the influence of prejudice and passion, while real interests gradually got to be mixed up in it; and before long, as much heat was evolved out of the controversy as in the old times would have sufficed beyond doubt to kindle a good honest war; and war once begun, it was likely most of the other nations would find themselves drawn into it. A neutral Power made show of an attempt at arbitration, but it was not very seriously pressed, and at any rate fell through; each nation was too profoundly impressed with the justice of its own case to be willing to submit to the award of dispassionate arbitrators. The excitement became at last so high, that both sides began to manifest an almost uncontrollable desire to go at each other and be done with it. There was probably a speculative desire at bottom to see what would come of the new invention; the spectacle of two armies clearing each other off the face of the earth, with no trace left but a few scorched fragments of clothing and some old iron, promised at least a new sensation. And the other Governments, who looked to gaining much useful experience from the issue, urged on the intending combatants with friendly disinterestedness.

While things were in this state, and both sides had begun to give provocations and execute reprisals in different parts of the globe, and it was evident that the state of tension could not last much longer, and the probable combatants were getting to be almost eager that the operation of annihilation should be got over, as a relief from the suspense they were enduring, rumours began to be whispered about that a way had been found out of the difficulty. A minister in high place, a man of genius and not without the spirit of romance, had put forward a proposal that the dispute should be settled by a new ordeal. Each nation should choose a body of champions to represent it in combat, and should agree to abide by the issue, the terms in dispute being laid down beforehand, and formulated in the way of an indemnity, to be paid by the losing to the winning side. The Government of Bœotia was understood to have received the proposal in a courteous and favourable spirit, and the terms of the agreement were reported to be under actual consideration.

When first, indeed, these rumours were bruited abroad, they were treated as mere *canards*, undeserving of serious attention; and when at last the report was adopted by a daily paper, which thereby largely increased its circulation, and in an authoritative manner, it was felt that to attempt to impose on the public credulity in so extravagant a way was unbecoming an earnest journal, already reputed to enjoy the largest circulation in the world. The solemn issue of peace or war ought not to be made the subject of a joke. And the discredit

which the paper in question temporarily suffered in consequence was increased when the ministers, on being interrogated in Parliament, denied at first that any such proposal was under discussion. This assertion was explained away afterwards. The proposal itself was not under discussion, but only the conditions arising out of the proposal. Although the explanation was felt to be not altogether satisfactory, still it was generally admitted that the ministers of a free country should not allow themselves to be fettered by embarrassing questions; at any rate, the feeling of relief when the terms of the proposed convention came to be known was so great as to leave no room for minor sensations. In brief, it was announced at last that the two Governments had finally agreed to settle their differences by the proposed New Ordeal; even the number of champions to represent each side had been determined upon; it only remained to settle the terms to be yielded by the losing side, and some matters of detail concerning the ordeal itself.

But although the feeling of relief was no doubt extreme at this honourable escape from a war which threatened to be destructive beyond any which had ever afflicted mankind, and on the first blush of the thing every one was disposed to hail this settlement of the difficulty with acclamation, and the statesman to whose genius and humanity the solution was due became more popular than ever; yet, after a space, and when people had time to take in all the bearings of the case, the voice of opposition began to make itself heard again. Hostile criticism soon arose, culminating in the form of condemnatory resolutions in Parliament. There was no precedent, it was argued, for this novel action of Government, which was further unconstitutional in having been taken without the previous approval of Parliament, while the detailed terms of the agreement were certainly open to cavil. Our adversaries were to pay fifty millions sterling indemnity if they lost; while we, in the like event, were to cede certain territories of estimated equivalent value. And it was objected, with reason, that it was altogether opposed to precedent for the loser in a war to pay anything: in all the wars in which we have been engaged, it was usual for both sides to leave off exactly where they began, or at any rate for both sides to lose equally, and gain nothing by a war, even if successful. Mr Turgid, a great orator, made a strong point of this; while Mr Bellow, a philosophical historian, taking high moral ground, denounced the proposed ordeal as being a return to the practice of a barbarous age. In vain was it pointed out that the analogy did not hold good; that a small number of persons only would be required to suffer, and they only of their own free will, in order to save a whole army from certain destruction. Perish the whole army! nay, perish the whole nation! exclaimed this high-souled gentleman, rather than such a violation be permitted of our moral feelings. Another eloquent person, an eminent divine, took the same ground, giving it as his opinion that while in a general way the soldier should be bound by his oath, every soldier would be justified in refusing to fight under these particular conditions. The reverend gentleman, however, was in a professional minority; for the Church generally were all in favour of the new ordeal, citing abundant Scriptural authority for the holiness of war, and single combat in particular. Concubinage, and slavery, and other institutions

connected with the old dispensation, they admitted to have passed away; but war was to be regarded as still specially under providential favour. And so delivering themselves, they read out the song of Deborah and Barak in the lesson for the day with unusual gusto, although the incident described was altogether opposed to the spirit of the Geneva Convention.

On the whole, the action of the Government was highly approved; but the minority were by no means to be put down at once; and although the Government urged that time was precious, and that our champions ought to be going into training, a spirited debate took place over Mr Turgid's resolutions, five-and-twenty in number, lasting over three weeks, and enlivened by some excellent speeches more or less to the point. Finally, the Opposition were outvoted by not more than six to one.

Then the Ministry got their estimates passed, and were able to proceed to business. The settlement of the matter, indeed, was not easy, and many alterations in the plan had to be discussed between the two belligerent Powers and the neutral Governments before the final terms were agreed to. Even then some points of detail were left open till the last moment. But the principal conditions of the convention provided that each nation should be represented by one hundred and five champions, and that the Ordeal should be undergone in two months' time; the weapons to be rifles of the kind in use before the late wonderful invention, with swords and bayonets, all to be supplied by the neutral Government of Arcadia, which also benevolently offered to place a choice piece of land at the disposal of the combatants whereon the ordeal should be held, and to keep the ground, all without charge. The stakes were to be deposited beforehand, being those already named: to wit, fifty millions sterling by the other side, in approved bills; while the territories already referred to, which our antagonists had so long coveted as forming a convenient nucleus whereon to develop a colonial empire, were placed provisionally under the charge of commissioners appointed by the great neutral Powers, who also bound themselves jointly and severally to enforce execution of the terms of the agreement on the side which should undergo defeat. The mode of conducting the Ordeal, and the selection of the actual spot whereon to hold it, was to be arranged by a body of International Commissioners, appointed by the neutral Powers, who bound themselves by a solemn oath to observe entire secrecy in their arrangements, and to exercise perfect impartiality between the two contending parties.

These preliminaries having been satisfactorily settled, not without exchange of numerous protocols, it now remained to prepare for the actual business of the Ordeal. And it needs hardly be said that, as soon as the nature of this became known, the Government was inundated with applications from candidates seeking to be included in the list of champions. The regular army would have volunteered to a man, but that volunteering was in contravention of military discipline; nor were the militia behindhand in spirit. The volunteers, however, not being bound by the same regulations, came forward at once; meetings of the colonels were held, and a deputation of that body waited on the Government to press their claims to be represented on the occasion. Good shooting and individual intelligence, they urged, were the qualities most valuable in such a contest, and these the volun-

teers might claim to possess in the highest degree. The selection was confessedly a difficult thing, and while the Government were still deliberating upon it, an earnest member of the Liberal party gave notice of a resolution that the selection of officers should be limited to those who had passed through the staff college. Brains and culture, he argued, were the most important qualifications in all warfare, and especially in a contest of this unique kind; but after a three nights' debate the motion was withdrawn. Another honourable member, of a sentimental turn of mind, proposed that all widows' sons should be ineligible for selection, also all only sons, as well as all married men. Think of the suffering to others, it was urged, that would be caused by the loss of lives so valuable. To this the ministers ventured to reply that the fifty millions sterling at stake was a considerable sum, to say nothing of the prestige of England; seldom could so large a sum change hands, even in peaceful avocations, with so small an amount of suffering and loss of life as would be here involved; and sentiment on going to a division was found to be in a very small minority. The best and bravest, it was almost unanimously affirmed, ought to be chosen as the country's champions, regardless of minor considerations. But how to choose the bravest and best? Everybody was ready with his own recipe for securing excellence, but few were agreed. Competitive examinations, limited mainly to athletics, shooting, and nerve—nerve to carry a large number of marks—were favoured by many, but the difficulty was to determine the exact number of marks to be alloted to each subject; and eventually the bewildered Government got over the difficulty by placing the duty of selection on a great military functionary, who, strongly objecting to the burden placed on him, urging that he had never been known to act on his own responsibility before, shifted the burden on to the commanding officers of regiments, each of whom, including the colonels of militia and volunteers, was directed to nominate one man from those under his command; and it was to be left to the commander of the band to finally pick out the required hundred champions from the body, three hundred strong or thereabouts, thus selected.

The choice of officers was a still more difficult matter, the number to be appointed was so small; and it was never precisely known on what grounds Captain Raleigh was eventually selected to lead the little band of champions. Chosen, however, he was, to become from an obscure captain of infantry the object of envy to the whole army, and for the time the foremost man in England. The rumour circulating one day among the military clubs was confirmed the next, when Raleigh, who was on duty with his regiment at the Curragh, was summoned to town by telegraph, and closeted with the Premier and War Minister for a couple of hours. The general approbation with which the news was received, amply justified the selection, and disposed of the carpings of the disappointed. That Raleigh should thus have come under notice may perhaps have been due to his family connection with a noble lord high in office, but other famous leaders before this have owed their first start to interest. If Raleigh was well born, he was also one of nature's noblemen; active, spare, a trained athlete, a fine rider, strong yet wiry, muscular yet spare; excelling in all sports needing strength and skill, yet withal having one of the

keenest wits in the army; a man equally fitted to lead a storming party as to command an army, and who should have been a general when he was still a captain. Every one on hearing of his appointment allowed that, with perhaps one exception, he was the very man for the post of honour and responsibility on this momentous occasion.

I saw Raleigh walking down Pall Mall after his visit to the War Office. I think that broad brow, those clear blue eyes, that firm mouth and chin, that wiry figure and elastic tread, would have attracted my notice anywhere; needs not to say that I looked at him with peculiar interest on this occasion, guessing as I did rightly the nature of his errand. And I thought how a mob would have gathered round him at once, if I had whispered to any bystander who the man was walking along unnoticed. And the expression which his face wore was worthy of the man and his mission. There was nothing visible of bravado, or triumph, or even excitement. He looked like one who felt the weight of responsibility placed on him, but for whom that weight was not too much to bear. Was there room in his thoughts, I wondered, for other things than the matter in hand? Raleigh had been married for only a few weeks, and had left his young bride behind him in Ireland when summoned to London by telegram. I saw him get into a cab at the end of Pall Mall, pausing for a moment in thought before telling the driver where to go. Did his young wife know yet, I wondered, what was the nature of that summons? When would she learn of the choice which made him the foremost man in England? And how would she take the news? Would pride or sorrow be uppermost with her? Women choose soldiers for husbands without taking thought about the risk of wedded happiness being cut short; the extra risk of the soldier's life is too slight to weigh much on the spirits. Peace is the soldier's normal state, and even in war the survivors are more numerous than those who fall. There is always plenty of room left for hope. But here the risk could not be appraised so lightly, and the honour which those have gained for all time, from the three hundred of Thermopylæ downwards, who give up their lives for their country, shows how highly we estimate that sacrifice from which the element of uncertainty is absent.

As it turned out, Raleigh could not leave town again, so much was there to be done, and his wife came up to join him in his lodgings.

He did not see me when we passed each other in Pall Mall on that afternoon. Most men may think me a fool for not obeying my first impulse to overtake and speak to him before he got into the cab. It was a chance such as could not occur again, and which perhaps it was, indeed, folly to throw away. Such friends as we were, he might have given me a place in his band at once had I asked for it. Yet to ask for it was just what I could not bring myself to do; while to express no wish on the subject might have been taken to imply a wish not to be chosen. After all, I consoled myself with thinking, Raleigh is the last man to let friendship get the better of judgment, and worse than not asking would be to ask and to be refused. These, so far as I could analyse them, were the motives which led me to throw the chance away; and it never came again, for a few hours after Raleigh's appointment, the names were announced of the officers selected by him. Captain Wolfe was to be second in command, Lieutenants Hampden, Sidney,

Clive, and Nelson were the others, the last of these supernumerary. Raleigh was no doubt so quick in his choice in order to put an end to the pressure of applications which came on him so soon as his appointment was known; but his selection was universally approved by his brother officers. Every one perhaps thought he could name some one man or other who ought to have been chosen in preference; but all admitted the general excellence of the five lucky ones,—picked men in every sense. Wolfe belonged to the cavalry; Sidney had served in the guards, but was now colonel of a regiment of volunteers; the others were linesmen. But the selection of such juniors—a necessity since the commander himself was only a captain—made the field-officers and generals feel very small, more especially in view of the notices of motion now given in the House of Commons for the abolition of these grades, as being no longer necessary.

A large number of the disappointed applicants, finding they could not be chosen as officers, resigned their commissions, in view of enlisting as privates, and so getting another chance of being chosen. And it was understood that of the delegates selected, a considerable number belonged to this class, some of the best of the young officers of the army, and of the finest specimens of English manhood.

Time pressed, precious weeks having been already lost in speeches and debates on resolutions and amendments, and in a very few days Captain Raleigh with his officers and the selected champions, in the first instance some three hundred strong, moved down and encamped on an open spot in the middle of Exmoor. The move was made quietly, without public notice; but the little force was immediately followed by the special correspondents, almost as numerous a body, who had been waiting in readiness to accompany the champions. Great was their astonishment to find a complete *cordon* of sentries placed round the moor, and all ingress to the neighbourhood forbidden. Great was the indignation, too, of the newspapers which employed them, and which denounced, in loud terms, what they termed this high-handed and illegal proceeding. Illegal no doubt it was, for Exmoor did not belong to the Government; but Ministers brought in a bill of indemnity, which was carried at once through both Houses. Secrecy was essential to success, they said; it was being strictly maintained by our antagonists, whose champions had already been for some time in training while we had been going through the course of debates already referred to; and an appeal was made to all loyal Englishmen not to divulge any information regarding the proceedings of our champions. This appeal was not made in vain, although the validity of the claim was not universally admitted. The argument of the Government, said an Opposition paper, is plausible at first sight, but it begs the whole question at issue. The practice of sending correspondents to the seat of war is denounced as tending to supply the enemy with information. Admitting that there may be some truth in this allegation, still this is but a partial view of the case; we have to weigh against any possible harm done, the certain benefits resulting from the criticism of an intelligent press on the proceedings of a commander in the field. We cannot look to get this from the soldiers themselves, whose prejudices, to say nothing of the spirit of discipline—a spirit very com-

mendable when kept within proper bounds—interfere with the free expression of opinions. It might not, indeed, at first sight be easy to say with precision what benefits followed from the publicity given to the proceedings of an army, beyond that intelligent cultivation of the public mind, which must in due course react upon the army itself, still it might be fearlessly asserted that the employment of war correspondents was on the whole beneficial to the country which paid their services. The present case might indeed be admitted to be somewhat exceptional, and the voice of the people, as expressed by its accredited representatives in Parliament, must no doubt be respected; still—and so forth. However, for the first few days there did really rest a mystery and silence over what was doing on Exmoor, the press loyally observing the injunction laid on it. But some particulars gradually leaked out, for soon the first list of champions had to be weeded out, and as those not finally selected left the camp by twos and threes—glad or sorry, who shall say?—it was but natural that from these, although sworn to secrecy, some scraps of information should be gleaned, for several of them were married men. But when an enterprising paper began to publish a daily report from Exmoor, at once trebling its circulation thereby, the rest of the papers could not be expected to remain quietly while the bread was being taken out of their mouths, almost in a literal sense, indeed, for it appeared that the correspondent who furnished the letters in question had got into the camp disguised as a baker, in employ of the bread contractor, and passed out his letters every night enclosed in a supernumerary returned loaf. The careful search instituted put a stop to this; but the other papers, feeling that their interests had been sacrificed by this want of care of the Government officials, held themselves no longer bound by their pledge, and although the despatch of any more regular letters from the camp was put a stop to, save the daily reports which Raleigh submitted to headquarters, each paper had now every morning its telegraphic summary, more or less accurate, of what was going on; and the 'society' journals supplemented the snips of petty gossip and scandal which formed their usual stock of news with such personalities regarding the actors in the coming drama as they were able to pick up. The sporting papers also furnished another sort of information, of a statistical sort,—such as the weights of some of the principal champions, how many inches Captain Raleigh measured round the biceps, and Captain Wolfe round the calf, and so forth—found interesting by many readers. The medical journals also had their say, reporting the percentage of carbon and nitrogen in the food consumed by the champions, and urging that, in consequence of the notorious excess of ozone in the air of Exmoor, they should be supplied with an extra ration of fat. So much, at any rate, of the truth leaked out that the mornings were given to marching and drill, sometimes on the open surface of the moor, sometimes in breasting the steep slopes of the hills—than which no better training could be devised for wind and limb—or skirmishing through the wooded combes below. Every afternoon rifle practice was carried on; the evening would close with songs over the camp fire. All testimony was unanimous as to the high spirits and good health which reigned in the little camp—a camp gradually reduced, as after trial the commander made his

final selection of the chosen one hundred and five, keeping only ten men in addition as a reserve to replace any casualties occurring at the last moment.

And now the time drew near when all this training was to be put to the proof. The day for the contest had been fixed from the first; but, except that it was to be held somewhere in Arcadia, the details were to be kept absolutely secret from both sides by the International Commissioners. One evening, when the time still remaining could be counted by hours, and all England was moved with a restlessness and excitement proportionate to the occasion, daily increasing as the appointed day drew near, I was one of the occupants of the crowded club-room, where eager groups discussed over and over again what little shreds of information they possessed, and exchanged surmises, more or less improbable, when I was called out to see a messenger waiting in the hall. He was from the War Office, and delivered a letter marked secret and confidential, and addressed in the handwriting of the Minister. It contained a brief memorandum, also written by the Minister himself. Captain Raleigh had telegraphed to ask that I might be sent down; the Minister had ascertained that I was in town; a special train would be ready for me at Paddington at six o'clock next morning; I was to acknowledge the receipt of my instructions by the bearer, and to say nothing about them that night.

Hastily returning to my lodgings, and soon completing the needful preparations for departure, there remained plenty of time, after disposing of the rough meal my landlady provided for me, for thinking over my coming deputation, and wondering what might be in store for me. I suppose I had my share of the fund of vanity latent in most human hearts, and although I had cheerfully acquiesced so far in the general acceptation of my own insignificance, content to be the friend of distinguished men rather than to be distinguished myself, I was now quite prepared to accept the testimony to my merits which seemed to be implied in this summons. I had been very sensible of an increase of consideration among my acquaintance during the last few weeks, due to the terms of friendship on which I was known to stand with Raleigh, and had been quite satisfied to shine with this faint reflected light; but it did not now surprise me to find that I was chosen for one of the posts that every officer in the army coveted to possess. Which of the five officers, I wondered, had broken down, and was to be replaced? Or could it even be that Raleigh himself from any cause wanted to resign his own command into other hands? Had he found the responsibility too great? and did he, like a certain gallant general of another army in former days, seek to resign the chief post, and fight as a subaltern under another leader? Well, all these questions would be solved in a few hours, and there was time while pacing the street before my lodgings—for I was too much excited for bed or sleep—to think over the past and future, and to reflect, among other things, that few lives could be better spared than mine, so far as its termination might affect the interests of others. I was more happily situated in this respect than Raleigh, for instance, with his young wife, still almost a bride. Then as my thoughts turned to him and her, the idea struck me, should I find her out, and offer to convey any message to her husband? I knew that she was staying with

friends in the neighbourhood of London; why should not I run down to call, late though it was, and offer my services? Although prohibited from making known my appointment that night, to tell her of it at that late hour in the country would virtually not be any breach of order. Hailing a cab, therefore, I drove off at once to the station.

An hour's railway journey, and a drive of three or four miles, brought the time on to near eleven o'clock when I reached the house, and sending in my card, asked to see Lady Laura Raleigh alone on business. The servant showed me into the dining-room, and turning up the gas, went to convey my message, and was almost immediately succeeded by Lady Laura herself.

I had never seen her before; the engagement had been a short one, and I was absent from England when invited to the wedding, but the first glance showed me that report had not exaggerated her beauty. I had not, however, been prepared to find Raleigh's wife so young looking. Could this little creature, I thought, looking almost a child, so slight and girlish she seemed, enter into Raleigh's high resolves, and appreciate his sense of duty to his country? And would his heart be torn at having to part with her? or did he regard her as a pretty toy, to be played with at leisure, and put aside when the time came for the serious business of life?

Her colour came and went as she stood looking nervously at the card in her hand and then at me.

I made some apology for the lateness of my visit, but as an old friend of her husband——

She had often heard Captain Raleigh speak of me, she interrupted me by saying. "You have come from him now," she went on, "and you bring me some message, I am sure." And her face crimsoned when she began to speak, turning pale as she stood with parted lips, which waited trembling for my reply.

I explained that I had received a sudden summons to the camp, and had come to see if I could be the bearer of anything from her. She had good accounts of him, I hoped.

"Good accounts!" she replied, mechanically repeating my words, "do you think I am treated better than the rest of the world because I am his wife? Is he not lost to me as much as if he were killed already? See here," she cried, taking out some letters from the bosom of her dress, "two little notes in six weeks; this is all I have had to live on all this weary while. And yet he tells me to be thankful; I am the only woman or man who has got a line. He writes in such good spirits, too, as if he was on a party of pleasure; the weather is fine, and they all have such appetites. And they tell me here, too, to keep up my spirits; we have had a party this very evening. They tell me I ought to feel so proud that my husband has been chosen out of all England. I try to feel proud, but I——" Here the poor young thing broke down, and stood trembling as if she would have fallen.

Taking her hand, I made her sit down, and at last she burst into hysterical tears.

By way of distracting her attention I turned to the sideboard, and finding at last a decanter and glass, poured out some wine for her. By this time she had recovered her composure.

"You must not tell my husband," she said, as she sat before me on the sofa, holding the wine-glass, "that you had seen me misbehave in this way. It seemed hard at first, when he was still so near, and so little

time remained, that I should not be allowed to be with him, and have not even the comfort of a letter now and then." Here her voice faltered; after a pause she went on.

"But I understand his seeming coldness now, although I thought it so cruel at first. He feels that the sacrifice for his country has been already made, and that our parting has already taken place, and he wants me also to understand this. This is why he writes so lightly, as if the whole thing were a jest. Tell me, Captain Arnold," she continued, rising and stepping toward me, and laying her little hand on my arm, and speaking quickly while her restless eyes looked eagerly into my face; "tell me, do you really think this business will end in jest? They say so, here—that when it comes to the time, the country will not allow the champions to start, or that if they do, the other Governments will not allow the thing to go on. This is what they tell me here; is it true, or is it mere nonsense to lull my fears? Walter, too, writes as if the whole matter were a joke—but ah! I see you do not think so. And the newspapers do not think so either. They try to keep the newspapers from me, but I see them sometimes, and they are serious enough about it. No! Captain Arnold, I see it all plainly enough; this dreadful Ordeal will take place, and how can we hope that the leader will escape? They say I ought to feel proud of being his wife—the wife of the leader of the chosen champions of England. Do these people know what it is for a wife to love her husband, that they talk in this way? They prate about the conduct of Roman wives and mothers, who could give up their husbands and sons with resignation to the service of their country. If it were my life that could be given up for him it would be different. But to be living on here, useless and idle, seeing visitors and keeping up appearances, as they call it, when all the time I might be with my husband; every minute so passed is torture prolonged."

Such, so far as I can recollect, was what the poor girl said, while I tried to throw in a word here and there, intended by way of consolation, but of a more or less feeble and undecided character, I fear. I believed in the reality of the case, and that unless, from some cause yet to be learnt, Raleigh was unable to continue at his post,—in which case, knowing the man, I felt sure that his safety would be worse than death to him,—his wife had full cause for her distress. "If I could only have said good-bye to him," she continued, more to herself than to me. "It was not from him I was even first told about it. I came over to join him in town, thinking we were to have the end of the season, and when I got to Holyhead every one in the train was talking about the news, and they were calling out the latest particulars at all the stations. We were only three short days together, and I hardly had him to myself for a minute even then. And then one morning he got up early, and when I awoke there was only this little note! And I shall never see him again! But no," she continued, and the haggard, excited expression her face had worn gave place to a look of purpose; "tell me, Captain Arnold, is it true that there are only two days more to the time?" Then she went on, as I signified that this was so, and looking up passionately, "We shall soon meet again. Do you think I would let him be with strangers, maimed and wounded perhaps? No; if the country allows its bravest and

best to shed their blood for it, it cannot allow them to lie like dogs uncared for, maimed and wounded perhaps, on the ground. Tell him it has all been arranged. The Prime Minister has promised that I shall go there. Tell Walter I shall be there to greet him, if victorious; to nurse him, if wounded; to die with him, if killed. But no," she went on, "do not tell him this; tell him nothing unless he asks. For all these unworthy selfish upbraidings that you have heard, do not suppose that if unable to equal him in self-control, I am unconscious of the motives that govern his conduct. He wants to tell me that he has put his country and his duty first, and that he would allow no weak feeling of love for his poor wife to come between himself and these. He wants all his strength and all his manhood, and he thinks I should have been in his way. And so, perhaps, I should have been, although I would have tried not to be. But what is the use of thinking of what might have been? But this much at least I would have my husband know, that I would rather pass a dreary widowhood for the rest of my life than never have been his wife."

As I listened to the poor young thing, who seemed to be influenced by my presence, and perhaps by the sympathy I had exhibited, to pour out the feelings hitherto pent up by the artificial life she was leading, it seemed to afford her so much comfort to give way thus without restraint, and there was something so touching in the exhibition of natural selfishness struggling with higher feelings, that I stayed on till the servant re-entered to tell me the cabman said that we should miss the last train back to town unless I started at once. And I hurried out of the room, leaving the poor young wife standing bewildered in the centre of it, looking imploringly towards me as if unwilling to sever what seemed for the moment a connecting link between her husband and herself.

I started next morning before London was thoroughly awake, and as I drove to the station the quiet of the streets was in striking contrast to the aspect of excitement which they wore on the preceding evening, when the manner of even the casual passers by seemed to reflect the feeling of tension experienced in all ranks throughout the country. And in the solitude of my carriage, as the express engine bore me down the line, I was shut off for a time from noting the full throbbing of the national pulse, and had ample leisure to indulge in conjecture on the part allotted to me in the coming drama. But on arrival at Dulverton the little town presented a scene of unusual bustle. The main street was full of soldiers and civilians, the latter staring about them, or eagerly moving to and fro as if trying to pick up information; the inns were crowded with officers and visitors; orderly dragoons and staff-officers were riding up and down, country and commissariat carts were plying between the town and station. Although the number of champions was so small, a large body of troops and police was required to maintain the line of posts established round their training-ground, and Dulverton was, for the time, the headquarters of a military district. Presenting my credentials at the staff office, I was provided with a troop-horse and a cart for my baggage, and attended by an orderly dragoon, started off at once for my destination, not without receiving congratulations, tinged perhaps with a feeling of jealousy at my admission within the secret enclosure. As far as Winsford the road was lively

enough. Numerous excursionists were passed, on foot and in carriages, who had come so far on the chance of being able to get an inkling of what was going on; the country people, too, seemed to be all off work, and thronged the road, gazing with stolid curiosity at the passers-by; staff officers hurried to and fro, and detachments of mounted and foot soldiers; and the rumbling of the heavy waggons of the transport department now and again sounded along the valley. But on passing the line of pickets at this little hamlet, where my papers and baggage were carefully scrutinised, and where a sergeant of military police was substituted for my dragoon escort, the scene changed, and as I mounted the hill above Winsford, I found myself in perfect solitude. Soon the trees and hedges were left behind, and reaching the open moor, the purple-clad crest of Dunkery Beacon standing up clear in the bright autumn morning, the whole landscape for miles around showed not a sign of habitation, nor could any trace be seen of the men on whom, pursuing their steadfast course, the whole attention of their countrymen was riveted; till descending into the village of Simonsbath, in the centre of the moor, I found a picket of military police, and some soldiers in fatigue dress moving about in front of the cottages, and then turning a corner of the road in the centre of the hamlet, I suddenly came upon the champions drawn up on the road, just in the act of breaking off after morning exercise.

The few words with which the commander accompanied his friendly greeting explained the object of my being summoned, and sent a blush into my face while awaking me out of the fool's paradise in which I had been dreaming while on my journey down. Raleigh had asked for my help as a sort of private secretary, to relieve him of letter-writing during the next day or two, supplementing the quartermaster and commissariat officer, who had hitherto acted as his scribes, and because my services might be useful as a linguist during the journey. "Purely as a non-combatant, my dear fellow," said Raleigh, smiling; and again I felt a blush mounting to my forehead, as I contrasted the estimate thus placed by my friend on my services, with that which I had been foolish enough to allow myself to form. And, indeed, when I joined the officers' mess at their mid-day meal, I could not but acknowledge how fortunate it was that none of them would need to be replaced; they were all in such perfect health and condition, body and mind, in high spirits without being boisterous, and stepping when they moved as if their feet hardly touched the ground. The men, too, looked equally good—a body of which the country might well be proud; every man seemed fit to be an officer, as indeed many of them had been. The mess was held in the squire's cottage, a perfectly simple meal, and eaten with appetite. The conversation was mainly about a game of cricket played the day before; and no allusion was made to the object of their labours, nor were any questions put to me, or reference to what was passing in the outer world. The reticence observed did not, however, convey the idea that the subject was avoided because unpleasant to dwell on; it seemed rather to be the reserve of men who had thought out the matter, and having provided so far as they could for every possible contingency, dismissed it from their minds as no longer to be dwelt upon profitably.

After dinner an inspection took place of arms and kits, and various small preparations had to be made for the approaching move. Later in the afternoon the champions went out again for exercise. Raleigh did not invite me to accompany them—indeed he had given me some business to transact for him; so, after seeing the party set off for the moor, stepping out with a light springy tread, I returned to the house to write my letters, which an orderly sergeant from the detachment of police stationed in the village carried to Winsford.

The officers supped with the men in a large barn fitted up for the purpose. Raleigh and his officers, the two surgeons, the commissariat officer, the quartermaster, and myself, occupied a table at one end; then came the non-commissioned officers, and then the men in tables ranged down the room, all waited on by soldier-servants. The plentiful and wholesome meal was washed down with water. No beer or spirituous liquors were allowed in camp; tobacco also was prohibited; and Clive, hitherto an inveterate smoker, assured me that from disuse he had ceased to feel any want of it. After supper a cup of cocoa was served out to each man; and a circle being made round the fire which blazed cheerfully at one side of the large building, singing began, and lasted for about an hour, Captain Wolfe leading off with his fine voice. Several of the men sang well also—ballads, for the most part, with choruses taken up by the whole company. I noticed that there seemed to be an avoidance, as if by tacit agreement, of songs of the sentimental sort. The minstrelsy throughout partook of a jovial character; and although the songs had no doubt done plenty of duty already on previous occasions, they were not the less popular on that account. The entertainment concluded with "God save the King," sung standing, of course — Wolfe and the colour-sergeant, a very fine young fellow, taking the solo parts. Then the company fell in, the roll was called, and the men were marched off by detachments to their respective quarters.

It was while walking back with Raleigh to the squire's house—which had been appropriated to the officers, and where I shared a room with one of the surgeons—that the only conversation took place which I had with him alone, for the other officers had gone to look after their respective detachments. "Our fellows put the question to-day," he said, "whether there should be any leave-taking. We start to-morrow. No parting scenes, of course, but a letter to say good-bye. But after all, we are no worse off than if we had gone on an expedition to the North Pole. We are much better off, indeed; for those who care about us know that we are comfortable here, which is more than they could do if we were wintering in latitude 85°. As for letter-writing, a convict is not allowed to send a letter for six months; surely we ought to be able to take higher ground than the convicts on this point. I told my men that they should write as many letters as they liked after half that time had gone by. Our fellows are in splendid form now, and have got quite reconciled to having even their newspapers cut off; it would be a pity to do anything which might put them off their nerve."

It would not be so much on their account, I remarked, as out of consideration for their friends, that I supposed the indulgence would be allowed.

"But what right has one to consider the feelings of a few score of persons, when the interests of the

whole country are at stake? No; the leave-taking was ended when we came down here. The friends of the voyagers who are never heard of again, do not know the precise moment when the ship founders; here also ours have the advantage."

There was a pause in the conversation; then Raleigh continued—"The ancients had the advantage over us in one respect; I take it the domestic tie was not so strong with them as with us. Men were harder in every way, and the sentimental emotions were kept in due subordination. The men of Thermopylæ may have thought about their mothers a little, but their wives were little more than creatures of use. Now I have no mother." After another pause he said, "Poor little Laura! I wonder if she gives me credit for the right motive in my conduct?" Then turning a quick glance towards me, he said, "Have you seen her? I see you have," he continued; "now I don't want to know what she said; you can understand, or perhaps you can't understand, what it is to attain to a state of moral Nirvana, to shut out all thoughts and feelings but those which bear upon the business in hand. Having brought myself to this state, I must be careful not to do anything which may make me relapse from it. Don't tell me more, but I should like to know one thing—do you think Laura understands my motives for the line I have taken on this point? Just nod your head if you can say 'yes.' That will do. Do you know, Arnold, it has often puzzled me, as I daresay it has puzzled many a wiser man, how to reconcile the peace of mind which is supposed to be a condition of the heavenly state, with the anxiety one must feel for the welfare of those dear to you who are left behind on earth. Would not annihilation, pure and simple, be preferable to a place in heaven with such conditions of uncertainty attaching to it? The heaven-seeking of the Christian has always seemed to me such a purely selfish, personal affair, provided we take the faculty for sympathy with us into the next world, as to be rather discreditable than praiseworthy. But supposing the business of heaven, whatever it may be, to be of so absorbing a kind as to leave no room for any feelings of this nature, and the difficulty vanishes. In that sense I seem to have a glimpse of heaven already; but," he added sportively, "I shouldn't wish Laura to know it. But if I go on in this way I shall be emerging from Nirvana, and leaving all these good fellows still in that happy state; so good night."

Next morning, after an early breakfast, the champions marched away to Dulverton. I accompanied the commissariat officer and quartermaster, who drove on ahead to see that the train was ready for their reception, while I had Raleigh's last report to despatch. The empty train prepared to receive us arrived just as we reached the station, the point and precise time of departure having been purposely kept secret. Raleigh had stipulated that there should be no letter-writing, no leave of absence, no chance of the men getting at drink, or anything that would injure their condition, and no public leave-taking. "Do what you like," he wrote to the minister, "in the way of a reception when we come back again, but let us get off in a sober, business-like fashion. Our countrymen are very good fellows, but a little given to brag and bunkum, especially of late years. Anything

that is said or done (I have not seen a newspaper for six weeks, so know not how far they have sinned in this respect already) cannot be kept to ourselves, but must be published all over Europe. Better reserve our tall talking for the result, if it deserves it." In accordance with this advice, the arrangements for leaving Exmoor had been made secretly, and the train started from Dulverton almost before the occupants of that little town knew what was happening; while the approaches to the station were kept clear by the troops, the general and staff alone coming on to the platform to wish us good-bye. And the embarkation also was to be conducted quietly. It was generally understood that this would take place at Plymouth, and a rush of visitors ensued accordingly to that place, for it was impossible to keep secret the day fixed for departure. Special correspondents, friends, and others of all classes, the idle and the busy, were crowded together there, occupying all the inns and lodgings, and running about seeking for news of the time of the arrival of the champions. But the train which received them at Dulverton, passing through Exeter, stopped short at Teignmouth, where the champions alighted. Not altogether unattended, however; for another special train arrived shortly afterwards, conveying a royal party, which, stepping into the carriages that had been brought down with their train, drove off to the little grassy plain between the town and the sea, where they found Raleigh's band drawn up to receive them. Three carriages, with a few outriders, made up the royal procession. The first held the king and queen, with the two princesses, inheritors of all the grace and beauty which their ancestress, so long beloved of the English people, brought as a heritage from her northern home to England; the second contained the heir-apparent, his great-uncle the commander-in-chief, the prime minister, and the war secretary; in the third were some officers of the Court. The secret had been so well kept that there were no other visitors; and all Teignmouth, now collecting on "the Den" at the news, scarcely made a crowd. There was no marching past or review of the ordinary sort. The little band, drawn up in line, with the supernumeraries and non-combatants in rear, presented arms as their majesties drove up; and the king, standing up, addressed to them a few words, hard to be spoken through emotion, and then alighting passed down the ranks. Then Raleigh was called up to the carriage to kiss the queen's hand, the young princesses smiling on him through their tears; and he afterwards brought up his officers to be presented in turn. The occupants of the other carriages got down, and went along the ranks. There was not much to say, and feeling was too strong to find expression. The champions alone retained their self-possession. And although they too were touched by these marks of sympathy, and the emotion of the spectators, with them the scene seemed to excite rather than depress. The sudden change from their long isolation to contact with the outer world; the gay scene before them; the bright sun glittering on the green hills and red cliffs, and on the tranquil sea, dotted with fishing-boats and little yachts; the line of houses at the back, commonplace yet cheerful; the king's kindly manner and gracious bearing; the vision of sympathetic beauty;—all this produced a feeling of exaltation among them; it seemed a festive day; the business in hand was driven for the moment out of their thoughts. Raleigh whispered to

the field-marshal, and then, turning to his men, called on them to give three cheers for king and country, which was taken up and repeated by the crowd. Then the king, waving his hat, led off three cheers for England's gallant champions, lustily echoed by the bystanders, fishermen and sailors for the most part, increasing in number every minute, as the news of what was taking place spread through the little town. "I could fancy myself a Tiberius or a Nero," said the king to the field-marshal, in a low voice, "listening to the last salutation of a band of gladiators." "Not so, sir," replied the venerable old soldier; "these men are not going to a useless carnage; each life that is spent of these gallant men will save hundreds and thousands of lives of your majesty's subjects, which might have been sacrificed in vain. Here is no waste of life, and you can feel that you take no pleasure in the coming slaughter." "Then," said the king, dryly, "to judge by the newspapers, I am the only person in my kingdom who does not."

And now the champions had marched off to the pier at the back of the town, alongside of which was lying the vessel which had steamed into the harbour a short time before, and the carriages had driven away to the station. It was nearly high water, and the men embarking, the steamer got at once under way, not, however, before the king had gone on board and again taken leave of his soldiers. The harbour bar was cleared in a few minutes, and the transport standing out to sea, watched by the groups of people collected on "the Den," who, but for the evidence furnished by the steamer's smoke in the horizon, might almost have found it difficult to believe in the reality of the spectacle they had just witnessed.

One man alone among the champions seemed to be depressed by the scene we had just gone through. "I feel like an impostor," said Nelson to Hampden, as they paced the deck of the steamer together; "to think that those beautiful young creatures should be crying about me, and treating me as a hero, whereas in fact I am only a miserable supernumerary non-combatant. When we went into training the chances seemed fair that one of you fellows might get sick, or break down in some way, and that I should be brought on to the strength of the force; but there are only a few hours left now, and you are all as fit as fit can be. I declare I shall never venture to show my face in England again. We supers ought never to have been paraded with the rest; we should have gone on board at once, and hidden ourselves below till we got out of harbour. I have now been made ridiculous for life; I shall never be able to show my face at a levee again." But Raleigh overhearing something of this, rebuked Nelson good-naturedly. He had been doing his duty, said the commander, and no man could do more.

FIRE-FLIES.

[*The long row of windows is yellow with the festive light within, and yields gay music softened to the summer night: before the windows the broad terrace is mysterious under the rising moon; and far below dreams the old river, and the shadows fade from her. Ancient and grim is the city, with her palaces and prisons. Here on the terrace is a young woman, masked and musing: there is a young man, musing and masked. She speaks.*]

Bice. I am so sorry that I can't feel sad. I parted from Bino this morning. I love Bino. Certainly I love him. We are parted. Parted! Why do I not feel sad? It is very distressing. The night is so beautiful and the dance so gay. For no woman in the world but the Vera would I dance after a parting from Bino. The Vera sent for me in her old imperious way, and here I am. Here am I in this cruel, cruel city, left alone, in gay attire, and hiding beneath the mask a sad, sad face. Only it is not sad. Ah me! There is too much joy in the air: the night is too beautiful: the music is too sweet: it comes to me like fairy music. The river lingers in the moonlight, and I linger. O Bino *mio*, O my love—what a very pleasant evening it is!

Bino. It is strange that I should be here, I who should be flying far away. After that parting from Bice, that sweet parting, how have I the heart to linger in this gay scene? It is gay. Where is that little wretch, our adorable hostess, the Vera? For no woman else would I linger so near the house, wherein I parted this morning from the sweetest creature of the world. Ah me! it is a night of stars; the ancient river grows young in the moonlight; the air beats with the passion of a thousand mandolines. O beautiful night, I bless thee for the sake of my Bice. Perchance she leans from her window to the fragrant air of her garden, and whispers my name. Now she lays herself upon her little bed, and veils those violet eyes. Sleep little one, sleep while I watch. A sad and lonely vigil. Ah! the music! O Bice *mia*, to each cup which I shall quaff to-night, I will whisper one name, thy name. I will go quaff one now.—But who is this? A lady masked. If it should be the Vera. I dare swear 'tis she. I know her by a certain imperious trick of the elbow. I am never wrong in such matters. Will she know me? I think not. Now to go masquerading.—Fair lady!

Bice. Gentle cavalier!

Bino. What read you in the stars?

Bice. That day is done, sir.

Bino. But the light of love eternal.

Bice. It may be that the stars are eternal; it is certain that they are many.

Bino. And so unlike to love, who is but one.

Bice. Where did you learn to speak so cunningly?

Bino. Here. I was dumb till I saw you.

Bice. By my lady's parrot 'twere a better compliment to have been stricken dumb by the sight.

Bino. Alas! I have no gift of compliment.

I cannot flatter, no not I,
Oh no, not I;
I am all truth, sweet harmony,
And love by-and-by.

Bice. Save us from song! And yet beyond question you and I were born in one rhyming hour. For mark me now.

I cannot flatter, I am too true,
Oh much too true;
I like a many, love but few,
And love not you.

Bino. Shield me, ye sacred Nine, who were every one a woman! An improvising lady! I am dumb before genius.

Bice. I can no more, sir. Once in twenty-four hours I am a poet for five minutes.

Bino. And I have known more famous bards who were poets but once in ten years.

Bice. Indeed?

Bino. And that was in their youth. When the hoary head was crowned, there was but prose in the shrunken heart.

Bice. Are you a neglected poet?

Bino. Whether I am a poet, I know not. I know that I am neglected, and chiefly by ladies.

Bice. There is a vile manner of boasting of your successes.

Bino. Believe me, no. I speak in sober truth.

Bice. Truth and soberness! And you boasted yourself a poet.

Bino. Never.

Bice. Have you no imagination? Speak poetry, as you are a poet.

Bino. You will scorn me, as you are a woman. But stay. I am possessed by the God. Now the divine madness works. You draw poetry to you, lady, as the moon the tide. Hush!

O dainty mask, like our Italian night,
Most beautiful, and hiding all but stars,
Whose is the face thou hidest from my sight?
—Would I could find some other rhyme than "wars."

May wars never come between us.

Bice. My lips were not the first to frame the word.

Bino. Thy lips should frame things sweeter than mere speech.

Bice. I know no rhyme more gracious than, Absurd!

Bino. And I no rhyme less terrible than, Breach!

Bice. In truth, I fear you are but a camp-singer, for war and breach come quickest to your lips. You are no poet for a lady's chamber, to

conjure a nap before dressing-time. Rather you should swagger in camp, and be clapped on the shoulder by comrade This and comrade That, with, "A draught of wine, my lad!" or, "A rousing song, my boy!" Ah, if you should be less a poet than a swashbuckler!

Bino. For it's ho! wine ho!
And give me a flagon of wine,
Till here and there I go,—what ho!
And reeling to and fro,—what ho!
Feel all the world is mine.

Bice. A kitchen-wench would cry "Good" to those lines. They are well enough to call a tapster—what ho!

Bino. O lady of the starry eyes,
O lady of the bitter tongue,
Lips should be taught more sweet replies,
When you and I are young.

Bice. Are you young? Many a mask hides wrinkles.

Bino. Not yours, on my life! Your mouth is not old.

Bice. No younger than my face, I give you my word.

Bino. I believe you.

Bice. As men believe women. We tell men the truth: they believe the opposite: and so we deceive them very pleasantly, and our conscience is saved.

Bino. By your lips you are young.

Bice. You wear a mask on your mouth.

Bino. Nay, 'tis but an indifferent moustachio.

Bice. A most delicate fringe for fibs.

Bino. I know that you are pretty. Is not that true?

Bice. It is not true that you know it. I wear a mask.

Bino. I know whose face is under it.

Bice. No man in the city knows that.

Bino. But we are in fairyland, and I know.
A flower city, rose of all the earth,
Most naughty city if all tales be true,
To one true woman of true race gave birth,—
That truant true and dainty dame is——

Bice. Not I, in faith. There is no truth in poetry even when bad. I am but that Bice who is known to friendly citizens as Bice of the yellow hair.

Bino. Not you. And pray, how know you the lady?

Bice. So we tell men the truth, and they believe the opposite. O most exquisite sweet gulls! And you know this little Bice then, who I am not?

Bino. A little.

Bice. Is she so sharp of tongue as they say?

Bino. Her speech is gentle and her eyes soft.

Bice. So not like my eyes.

Bino. Your eyes! Why, they are afire with all the mischief of Europe. They twinkle like two naughty stars which love to cheat the mariner.

Bice. And yet they are the eyes of none other than Bice.

Bino. Let me look closer.

Bice. Whose eyes are those that look?

Bino. None know better than you.

Bice. Whose?

Bino. Ah, the little imperious one! I will tell you. I am the last man in this assembly who should declare himself to-night, and for that sufficient reason I will incontinently tell you that I am he.

Bice. Who?

Bino. He, who is more famous for his heels than his head, he who is the sworn comrade and boon companion of the duchess's ape, the prince of improvising rhymers, the loose ingredients of a poet, the pudding that never went into the bag, one who will eat green figs against any man or mule in Italy, the darling of his mother when his hair is dressed, the beloved of all ladies, himself more madman than lover, the one happy idler, and known to all decorous citizens from the father of the senate to the cook's new dog with the liver patch over his right eye, as Bino of the merry heart.

Bice. No!

Bino. And so you know this Bino?

Bice. A little. He left the city to-day.

Bino. Who bade him stay for this sweet night of revel?

Bice. He did not stay, believe me.

Bino. I am he, believe me or not as you will, but you know it.

Bice. Stand in the moonlight.

Bino. Little princess, how you command me! You bid me do what I ought not, and therefore do I obey you.

O moon, my lady moon,
  Sweet lady of the night
  Lend me thy light,
And bid this fairer lady answer soon
If I am Messer Bino. Now behold!
Dian doth kiss me, and the tale is told.

[*He bares his face to the moonlight, and there is silence between them.*]

Bice. You are not the Bino that I knew.

Bino. The only one of the world, the very paragon of philosophers.

Bice. My Bino was a truer man.

Bino. Thy Bino! And who gave him to thee? But he is thine, all thine—for an hour or so.

Bice. Good-bye.

Bino. You must not go till I have seen thee. The stars have seen my face. Let them see thine and learn to love.

Bice. Good-bye.

Bino. And if it must be, well. I will not be so unmannerly to hold a lady here against her will. To our next merry meeting!

Bice. I leave the place to-morrow. Good-bye.

Bino. The whole city will follow you, from the head of the Council to the cook's dog aforesaid, lean princes and fat citizens, churches and palaces. Why, the very bridges will run away with the river. The city cannot be without you, or I can breathe without breath. To our next merry meeting!

Bice. Good-bye.

Bino. By the town-clerk you have no more variety than the cuckoo. Good-bye! Cuckoo!

Bice. Good-bye.

Bino. Cuckoo!

[*As Bice passes away into shadow, one of the big windows is darkened by a band of revellers, who pour forth on to the terrace with laughter and riot. As they flit in the moonlight with snatches of song, they leave the Vera alone in the window. She stands distinct against the yellow glare, which touches her hair with flame, but the moonshine is uncertain on her face. Is it she or the tremulous light that is laughing? Bino looks at her, and sees a witch or a ghost. As he stands staring, the masks come laughing once more, dancing with arms entwined, and bearing onward in their midst Bice, half unwilling. As Bino goes quickly to them, they wheel away and leave the lady standing. Once again they darken the yellow light of the window, and when they are gone, the Vera is seen there no more.*]

Bino. By magic and moonshine, lady, who are you?

Bice. Am I not the Vera?

Bino. No.

Bice. Alas, no! I am not gay, nor witty, nor pretty.

Bino. I cannot see, but I know that you are fairer than she.

Bice. You like me, then?

Bino. Like! The word is colder than the breath of Boreas. There is no such word in my language. I adore you.

Bice. You will add me to the list? O joy! Quick with your tablets. List of fair ladies beloved by Messer Bino:—

1. The Vera.
2. The unknown of the mask.
3. Bice the biondina.

Bino. Bice!

Bice. Ay, so they say. But I doubt if she be fair enough to grace the triumph of so great a conqueror. I have heard that she is crooked.

Bino. It was not true.

Bice. That her tongue is too sharp.

Bino. The kindest speech in Europe.

Bice. That her hair was not always so yellow.

Bino. The angels wove it of sunbeams.

Bice. The Graces help us! He has an attack of poetry. And so this little Bice is still on the list. Strike out the fair unknown; and so once more Good-bye.

Bino. I love all ladies. Leave me not alone.

Bice. A devouring monster!

Bino. Nay, I am but like Cerberus, with three pairs of lips.

Bice. A most monstrous similitude. For see how far you must ever be from the gates of Paradise.

Bino. I am near thee.

Bice. Stand back, faithless man!

Bino. I am all faith.

Bice. For all women.

Bino. But I love in degrees. I pray you, let me see your face.

Bice. Swear that I have no rival, and I unmask.

Bino. How can I swear it?

Bice. With your triple mouth. I am jealous of this Bice, with her hair woven of sunbeams, forsooth.

Bino. Put back your hood, and I will praise your locks more prettily.

Bice. It is said that you are promised to this Bice.

Bino. And you believe it?

Bice. It is said that she is beautiful.

Bino. Not beside thee. I pray thee, show thy face.

Bice. That she is very wise.

Bino. Believe me, no. Unmask.

Bice. Then she is ill-favoured, foolish, and you love her not.

Bino. Yes, yes. Now let me look on thee.

Bice. O moon, my lady moon,
Sweet lady of the night,
Lend me thy light,
And bid this exquisite gay masker swoon
At sight of hair the angels wove from gold;
Dian doth kiss me, and the tale is told.

[*She bares her face to the moonlight, and there is silence between them.*]

Bino. Bice!

Bice. Ill-favoured, foolish, and unloved.

Bino. Bice!

Bice. Most wearisome iteration. Cuckoo!

Bino. What shall I say?

Bice. Nothing.

Bino. What can I do?

Bice. Nothing but go.

Bino. O Bice, spare me! I love none but you.

Bice. And the masked lady.

Bino. I was but curious, no more.

Bice. Have men no vices that they must rob woman of her only fault? Leave curiosity to us.

Bino. Bice, if you love me——

Bice. I love you not.

Bino. Forgive me.

Bice. No. Good-bye.

Bino. Good-bye. But stay. Something puzzles me. Why are you here?

Bice. I? Because the Vera sent for me.

Bino. And I for the same reason.

Bice. No. I came for my pleasure.

Bino. And I for mine.

Bice. Most wickedly.

Bino. And you?

Bice. } How could you think of pleasure on the very day of our
Bino. } parting?

Bino. I always think of pleasure. I was made so. Is it very wrong to be happy?

Bice. Perhaps not. Alas! I am womanly weak in argument.

Bino. I will reason and you shall love. The head and the heart are best together.

Bice. We are young. It is not wrong to be young.

Bino. And we love each other.

Bice. To love is one thing, to laugh is another.

Bino. Yet love and laughter fly well together, as the doves of Venus.

Bice. Can you laugh with all, and love but one?

Bino. I have. I do. I will.

Bice. I will too.

Bino. There are a myriad stars, and but one moon.

Bice. There are many nights in the year, but never another like this.

Bino. It is a night for dancing.

Bice. It is a night for laughter.

Bino. It is a night for love.

Bice. For mandoline, guitar, quick vows, and quick forgetting.

Bino. For countless ripples of folly and one deep sea of love.

Bice. Let us dance.

Bino. Let us be happy together.

Bice. Joyous together, and not unhappy apart.

Bino. Never apart and ever happy. Let us dance.

[*So they flit in the moonlight: the Vera comes stepping through the window, but they see her not: behind her the masks are peering. The music swells forth triumphant, and slowly dies to silence: the lights in the palace grow faint and fainter, and die: a mist creeps up from the river: a cloud goes over the moon: there is night and nothing more.*]

VISIONS IN THE SOUTH.

I.

Her human heart was given,
  False heart for a ruby true;
Her eyes were made of heaven,
  And sold for the sapphire's blue.

False opal is on the finger
  Where loving lips have kissed,
Where loving eyes did linger,
  Collar of amethyst.

The old jewel-monger chuckles
  At the gift of my lord the earl,
And he bows to the diamond buckles
  And the Gargantua pearl.

But her place the poet passes
  With a sigh for love astray,
And he turns from her opera-glasses,
  To the farce that the players play.

II.

My lady's the lily of ladyhood,
  And when she has passed the stair,
The trebled scent of a springtide wood
  Is sweet on the troubled air.

For her be vagrant verse of mine,
  But a wedding of house and land;
And, wheresoever she hap to dine,
  A seat at her host's right hand.

For her be dozen-of-button gloves,
  And dozens of sweet champagne,
But never the least of all the loves
  Will come at her call again.

III.

'Tis May, my love, on the Southern sea,
  And night comes softly on,
And the moon shines fair as never to me
  A moon of the Northland shone.

And oh! but my soul is beating, love,
  With a passionate thought of thee,
And my lips of themselves repeating, love,
  The name that is dear to me.

O moon, in the mantle of ragged cloud
  That ridest the Northern night,
Breathe low to my love in her London crowd
  Of the South and its dear delight.

Breathe low to my love how the Southern moon
  Leans down to the passionate sea;
Breathe low to my love how the South winds swoon
  On the breast of the passionate sea.

J. S.

THROUGH THE IVORY GATE.

I HAD a dream last night,
  Dream of a friend that is dead:
He came with dawn's first light
  And stood beside my bed:

And as he there did stand,
  With gesture fine and fair
He passed a wan white hand
  Over my tumbled hair,

Saying,—No friendship dyeth
  With death of any day,
No true friendship lyeth
  Cold with lifeless clay.

Though our boyhood's play-time
  Be gone with summer's breath,
No friendship fades with May-time,
  No friendship dies with death.

Then answer I had made
  But that the rapture deep
Did hold me half afraid
  To mar that rose of sleep.

So with closed eyes I lay
  Lord of the vision fair,
But when 'twas perfect day,
  Only the day was there.

J. S.

HOLYDAY.

HALF-GREEK adown the Highland glen
  And singing to the open sky
I passed beyond the ways of men
  And found my vale in Arcady.

The bees were drowsy on the slope,
  The air was wondrous sweet and still,
And all my heart beat high with hope
  Of marvels on the Grecian hill.

The light cloak from my shoulder flew,
  My bare brown limbs were light and free;
The lark whose rapture thrilled me through
  Was but a singing bird to me:

For I was Greek in Hellas' prime
  And singing to the clear bright air,
And Grecian bees were in the thyme
  And the lost charm in all things fair.

Hills beyond hills from blue to grey
  Faint to the misty Highland sky,
But I have been an hour away
  In my own vale of Arcady.

From tree to tree the whisper creeps,
  "Look, sister, at the wayward man!
His are the eyes of one who sleeps
  Within the vale Arcadian."

"Hush, hush!" the pine-tree sighs, "and look,"
  The lav'rock peeps from heather sweet,
And headlong streams the Highland brook
  To break in laughter at my feet.

J. S.

THE TROUBLES OF A SCOTS TRAVELLER.

If the reader be neither an ignorant fool nor a proud knave; if he be neither a villain, a ruffian, a momus, a carper, a critic, a buffoon, a stupid ass, nor a gnawing worm, he may read with amusement the travels* of one of the most adventurous spirits that Scotland ever sent forth; but if he be any of these, then the traveller, who is his own biographer, bids him go hang himself. With rare modesty, he tells us in his prologue how he knows his history will, to the wise, be welcome; to the profound historian yield knowledge, contemplation, and direction; and to the understanding gentleman insight, instruction, and recreation. Having thus taken criticism by the horns, he shows how, in his opinion, his talents as a traveller and writer should be appreciated, by publishing, immediately after his prologue, some verses by three of his friends, one of whom tells him that his work,

"In subject, frame, in method, phrase, and style,
May match the most unmatchéd in this isle."

Our autobiographer then proceeds to develop one of the most marvellous stories of adventure ever told; in which, though the fabulous in history is strangely mingled with the true in travel, we may without much difficulty dissever the fables due to the ignorance of the time from the real and striking adventures of the hero of the tale. And if to have

"by the great providence of God, escaped infinite dangers; by seas, suffering thrice shipwrecks; by land, in woods, and on mountains, often invaded; by ravenous beasts, crawling and venomous worms, daily encumbered; by home-bred robbers, and remote savages, five times stripped to the skin; excessive fatigues, unspeakable adversities, parching heats, scorching drought, intolerable distresses of hunger, imprisonments, and cold:"

if all this endured is not sufficient, at least the sufferings of the dungeon and the rack at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition have so rarely found a narrator in the person of one who has undergone them, that our indomitable traveller can scarcely be denied an exceptional claim to our attention.

Who or what William Lithgow was by birth he does not himself tell us; nor has his origin been handed down to posterity. We know that he was a Scotsman, born in Lanark; and he must have been possessed of considerable means; for although he describes his journeyings as having been traced over by his "painful feet," yet he never seems to have been without money for his wants. He tells us that in the stripling age of his youth, he made two voyages to the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and thereafter surveyed all Germany, Bohemia, Helvetia, and the Low Countries from end to end, before visiting Paris, where he remained ten months. His Scots associates in Paris were men of good family; and when he left that city on the 7th March 1609, among those who escorted him a short distance on his way, he names "Monsieur Hay of Smithfield, now Esquire of his

* A most dilectable and true discourse of an admired and painefull peregrination from Scotland to the most famous kingdomes in Europe, Asia, and Africa, &c., &c. By William Lithgow. London: Printed by Nicolas Oakes, dwelling in Fetter Lane. 1623.

Majesty's body-guards." From Paris he went to Rome; "committing his feet to the hard bruising way," and apparently now, as in all his subsequent journeys, by choice travelling as a pedestrian. In Rome he seems to have found only one good thing, the Lachrymæ Christi. "I drew so hard," he says, "at that same weeping wine, till I found my purse began to weep also; and if time had not prevented the sweetness of such tears, I had been left for all the last a miserable mourner." But of all else in Rome his abuse knows no stint; for he is in the very heart of the "snarling crew of snakish Papists," against whom he is never tired of railing. In no unmeasured terms he expresses his opinion of the abominations of Rome, and it is probable that he spoke out more freely than was palatable there; for he relates how the streets and gates were watched for him, and how he was hidden by a compatriot for three days in the palace of the old Earl of Tyrone, escaping on the fourth midnight by leaping the walls. Throughout Lithgow's book we are constantly meeting the most violent tirades against the Papists; and the mixture of fanatical religious zeal with a thorough enjoyment of a broad joke and a love of good living, constitutes one great charm of the narrative. He was not at all above enjoying his journey from Rome to the Chapel of our Lady of Loretto with two gentlemen of Rome, and the two "vermilion nymphs" who accompanied them, who, "to let me understand they travelled with a cheerful stomach, would often run races, skipping like wanton lambs on grassy mountains, and quenching their follies in a sea of unquenchable fantasies;" but his scorn of them for pulling off their shoes and stockings to enter the "ten thousand times polluted chapel" is of the strongest; and the event gives him theme for a long dissertation upon idolatry, and for a couplet which, we think, stands unrivalled even amongst the many bad verses sprinkled throughout the narrative:—

"To Lorett people haunt with naked feet,
Whom religion moves with love's fervent sp'rit."

Accompanied by a friend, Lithgow now proceeded to Venice, landing just in time to find a Grey Friar burning at St Mark's Pillar, and to see "the half of his body and right arm fall flatlings in the fire." The story of the Friar's offence will scarcely bear repetition here; but it so tickled the fancy of our travellers that, before they either ate, drank, or took their lodging, they went to visit the monastery whence "the lady prioress and the rest of her voluptuous crew," who had shared in the Friar's iniquities, had been banished. The description of the customs of Venice is most curious; and one sentence reads somewhat painfully to us Britons of the present day: "The Venetians, howsoever of old they have been great warriors, they are now more desirous to keep than enlarge their dominions; and that by presents of money, rather than by the sword of true valour." A few years later the crows were flocking to the carcass of the enfeebled republic, bloated with money, and having lost the *prestige* which had made it unrivalled in the world. For one thing Venice was particularly welcome to our traveller. "I commend," he writes, "the devotion of Venice and Genoa beyond all the other cities in Italy; for the Venetians have banished the Jesuits out of their territories and islands, and the Genoese have abandoned the society of Jews, and driven them from their jurisdiction." At Ven-

ice, too, as at Rome, the Jews were made to wear red-and-yellow hats for notice' sake, to distinguish them from others; "which necessary custom, would to God, were enjoined to all the Papists here in England, so should we easily discern them from the true Christians."

To Venice, after some travels in Lombardy, and three months spent in learning Italian at Padua, Lithgow returned; and thence, after having waited twenty-four days for a passage, he at last embarked for the Dalmatian coast. The master had no compass to direct his course, neither was he expert in navigation, so it is no wonder that they made another port than the one for which they had sailed; but at last they reached Zara, strongly garrisoned by Venetian soldiery, and into which no infidel was allowed to enter, unless after giving up his weapons at the gate. From Zara, in an open boat manned by five Sclavonian mariners, who sometimes rowed and sometimes sailed, Lesina was reached, where the governor of the island accompanied Lithgow to see a wonderful monster, surpassing either the Siamese Twins or the Two-headed Nightingale, "for below the middle part there was but one body, and above the middle there was two living souls, each one separated from another with several members." The child or children's father, who is described as "that sorrowful man," informed them that when the one slept the other awaked, which was a strange disagreement in nature. After a chase by a Barbarian man-of-war of Tunis, carrying two tier of ordnance and two hundred men, and having been saved only by night's darkness, our traveller reached Ragusa, then a republic, paying tribute both to the Turks and to the Venetians; where he noted the curious proof of the semi-European semi-oriental character of the place in the method of wearing the hair; "the most part of the civil magistrates having but half of the head bare, but the vulgar sort being all shaven, like the Turks." Corfu was next visited, and the singular precaution taken for the safety of its two fortresses is described.

"Lest by the instigation of the one captain, the other should commit any treasonable effect, the governors of castles, at their election before the senators of Venice, are sworn neither privately nor openly to have mutual conference, nor to write to one another for two years, which is the space of their government."

The Grecian *carmoesalo*, in which, with forty-seven fellow-passengers, Greeks, Sclavonians, Italians, Armenians, and Jews, our traveller next embarked for Zante, sighted, when off Cephalonia, a Turkish galley making straight to assail her. The affrighted master sought counsel of his fellow-passengers, most of whom, being confident their friends would pay their ransom, counselled rather to surrender than to fight. But our wandering pilgrim pondering in his pensive breast his solitary estate, the distance of his country and his friends, could conceive no hope of deliverance from slavery. Whereupon he "absolutely arose," and bade the master prepare his two pieces of ordnance, his muskets, powder, lead, and half-pikes, encourage his passengers, and promise his mariners double wages—"for who knoweth but the Lord may deliver us from the thraldom of these infidels?" This counsel taken, and preparations having been made to make combat below rather than on deck "both to save them from small shot, and besides for boarding them on a sudden," the doors having been fastened down, every one in his station, and the

Almighty having been invoked, the combat began.

"In a furious spleen, the first hola of their courtesies was the progress of a martial conflict, thundering forth a terrible noise of galley-roaring pieces; and we, in a sad reply, sent out a back-sounding echo of fiery flying shot, which made an equivox to the clouds, rebounding backwards in our perturbed breasts the ambiguous sounds of fear and hope."

Night parted the combatants, a tempest separated them; and the brave vessel, leaking heavily, put into the Bay of Largastolo (Argostoli) Cephalonia. Three Italians, two Greeks, and two Jews had been killed, eleven others wounded, and our adventurous Lithgow hurt in the right arm. The survivors gave thanks to the Lord for their unexpected safety, buried the dead Christians in a Greekish churchyard, and interred the Jews by the seaside.

From Cephalonia to Zante, which gives rise to the following burst of moral indignation against the English love of plum-puddings. The immense sum made by the traffic in currants—more than £80,000 yearly—having been named, it is called

"A rent or sum of money which these silly islanders could never afford, if it were not for some liquorish lips here in England of late, who, forsooth, can hardly digest bread, pasties, broth, and (*verbi gratiâ*) bag-puddings without these currants. And as these rascal Greeks, becoming proud of late with this lavish expense, contemn justly this sensual prodigality, I have heard them often demand the English, in a filthy derision, what they did with such liquorish stuff, and if they carried them home to feed their swine and hogs withal. A question indeed worthy of such a female traffic; the inference of which I suspend: there is no other nation, save this, thus addicted to that miserable isle."

We must pass over the journey with a Greek caravan across the Morea from Patras to Athens, and the reflections to which it gives birth, and hasten on by way of Cerigo to Crete, where new and striking adventures befell the traveller at the very outset of his journey. Having landed at Grabusa, he started to walk to Canea, much against the advice of the governor of the fort.

"Scarcely was I advanced twelve miles on my way, when I was beset on the skirt of a rocky mountain with three Greek murdering renegadoes, and an Italian bandido; who laying hands on me, beat me most cruelly, robbed me of my clothes, and stripped me naked, threatening me with many grievous speeches."

At last the Italian, to whom he had spoken in his own tongue, having searched his clothes and "budgeto," and found no money except eighty *bagantines*, scarcely two groats English—for he had knowingly "put his money in exchange" before leaving Grabusa—came across his letters of recommendation from divers princes of Christendom, amongst others from the Duke of Venice. These moved the Italian to compassion, and he induced the other brigands to give him back his pilgrim's clothes and his letters; but they kept his blue gown and his *bagantines*, giving him a stamped piece of clay as a token to show any of their companions whom he might meet on the road. But his troubles were not over. "Leaving them with many counterfeit thanks," he travelled that day thirty-seven miles, and at night attained to the unhappy village of Pickehorno, where he could have neither meat, drink, lodging, nor any refreshment for his wearied body. The people crowded round him with desperate looks. A pitiful woman told him he was likely to be killed; so he stole forth in the dark night, and

lay down till morning in a cave by the seaside, "with a fearful heart, a crazed body, a thirsty stomach, and a hungry belly."

But the adventurous spirit still sought fresh adventure. Safely arrived at Canea, which was carefully guarded by seven companies of soldiers of the Venetian republic, Lithgow must needs mix himself up in the affairs of another, and so get into new trouble. The story is such a curious example of the conditions of the time as to be worth relating at some length. During Lithgow's stay at Canea, six Venetian galleys arrived, on one of which was a young French Protestant gentleman, who had been condemned to the galleys for life for having taken part in a brawl in which a Venetian nobleman had been killed. He was allowed by the captain of the galley to come ashore, carrying an iron bolt on his leg and in charge of a keeper; and his tears and account of the persecution to which, as a Protestant, he was subject, so moved Lithgow's sympathetic and anti-Papal spirit, that he resolved to deliver him. The difficulty was to get rid of the keeper; but Lithgow invited him to the wine, "where, after tractal discourses, and deep draughts of Leatic, reason failing, sleep overcame his senses." Then Lithgow clad the Frenchman in an old gown and a black veil that he had borrowed from his laundress, and took him out into the fields, whence he directed him to a Greek convent, known as "The Monastery of Refuge," where he would be detained till the men-of-war arrived from Malta—it being a custom of the Maltese vessels returning from the Levant to touch here to carry away refugees. On his road back to the town, Lithgow met two English soldiers—John Smith and Thomas Hargrave—who had come to warn him that the officers of the galleys were searching for him. They advised him to enter by the eastern gate, which was guarded that day by three other English soldiers and eight French soldiers; and these all accompanied him as an escort to the Italian monastery, where he lodged. Four officers and six galley-soldiers tried to seize him; but the English and French drew their swords and resisted, mortally wounding two of the officers of the galleys, while Lithgow ran off with John Smith to the monastery, where he remained under safeguard of the cloister until the galleys were gone, when he started to make a tour of the island.

His descriptions of people and of things in Crete are most amusing. He gravely accepts the cave pointed out to him as the Labyrinth of Dædalus; he computes that Mount Ida is six miles in height; but he scorns "the darkness of cloudy inventions" in such fables as that if a woman in Crete bite a man anything hard, he will not recover, or that if a certain herb is chewed, hunger shall not be felt for four-and-twenty hours. He notes, with a sharp incisive touch, the dress, the manners, and the habits of the men; and attributes the light conduct of the women to "the nature of the soil and climate." His return to Canea was marked by another kindness on the part of his friend Smith, the English soldier. One night, when Lithgow was at supper in a sutler's, Smith came, with three Italian soldiers, to warn him that there was an Englishman named Wolson in the town, who said that his elder brother had been killed at Burntisland, in Scotland, by one called Keere; and that, notwithstanding Keere had been beheaded, Wolson had sworn to kill the first Scotsman he met; and having heard of Lithgow being in the place, he had resolved to stab him

as he went home that night, asking the English soldiers to help him. Smith, Hargrave, and Horsperld had refused, but Cook and Rollands had yielded. However, Smith and the Italians safely conducted Lithgow to his bed, and Wolson, finding that his design was discovered, and probably being an arrant coward, fled from Canea. It was not long before Lithgow was able cheaply to reward Smith for his kindness on these two occasions. Smith had enlisted at Venice as a soldier for Crete, "where, when transported, he found his captain's promise and performance different, which forced him at the beginning to borrow a little money off his lieutenant." At the end of five years, Smith, unable to discharge his debt, was handed over by his captain to the captain who relieved him, and who paid the old captain his money, and the same again at the end of a second five years. Thus Smith, who was anxious to regain his liberty, was now completing his fifteenth year of bondage. Lithgow paid his debt, got leave for him to depart, and embarked him in a Flemish ship, whose master was one John Allan of Glasgow. The debt for which he had served fifteen years was forty-eight shillings.

In spite of his hatred of the priests, Lithgow had not disdained to live in a monastery at Canea; and he admits that, had it not been for his desire to continue his voyage, he would gladly have stayed longer, "in regard of their great cheer and deep draughts of Malvoise, received hourly, and often against my will." There were four friars, only one of whom was a Mass-priest, and he was "so free of his stomach to receive in strong liquor, that, for the space of twenty days of my being there, I never saw him, nor any one of the other three, truly sober." This was the life of the monastery. "Every night after supper the friars forced me to dance with them, either one gagliard or another. Their music in the end was sound drunkenness, and their syncope turned to spew up all; and their bed converted to a board or else the hard floor; for these beastly swine were nightly so full that they had never power to go to their own chambers, but where they fell there they lay till morn."

From Crete Lithgow cruised among the islands of the Levant, taking passage in such small boats as he could find. Storm-bound for sixteen days at Angusa, he lived in a little Greek chapel, even cooking his food there, and sleeping in the sanctuary; shipwrecked on the island of Scio, and living "for three days, without either meat or drink," in a cave, but saving his *coffino*, with his papers and linen therein; rescued on the fourth day by fishermen; again chased by Turkish galliots off Negroponte, and compelled by the untoward Greeks to stand sentinel every night for six nights on the top of a high promontory near the inlet where the boat took shelter, it being the time of a snowy and frosty winter,—he never lost heart, but in his night-watchings composed some of those execrable verses which he considers the most perfect poetry, and in which he thus makes his will:—

"To thee, sweet Scotland, first,
  My birth and breath I leave;
To heaven my soul, my heart King James,
  My corpse to lie in grave.

My staff to pilgrims I,
  And pen to poets send;
My haircloth robe, and half-spent goods
  To wandering wights I lend."

From the hands of the Greek crew who detained his "budgeto," and made him act as permanent sentry, he was saved by two exiled Venetian gentlemen, who belaboured the captain of the ship, and presented Lithgow with forty sequins of gold.

He next went to Salonica, then the great university for the Jews, where he says "they speak vulgarly and maternally the Hebrew tongue, man, woman, and child, and not elsewhere in the world." Thence to Tenedos, to the plains of Troy, and to Constantinople, where he received a welcome, which is not without its moral in the present day.

"Bidding farewell to the Turks who had kindly used me three days, in our passage from the Castles, the master of the boat saying 'Adio Christiano,' there were four French runagates standing on the quay, who, hearing these words, fell desperately upon me, blaspheming the name of Jesus, and throwing me to the ground, beat me most cruelly; and if it had not been for my friendly Turks, who leaped out of their boat, and relieved me, I had there doubtless perished. The other infidels standing by said, 'Behold, what a Saviour thou hast, when these that were Christians, now turned Mohammetans, cannot abide nor regard the name of thy God!'"

His wounds having been anointed in a Greek lodging, where he was kindly received, and where all recompense was refused, Lithgow paid his respects to Sir Thomas Glover, the British ambassador, and was entertained by him for three months in his house, where at the same time was staying the Duke of Moldavia, who had been deprived of his principalities, and whom, when all the other ambassadors had refused to entertain him, Sir Thomas Glover took in, furnishing him with money and other necessaries of his condition. No higher character could be given than that which Lithgow awards to this English ambassador. "He relieved more slaves from the galleys, paid their ransoms, and sent them home freely to their Christian stations, and kept a better house than any ambassador did that ever lay at Constantinople, or ever shall, to the world's end."

Our object being to trace the personal adventures of our hero, we can devote no space to his interesting accounts of the Turkish customs and religion, or to his quaint account of Mahomet, and of his imposing upon "the old Trot," as he calls the Prophet's first wife. We must pass on to his next voyage; when, embarking in the spring, he sailed in the Allathya of London from Constantinople to Smyrna in twelve days; thence along the coast of Asia Minor to Rhodes in a Turkish coasting vessel; and then, another twelve days' voyage, to Cyprus. Here, on his return to Famagusta from a visit made to the interior of the island, he encountered some Turks, who, because he refused them his mule to ride upon, pulled him by the heels from the mule's back, beat him unmercifully, and left him almost dead. His interpreter fled, and some Greeks saved him from perishing where he lay. From Cyprus to Tripoli; and here we may note what, in these days of Turkish ironclad men-of-war, is a curiously interesting opinion, based on Lithgow's personal experience of Turkish sailors:—

"The natural Turks," he says, "were never skilful in managing of sea-battles, neither are they expert mariners, or experienced gunners. If it were not for our Christian runagates, French, English, and Flemings, and they too, sublime, accurate, and desperate fellows, who have taught the Turks the art of navigation, and especially the use of ammunition, which they both carry to them, and then become their chief cannoneers, the Turks would be as weak and ignorant at sea as the silly Ethiopian is unexpert in handling of arms on the land."

Every word of that is as true today as it was when written two hundred and fifty years ago.

At Tripoli Lithgow was obliged to wait a long time for a caravan to Aleppo; so he took the opportunity, with three Venetian merchants, to visit the Cedars of Lebanon, a day's journey off. Losing their way among the rocks, two of their asses fell over a precipice and broke their necks, and they themselves fell into snowdrifts, and were nearly drowned in a torrent; but at last they safely reached the patriarch's house, and were hospitably entertained. From Tripoli our traveller proceeded with a caravan of Turks to Aleppo, where he had hoped to find a caravan for Babylon: but it had already started; and though he hired a janissary and three soldiers as escort, and tried to overtake it, it had already departed three days before his arrival at Beershake on the Euphrates. His disappointment was great; and his muse expresses what his sorrowful prose cannot perform:—

"My treach'rous guide
Did nought but cross me; greed led him aside.
Still this—still that I would. All I surmise
Is shrewdly stopt. At last my scopes devise
To make a boat, to bear me down alone,
With drudges two, to ground—chang'd Babylon.
That could not be; the charges was too great;
And eke the stream did nought but dangers threat.
My conduct still deceiv'd me, made it square
Another caravan, O! would come here
From Aleppo or Damascus; till in end
Most of my monies did his knavery spend.
Thus was I toss'd long five weeks and four days
With struggling doubts."

At last he complained to the authorities, and they compelled the janissary to take him back to Aleppo. There he laid his tale before the Venetian consul, who took him to the Bashaw. The Pasha was an upright man, and took the side of the traveller. The janissary was put in prison, and made to restore to Lithgow all the money he had received;

"And for his ten weeks' fees, no more he had
Than he that's owner of a ditch-fall'n jade."

In Captain Burnaby's 'Ride through Asia Minor,' we read of adventures very similar to those of Lithgow, in the attempted extortions by his servants, and the difficulties of travel; and in Lithgow's work we see the same powerful influence exercised by the consuls as at the present day. But in those days Venice had the greatest power, and had that first place in commerce and in influence, which her subsequent trust in "money rather than in the sword of true valour," caused her to lose.

Leaving Aleppo, where he was much struck by the carrier-pigeons, which took messages from Aleppo to Babylon in forty-eight hours, Lithgow reached Damascus in a nine days' journey with a great caravan of some 1500 persons, accompanied by 100 soldiers as escort. It seems to have been a hard journey. The caravan was often assailed by Arabs; and the Turkish escort used to beat the Christians in their charge. By a present of tobacco Lithgow secured the goodwill of the Turkish owner of the mule which carried his provisions; for the Turks, he says, are as addicted to smoke, as Dutchmen are to the pot. But when once Damascus was reached, food for man and beast, and lodging, were provided gratis by the Grand Seignior. Of Damascus, its pillar of brass marking the spot where Cain slew Abel, the house of Ananias, "the rose-water sold in barrels as beer is with us," the weapons of steel, the fruits, Lithgow speaks in unbounded terms of praise. He can only compare it to one other city out of Paradise, "that matchless

pattern and mirror of beauty, the city of Antwerp." The journey through Arabia Petræa was safely performed, thanks to the admirable precautions of the captain of the caravan, who, nevertheless, freely bled Lithgow's purse, making him pay excessive sums by the way of tribute to the Arab chiefs, and putting the difference in his own pocket. The Holy Land was traversed. At one village near Cæsarea Philippi, the Moors and Arabs gave the Christians for their supper an hundred strokes apiece, because some of them had trodden on the graves of the dead. After leaving Nazareth a great danger was incurred. A Christian guide named Joab was hired to lead the caravan to Lydda. Sending on ahead he warned a robber-chief to intercept the caravan, and then led the travellers into all sorts of bad places, in order to give time to the Arabs to intercept them. However, he was suspected, and having been bound on a horse and threatened with death he confessed. At last by another route the caravan reached Tyre, where Lithgow, like Mark Twain's new pilgrims, broke off a pound-weight of a marble pillar, said to have been brought from Gaza, and to be one of those that Samson pulled down. The half of this precious relic he afterwards presented to King James of blessed memory. Here too he met an English factor, Mr Brokess, who kindly took him to a Moorish house, "where instantly we swallowed down such jovial and deep carouses of Leatic wine, that both he and I were almost fastened in the last plunge of understanding."

And so the rude journey continued. One day he has to pay seven gold sequins tribute, another day five, to the wretched kings of the East. Another day, his tobacco being all gone, the owner of his mule tried to beat him and dismount his goods. Again, attacked by Arabs, who were driven back, the caravan had nine women and five men killed, and over thirty persons, including the captain, badly wounded. At last Jerusalem appears in sight; but the sun having gone down, the gates were locked, and the hungry and weary travellers were left outside. No offers of money would induce the Turks within to give them food; but the guardian of the monastery of Cordeliers sent two friars who let down bread, wine, and fish to Lithgow over the wall; for which, having been espied, the guardian had to pay next day a fine of 100 piastres, £30 sterling; "otherwise had both he and I been beheaded."

On Palm Sunday 1612, three years from his leaving Paris, Lithgow entered into Jerusalem, where he was met and received by the guardian of the convent of Greyfriars. Though we know that his travels were undertaken from sheer love of adventure, we fear he did not scruple to accept the advantages of the *rôle* of pilgrim. He was escorted to the monastery by twelve friars, singing a *Te Deum*, and each holding a wax candle. The guardian washed his right foot and the vicar his left; then they and all the twelve friars kissed them. "But when they knew afterwards that I was no Popish Catholic, they sore repented them of their labour." How the canny Scotsman must have thrust his tongue in his cheek, as the guardian and the vicar performed these loving ablutions. Yet his intolerant spirit might have well received a lesson from these good Catholic monks; for, on the very day of his arrival, when he and some German Protestants who were, like himself, hospitably entertained at the convent, laughed to see the guardian and the friars beaten and ill-treated on the return

of their procession from Bethpage, all the answer made by the guardian was a gentle request that whatever they might think, they would abstain from mocking at the rites which he was bound to perform. "To which," says Lithgow, "we condescended."

A day or two later the friars and their guest made a pilgrimage to the Jordan. They were nearly overwhelmed in sand and attacked by Arabs, but at length they reached the river; and here, as a specimen of our author's style, we will describe in his own words his adventure in search of a stick for King James :—

"Considering the ancient reputation of this famous river, and the rare sight of such an unfrequented place, I climbed up to the top of a turpentine-tree, which grew within the limited flood, a little above where I left my company, even naked as I came from swimming, and cut down a fair hunting-rod, which afterwards, with great pains, I brought to England, and did present it (as the rarest gem of a pilgrim's treasure) to his Majesty. But I remember in the choosing thereof, an unexpected accident fell out; for I being sequestrate from the sight of the company, upon this solitary tree, with broad observing leaves, the friars and soldiers removed: keeping their course toward Jericho, but within two furlongs from Jordan, they were beset with the former nocturnal enemies, who assailed them with a hard conflict. For I, hearing the harquebuses go off, was straight in admiration; and looking down to the place where I left my associates, they were gone; so bending my eyes a little further in the plain, I saw them at a martial combat; which sight gave me suddenly the threatening of despair, not knowing whether to stay intrenched within the circumdating leaves, to approve the events of my auspicious fortunes, or in prosecuting a relief to be participant of their doubtful deliverance. In the end, pondering I could hardly or never escape their hands, I leapt down from the tree, leaving my Turkish clothes lying upon the ground, took only in my hand the rod and shass which I wore on my head; and ran stark naked above a quarter of a mile amongst thistles and sharp-pointed grass, which pitifully bepricked the soles of my feet. Approaching on the safe side of my company, one of our soldiers broke forth on horseback, being determined to kill me for my staying behind. Yea, and three times he smote at me with his half-pike; but his horse being at his speed, I prevented his cruelty, first by falling down, next by running in among the thickest of the pilgrims, recovering my beast. Which when the guardian espied, and saw my naked body, he presently pulled off his gown and threw it to me, whereby I might hide the secrets of nature; by which means in the space of an hour I was clothed three manner of ways: first, like a Turk; secondly, like a wild Arabian; and thirdly, like a grey friar; which was a barbarous, a savage, and a religious habit."

We cannot pause to relate in detail the sojourn in Jerusalem: how Lithgow refused to be made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, with its privileges of being allowed to set free any malefactor on his way to the gallows, and of carrying silks through all Popish countries without paying duty; how he had his right arm tattooed with the crowns of Scotland and England, and some verses in honour of the king, immediately over the Holy Sepulchre, to the horror of the friars; how he had to pay the guardian handsomely, and to reward "the avaricious guide, the gaping steward, the Cerberian porter, and the Cimmerian cook with his Etnæan face;" how he finally refused all prayers for further bounties to the convent, having already in eighteen days in Jerusalem spent eighteen pounds sixteeen shillings sterling, and this, although the convent had been fined £30 for feeding him on the night of his arrival; how he bargained

with the Egyptian caravan to take him away, and how he crossed the desert of Sinai from Gaza; the hardships of the journey; how three of the party of six Germans died in the desert of exhaustion; and how at length Cairo was reached, where the remaining three died of drinking down too much strong Cyprus wine without mixture of water; how the last of the six left all their gold to the stout Scotsman who had been the companion of their desert journey; how the Venetian factor in whose house they died seized their goods, and the Pasha gave judgment that two-thirds should go to Lithgow and one-third to the Venetian; the unmistakable delight at the legacy of nine hundred and forty-two sequins, and the rather doubtful sorrow and the very sincere resignation expressed for the poor gentlemen's death.

Lithgow visited the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and then descended the Nile to Rosetta, in a boat surrounded with forked spikes of iron for fear of the crocodiles, "who generally leap upon boats, and will carry the passenger away headlong down the stream." He tells how the crocodiles are killed by a rat, which runs into their mouths and eats its way out of their bodies; and relates an admirable sporting story of how a Venetian "squint-eyed gunner" killed an enormous crocodile by a most complicated and ingenious combination of a piece of ordnance, a train of powder, a match, a string, and a dead ass for bait,—he having "been duly licentiated thereto by the Grand Bashaw." At Alexandria it was so hot that the traveller and his companions, used as they were to the desert heat, spent the day in sprinkling themselves with water, and the night lying on the house-top; but in due time a Sclavonian ship bound for Ragusa took them off. Seventeen mariners, and all the four French pilgrims who had accompanied Lithgow from Jerusalem, died on the passage home, of what seems to have been the plague. Five times was the good ship assailed by the corsairs of Tunis; yet she arrived safely in Malta. Thence Sicily was reached, where the traveller was the means of rescuing some Sicilians from a gang of Moors who had seized them for slaves; and hence Naples, whence he again crossed Italy. A narrow escape from murder by four French thieves in a wood near Nice was his last trouble. By way of Spain, across the Pyrenees, he returned to Paris, and thence to London, where he duly presented to King James the pound-weight of Samson's marble pillar and the turpentine stick that had so nearly cost him his life; and so ends Lithgow's first journey.

How long he remained at home he does not tell us; nor will he say whether "discontent or curiosity drove him to his second perambulation"—that, he says, is best reserved to his own knowledge. At all events, before long he was on the road again. This time he traversed the Netherlands, ascended the Rhine, and crossed Switzerland into Italy, where he was robbed, and threatened with a year in the galleys for carrying a stiletto, on the false accusation of a soldier; but he was soon released, and received fifty Florentine crowns of gold in compensation, whereat he extolled the knave that had brought him such a noble reward. Beset by banditti in Calabria, he was saved by exhibiting his patent of Jerusalem. Crossing to Sicily, he found two barons lying dead, who had fought for the love of a young noble woman. "Upon which sight, to speak the truth, I searched both their pockets, and found their two silken purses full loaden with Spanish pistoles,

whereat my heart sprung for joy; and, taking five rings off their four hands, I hid them and the two purses in the ground;" after which he alarmed the neighbourhood; and when the neighbours were in full lamentation, and had removed the bodies, he made off with his stolen treasure, and reached Malta.

Hence away to Tunis, then to Algiers, strongly garrisoned by janissaries, and full of Spanish slaves; hence to Fez, the most horribly vicious of all the Eastern towns he met, in spite of its magnificent mosques, its beautiful houses and gardens, its sixty-seven bridges, its palaces and hospitals. His companion here was a French lapidary, one M. Chatteliné, who was advised to go to Æthiopia to buy precious stones, on which journey Lithgow was only too glad to accompany him. Hiring a dragoman and two Moorish servants, who left six of their kinsmen in custody as hostages with the Turkish authorities, they set forth. Part of the journey lay through a country rich in cattle, camels, and horses, among half-savage tribes, who sometimes "overlaboured" the travellers with bastinadoes; part through a desert full of serpents and wild beasts, inhabited only by Bedouins. At last, despairing of reaching Æthiopia, and Chatteliné having fallen sick, and been left behind, Lithgow, at his dragoman's demand, turned northwards, and came among the Libyan Sabunks. The description of their prince is very curious: "His religion is damnable, so is his life; for he and all the four tribes of Libya worship only for their god, garlic; having altars, priests, and superstitious rites annexed to it; thinking garlic, being strong of itself, and the most part of their food, to have a sovereign virtue in an herbal deity." We should like to know what was "the merry secret here concerning the women, which often I recited to King James of blessed memory;" but for once our traveller is reticent. Back from the Sabunks, with a guide, through the Numidian Moors—who made horse-shoes and nails by heating iron in the sun and hammering it with their fists—to Tunis, where the first curiosity he describes is the artificial hatching of chickens in a furnace, upon warm camel's dung, through which the heat was admitted,—"a common thing almost throughout all Africa, which maketh hens with them so plenty everywhere."

While Lithgow was at Tunis, a certain Captain Danser, a Fleming, who had been a great pirate, came to the port as an ambassador of the French king, to relieve some French barks that were in captivity. The Bashaw visited him on board his ship, sent him the vessels freely, and invited him to return the visit next day. Danser landed with twelve gentlemen; but as soon as he had crossed the drawbridge of the castle, the gate was shut, and the twelve friends left outside. Danser was then accused by the Pasha of his old piracies and murders, and was straightway beheaded, his body being thrown into a ditch. Then the guns of the forts opened fire upon his vessels; but they, by cutting cables, escaped. Nor does this strange treatment of an ambassador draw forth any further comment from our author than, "Lo! there was a Turkish policy, more sublime and crafty than the best European alive could have formed."

The homeward journey was made by Malta and Sicily, where our traveller visited Etna. At Messina he found dying, in extreme misery, Sir Francis Verney, who, having spent all his patrimony, had turned Turk at Tunis, had been captured by

Sicilian galleys, and, after two years slavery, had been redeemed by an English Jesuit, on promise of reversion to the Christian faith, and had then turned common soldier. Sir Francis soon died, and his corpse was charitably interred by Lithgow. The rule of the country by the Duke of Sona draws forth much admiration from our traveller; and as an example of his wisdom and justice, the following case is cited: A priest of Palermo having killed, in a house of ill-fame, a knight's servant who was brother to a shoemaker, the viceroy made the shoemaker pistol the priest, in spite of the cardinal. But the cardinal had previously punished the priest for killing the servant, by inhibiting him from saying Mass for a year; so, to make justice complete, the viceroy, for the murder of the priest, inhibited the shoemaker from making shoes for a year, during which time, however, he gave him two shillings a-day for his maintenance.

At Naples, whither he next proceeded, Lithgow was nearly coming to an untimely end through his testing the effects of the Grotta del Cane upon himself, rather than pay the charge of the dogkeeper who stays by the cave; and again, by pushing his way too far into the Sibyl's Cave, where his guide abandoned him, his torch went out, and he fell into the water. From Naples he made his way into Hungary, of whose soil and climate he speaks in unbounded praise; but of its inhabitants he says they have ever been theftuous, treacherous, and false, so that there one brother will hardly trust another. From Hungary he passed through Transylvania into Moldavia, where, in a wood, he was robbed of all his clothes and sixty gold ducats, and bound stark naked to a tree. Here he remained all night, in great fear of wolves and wild boars, till in the morning he was relieved by a company of herds, who gave him an old coat, in which he put the papers and seals that had been left to him, and then made his way to the Baron Starhuld's, who more than made good all his losses. He now travelled through Poland, meeting Scotsmen everywhere, as indeed he had done throughout his travels. One of these took him in a waggon from Warsaw to Dantzic, where for three weeks he lay so ill that his grave and tomb were prepared by his countrymen. But he was destined for other and still greater troubles yet; and so he sufficiently recovered to end his second journey by a sea-voyage home to London.

The traveller himself feels bound to give some special reasons for undertaking a third voyage after encountering so many privations in his two previous journeys. He tells us that his most urgent cause was the necessity of completing his survey of all Europe by visiting Ireland and the half of Spain, which alone he had not yet visited; and secondly, that he was resolved to visit Prester John's dominions in Æthiopia. So he wrote a poetical pamphlet to the king, obtained in return letters of safe-conduct and recommendation, and again set forth on his travels, reaching Dublin on the 22d August 1619. He spent five months travelling through Ireland; and he declares there are more rivers, lakes, brooks, strands, quagmires, bogs, and marshes there than in all Christendom besides. He was often overmired, saddle, body, and all; often set a-swimming in danger of his life, "that for cloudy and fountain-bred perils he was never reduced to such a floating labyrinth." In five months' space he quite spoiled six horses, and himself as tired as the worst of them. His description of the country is very

remarkable; the people living in turf-cabins then as now; their utter ignorance of the commonest tenets of their religion; their priest-ridden condition; their pagan superstitions, such as bequeathing their cattle to the protection of the new moon; their suffering from absentee landlords: their semi-barbarous manner of life; their ploughs fastened by straw-ropes to the horses' tails; the women giving suck to the babes on their backs by throwing the breasts over the shoulder, as the women in Africa do at this day: the lavish hospitality of the Irish gentry, whose "Spanish sack and Irish uscova" were always ready at hand; the wretched condition of the Protestant Irish clergy, of whom he says: "The ale-house is their church, the Irish priests their consorts; their auditors be 'fill and fetch more;' their text, Spanish sack; their prayers, carousing; their singing of Psalms, whiffing of tobacco; their last blessing, *aqua vitæ;* and all their doctrine, sound drunkenness."

From Ireland he crossed over to St Malo, and again visited Paris. His remarks on the fantastic foolery of the French are most amusing; and he concludes his epitome of France by naming three things for the wayfaring man to avoid there:

"First, the eating of victuals and drinking of wine without price-making; lest, when he hath done, for the stridor of his teeth, his charges be redoubled. Next, to choose his lodging far from marshy ditches, lest the vehemency of chirking frogs vex the wished-for repose of his wearied body and cast him into a vigilant perplexity. And lastly, unless he would rise early, never to lie near the fore-streets of a town, because of the disturbing clamours of the peasant samboys or nail wooden-shoes, whose noise like an equivox, resembleth the clashing armour of armies, or the clangour of the Ulyssan tumbling horse to fatal Troy."

Lithgow now crossed the Pyrenees into Spain, then continued into Portugal, and thence back to Madrid; but the discomforts of travel in the Peninsula were too great even for our toil-inured traveller: "Great scarcity of beds and dear, and no ready-dressed diet;" and a people far from suited to one who was fond of free quarters and being hospitably entertained; for the Spaniard he found to be "of a spare diet and temperate, if at his own cost he spend; but if given gratis he hath the longest tusks that ever played at table." From Madrid he went to Toledo, where he met one Mr Woodson, a London merchant, whom he accompanied to Malaga, where he arranged for a passage in a French ship to Alexandria in Egypt. But on the 27th October 1620, the English fleet, despatched against the pirates of Algiers, cast anchor in the roads. The people of Malaga thought they were Turkish ships, and the town was called to arms; but in the morning the mistake was discovered. Hundreds of the crews came on shore. Lithgow visited the English general Sir Robert Maunsil, on board his ship the Lion; and when the fleet sailed, resisting Sir Robert's invitation to accompany him to Algiers, he returned in a fishing-boat to save his linen, letters, and sacket, lying in his hostelry. He had scarcely landed, and was making his way by a quiet road to his lodging, shunning acquaintance, as he was to embark that evening, when he was seized by nine alguazils, wrapped in a black cloak, held by the throat to prevent his crying out, and carried to the governor's parlour. And now began the worst, if not the last, of all poor Lithgow's troubles.

The governor, whom Lithgow had previously known, paid no heed to his remonstrances, but ordered him

to be confined, and his apprehension to be kept secret, and sent for the captain of the town, the alcalde, and the state scrivener. These four being assembled at a table, Lithgow was brought before them and questioned as to his journeyings. He was then shut up in a small room, whither the alcalde came and asked him to confess having been in Seville, where he had never been; but as he denied it, he was again brought before the tribunal, and made to swear to tell the truth. He was questioned as to the English fleet, its strength, designs, &c.; and when he denied previous knowledge that the fleet was coming, the governor called him a lying villain, and said he had been nine months in Seville as a spy, to give the English knowledge of the movements of the Spanish fleet. Lithgow in vain sent to his lodging and produced all his letters and passports. Even his patent of Jerusalem, and his *liber amicorum*, or book of kings', princes', and dukes' autographs would not convince the governor, and order was given for his being incarcerated secretly in the palace. Then he was searched and stripped, and "in the doublet neck of his breeches, fast shut between two canvases," they found 137 double pieces of gold, which the governor kept. At midnight he was heavily ironed by bolts on each ancle separated by an iron bar a yard long, and thrice as heavy as his body; so that he could only lie on his back, and not even turn. That night he had a good supper of meat and wine, the last for many a long day.

Next day the governor visited him alone, and tried to get him to confess he was a spy; and when he would not, the governor flew into a rage, ordered that he should have no food but a pint of water and three ounces of brown bread daily, that only a slave should come near him, and that he should be allowed to hear no voice. And so he was left in the dark; and thus for forty-six days he lay.

On the forty-seventh morning before dawn he was carried, ironed as he was, in a coach, to a vine-press house in the fields outside the town, whither the rack had been brought the day before; all this secrecy being observed lest English or French or Flemings should hear of his imprisonment. At dawn of day he was interrogated with the same result—and as he would confess nothing, he was carried to the rack, his irons were knocked off, an inch of his left heel being struck away with the bolt by the executioner, while they told him his sufferings had not yet begun. Then he was stripped, mounted on the rack, and hung by the shoulders, with two small cords passing under his arms and through two rings in the wall above his head. His legs were drawn through the sides of the rack, and cords were fastened to his ancles; and then—the torture began. The description is far too horrible to be related here; and the torture was carried the further because the name and crown of that arch-heretic King James were found upon the sufferer's arm. The account of the torture of the rack is sickening; yet to that inhuman devilry was added that of filling the body with water till it could hold no more. For six long hours did these horrors, he tells us, endure, and then he was reclothed and given some wine and warm eggs, and transported back, in irons as before, to his former dark dungeon.

This occurred five days before Christmas, and each following day he was made to believe the torture was to be repeated. On Christmas Day he was visited by Marina, the ladies' gentlewoman, who, with

many tears, brought him honey and fruits, and kind speeches; also the Turkish slave who waited on him brought him word, about St John's Day, that the English fleet was coming with the Moors to sack Malaga. And now as Twelfth Day came he was threatened with more tortures; and every fourth day the governor ordered his silver-plate keeper to sweep the vermin which filled the loathsome cell over his poor broken body. Then at night the poor Turkish slave would steal in with sticks and burning oil, and sweeping up the vermin in heaps, would burn them.

Soon afterwards he learned that some priests were busily translating his books into Spanish, and that they had found out he was an arch-enemy of the Pope. Poor Lithgow! how bitterly his books were rising up in judgment against him now! Those two editions of the "delectable and true discourse of his first paineful peregrination" were too full of anathemas against those accursed Papists. How often Job's "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" must have come up into his mind. And now, on the second day after Candlemas, the Inquisitors, with two Jesuits, entered his cell, accompanied by the governor. A long interrogation ensued. They admitted he had been unjustly accused as a spy, but said that now they had read his books, how he had written against the blessed miracles of Loretto, and the Pope, Christ's vicar on earth, he deserved to be speedily burned. Day after day they returned, and endeavoured to convert the heretic, promising him liberty and a pension if he would join the Catholic Church. But he still refused; whereupon he was condemned to receive eleven strangling torments in his cell, and then to be transported to Granada, and there burnt alive. Again was the horrible water torture used; the teeth set asunder with iron wedges, and water poured down the throat; then the throat was bound with a garter, and he was rolled about the room. Afterwards he was hung up by his toes, the garter cut, and the water allowed to run out of his mouth. Almost dead after this trial, he was again restored by wine.

The Turkish slave fell sick, and a negro woman who waited on him used secretly to convey him wine; but she was suspected, and the Turk brought back. And so things went on till near Easter; when one evening after supper, the governor, "to entertain discourse," disclosed the whole history to a Spanish cavalier of Granada, whose Flemish servant, standing behind his master, overheard the tale, and at daybreak next morning related it to the English consul, Mr Richard Wilde, who at once guessed that Lithgow was the unfortunate sufferer. He summoned the other English merchants in Malaga, and they wrote to Sir Walter Aston, the British ambassador at Madrid, who obtained a warrant from the King of Spain for Lithgow's release. On Easter Saturday before midnight he was released, and next day he was carried on board his Majesty's ship the Vanguard, and thence sent to England in the Goodwill of Harwich,—the British merchants sending him presents of food, clothes, wine, and money. Fifty days later he reached Dartford-upon-Thames, whence the next morning he was carried on a feather-bed to Theobald's, and brought before the king, at his return from Park; who witnessed with all the Court of England "what a martyred anatomy he was, and how small hope was either expected of his life or recovery." The king sent him before the Spanish ambassador, who pro-

mised, in the presence of Lords Hamilton and Buckingham, that, after hearing from Spain, all his goods and money and papers should be restored, with £1000 sterling to be paid by the governor of Malaga. These promises were made on the 6th June 1621. Lithgow was sent at the king's expense to the baths, and gradually recovered the health and strength of his body, though his left arm and crushed bones were incurable.

Alas, poor Lithgow!—another evil yet befell him. The ambassador's promises, which were to have been fulfilled by Michaelmas, were postponed to the following Easter; and then they were still unfulfilled, and the ambassador himself was about to depart for Spain. What happened had best now be told in our hero's own words:—

"I told him flatly in his face the inward grief of my soul. Whereupon, in the Chamber of Presence, before the emperor's ambassador and divers gentlemen, his majesty's servants, he rashly adventured the credit of regal honour in a single combat against me, a private, lame, and injured man. Where indeed he valiantly obtained both the victory and fame. Victor he was because of my commitment, for I lay nine weeks incarcerate in the Marshalsea at Southwark; and fame he likewise won, because he took it all with him to his country, leaving none here behind him, I mean, for this action."

The edition in which Lithgow first relates this his third voyage, and in which he tells the story of his imprisonment in the Marshalsea, is dated "from my chamber in the Charterhouse, the 13th of January 1623;" and in some verses before the end of the volume, the traveller describes his rest and content as a recipient of the advantages of the charitable aims of the founder of that institution.

That he subsequently so far recovered as to make a pedestrian journey from London to Scotland, it is satisfactory at least to know; but his later editions, to which these are added, do not improve his autobiography.

At the end of the copy of this edition, in the British Museum, are some verses, written in contemporary handwriting, said to be the author's autograph, that suggest some subsequent imprisonment.

"The Charterhouse is lost, the more's my grief,
And I close pris'ner clapt, in bondage strong,
Where I six long years lay, void of relief,
This book the cause, the Spaniard and their wrong;
Whose former tortures nor their bloody rack
Cannot suffice, but still they seek my wrack.
Vivit post funera virtus."

In spite of his vanity, his love of money, his intolerance in religion, his drunken bouts, and his unblushing robbery of the dead in Sicily, we confess the adventurous traveller has won our sympathy by his indomitable courage and perseverance; while by the side of his hardships and sufferings, those of even Cameron and Stanley sink into comparative insignificance.

JOHN CALDIGATE.—PART VII.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE BABY'S SPONSORS.

"Is there anything wrong between you and Robert?" Hester asked this question of her husband, one morning in January, as he was sitting by the side of her sofa in their bedroom. The baby was in her arms, and at that moment there was a question as to the godfathers and godmother for the baby.

The letter from Mrs Smith had arrived on the last day of October, nearly two months before the birth of the baby, and the telegrams refusing to send the money demanded had been despatched on the 1st November,—so that, at this time, Caldigate's mind was accustomed to the burden of the idea. From that day to this he had not often spoken of the matter to Robert Bolton,—nor indeed had there been much conversation between them on other matters. Robert had asked him two or three times whether he had received any reply by the wires. No such message had come; and of course he answered his brother-in-law's questions accordingly;—but he had answered them almost with a look of offence. The attorney's manner and tone seemed to him to convey reproach; and he was determined that none of the Boltons should have the liberty to find fault with him. It had been suggested, some weeks since, before the baby was born, that an effort should be made to induce Mrs Bolton to act as godmother. And, since that, among the names of many other relatives and friends, those of uncle Babington and Robert Bolton had been proposed. Hester had been particularly anxious that her brother should be asked, because,—as she so often said to her husband,—he had always been her firm friend in the matter of her marriage. But now, when the question was to be settled, John Caldigate shook his head.

"I was afraid there was something even before baby was born," said the wife.

"There is something, my pet."

"What is it, John? You do not mean to keep it secret from me?"

"I have not the slightest objection to your asking him to stand;—but I think it possible that he may refuse."

"Why should he refuse?"

"Because, as you say, there is something wrong between us. There have been applications for money about the Polyeuka mine. I would not trouble you about it while you were ill."

"Does he think you ought to give back the money?"

"No,—not that. We are quite agreed about the money. But another question has come up;—and though we are, I believe, agreed about that too, still there has been something a little uncomfortable."

"Would not baby make that all right?"

"I think if you were to ask your brother William it would be better."

"May I not know what it is now, John?"

"I have meant you to know always,—from the moment when it occurred,—when you should be well enough."

"I am well now."

"I hardly know; and yet I cannot bear to keep it secret from you."

There was something in his manner which made her feel at once that the subject to which he alluded was of the greatest importance. Whether weak or strong, of course she must be told now. Let the shock of the tidings be what it might, the doubt would be worse. She felt all that, and she knew that he would feel it. "I am quite strong," she said; "you must tell me now."

"Is baby asleep? Put him in the cradle."

"Is it so bad as that?"

"I do not say that it is bad at all. There is nothing bad in it,—except a lie. Let me put him in the cradle."

Then he took the child very gently and deposited him, fast asleep, among the blankets. He had already assumed for himself the character of being a good male nurse; and she was always delighted when she saw the baby in his arms. Then he came and seated himself close to her on the sofa, and put his arm round her waist. "There is nothing bad—but a lie."

"A lie may be so very bad!"

"Yes, indeed; and this lie is very bad. Do you remember my telling you—about a woman?"

"That Mrs Smith;—the dancing woman?"

"Yes;—her."

"Of course I remember."

"She was one of those, it seems, who bought the Polyeuka mine."

"Oh, indeed!"

"She, with Crinkett and others. Now they want their money back again."

"But can they make you send it? And would it be very bad—to lose it?"

"They cannot make me send it. They have no claim to a single shilling. And if they could make me pay it, that would not be very bad."

"What is it, then? You are afraid to tell me?"

"Yes, my darling,—afraid to speak to you of what is so wicked;—afraid to shock you, to disgust you; but not afraid of any injury that can be done to you. No harm will come to you."

"But to you?"

"Nor to me;—none to you, or to me, or to baby there." As he said this she clutched his hand with hers. "No harm, dearest; and yet the thing is so abominable that I can hardly bring myself to wound your ears with it."

"You must tell me now, John."

"Yes, I must tell you. I have thought about it much, and I know that it is better that you should be told." He had thought much about it, and had so resolved. But he had not quite known how difficult the telling would be. And now he was aware that he was adding to the horror she would feel by pausing and making much of the thing. And yet he could not tell it as though it were a light matter. If he could have declared it all at once,—at first, with a smile on his face, then expressing his disgust at the woman's falsehood,—it would have been better. "That woman has written me a letter in which she declares herself to be—my wife!"

"Your wife! John! Your wife?" These exclamations came from her almost with a shriek as she jumped up from his arms and for a moment stood before him.

"Come back to me," he said. Then again she seated herself. "You did not leave me then because you doubted me?"

"Oh no," she cried, throwing herself upon him and smothering him with kisses—"No, no! It was surprise at such horrid words,—not doubt, not doubt of you. I will never doubt you."

"It was because I was sure of

you that I have ventured to tell you this."

"You may be sure of me," she said, sobbing violently the while. "You are sure of me; are you not? And now tell it me all. How did she say so? why did she say so? Is she coming to claim you? Tell me all. Oh, John, tell me everything."

"The why is soon told. Because she wants money. She had heard no doubt of my marriage and thought to frighten me out of money. I do not think she would do it herself. The man Crinkett has put her up to it."

"What does she say?"

"Just that,—and then she signs herself,—Euphemia Caldigate."

"Oh, John!"

"Now you know it all."

"May I not see the letter?"

"For what good? But you shall see it if you wish it. I have determined that nothing shall be kept back from you. In all that there may ever be to trouble us the best comfort will be in perfect confidence." He had already learned enough of her nature to be sure that in this way would he best comfort her, and most certainly ensure her trust in himself.

"Oh yes," she cried. "If you will tell me all, I will never doubt you." Then she took the letter from his hand, and attempted to read it. But her excitement was so great that though the words were written very clearly, she could not bring her mind to understand them. "Treachery! Ruin! Married to you! What is it all? Do you read it to me;—every word of it." Then he did read it; every word of it. "She says that she will marry the other man. How can she marry him when she says that she is—your wife?"

"Just so, my pet. But you see what she says. It does not matter much to her whether it be true or false, so that she can get my money from me. But, Hester, I would fain be just even to her. No doubt she wrote the letter."

"Who else would have written it?"

"She wrote it. I know her hand. And these are her words,—because they are properly expressed. But it is all his doing,—the man's doing. He has got her in his power, and he is using her in this way."

"If you sent her money——?"

"Not a shilling;—not though she were starving; not now. A man who gives money under a threat is gone. If I were to send her money, every one would believe this tale that she tells. Your brother Robert would believe it."

"He knows it?"

"I took the letter to him instantly, but I made up my mind that I would not show it you till baby was born. You can understand that?" She only pressed closer to him as he said this. "I showed it to Robert, and, altogether we are not quite such friends since as we were before."

"You do not mean that he believes it?"

"No; not that. He does not believe it. If he did, I do not see how he and I could ever speak to each other again. I don't think he believes it at all. But I had to tell him the whole story, and that, perhaps, offended him." The "whole story" had not been told to Hester, nor did he think it necessary that it should be told. There was no reason why these details which Robert had elicited by his questions should be repeated to her,—the promise of marriage, the interference of the Wesleyan minister, the use made of his name,—of all this he said nothing. But she had now been told that which to her had been very dreadful, and she was not surprised that her brother

should have been offended when he heard the same sad story. She, of course, had at once pardoned the old offence. A young wife when she is sure of her husband, will readily forgive all offences committed before marriage, and will almost be thankful for the confidence placed in her when offences are confessed. But she could understand that a brother could not be thankful, and she would naturally exaggerate in her own mind the horror which he would feel at such a revelation. Then the husband endeavoured to lighten the effect of what he had said. "Offence, perhaps, is the wrong word. But he was stiff and masterful, if you know what I mean."

"You would not bear that, certainly, John?"

"No. I have to own that I do not love the assumption of authority,—except from you."

"You do not like it from anybody, John."

"You would not wish me to submit myself to your brother?"

"No; but I think I might ask him to be baby's godfather."

"As you please; only you would be unhappy if he refused."

Then there came a little wail from the cradle and the baby was taken up, and for some minutes his little necessities occupied the mother to the exclusion even of that terrible letter. But when Caldigate was about to leave the room, she asked him another question. "Will she do anything more, John?"

"I can hardly say. I should think not."

"What does Robert think?"

"He has not told me. I sent an immediate refusal by the telegraph wires, and have heard nothing since."

"Is he—nervous about it?"

"I hardly know. It dwells in his mind, no doubt."

"Are you nervous?"

"It dwells in my mind. That is all."

"May I speak to him about it?"

"Why should you? What good would it do? I would rather you did not. Nevertheless, if you feel frightened, if you think that there is anything wrong, it will be natural that you should go to him for assistance. I will not forbid it." As he said this he stood back away from her. It was but by a foot or two, but still there was a sign of separation which instantly made itself palpable to her.

"Wrong, how wrong?" she said, following him and clinging to him. "You do not suppose that I would go to him because I think you wrong? Do you not know that whatever might come I should cling to you? What is he to me compared to you? No; I will never speak to him about it."

He returned her caress with fervour, and stroked her hair, and kissed her forehead. "My dearest! my own! my darling! But what I mean is that if some other man's opinion on this subject is necessary to your comfort, you may go to him."

"No other man's opinion shall be necessary to me about anything. I will not speak about it to Robert, or to any one. But if more should come of it, you will tell me?"

"You shall know everything that comes. I have never for a moment had the idea of keeping it back from you. But because of baby, and because baby had to be born, I delayed it." This was an excuse which, as the mother of her child, she could not but accept with thankfulness.

"I think I will ask him," she said that night, referring again to the vexed question of godfathers. Uncle Babington had some weeks since very generously offered his services, and, of course, they had been generously accepted. Among the baby's relations he was the man

of highest standing in the world; and then this was a mark of absolute forgiveness in reference to the wrongs of poor Julia. And a long letter had been prepared to Mrs Bolton, written by Hester's own hand, not without much trouble, in which the baby's grandmother was urged to take upon herself the duties of godmother. All this had been discussed in the family, so that the nature of the petition was well known to Mrs Bolton for some time before she received it. Mrs Daniel, who had consented to act in the event of a refusal from Puritan Grange, had more than once used her influence with her step-mother-in-law. But no hint had as yet come to Folking as to what the answer might be. It had also been suggested that Robert should be the other godfather,—the proposal having been made to Mrs Robert. But there had come upon all the Boltons a feeling that Robert was indifferent,—or, perhaps, even unwilling to undertake the task. And yet no one knew why. Mrs Robert herself did not know why.

The reader, however, will know why, and will understand how it was that Mrs Robert was in the dark. The attorney, though he was suspicious, though he was frightened, though he was, in truth, very angry with this new brother-in-law, through whose anti-nuptial delinquencies so much sorrow was threatened to the Bolton family, nevertheless kept the secret from all the Cambridge Boltons. It had been necessary to him to seek counsel with some one, but he had mentioned the matter only to his brother William. But he did not wish to add to the bond which now tied him to Folking. If this horror, this possible horror, should fall upon them;—if it should turn out that he had insisted on giving his sister in marriage to a man already married, — then, — then, — then ——! Such possible future incidents were too terrible to be considered closely, but with such a possibility he would not add to the bonds. At Puritan Grange they would throw all the responsibility of what had been done upon him. This feeling was mingled with his love for his sister,—with the indignation he would not only feel but show if it should turn out that she had been wronged. "I will destroy him,—I will destroy him utterly," he would sometimes say to himself as he thought of it.

And now the godfather question had to be decided. "No," he said to his wife, "I don't care about such things. I won't do it. You write and tell her that I have prejudices, or scruples, or whatever you choose to call it."

"There is to be a little tarradiddle told, and I am to tell it?"

"I have prejudices and scruples."

"About the religion of the thing?" She knew,—as, of course, she was bound to know,—that he had at any rate a round dozen of god-children somewhere about the country. There were the young Williams, and the young Daniels, and her own nephews and nieces, with the parents of all of whom uncle Robert had been regarded as the very man for a godfather. The silversmith in Trumpington Street knew exactly the weight of the silver cup that was to be given to the boy or to a girl. The Bible and prayer-books were equally well regulated. Mrs Robert could not but smile at the idea of religious scruples. "I wish I knew what it was that has come over you of late. I fancy you have quarrelled with John Caldigate."

"If you think that, then you can understand the reason."

"What is it about?"

"I have not quarrelled with him. It is possible that I may have to do so. But I do not mean to say what

it is about." Then he smiled. "I don't want you to ask any more questions, but just to write to Hester as kindly as you can, saying I don't mean to be godfather any more. It will be a good excuse in regard to all future babies." Mrs Robert was a good wife and did as she was bid. She worded her refusal as cautiously as she could, and,—on that occasion,—asked her husband no further question.

The prayer that was addressed to the lady of Puritan Grange became the subject of much debate, of great consideration, and I may say also of lengthened prayer. To Mrs Bolton this position of godmother implied much of the old sacred responsibility which was formerly attached to it, and which Robert Bolton, like other godfathers and godmothers of the day, had altogether ignored. She had been already partly brought round, nearly persuaded, in regard to the acceptance of John Caldigate as her son-in-law. It did not occur to her to do other than hate him. How was it possible that such a woman should do other than hate the man who had altogether got the better of her as to the very marrow of her life, the very apple of her eye? But she was alive to her duty towards her daughter; and when she was told that the man was honest in his dealings, well-to-do in the world, a professing Christian who was constant in his parish church, she did not know how to maintain her opinion, that in spite of all this, he was an unregenerate castaway. Therefore, although she was determined still to hate him, she had almost made up her mind to enter his house. With these ideas she wrote a long letter to Hester, in which she promised to have herself taken out to Folking in order that she might be present as godmother at the baby's baptism. She would lunch at Folking, but must return to Chesterton before dinner. Even this was a great thing gained.

Then it was arranged that Daniel Bolton should stand as second godfather in place of his brother Robert.

CHAPTER XXVI.—A STRANGER IN CAMBRIDGE.

"I am sorry you will not come out to us to-morrow." On the day before the christening, which was at last fixed for a certain Tuesday in the middle of February, John Caldigate went into Cambridge, and at once called upon the attorney at his office. This he did partly instigated by his own feelings, and partly in compliance with his wife's wishes. Before that letter had come he and his brother-in-law had been fast friends; and now, though for a day or two he had been angry with what he had thought to be unjustifiable interference, he regretted the loss of such a friend. More than three months had now passed since the letter had come, but his mind was far from being at ease, and he felt that if trouble should come it would be very well for him to have Robert Bolton on his side.

"Margaret is going," said the attorney.

"Why do you not bring her?"

"Days are days with me, my boy. I can't afford to give up a morning for every baby that is born."

"That of course may be true, and if that is the reason, I have nothing more to say." As he spoke he looked in his brother-in-law's face, so as almost to prevent the possibility of continued pretence.

"Well, Caldigate, it isn't the

reason altogether," said the other. "If you would have allowed it to pass without further explanation so would I. But if the truth must be spoken in so many words, I will confess that I would rather not go out to Folking till I am sure we shall be no more troubled by your friends in Australia."

"Why not? Why should you not go out to Folking?"

"Simply because I may have to take an active part against you. I do not suppose it will come to that, but it is possible. I need not say that I trust there may be nothing of the kind, but I cannot be sure. It is on the cards."

"I think that is a hard judgment. Do you mean to say that you believe that woman's statement not only against mine, but against the whole tenor of my life and character?"

"No; I do not believe the woman's statement. If I did, I should not be talking to you now. The woman has probably lied, and is probably a tool in the hands of others for raising money, as you have already suggested. But, according to your own showing, there has been much in your life to authorise the statement. I do not know what does or does not constitute a marriage there."

"The laws are the same as ours."

"There at any rate you are wrong. Their marriage laws are not the same as ours, though how they may differ you and I probably do not accurately know. And they may be altered at any time as they may please. Let the laws be what they will, it is quite possible, after what you have told me, that they may bring up evidence which you would find it very difficult to refute. I don't think it will be so. If I did I should use all my influence to remove my sister at once."

"You couldn't do it," said Caldigate, very angrily.

"I tell you what I should endeavour to do. You must excuse me if I stand aloof just at present. I don't suppose you can defend such a condition of things as you described to me the other day."

"I do not mean to be put upon my defence,—at any rate by you," said Caldigate, very angrily. And then he left the office.

He had come into Cambridge with the intention of calling at Puritan Grange after he had left the attorney, and when he found himself in the street he walked on in the direction of Chesterton. He had wished to thank his wife's mother for her concession, and had been told by Hester that if he would call, Mrs Bolton would certainly see him now. Had there been no letter from the woman in Australia, he would probably not have obeyed his wife's behest in this matter. His heart and spirit would then have been without a flaw, and, proud in his own strength and his own rectitude, he would have declared to himself that the absurd prejudices of a fanatic woman were beneath his notice. But that letter had been a blow, and the blow, though it had not quelled him, had weakened his forces. He could conceal the injury done him even from his wife, but there was an injury. He was not quite the man that he had been before. From day to day, and from hour to hour, he was always remonstrating with himself because it was so. He was conscious that in some degree he had been cowed, and was ever fighting against the feeling. His tenderness to his wife was perhaps increased, because he knew that she still suffered from the letter; but he was almost ashamed of his own tenderness, as being a sign of weakness. He made him-

self very busy in these days,—busy among his brother magistrates, busy among his farming operations, busy with his tenants, busy among his books, so as to show to those around him that he was one who could perform all the duties of life, and enjoy all the pleasures, with an open brow and a clear conscience. He had been ever bold and self-asserting; but now he was perhaps a little over-bold. But through it all the Australian letter and the Australian woman were present to him day and night.

It was this resolution not to be quelled that had made him call upon the attorney at his office; and when he found himself back in the street he was very angry with the man. "If it pleases him, let it be so," he said to himself. "I can do in the world without him." And then he thought of that threat,—when the attorney had said that he would remove his sister. "Remove her! By heavens!" He had a stick in his hand, and as he went he struck it angrily against a post. Remove his wife! All the Boltons in Cambridgeshire could not put a hand upon her, unless by his leave! For some moments his anger supported him; but after a while that gave way to the old feeling of discomfort which pervaded him always. She was his wife, and nobody should touch her. Nevertheless he might find it difficult, as Robert Bolton had said, to prove that that other woman was not his wife.

Robert Bolton's office was in a small street close to Pembroke College, and when he came out of it he had intended to walk direct through Trumpington Street and Trinity Street to Chesterton. But he found it necessary to compose himself and so to arrange his thoughts that he might be able to answer such foolish questions as Mrs Bolton would probably ask him without being flurried. He was almost sure that she had heard nothing of the woman. He did not suspect Robert Bolton of treachery in that respect; but she would probably talk to him about the iniquity of his past life generally, and he must be prepared to answer her. It was incumbent upon him to shake off, before he reached Chesterton, that mixture of alarm and anger which at present dominated him; and with this object, instead of going straight along the streets, he turned into the quadrangle of King's College, and passing through the gardens and over the bridge, wandered for a while slowly under the trees at the back of the college. He accused himself of a lack of manliness in that he allowed himself to be thus cowed. Did he not know that such threats as these were common? Was it not just what might have been expected from such a one as Crinkett, when Crinkett was driven to desperation by failing speculations? As he thought of the woman, he shook his head, looking down upon the ground. The woman had at one time been very dear to him. But it was clearly now his duty to go on as though there were no such woman as Euphemia Smith, and no such man as Thomas Crinkett. And as for Robert Bolton, he would henceforth treat him as though his anger and his suspicions were unworthy of notice. If the man should choose of his own accord to reassume the old friendly relations,—well and good. No overtures should come from him—Caldigate. And if the anger and the suspicions endured, why then, he, Caldigate, could do very well without Robert Bolton.

As he made these resolutions he turned in at a little gate opening into a corner of St John's Gardens, with the object of passing through the college back into the streets of

the town. It was not quite his nearest way, but he loved the old buildings, and the trees, and the river, even in winter. It still was winter, being now the middle of February; but as it happened, the air was dry and mild, and the sun was shining. Still he was surprised at such a time of the year to see an elderly man apparently asleep on one of the benches which are placed close to the path. But there he was, asleep, with his two hands on a stick, and his head bent forward over his stick. It was impossible not to look at the man sleeping there in that way; but Caldigate would hardly have looked, would hardly have dared to look, could he have anticipated what he would see. The elderly man was Thomas Crinkett. As he passed he was quite sure that the man was Thomas Crinkett. When he had gone on a dozen yards, he paused for a moment to consider what he would do. A dozen different thoughts passed through his mind in that moment of time. Why was the man there? Why, indeed, could he have come to England except with the view of prosecuting the demand which he and the woman had made? His presence even in England was sufficient to declare that this battle would have to be fought. But to Cambridge he could have come with no other object than that of beginning the attack at once. And then, had he already commenced his work? He had not at any rate been to Robert Bolton, to whom any one knowing the family would have first referred him. And why was he sleeping there? Why was he not now at work upon his project? Again, would it be better at the present moment that he should pass by the man as though he had not seen him; or should he go back and ask him his purpose? As the thought passed through his mind, he stayed his step for a moment on the pathway and looked round. The man had moved his position and was now sitting with his head turned away but evidently not asleep. Then it occurred to Caldigate that Crinkett's slumbers had been only a pretence, that the man had seen and recognised him, and at the moment had not chosen to make himself known. And it occurred to him also that in a matter of such importance as this he should do nothing on the spur of the moment,—nothing without consideration. A word spoken to Crinkett, a word without consideration, might be fatal to him. So he passed on, having stood upon the path hardly more than a second or two.

Before he had got up to the new buildings of St John's a cold sweat had come out all over him. He was conscious of this, and conscious also that for a time he was so confounded by the apparition of his enemy as to be unable to bring his mind to work properly on the subject. "Let him do his worst," he kept on saying to himself; "let him do his worst." But he knew that the brave words, though spoken only to himself, were mere *braggadocio*. No doubt the man would do his worst, and very bad it would be to him. At the moment he was so cowed by fear that he would have given half his fortune to have secured the woman's silence,—and the man's. How much better would it have been had he acceded to the man's first demand as to restitution of a portion of the sum paid for Polyeuka, before the woman's name had been brought into the matter at all?

But reflections such as these were now useless, and he must do something. It was for his wife's sake, —he assured himself,—for his wife's sake that he allowed himself

to be made thus miserable by the presence of this wretched creature. What would she not be called upon to suffer? The woman no doubt would be brought before magistrates and judges, and would be made to swear that she was his wife. The whole story of his life in Australia would be made public,—and there was so much that could not be made public without overwhelming her with sorrow! His own father, too, who had surrendered the estate to him, must know it all. His father hitherto had not heard the name of Mrs Smith, and had been told only of Crinkett's dishonest successes and dishonest failures. When Caldigate had spoken of Crinkett to his father, he had done so with a triumph as of a man whom he had weighed and measured and made use of, — whose frauds and cunning he had conquered by his own honesty and better knowledge. Now he could no longer weigh and measure and make use of Crinkett. Crinkett had been a joke to him in talking with his father. But Crinkett was no joke now.

While walking through the College quad, he was half stupefied by his confusion, and was aware that such was his condition. But going out under the gate he paused for a moment and shook himself. He must at any rate summon his own powers to his aid at the moment and resolve what he would do. However bad all this might be, there was a better course and a worse. If he allowed this confusion to master him he would probably be betrayed into the worse course. Now, at this moment, in what way would it become him to act? He drew himself together, shaking his head and shoulders,—so as to shake off his weakness,—pressing his foot for a moment on the earth so as to convince himself of his own firmness, and then he resolved.

He was on the way out to see his mother-in-law, but he thought that nothing now could be gained by going to Chesterton. It was not impossible that Crinkett might have been there. If so the man would have told something of his story; and his wife's mother was the last person in the world whom, under such circumstances, he could hope to satisfy. He must tell no lie to anyone; he must at least conceal nothing of the things as they occurred now. He must not allow it to be first told by Crinkett that they two had seen each other in the Gardens. But he could not declare this to Mrs Bolton. For the present, the less he saw of Mrs Bolton the better. She would come to the christening to-morrow, — unless indeed Crinkett had already told enough to induce her to change her mind,—but after that any intimacy with the house at Chesterton had better be postponed till this had all been settled.

But how much would have to be endured before that! Robert Bolton had almost threatened to take his wife away from him. No one could take his wife away from him,—unless indeed, the law were to say that she was not his wife. But how would it be with him if she herself, under the influence of her family, were to wish to leave him! The law no doubt would give him the custody of his own wife, till the law had said that she was not his wife. But could he keep her if she asked him to let her go? And should she be made to doubt,—should her mind be so troubled as it would be should she once be taught to think it possible that she had been betrayed,—would she not then want to go from him? Would it not be probable that she would doubt when she should be told that this

woman had been called by her husband's name in Australia, and when he should be unable to deny that he had admitted, or at least had not contradicted, the appellation?

On a sudden, when he turned away from the street leading to Chesterton as he came out of the College, he resolved that he would at once go back to Robert Bolton. The man was offensive, suspicious, and self-willed; but, nevertheless, his good services, if they could be secured, would be all important. For his wife's sake, as Caldigate said to himself,—for his wife's sake he must bear much. "I have come to tell you something that has occurred since I was here just now," said Caldigate, meeting his brother-in-law at the door of the office. "Would you mind coming back?"

"I am rather in a hurry."

"It is of importance, and you had better hear it," said Caldigate, leading the way imperiously to the inner room. "It is for your sister's sake. That man Crinkett is in Cambridge."

"In Cambridge?"

"I saw him just now."

"And spoke to him?" the attorney asked.

"No. I passed him; and I do not know even whether he recognised me. But he is here, in Cambridge."

"And the woman?"

"I have told you all that I know. He has not come here for nothing."

"Probably not," said the attorney, with a scornful smile. "You will hear of him before long."

"Of course I shall. I have come to you now to ask a question. I must put my case at once into a lawyer's hands. Crinkett, no doubt, will commit perjury, and I must undergo the annoyance and expense of proving him to be a perjurer. She probably is here also, and will be ready to commit perjury. Of course I must have a lawyer. Will you act for me?"

"I will act for my sister."

"Your sister and I are one; and I am obliged, therefore, to ask again whether you will act for me? Of course I should prefer it. Though you are, I think, hard to me in this matter, I can trust you implicitly. It will be infinitely better for Hester that it should be so. But I must have some lawyer."

"And so must she."

"Hers and mine must be the same. As to that I will not admit any question. Can you undertake to fight this matter on my behalf,—and on hers? If you feel absolutely hostile to me you had better decline. For myself, I cannot understand why there should be such hostility."

Caldigate had so far conquered his own feeling of abasement as to be able to say this with a determined face, looking straight into the attorney's eyes, at any rate without sign of fear.

"It wants thinking about," said Robert Bolton.

"To-morrow the baby is to be christened, and for Hester's sake I will endeavour to put this matter aside;—but on Wednesday I must know."

"On Wednesday morning I will answer your question. But what if this man comes to me in the meantime?"

"Listen to him or speak to him, just as seems good to you. You know everything that there is to tell, and may therefore know whether he lies or speaks the truth."

Then Caldigate went to the inn, got his horse, and rode back to Folking.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE CHRISTENING.

The next day was the day of the christening. Caldigate, on his return home from Cambridge, had felt himself doomed to silence. He could not now at this moment tell his wife that the man had come,—the man who would doubtless work her such terrible misery. She was very strong. She had gone through the whole little event of her baby's birth quite as well as could be expected, and had been just what all her friends might have wished her to be. But that this blow had fallen upon her,—but that these ill news had wounded her,—she would now have been triumphant. Her mother was at last coming to her. Her husband was all that a husband should be. Her baby was, to her thinking, sweeter, brighter, more satisfactory than any other baby ever had been. But the first tidings had been told to her. She had seen the letter signed "Euphemia Caldigate;" and of course she was ill at ease. Knowing how vexatious the matter was to her husband, she had spoken of it but seldom,—having asked but a question now and again when the matter pressed itself too severely on her mind. He understood it all, both her reticence and her sufferings. Her sufferings must of course be increased. She must know before long that Crinkett, and probably the woman also, were in her neighbourhood. But he could not tell her now when she was preparing her baby for his ceremony in the church.

The bells were rung, and the baby was prepared, and Mrs Bolton came out to Folking according to her promise. Though Robert was not there, many of the Boltons were present, as was also uncle Babington. He had come over on the preceding evening, making on this occasion his first journey to Folking since his wife's sister had died; and the old squire was there in very good humour, though he excused himself from going to the church by explaining that as he had no duty to perform he would only be in the way amongst them all. Daniel and Mrs Bolton had also been at Folking that night, and had then for the first time been brought into contact with the Babington grandeur. The party had been almost gay, the old squire having taken some delight in what he thought to be the absurdities of his brother-in-law. Mr Babington himself was a man who was joyous on most occasions, and always gay on such an occasion as this. He had praised the mother, and praised the baby, and praised the house of Folking generally, graciously declaring that his wife looked forward to the pleasure of making acquaintance with her new niece, till old Mr Caldigate had been delighted with these manifestations of condescension. "Folking is a poor place," said he, "but Babington is really a country-house."

"Yes," replied the other squire, much gratified, "Babington is what you may call really a good country-house."

You had to laugh very hard at him before you could offend uncle Babington. In all this John Caldigate was obliged to assist, knowing all the time, feeling all the time, that Crinkett was in Cambridge; and through all this the young mother had to appear happy, knowing the existence of that letter signed "Euphemia Caldigate,"—feeling it at every moment. And they both acted their parts well. Caldigate himself,—though when he was alone the thought of what was coming

would almost crush him,—could always bear himself bravely when others were present.

On the morning before they went to church, when the bells were ringing, old Mr Bolton came in a carriage with his wife from Cambridge. She, of course, condescended to give her hand to her son-in-law, but she did it with a look which was full of bitterness. She did not probably intend to be specially bitter, but bitterness of expression was common to her. She was taken, however, at once up to the baby, and then in the presence of her daughter and grandchild it may be presumed that she relaxed a little. At any rate, her presence in the house made her daughter happy for the time.

Then they all went to the church, except the squire, who, as he himself pleaded, had no duty to perform there. Mrs Bolton, as she was taken through the hall, saw him and recognised him, but would not condescend even to bow her head to him, though she knew how intimate he had been with her husband. She still felt,—though she had yielded for this day, this day which was to make her grandchild a Christian,—that there must be, and should be, a severance between people such as the Boltons and people such as the Caldigates.

As the service went on, and as the water was sprinkled, and as the prayers were said, Caldigate felt thankful that so much had been allowed to be done before the great trouble had disclosed itself. The doubt whether even the ceremony could be performed before the clap of thunder had been heard through all Cambridge had been in itself a distinct sorrow to him. Had Crinkett showed himself at Chesterton, neither Mrs Bolton nor Daniel Bolton would have been standing then at the font. Had Crinkett been heard of at Babington, uncle Babington would not now have been at Folking. All this was passing through his mind as he was standing by the font. When the ceremony of making the young Daniel Humphrey Caldigate a Christian was all but completed, he fancied that he saw old Mr Bolton's eyes fixed on something in the church, and he turned his head suddenly, with no special purpose, but simply looking, as one is apt to look, when another looks. There he saw, on a seat divided from himself by the breadth of the little nave, Thomas Crinkett sitting with another man.

There was not a shadow of a doubt on his mind as to the identity of the Australian—nor as to that of Crinkett's companion. At the moment he did not remember the man's name, but he knew him as a miner with whom he had been familiar at Ahalala, and who had been in partnership both with himself and Crinkett at Nobble,—as one who had, alas! been in his society when Euphemia Smith had been there also. At that instant he remembered the fact that the man had called Euphemia Smith Mrs Caldigate in his presence, and that he had let the name pass without remonstrance. The memory of that moment flashed across him now as he quickly turned back his face towards his child who was still uttering his little wail in the arms of the clergyman.

Utterden Church is not a large building. The seat on which Crinkett had placed himself was one usually occupied by parish boys at the end of the row of appropriated seats and near to the door. Less than half-a-dozen yards from it, at the other side of the way leading up the church, stood the font, so that the stranger was almost close to Caldigate when he turned. They were so near that others there could not but have observed them. Even the clergyman, however absorbed he

might have been in his sacred work, could not but have observed them. It was not there as it might have been in a town. Any stranger, even on a Sunday, would be observed by all in Utterden Church,—how much then at a ceremony which, as a rule, none but friends attend! And Crinkett was looking on with all his eyes, leaning forward over his stick and watching closely. Caldigate had taken it all in, even in that moment. The other man was sitting back, gazing at nothing, as though the matter to him were indifferent. Caldigate could understand it all. The man was there simply to act or to speak when he might be wanted.

As the ceremony was completed John Caldigate stood by and played with all proper words and actions the part of the young father. No one standing there could see by his face that he had been struck violently; that he had for a few moments been almost unable to stand. But he himself was aware that a cold sweat had broken out all over him as before. Though he leaned over the baby lying in his mother's arms and kissed it, and smiled on the young mother, he did so as some great actor will carry out his part before the public when nearly sinking to the ground from sudden suffering. What would it be right that he should do now,—now,—now? No one there had heard of Crinkett except his wife. And even she herself had no idea that the man of whom she had heard was in England. Should he speak to the man, or should he endeavour to pass out of the church as though he had not recognised him? Could he trust himself even to make the endeavour when he should have turned round and when he would find himself face to face with the man?

And then what should he say, and how should he act, if the man addressed him in the church? The man had not come out there to Utterden for nothing, and probably would so address him. He had determined on telling no lie,—no lie, at any rate, as to present circumstances. That life of his in Australia had been necessarily rough; and though successful, had not been quite as it should have been. As to that, he thought that it ought to be permitted to him to be reticent. But as to nothing since his marriage would he lie. If Crinkett spoke to him he must acknowledge the man,—but if Crinkett told his story about Euphemia Smith in the church before them all, how should he then answer? There was but a moment for him to decide it all. The decision had to be made while he was handing back his babe to its mother with his sweetest smile.

As the party at the font was broken up, the eyes of them all were fixed upon the two strangers. A christening in a public church is a public service, and open to the world at large. There was no question to be asked them, but each person as he looked at them would of course think that somebody else would recognise them. They were decently dressed,—dressed probably in such garments as gentlemen generally wear on winter mornings,—but any one would know at a glance that they were not English gentlemen. And they were of an appearance unfamiliar to any one there but Caldigate himself,—clean, but rough, not quite at home in their clothes, which had probably been bought ready-made; with rough, ignoble faces,—faces which you would suspect, but faces, nevertheless, which had in them something of courage. As the little crowd prepared to move from the font, the two men got up and stood in their places.

Caldigate took the opportunity

to say a word to Mr Bromley before he turned round, so that he might yet pause before he decided. At that moment he resolved that he would recognise his enemy, and treat him with the courtesy of old friendship. It would be bad to do at the moment, but he thought that in this way he might best prepare himself for the future. Crinkett had appealed to him for money, but Crinkett himself had said nothing to him about Euphemia Smith. The man had not as yet accused him of bigamy. The accusation had come from her, and it still might be that she had used Crinkett's name wrongfully. At any rate, he thought that when the clap of thunder should have come, it would be better for him not to have repudiated a man with whom it would then be known that his relations had once been so intimate.

He addressed himself therefore at once to his old associate. "I am surprised to see you here, Mr Crinkett." This he said with a smile and a pleasant voice, putting out his hand to him. How hard it was to summon up that smile! How hard to get that tone of voice! Even those commonplace words had been so difficult of selection! "Was it you I saw yesterday in the College gardens?"

"Yes, it was me, no doubt."

"I turned round, and then thought that it was impossible. We have just been christening my child. Will you come up to our breakfast?"

"You remember Jack Adamson,—eh?"

"Of course I do," said Caldigate, giving his hand to the second man, who was rougher even than Crinkett. "I hope he will come up also. This is my uncle, Mr Babington; and this is my father-in-law, Mr Bolton." "These were two of my partners at Nobble," he said, turning to the two old gentlemen, who were looking on with astonished eyes. "They have come over here, I suppose, with reference to the sale I made to them lately of my interests at Polyeuka."

"That's about it," said Adamson.

"We won't talk business just at this moment, because we have to eat our breakfast and drink our boy's health. But when that is done, I'll hear what you have to say;—or come into Cambridge tomorrow, just as you please. You'll walk up to the house now, and I'll introduce you to my wife?"

"We don't mind if we do eat a bit,—do we, Jack?" said Crinkett. Jack bobbed his head, and so they walked back to Folking, the three of them together, while the two Mr Boltons and uncle Babington followed behind. The ladies and the baby had been taken in a carriage.

The distance from the church to the house at Folking was less than half a mile, but Caldigate thought that he would never reach his hall door. How was he to talk to the men,—with what words and after what fashion? And what should he say about them to his wife when he reached home? She had seen him speak to them, had known that he had been obliged to stay behind with them when it would have been so natural that he should have been at her side as she got into the carriage. Of that he was aware, but he could not know how far their presence would have frightened her. "Yes," he said, in answer to some question from Crinkett; "the property round here is not exactly mine, but my father's."

"They tell me as it's yours now," said Crinkett.

"You haven't to learn to-day that in regard to other people's concerns men talk more than they know. The land is my father's estate, but I live here."

"And him?" asked Adamson.

"He lives in Cambridge."

"That's what we mean,—ain't it, Crinkett?" said Adamson. "You're boss here?"

"Yes, I'm boss."

"And a deuced good time you seem to have of it," said Crinkett.

"I've nothing to complain of," replied Caldigate, feeling himself at the moment to be the most miserable creature in existence.

It was fearful work,—work so cruel that his physical strength hardly enabled him to support it. He already repented his present conduct, telling himself that it would have been better to have treated the men from the first as spies and enemies;—though in truth his conduct had probably been the wisest he could have adopted. At last he had the men inside the hall door, and, introducing them hurriedly to his father, he left them that he might rush up to his wife's bedroom. The nurse was there and her mother; and, at the moment, she only looked at him. She was too wise to speak to him before them. But at last she succeeded in making an opportunity of being alone with her husband. "You stay here, nurse; I'll be back directly, mamma," and then she took him across the passage into his own dressing-room. "Who are they, John? who are they?"

"They are men from the mines. As they were my partners, I have asked them to come in to breakfast."

"And the woman?" As she spoke she held on to the back of a chair by which she stood, and only whispered her question.

"No woman is with them."

"Is it the man,—Crinkett?"

"Yes, it is Crinkett."

"In this house! And I am to sit at table with him?"

"It will be best so. Listen, dearest; all that I know, all that we know of Crinkett is, that he is asking money of me because the purchase he made of me has turned out badly for him."

"But he is to marry that woman, who says that she is——" Then she stopped, looking into his face with agony. She could not bring herself to utter the words which would signify that another woman claimed to be her husband's wife.

"You are going too fast, Hester. I cannot condemn the man for what the woman has written until I know that he says the same himself. He was my partner, and I have had his money;—I fear, all his money. He as yet has said nothing about the woman. As it is so, it behoves me to be courteous to him. That I am suffering much, you must be well aware. I am sure you will not make it worse for me."

"No, no," she said, embracing him; "I will not. I will be brave. I will do all that I can. But you will tell me everything?"

"Everything," he said. Then he kissed her, and went back again to his unwelcome guests. She was not long before she followed him, bringing her baby in her arms. Then she took the child round to be kissed by all its relatives, and afterwards bowed politely to the two men, and told them that she was glad to see her husband's old friends and fellow-workmen.

"Yes, mum," said Jack Adamson; "we've been fellow-workmen when the work was hard enough. 'T young squire seems to have got over his difficulties pretty tidy!" Then she smiled again, and nodded to them, and retreated back to her mother.

Mrs Bolton scowled at them, feeling certain that they were godless persons;—in which she was right. The old banker, drawing his son Daniel out of the room,

whispered an inquiry; but Daniel Bolton knew nothing. "There's been something wrong as to the sale of that mine," said the banker. Daniel Bolton thought it probable that there had been something wrong.

The breakfast was eaten, and the child's health was drunk, and the hour was passed. It was a bad time for them all, but for Caldigate it was a very bitter hour. To him the effort made was even more difficult than to her;—as was right;—for she at any rate had been blameless. Then the Boltons went away, as had been arranged, and also uncle Babington, while the men still remained.

"If you don't mind, squire, I'll take a turn with you," said Crinkett at last; "while Jack can sit anywhere about the place."

"Certainly," said Caldigate. And so they took their hats and went off, and Jack Adamson was left "sitting anywhere" about the place.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—TOM CRINKETT AT FOLKING.

Caldigate thought that he had better take his companion where there would be the least chance of encountering many eyes. He went therefore through the garden into the farmyard, and along the road leading back to the dike, and then he walked backwards and forwards between the ferry, over the Wash, and the termination of the private way by which they had come. The spot was not attractive, as far as rural prettiness was concerned. They had, on one hand or the other as they turned, the long, straight, deep dike which had been cut at right angles to the Middle Wash; and around, the fields were flat, plashy, and heavy-looking with the mud of February. But Crinkett for a while did not cease to admire everything. "And them are all yourn?" he said, pointing to a crowd of corn-stacks standing in the haggard.

"Yes, they're mine. I wish they were not."

"What do you mean by that?"

"As prices are at present, a man doesn't make much by growing corn and keeping it to this time of the year."

"And where them chimneys is,—is that yourn?" This he said pointing along the straight line of the road to Farmer Holt's homestead, which showed itself on the other side of the Wash.

"It belongs to the estate," said Caldigate.

"By jingo! And how I remember your a-coming and talking to me across the gate at Polyeuka Hall!"

"I remember it very well."

"I didn't know as you were an estated gent in those days."

"I had spent a lot of money when I was young, and the estate, as you call it, was not large enough to bear the loss. So I had to go out and work, and get back what I had squandered."

"And you did it?"

"Yes, I did it."

"My word, yes! What a lot of money you took out of the colony, Caldigate!"

"I'm not going to praise myself, but I worked hard for it, and when I got it I didn't run riot."

"Not with drink."

"Nor in any other way. I kept my money."

"Well;—I don't know as you was very much more of a Joseph than anybody else." Then Crinkett laughed most disagreeably; and Caldigate, turning over various ideas

rapidly in his mind, thought that a good deed would be done if a man so void of feeling could be drowned beneath the waters of the black deep dike which was slowly creeping along by their side. "Any way you was lucky,—infernally lucky."

"You did not do badly yourself. When I first reached Nobble you had the name of more money than I ever made."

"Who's got it now? Eh, Caldigate! who's got my money now?"

"It would take a clever man to tell that."

"It don't take much cleverness for me to tell who has got more of it nor anybody else, and it don't take much cleverness for me to tell that I ain't got none of it left myself;—none of it, Caldigate. Not a d—— hundred pounds!" This he said with terrible energy.

"I'm sorry it's so bad as that with you, Crinkett."

"Yes;—you is sorry, I daresay. You've acted sorry in all you said and done since I got taken in last by that —— mine;—haven't you? Well;—I have got just a few hundreds; what I could scrape together to bring me and a few others as might be wanted over to England. There's Jack Adamson with me and —— just two more. They may be wanted, squire."

The attack now was being commenced, and how was he to repel it, or to answer it? Only on one ground had he received from Robert Bolton a decided opinion. Under no circumstances was he to give money to these persons. Were he to be guilty of that weakness he would have delivered himself over into their hands. And not only did he put implicit trust in the sagacity of Robert Bolton, but he himself knew enough of the world's opinion on such a matter to be aware that a man who has allowed himself to be frightened out of money is supposed to have acknowledged some terrible delinquency. He had been very clear in his mind when that letter came from Euphemia Smith that he would not now make any rebate. Till that attack had come, it might have been open to him to be generous;—but not now. And yet when this man spoke of his own loss, and reminded him of his wealth;—when Crinkett threw it in his teeth that by a happy chance he had feathered his nest with the spoils taken from the wretched man himself,—then he wished that it was in his power to give back something.

"Is that said as a threat?" he asked, looking round on his companion, and resolving that he would be brave.

"That's as you take it, squire. We don't want to threaten nothing."

"Because if you do, you'd better go, and do what you have to do away from here."

"Don't you be so rough now with an old pal. You won't do no good by being rough. I wasn't rough to you when you come to Polyeuka Hall without very much in your pocket." This was untrue, for Crinkett had been rough, and Caldigate's pockets had been full of money; but there could be no good got by contradicting him on small trifles. "I was a good mate to you then. You wouldn't even have got your finger into the "Old Stick-in-the-Mud, nor yet into Polyeuka, but for me. I was the making of your fortin, Caldigate. I was."

"My fortune, such as it is, was made by my own industry."

"Industry be blowed! I don't know that you were so much better than anybody else. Wasn't I industrious? Wasn't I thinking of it morning, noon, and night, and nothing else? You was smart. I do allow that, Caldigate. You was very smart."

"Did you ever know me dishonest?"

"Pooh! what's honesty? There's nothing so smart as honesty. Whatever you got, you got a sure hold of. That's what you mean by honesty. You was clever enough to take care as you had really got it. Now about this Polyeuka business, I'll tell you how it is. I and Jack Adamson and another," — as he alluded to the "other" he winked, —we believed in Polyeuka; we did. D—— the cussed hole! Well;—when you was gone we thought we'd try it. It was not easy to get the money as you wanted, but we got it. One of the banks down at Sydney went shares, but took all the plant as security. Then the cussed place ran out the moment the money was paid. It was just as though fortin had done it a purpose. If you don't believe what I'm a-saying, I've got the documents to show you."

Caldigate did believe what the man said. It was a matter as to which he had, in the way of business, received intelligence of his own from the colony, and he was aware that he had been singularly lucky as to the circumstances and time of the sale. But there had been nothing "smart" about it. Those in the colony who understood the matter thought at the time that he was making a sacrifice of his own interests by the terms proposed. He had thought so himself, but had been willing to make it in order that he might rid himself of further trouble. He had believed that the machinery and plant attached to the mine had been nearly worth the money, and he had been quite certain that Crinkett himself, when making the bargain, had considered himself to be in luck's way. But such property, as he well knew, was, by its nature, precarious, and liable to sudden changes. He had been fortunate, and the purchasers had been the reverse. Of that he had no doubt, though probably the man had exaggerated his own misfortune. When he had been given to understand how bad had been the fate of these old companions of his in the matter, with the feelings of a liberal gentleman he was anxious to share with them the loss. Had Crinkett come to him, explaining all that he now explained, without any interference from Euphemia Smith, he would have been anxious to do much. But now;—how could he do anything now? "I do not at all disbelieve what you tell me about the mine," he said.

"And yet you won't do anything for us? You ain't above taking all our money and seeing us starve; and that when you have got everything round you here like an estated gentlemen, as you are?"

There was a touch of eloquence in this, a soundness of expostulation which moved him much. He could afford to give back half the price he had received for the mine and yet be a well-to-do man. He paid over to his father the rents from Folking, but he had the house and home-farm for nothing. And the sum which he had received for Polyeuka by no means represented all his savings. He did not like to think that he had denuded this man who had been his partner of everything in order that he himself might be unnecessarily rich. It was not pleasant to him to think that the fatness of his opulence had been extracted from Jack Adamson and from — Euphemia Smith. When the application for return of the money had been first made to him from Australia, he hadn't known what he knew now. There had been no eloquence then,—no expostulation. Now he thoroughly wished that he was able to make restitution. "A threat has been used

to me," he muttered, almost anxious to explain to the man his exact position.

"A threat! I ain't threatened nothing. But I tell you there will be threats and worse than threats. Fair means first and foul means afterwards! That's about it, Caldigate."

If he could have got this man to say that there was no threat, to be simply piteous, he thought that he might even yet have suggested some compromise. But that was impossible when he was told that worse than threats was in store for him. He was silent for some moments, thinking whether it would not be better for him to rush into that matter of Euphemia Smith himself. But up to this time he had no absolute knowledge that Crinkett was aware of the letter which had been written. No doubt that in speaking of "another" as being joined with himself and Adamson he had intended that Euphemia Smith should be understood. But till her name had been mentioned he could not bring himself to mention it. He could not bring himself to betray the fear which would become evident if he spoke of the woman.

"I think you had better go to my lawyer," he said.

"We don't want no lawyering. The plunder is yours, no doubt. Whether you'll have so much law on your side in other matters,—that's the question." Crinkett did not in the least understand the state of his companion's mind. To Crinkett it appeared that Caldigate was simply anxious to save his money.

"I do not know that I can say anything else to you just at present. The bargain was a fair bargain, and you have no ground for any claim. You come to me with some mysterious threat——"

"You understand," said Crinkett.

"I care nothing for your threats. I can only bid you go and do your worst."

"That's what we intend."

"That you should have lost money by me is a great sorrow to me."

"You look sorry, squire."

"But after what you have said, I can make you no offer. If you will go to my brother-in-law, Mr Robert Bolton——"

"That's the lady's brother?"

"My wife's brother."

"I know all about it, Caldigate. I won't go to him at all. What's he to us? It ain't likely that I am going to ask him for money to hold our tongues. Not a bit of it. You've had sixty thousand pounds out of that mine. The bank found twenty and took all the plant. There's forty gone. Will you share the loss? Give us twenty and we'll be off back to Australia by the first ship. And I'll take a wife back with me. You understand? I'll take a wife back with me. Then we shall be all square all round."

With what delight would he have given the twenty thousand pounds, had he dared! Had there been no question about the woman, he would have given the money to satisfy his own conscience as to the injury he had involuntarily done to his old partners. But he could not do it now. He could make no suggestion towards doing it. To do so would be to own to all the Boltons that Mrs Euphemia Smith was his wife. And were he to do so, how could he make himself secure that the man and the woman would go back to Australia and trouble him no more? All experience forbad him to hope for such a result. And then the payment of the money would be one of many damning pieces of evidence against

him. They had now got back for the second time to the spot at which the way up to the house at Folking turned off from the dike. Here he paused and spoke what were intended to be his last words. "I have nothing more to say, Crinkett. I will not promise anything myself. A threatened man should never give way. You know that yourself. But if you will go to my brother-in-law I will get him to see you."

"D—— your brother-in-law. He ain't your brother-in-law, no more than I am."

Now the sword had been drawn and the battle had been declared. "After that," said Caldigate, walking on in front, "I shall decline to speak to you any further." He went back through the farmyard at a quick pace, while Crinkett kept up with him, but still a few steps behind. In the front of the house they found Jack Adamson, who, in obedience to his friend's suggestion, had been sitting anywhere about the place.

"I'm blowed if he don't mean to stick to every dump he's robbed us of!" said Crinkett, in a loud voice.

"He do, do he? Then we know what we've got to be after."

"I've come across some of 'em precious mean," continued Crinkett; "but a meaner skunk nor this estated gent, who is a justice of the peace and a squire and all that, I never did come across, and I don't suppose I never shall." And then they stood looking at him, jeering at him. And the gardener, who was then in the front of the house, heard it all.

"Darvell," said the squire, "open the gate for these gentlemen." Darvell of course knew that they had been brought from the church to the house, and had been invited in to the christening breakfast.

"If I were Darvell I wouldn't take wages from such a skunk as you," said Crinkett. "A man as has robbed his partners of every shilling, and has married a young lady when he has got another wife living out in the colony. At least she was out in the colony. She ain't there now, Darvell. She's somewhere else now. That's what your master is, Darvell. You'll have to look out for a place, because your master'll be in quod before long. How much is it they gets for bigamy, Jack? Three years at the treadmill;—that's about it. But I pities the young lady and the poor little bastard."

What was he to do? A sense of what was fitting for his wife rather than for himself forbade him to fly at the man and take him by the throat. And now, of course, the wretched story would be told through all Cambridgeshire. Nothing could prevent that now. "Darvell," he said, as he turned towards the hall steps, "you must see these men off the premises. The less you say to them the better."

"We'll only just tell him all about it as we goes along comfortable," said Adamson. Darvell, who was a good sort of man in his way,—slow rather than stupid, weighted with the ordinary respect which a servant has for his master,—had heard it all, but showed no particular anxiety to hear more. He accompanied the men down to the Causeway, hardly opening his mouth to them, while they were loud in denouncing the meanness of the man who had deserted a wife in Australia, and had then betrayed a young lady here in England.

"What were they talking about?" said his wife to him when they were alone. "I heard their voices even here."

"They were threatening me;—threatening me and you."

"About that woman?"

"Yes; about that woman. Not that they have dared yet to mention her name,—but it was about that woman."

"And she?"

"I've heard nothing from her since that letter. I do not know that she is in England, but I suppose that she is with them."

"Does it make you unhappy, John?"

"Very unhappy."

"Does it frighten you?"

"Yes. It makes me fear that you for a while will be made miserable,—you whom I had thought that I could protect from all sorrow and from all care! O my darling! of course it frightens me; but it is for you."

"What will they do first, John?"

"They have already said words before the man there which will of course be spread about the country."

"What words?"

Then he paused, but after pausing he spoke very plainly. "They said that you were not my wife."

"But I am?"

"Indeed you are."

"Tell me all truly. Though I were not, I would still be true to you."

"But Hester,—Hester, you are. Do not speak as though that were possible."

"I know that you love me. I am sure of that. Nothing should ever make me leave you;—nothing. You are all the world to me now. Whatever you may have done I will be true to you. Only tell me everything."

"I think I have," he said, hoarsely. Then he remembered that he had told much to Robert Bolton which she had not heard. "I did tell her that I would marry her."

"You did."

"Yes, I did."

"Is not that a marriage in some countries?"

"I think nowhere,—certainly not there. And the people, hearing of it all, used to call her by my name."

"O John!—will not that be against us?"

"It will be against me,—in the minds of persons like your mother."

"I will care nothing for that. I know that you have repented, and are sorry. I know that you love me now."

"I have always loved you since the first moment that I saw you."

"Never for a moment believe that I will believe them. Let them do what they will, I will be your wife. Nothing shall take me away from you. But it is sad, is it not; on that the very day that poor baby has been christened?" Then they sat and wept together, and tried to comfort each other. But nothing could comfort him. He was almost prostrated at the prospect of his coming misery,—and of hers.

THREE DAYS IN PARIS.

There is always something cheerful in the approach to Paris. Unless the traveller is in absolute suffering or anxiety, it is scarcely possible to enter the precincts of this great, gay, bright, and splendid city, without some reflection of the old feeling that the world was made for us and for our pleasure, which is the privilege of youth. Howsoever we may have found out by the teaching of experience that in reality very few things are made for our pleasure, and that the world is indifferent to the fact even of our existence, yet the pleasant deception steals back every time that, with a tolerably easy mind, and a few napoleons in our purse, we find ourselves within sight of the Tuileries' garden, or traversing the broad sunshine of the Elysian fields. It is not because Paris is a city of pleasure. No more tragic place, as everybody knows, is in the world—Massacres of St Bartholomew, Massacres of September, Reigns of Terror—associations more appalling than those which surround any capital in Europe form the common thread of her story. Nor is it necessary even to go back upon history, when we know that the traces of blood and warfare are scarcely yet wiped out of those very streets, the mere aspect of which, the first glimpse of them, brings a little softening of pleasure to the gravest countenance. How is this wonderful effect produced? Rome, with all her old enchantments, and Venice, unique on the earth, exercise a different kind of spell, more poetic and more moving; but the influence of Paris, if lighter, is more universal. A certain breath of expectancy is always about her. We may be old enough to know that one place is very much like another, and that no locality contains the unattainable, after which we all sigh; but still there will rise in our minds a vague expectation, a sense of something pleasant, which must be awaiting us in this centre of all surprises and changes. People say it is the air, which is lighter, clearer, more inspiriting, than our own: but those who know Paris best, know that it can be as oppressive, as heavy, gloomy, and threatening, as it is possible for air to be; and that, on the other hand, there is no place in which the suffocations of ripe, hot, glaring, dusty summer are more overwhelming. It is not the air; it is not the streets, which often become oppressive too in their absence of variety and of shadow. It is the soul of the place which is in the air and in the streets, and in everything about,—a more eager impulse, a quickened interest, an additional consciousness of the pleasure of movement, and sight, and hearing. Life is quickened even in the most torpid veins by the flow of the life around. Existence is as active and still more busy in many other places—in the business parts of London, for instance, which many spectators regard with admiration; but that self-absorbed and preoccupied existence does not sweep the chance passenger with it—rather, on the contrary, makes him feel more strongly his isolation from it, contemptuous at once of his leisure and his reflections. The bustling crowds of the City, with little patience or sympathy with the idle bystander, are very apt to create in him a Pharisaical or Philistine complacency that he is not as other men are; and the outside aspect of the other end of London is almost equally discourag-

ing. An unfashionable beholder in Rotten Row can scarcely fail to be chilled by some passing sense that he is completely "out of it," as schoolboys say, his interest uncalled for and rather impertinent, himself knowing nobody, an intrusive and unnecessary unit in the well-compacted groups which have nothing to say to him. But the movement of Paris is sympathetic, and sweeps everybody into it. The individual, however unknown, is carried on by the general stream; it is for all classes, it involves everybody with a vague kind of brotherhood, sympathy, and friendliness. "Come along," the crowds seem to say, *Allons!* a word in which there is still more community of action. There is something to see, something to hear, it does not matter what. Perhaps the object may be small enough, and the spectator disappointed; but at all events the sentiment is general, the movement universal. *Allons!* there is something in the common appeal which affects all the world.

We do not know whether this sympathetic attraction of Paris is most increased or diminished by the somewhat commonplace call of a great Exposition. No doubt it will act differently on different minds; and perhaps to the mass, as being something definite to justify their expectation, it will increase the effect. But upon others the impression made will be different. Paris, at this moment of bustling activity and commotion, when you can scarcely make your way along the crowded streets, is "empty," as London is with a million or so of people swarming about. Much that is most characteristic about her is out of town; her houses shut up, her society—all that now represents the *salons* of old, the brilliant coteries which have always been one of the greatest distinctions and attractions of Paris—dispersed. Conversation is a French gift, and there is something in the mere language which gives to the common chatter of the streets a certain piquancy and grace; but it is not now that the stranger will find in Paris that perfection of talk, lively or serious, light, airy, eloquent, profound, for which she is famous. The *salons* are shut up; the theatres, reopening one by one, are still feeble, with a star here and there—half scornful of the *bourgeoisie* and the foreigners—sparkling amid imperfect surroundings; but no more. Heavy English talk, or high-pitched American voices, sound everywhere. The refined Parisian speech, most delicate of all mediums of utterance from delicate lips, comes to us with less charm from less refined organs. Under such circumstances London is dull beyond description; but Paris is never dull. The houses of the fine people who are absent show no ostentation of dingy blinds or closed shutters, but simply close their *persiennes* as if for the heat in which all the rest of the world is broiling; and the streets show little consciousness of their absence. The want of fine equipages is forgotten in the stream of universal movement, and Paris at its worst is still brighter than most other places at their best. The crowds that sweep round every corner, all busy and lively and gay, step out in a brisker measure; they are full of business, but not absorbed and steeped in it, always ready with their wits about them for anything that may happen. Unlike ourselves, in the cool of the morning there is a certain air of leisure and tranquillity about. The women in their white caps are everywhere, quiet but not hurried; the cabs (for it is true there are not many carriages) stroll slowly along, looking for fares; and little groups of foreigners loiter under the colon-

nades of the Rue de Rivoli looking into the shop-windows where everything is so cheap, and at the heaps of fruit in the *cafés*. Gradually as the day goes on the traffic quickens. The soft coolness and calm of the morning give place to the blaze of noon. The stream of walkers and carriages increases; great omnibuses, and, what is worse, tramways, lumber along in a dozen different streams across the vast open of the Place de la Concorde: the stream is setting in one direction from all the different "airts." And thus the stranger becomes fully aware that Paris is not quite Paris for the moment; her characteristic occupations are suspended. She is a town with one idea, and pursues it,—though not after the terrible fashion in which she has sometimes followed her theory of the moment, yet with warmth and energy. The centre of the world has shifted its locality, and lies far away yonder to the right hand, over the lines of green that seem to fill up all the spaces between the houses, where two towers rise on the sky-line unfamiliar to the landscape. These are the towers of the Trocadéro on the other side of the river; and between these and the heart of Paris lies the Exposition, the biggest of all the Exhibitions that have yet been seen.

It seems to be reasonable, almost necessary, that every Exhibition should be bigger than its predecessor, thus securing a pre-eminence which it is difficult to make quite as sure of in any other way. And it was equally necessary that the Exhibition of the Republic should be greater than that of the Empire, on which, in its day, every effort was concentrated for the same purpose. This is the largest Exhibition that ever was. It is traversed like an independent principality by a Seine of its own with a bridge of its own, the Pont d'Jena, which has been, as it were, abstracted from the common public for the occasion. This gives a certain originality of character to the place, and confers a certain dignity upon that combination of conservatory and barn which still continues the model for an exhibition palace. Surrounded by gardens, containing every kind of dependent structure, the long line of glass roofs becomes less *banal* in character, and seen from the heights of the Trocadéro, over green lawns and bright banks of flowers, and the river, it looks as near imposing as it is possible for such an erection to be; while the myriads of people on the slope, streaming across the bridge and through the gardens, is always a gay and pretty sight. The lawns, notwithstanding the blazing sun, are as green as the grass round a *châlet* on a Swiss mountain, thanks to the perpetual watering by all kinds of hose, in all kinds of ingenious arrangements, which is going on constantly. Here a hundred little airy fountains are springing from a tube laid along the grass and raining gratefully upon the hot earth; there a curious little three-legged stand, grotesque but beneficent, dispenses refreshing spray on all sides. Some of these queer apparatus seem to hop about by themselves like gigantic grasshoppers, with that eldritch look of intelligence, uncanny yet half humorous, which a machine sometimes displays. While they go on with their watering unwearied, the big fountains plash and the spectators stream along, in a current not less constant, and much more audible.

The Trocadéro building contains an "exposition rétrospective," carefully classified, and of the greatest interest to all students of art, but which demands study and examination, and cannot be taken into a bird's-eye view; while, on the other

hand, the grounds of the Trocadéro are the frivolous portion of the great show. Here there is no strain upon the intelligence, but simple pleasures brought down to the gentlest capacity, combined with such means of "restoration" for the outer man as are to be seriously recommended to the visitor. Here he may sit in the shade and solace himself with an admirable Parisian breakfast in wise provision against the fatigues of the day, yet in full enjoyment of the sparkling cascades, the banks of brilliant flowers, and the amusing crowds that stream up and down the slope. The simple wonders which attract there are not perhaps of a very lofty kind, but the good-humoured sight-seers visit even the grottos with exemplary conscientiousness, and crowd into the alley gay with flags where a quantity of sham Arabs have established booths of Algerian merchandise, with still more thorough enjoyment. To a great part of the community, especially the female portion of it, the opportunity of buying cheap rubbish is always an attraction; and here they are able to indulge that taste, and encumber themselves with much tinsel and trash at the cost of a few francs, which keeps this quarter of the grounds always lively, busy, and bright. Less superficial observers will find many scraps of better things — embroidery, rugs, and some simple enamels full of the Eastern harmony of colour—underneath the stores of cheap wares; and behind this encampment of shops rise the white towers of an Algerian house, standing out hot and clear against a sky scarcely less brilliant than its native background, which give a certain interest and appearance of truth to the turbaned attendants, who, however, speak French with a suspicious fluency not likely to be acquired even in France's favourite colony.

The Pont d'Jena is entirely appropriated and transmogrified — sequestered from public use with an ease and boldness which monarchical and aristocratic England would hesitate to exercise, but which is *tout simple* to Frenchmen, even in their most democratical period. The Seine below has its troop of steamboats to match the tramways above, and the footway of the bridge is covered and its sides lined with seats, so that it is scarcely possible to distinguish it from one of the many avenues about. The bridge leads into another elaborately-laid-out garden, with the same lawns and flower-beds, lighted up by bits of ornamental water, and sprinkled with statues, towers, cottages, and halls of all kinds, each containing some class of productions, natural or manufactured, among which we wend our way to the great entrance of the Exhibition proper, the fine terrace, which in its turn gives a point of view back upon the higher terraces of the Trocadéro, its towers and colonnades; with once more a long expanse of green grass and shrubbery, brilliant flowers and sparkling water: a few thousands of people strolling about in all directions; ladies drawn along in *chaises roulantes;* gay little French children in their pretty costumes like butterflies of a larger growth:—and all in lively motion — a panorama of varied life as gay and amusing as anything to be seen within. The building which you enter from this terrace is a long parallelogram, occupying the whole breadth of the Champ de Mars, from the river to the somewhat flat façade of the École Militaire, which looks altogether shrunk and sunken in front of the big mushroom erections which confront and overawe it. The arrangement of the long lines of the parallelogram is quite simple and clear. On one side, France,

spreading out her manifold industries along one entire side of her own palace—as she has a right to do. In the middle the *Beaux Arts*, the pictures of all nations; on the further, the right, side, in departments of different extent, the other nations in all their different individualities. Endless lines of all the luxuries and most of the necessaries of civilised life, spread before us, trace out each side of the long glittering alleys. Only one of all the countries of Christendom is absent from the show—Germany, great, wealthy, and enlightened; the country to which we have all been accustomed to look as the home at once of philosophy and industry, calm good-temper and steady toil. What has come over the great Fatherland, so greatly aggrandised and increased in these latter days? She was the victor in the late conflict, and therefore could afford to be magnanimous. What is the cause of her absence? She is represented in this great meeting of the nations by a room full of pictures and statues—Art at least proving superior to the national sulk — but by nothing more. A more undignified attitude for a great country could scarcely be. It is a proof on a very large scale that it is he who strikes, not he who is stricken, who is most slow to forgive. Apart from all question of the right or wrong in the conflict—which will no doubt be debated for generations to come, with the same conviction on both sides—nothing can be more foreign to English sympathies than this long sulk after the fray. But it is wrong to say that Germany has sent nothing but pictures. She has sent more. She has poured forth a contribution which flows over all Europe, not, we fear, to the great enjoyment of the countries that receive it, — an army of waiters. She is too proud to exhibit her wares, such as they are; but she is not too proud to serve the tables where all the foreigners dine. It is a useful *rôle*, and not to be despised; but it would have been better to have balanced it by something at least more graceful, more beautiful, more clean and pleasant, than the universal *Kellner*. Either she should have done something more, or have left this undone.

If we were to attempt to describe the Exhibition our task would be endless. Does any one care to have it described? Do not we all know the succession of riches—the Austrian furniture, the Bohemian glass, the furs of Russia, the Italian mosaics and marbles, the piquant costumes and polished woods of the North? It requires no great effort of imagination to form an idea of these, or to fancy the roll and clang of the machinery, the ever-busy restless creatures of steel and iron that plough and hammer on, hour after hour, with weird activity, and with that restless zeal of motion which looks so like diabolical intelligence. Avoiding the din and fury of those iron monsters which fill the outer court, what account could any one but a conscientious penny-a-liner give, of the long street of clocks, for instance, in all the brilliancy of shining metal, flanked by the inevitable candlesticks, *assorties*, through which we seem to walk for miles, and which belong to the department of the *Beaux Arts*? Let us remark in passing, that fortunately the gilded groups with which we were once so familiar — the knights and the ladies, the pages and the flower-girls, who were wont to brandish swords, and play guitars, and look languishingly upon each other from above or beneath the dial—have disappeared. The rational form, if elaborate orna-

ment, of the age of Louis XIV. has resumed the place which this rampant vulgarity once occupied; and from the elaborate clocks in oxidised silver, delicate buhl, and enamel, which are the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the trade—to the *pendules* of twenty francs' value, which you buy at all the great advertising shops—the *Magasin du Louvre*, the *Trois Quartiers*, and all the others—the same form prevails. If this happy change of fashion has been brought about by the wholesale carrying away of clocks of which the German armies are accused, then certainly the Teutonic invasion has done one good service to France.

In the midst of all these *garnitures de cheminées*, we are brought to a sudden pause before an enclosure full of *objets de religion*. The sudden transition is strange, and it is with a mingled sense of the profane and the ridiculous that we stop short before the lively colouring of these saints and virgins, all fresh and dainty out of the artist's hands. The chief *objet* is an altar fully furnished, the most sacred of figures standing upon it, in conventional accuracy of red and blue robes, with a placard marked "Vendu" upon the carved frontal. Other figures, almost life-size, stand round, with gilt nimbus and diapered mantles, the strangest apparitions in this palace of trade. There is nothing either ludicrous or profane intended, for the symbolism of the Roman Church has always a matter-of-fact side, which shocks no one used to it, but which gives to the spectator of other habitudes a mingled shiver and smile. Of course if such accessories to devotion are needed, they must be provided, however our feelings may be shocked by such an inscription upon the altar. To kneel before a saint which we have seen marked "Vendu" in the Exposition, requires a robust faith; but trade has nothing to do with such refinements. To manufacture *objets de religion* is as simple for her as to make clocks, and she trims up the aureola of a Virgin with all its points nicely gilded, just as she would turn the legs of a table. There are various exhibitors in this *genre*, putting forth a number of sacred manufactures—saints with comely beards and fine complexions, carrying the symbols of their martyrdom, and Mothers of God with gilded sword-hilts stuck into their bosoms. If these were fine works of art, and not coloured plaster, the spectator's sentiments might be different. They are not, however, works of art intended to touch the higher nature within us, but straightforward and simple-minded implements of worship, things to do religion with, just as tables and chairs are things for domestic comfort. Only France, so far as we remember, is bold enough to exhibit *objets de religion* among other examples of Art manufacture.

Furniture of all kinds, carpets, tapestries, unbounded variety of curtains, and magnificent stuffs for house decoration, are, it is needless to say, set out before us on every side. Among these we cannot but remark, as an illustration of the popular English rage of the moment, the Queen Anne Room, exhibited by the Misses Garrett. These ladies have too large a *clientèle* to be disturbed by criticism; but their low lattice-window, darkened by unnecessary colour, and their chilly floor and spindle-legged furniture, seem to us as absurd an instance of the folly of fashion as could well be exhibited. Even granting (which we doubt) that the age of Queen Anne had nothing better to show for itself, surely it would be better to make an honest attempt after something suitable for the age of Queen Vic-

toria than to fall back upon this old-maidenly model, as if all power of invention had come to an end.

The jewels are a strong point in this Exhibition; there is a show of opals which is an exhibition in itself—and few things could be more beautiful than those weird, uncanny, yet most poetical stones, denounced by superstition everywhere as of evil omen, yet always exercising a certain fascination, perhaps more aided than diminished by their evil power. Here they are, set off by settings of diamonds, by touches of emerald, by conjunction with the opaque pallor of pearls; and are shown in every form of ornament, all beautiful, with gleams in them of a hundred colours like the reflections in tears—and all unlucky! What a world of evil omen, shimmering and glowing in those velvet cases! Elsewhere there are beautiful emeralds, stones of better reputation, and many fine diamonds, which may be seen in another division in all the processes of cutting, from their first rough appearance like dull bits of glass to their final glory in the dazzling points of a tiara or the pellucid stream of a *rivière*. Besides these jewellers' exhibitions, here are stones of higher note and rank,—some of the wonders of the world. Those of the Prince of Wales attract daily crowds. But there is another show of still greater interest, which collects around it an assembly more excited by the sight than by that of any other portion of this world of wonders. In the outer court of the building called the *Vestibule d'honneur*, we come upon a circular temple carefully guarded. Encircling the rail which surrounds it there is always a closely serried ring, three or four deep, moving slowly, step by step, as in a procession. We do not know when we have felt anything like the intense pressure of this crowd. When one spectator has finished the round, three or four are on the watch to get his place. The case contains the crown jewels of France—the country which has no crown. The show is dazzling, including beautiful *parures* of emeralds, sapphires, rubies, turquoises, and pearls, besides a brilliant display of diamonds. The beauty of these, however, is almost forgotten in the interest, the extraordinary pathos of their forlorn splendour, relics of a past which seems altogether dead and beyond hope of resurrection. The diadems and necklaces, the wonderful pearls, all spotless and splendid, the dazzling girdle which no monarch in broadcloth, however legitimate, could now wear,—all suggest a state of things which exists no longer,—a magnificent Court and royal personages fit to be dressed in all that glitter and show, the magnificence of wealth in its most beautiful form. The cold glory of the sapphires, most imposing but chilly of jewels, and the blaze of the "Regente,"—one of those historical diamonds which are as distinctly known as mountains,—have less effect upon the imagination in comparison. Will they ever again shine upon any woman's bosom, crown a happier Bourbon, or embellish a new empress? Who can tell? Perhaps never before did this seem so unlikely; but it is always the unforeseen that happens, especially in France.

If there could be anything, however, more full of interest and suggestive than these widowed jewels, it would be the crowd that surrounds them,—a crowd in which there is something terrible, a shadow of the hungry eagerness and covetous delight of conquest, the ferocious sense of proprietorship which belonged to the first revolution, peaceful as everything

seems around us now. There is but little mixture of foreigners in it, this time. It is purely French and distinctively *peuple;* whole families together, fathers and mothers thrusting their children forward to see, and moving in one mass, each individual pushed along by the reluctant movement of the crowd, which looks as if it might gaze for ever but for the pressure of others eager to get within the circle. "They did right to show them," cried a woman, with a tone of fierce satisfaction; "on doit savoir ce qu'on possède!" This was evidently the sentiment of the crowd, gloating over the uncomprehended and dazzling possession which was their own. A glow like that of a miser over his gold pieces was in many of these absorbed faces. It was theirs—not the property of any king or emperor, but their own. Each gazer took, with earnest avidity, possession of his inheritance, lingering as long as he could over every part of it, taking out of it as much as eyes could take,—"On doit voir ce qu'on possède!" The calm light of the diamonds thus threw a gleam into the passionate depths of national feeling. Nothing we saw in the Exhibition excited so intense an interest; and the foreign spectator looking on, with no passion, but with very mingled sympathies, could not but feel that the suggestions involved in this group carried far beyond the region of exhibitions. The precious case goes down *sous sol,* we are informed, into some dark prison of safety underground when the day is over. Thus everything is symbolical about the unused, unworn treasure. It is a pity that these glorious ornaments should be kept in the darkness for their own sake, independent of any associations. The Republic ought to choose some *paysanne* of heroic type, some splendid *Dame de Halles* or other beautiful representative of the *femme du peuple,* and crown and adorn her with the old jewels for the admiration of the multitude. It would be a better version of the Goddess of Reason, and one of the highest attraction to the crowd.

The department of the *Beaux Arts* culminates naturally in the picture-galleries, which form the centre of the Exhibition. We are not of the number of those who are able to deceive ourselves on the subject of English art. A succession of Royal Academy exhibitions is sadly apt to bring down national pride in this respect. Nevertheless, it is agreeable to feel that in this collection of the works of different nations England holds her own. Such names as those of Alma Tadema and Herkomer (to whom, we believe, the first honours of the Exhibition have fallen, by reason of his picture exhibited in Burlington House two years ago, of the "Chelsea Pensioners"—a singular choice) take away in some degree from our satisfaction; for a naturalised foreigner, however he may identify himself with the country of his adoption, is not an Englishman. Nevertheless, though we may not ourselves place a high value on Mr Frith's panoramic efforts, the mob appreciates them in France as well as in England; and the old sailor in Mr Millais's "North-west Passage," and his old soldier, "The Beefeater," exhibited a year or two ago, if not equal to the early productions of the brush which five-and-twenty years since promised to be that of a poet as well as a painter, are yet excellent examples of the solid prose into which that artist has settled down. We need say nothing of "Sir Landseer," and "Sir Grant," so named in the catalogue: but there is Mr Poynter's really great picture of "Israel in Egypt," to furnish evidence of some still remaining ca-

pacity for pictorial work on a heroic scale in our national school of painting; and the gloomy and tragic *genre* of Mr Fildes's picture of the "Casual Ward," supplies another type which, if not heroic, has unmistakable power in it, and that of a kind which is likely to impress a French critic. In the catalogue which is under our eyes, and in which a list of the *best* pictures is professedly given, we find no mention at all made of Mr Leighton, which is curious. Is it that the loveliness of his too delicate studies is oversweet for our neighbours, so strongly addicted, for the moment, to twilight and the shadows—in spite of his fine drawing and exquisite artistic sentiment?

France on her own soil is disappointing so far as her pictures are concerned. We make no discovery of any new artist, no name unknown before—unless, indeed, it be that of Henri Regnault, the young painter, whose life has lately been told by Mr Hamerton, and of whose works there are several specimens here—pictures which we regret not to have had time enough to distinguish as they deserve. One whole line of wall is occupied with a fine selection of Meissonniers, whose excellences all the world knows by heart, which are thoroughly satisfactory and delightful. We cannot but observe, however, with regret, the darkness which has crept over so many pictures of outdoor life, and admirable landscapes. Is it because there is so much brightness in the *charmant pays de France*, that her artists have been seized with so warm an admiration for the mystery of twilight, the beauty of grey skies and half-seen figures dark against the waning light? Jules Breton, whom we have seen in other days basking in the full glow of harvest-fields, appears here with a crape of shadow over him, all dim, mysterious, almost undiscernible in the full daylight. It is surely as great a wrong to nature to represent her as permanently *voilée*, as it is to array her in the impossible glories of the "tea-board" school. We have to pucker our eyelids like Dante's old tailor, before we can see those dim glades, those faces turned against what little light there is, with all the colour in them soiled by the blackness of the nightfall. It is no doubt a fashion, like any other; but it is rather humiliating to art that she should be subject to those vagaries of fashion, against which, in matters so much less important, such as costume for instance, she makes bold to rave.

The mystery of our northern skies has proved very attractive, it would seem, to at least one artist belonging to a nation still more near the sun. The first thing that strikes us in the Italian room is a series of pictures by Signor de Nittis, one of which, at least, exhibits about the most unlikely and unattractive subject which could well be chosen. It is called in our French catalogue "Canon Bridge, City," and gives a dark and misty view from under the piles, of the railway bridge, crossing indistinctly a field of mud colour, between the sky and river, in some leaden November day when both wore one doleful tone. In the foreground is a puff of deeper blackness still from the funnel of a steamboat—smoke which floats heavily upward through an atmosphere dense enough to prevent ascension. A more favourable specimen of this painter of mist and dimness is in the foggy morning at Westminster, the great ghost of the Houses of Parliament looming vaguely through the moisture-laden atmosphere, and a group of workmen, with the smoke of their early pipes making a grateful break in

the chill and heavy air, looking over the parapet under which the river flows half seen. This is a really fine picture, full of the poetry of winter and dawn—cold, vague, and penetrating, yet not without hope. We do not admire the pictures of the Green Park and Piccadilly, in which the same painter has continued his study of English life with great perseverance but not equal effect. There is, however, a purely Italian subject, a little "bit" of the road to Brindisi, by the side of these gloomy pictures, and in the most complete contrast to them, which is worthy of the utmost praise. The light and heat and unshadowed brilliancy of this bit of sunshine are wonderful.

It is curious, as we turn from one country to another, to find how fond the artist is of escaping from what is around him to what is distant. Thus the Italian reproduces the fog and mist which he finds full of picturesque effect unhabitual to him, and therefore all the more striking—while the Englishman paints Italian landscapes and warmly coloured *contadini*. One of the chief pictures of the American school is an Egyptian funeral, and the Scandinavian rooms abound in pictures of monks of whom the Norse artist cannot have anything but the scantiest knowledge. These last pictures are so quaintly unlike reality that the bystander can scarcely refrain from a smile. Here we have dinner-parties of monks assembled round a modern table *à la Russe*, covered with plate and crystal, fine fruit and flowers—Turkey carpets on the floor, and every kind of expensive modern ornament about. There is a bit of real ecclesiastical life in the Italian room, a poor Curato, in his poor little bare presbytery, which shows the difference between the real and the fanciful in this respect. It is a Hungarian painter, we think, who has chosen such a purely English incident as that of Milton dictating to his daughters, of which he has made a fine picture. Thus pictorial art gives up, as dramatic art also very often does, all the varieties of human life and natural effect that are under her eyes, to yield to the attraction of the half known and imperfectly understood. We must not omit to add, however, that there are landscapes of crisp and sparkling snow, and red wintry sunsets blazing behind bare trees which bring before us, with characteristic realism, the peculiar features of the North. We cannot recollect from whence comes the curious picture of the Great Czar Peter in his ice-palace, shivering in his Court clothes, with his hat placed between his frozen feet, in their silk stockings, and the icy footstool; but it is a very vigorous and telling study. We do not, however, pretend to estimate the respective value of the different national exhibitions. There is no extraordinary excellence anywhere, so far as we could perceive, to take the spectator by storm, though a great deal of good work carefully designed and carried out.

The September days are warm and bright, and the crowds are great, so that it is a wonderful relief to escape from these thronged rooms with all their distracting wealth of things to look at, into the open air, where there is less call upon our attention, and something to breathe which has not been breathed before by other lungs. Through the centre of the Exhibition runs the street of all nations, a broad and cheerful promenade, bordered with flowers, on either side of which stand houses of every variety of national architecture, from the solid Elizabethan mansion to the airy pinnacles of

the cottages of Japan. The *ensemble* is very picturesque and pretty—a jumble of styles and materials worthy of the great Fancy-fair at which so many strangers are disporting themselves. These strangers are provided with places of refreshment everywhere, where each may hear his own language spoken, and get, if he wishes it, his national dish to eat; opportunities which are interesting to the curious, who like to see what their neighbours eat and drink, If the reader would like to try a glass of Russian tea, we are most willing to pilot him through the courts and avenues to where this delicacy is to be had. Notwithstanding highly raised expectations, we are bound to confess that we found nothing very remarkable in the tea itself, except that it is served in tumblers instead of cups. The slice of lemon in the glass, however, is a very pleasant alternative to the cream which is our English condiment. As for the benighted persons who dilute their tea with milk, we deny that they have any right to an opinion. Notwithstanding the charm of novelty, it is still our conviction that the cream is the best; but the glass of tea with a slice of lemon in it is an admirable variety and perhaps a more delicate refreshment than the other. Anyhow there is something piquant in this new version of afternoon tea sipped in company with ladies smoking dainty cigarettes, and long-haired men with Tartar faces, totally different beings from the polished and polyglot Russians of society. There can be little doubt about the genuineness of these Muscovites, with their long eyes, blunt noses, and muddy complexions; though we feel a little doubtful of nationalities after hearing the glib Parisian French of the women, tricked out in pretty Russian costume, who sit at the receipt of custom—and of the make-believe Arabs whom we have already encountered. This surely, however, must be a true Arab, bundled up in white muslin, with a fold of his turban full round his face, like an old woman's "mutch" in primitive Scotland. He is very like an old woman altogether, swathed in innumerable folds of this thin tissue, which is scarcely muslin, but a linen fabric as light and fine, and of that wonderful unbleached tint which is so soft and harmonious. In the booths of the Trocadéro, there is a profusion of narrow old scarfs in this material, with ends of beautiful embroidery, minute and exquisite, such as put crewels to scorn. It is not a bad opportunity of noting what costumes there may be about, as we sit under the awning of the Russian tent, and sip our lemon-flavoured tea. But except the Arabs, who naturally are *chez eux* in France, and walk about as if they fully felt it, there are few costumes to note. Now and then a priest with a long beard, in a coat a little wider than the *soutane*, will step along, evidently a Greek ecclesiastic, but not very distinguishable, except by his beard, from the many other priests who are constantly roaming about. To see the eagerness with which these innumerable *abbés* and *curés* study the Exhibition—improving their minds, no doubt, for is not that the object of all exhibitions?—is consolatory. Perhaps the innocency and (often) tediousness of the spectacle may make it all the more suitable for the chastened eyes of the religious class. To return to costume, however, the white skirts, blue-and-red jackets, and little crowns of the pseudo-Russian peasants at the bar, are certainly very pretty, however little genuine their wearers may be. Except in the case of such representative persons, the chief novelties to be seen are the caps of the

peasant-women who are among the crowd, and who have come up from their villages in their distinctive head-gear—which no doubt marks, by some peculiarity that we are not learned enough to recognise, the individual hamlet to which each belongs. Some of them are very pretty, and it is incalculable the advantage of them to the wearers, who, no doubt, do not appreciate it in the least, but would feel themselves much finer in cheap bonnets. What a change there would come upon the aspect of France if her poor women gave up their caps, as ours have done! The alteration would tell upon everything — the very landscape would suffer from it. But, thank heaven! in this particular the country of revolutions has never been revolutionary, and in spite of all levelling keeps its white caps and its blouses, though they are no doubt emblems of social distinction which go much against the *égalité* of their favourite legend. The most remarkable of these head-dresses, however, are those of the Hollanders, many examples of which are to be seen about. Underneath her cap the Dutchwoman wears a silver or gilt plate which encircles the back of the head to the temples, while at each side of the face pins are stuck in, not for use but ornament, generally in gold filigree work, but sometimes in projecting twists of gold wire, which stand out like a horse's blinkers on each side. On the top of all is placed a bonnet, usually ornamented with wreaths of flowers and floating ribbons. A more oppressive or less beautiful mass of decoration could scarcely be.

A day, however, even at the Exhibition, cannot last for ever, and this becomes speedily apparent —or rather let us say audible, in a manner very familiar to French ears—by the sudden rat-a-tat of a drum, most well-known of all signals. The drummer walks rapidly through the long alleys, up and down, warning everybody; and quick as thought everything that can be covered disappears under brown holland, and the docile groups throng outward with a ready submission which is seldom attained among ourselves. An English crowd would loiter and resist—would be seized with a fancy for close inspection of some unexplored corner, with a kind of perverse reluctance to do what it is ordered to do, which seems a sort of balance to the perfect lawfulness of its behaviour on more important occasions. A French crowd, however, has no idea but of obedience. The whimsical contrast of the national temper in this respect was brought home to us this very morning, when we were summarily ordered back from the door of admission on the Trocadéro into the *queue*, which we had certainly seen, but had no mind to follow. We, freeborn Britishers, accustomed to push our way as we pleased, to be sent into the *queue!* But we had to pocket the indignity and obey, as all our companions did with perfect good-humour and no inclination to resist. There are a hundred other small oppressions which the country of revolutions takes in perfectly good part, but which would drive Englishmen frantic. The locked-up cages of the Salles d'Attente, for instance, in a French railway station, would produce riot and disaster in England if any attempt was made to introduce them—yet how patiently our fiery neighbours put up with them! We may say, however, in passing, that there is a great and most comforting relaxation visible in railway management in this respect; sometimes even the travellers are allowed to pass on to the platform at once

and take their places, instead of being cooped up till the last moment, and then let loose like a herd of wild beasts.

Paris in the rosy glow of the sunset, with grateful coolness and refreshment falling upon its streets; Paris, when all the lights are lighted, when the nightly illumination of the Place de la Concorde has begun, and all the glory of the lamps suddenly adorns the stately lines converging from it, like a putting on of jewels—is always a pleasant sight. And when, in the last stage of weariness, we manage to entrap a passing Victoria and get into it, there seems no pastime more agreeable than to move on slowly in the little carriage, watching the rose-tints fade out of the sky, and the light steal away out of the river, taking refuge in the paleness of the horizon behind the trees of the Tuileries and those that soften the distance towards Notre Dame. There is something like a blunt and dumpy dome appearing over the Place du Carrousel, over the half-ruinous walls, which it is pitiful to know are not to be rebuilt, of the Tuileries. What is it, projecting like a part of the building, though out of all proportion, or grace, or seemliness? It is nothing more or less than a large captive balloon tethered there — a sort of aerial omnibus, in which persons desirous of seeing how Paris looks from above, are carried up and suspended for a few minutes over the great city so full of life. Its ascents and descents are very amusing to our idleness when we have managed to climb up five pairs of stairs to our apartment, *au quatrième au-dessus de l'entresol*, and, seated on our balcony, look out upon all the glimmering of the lamps and the rising of the moon. Far away on the right hand are the new turrets of the Trocadéro appearing over the trees. The gardens of the Tuileries lie far down at our feet; the whiteness of the new-built portion of the Louvre glimmers through the twilight. We are almost as high up as if we were in the balloon, which reposes now, a huge ball, within the vacant walls which were so gay and so splendid ten years ago. The gilded dome of the Invalides rises against the pale sky, the foliage rustles far below, the lights glimmer over miles of space, stretching out before us on our watch-tower. Dew is falling, though you would not think it—stars coming faintly out, nothing disturbing the quiet serenity of the evening. Was there ever tumult here, or bloodshed, or petroleum? It would be almost impossible to believe it, but for those dark charred walls, which we regret, though their associations were never happy. Perhaps it is well, on John Knox's principle of "dinging doun" the walls that the crows might fly away, to permit the fated place to be destroyed; but yet we regret the Tuileries. A commonplace road lies now between what was once the palace front and its beautiful gardens. When that half-ruinous mass is cleared away, the stately Louvre with all its treasures will be open to the greenness and brightness of those gardens so dear to all Paris. But still, we repeat, we regret the Tuileries, with all its associations, though they were not happy. The vulgarity of the balloon (though it amuses us) is a kind of insult to the ruin. An English maid, dazzled and delighted by a first glimpse of a city such as she had never dreamt of, asks timidly if it is Gambetta's balloon, with a fine sense of keeping, and natural desire to find a reason for that unnecessary adjunct to the scene. But come! it is time to go out and get some dinner, if we are to go to the play to-night, as it is our intention to do.

Dinner has to be a very hurried ceremonial in consequence of this play—which is an injustice to ourselves and to Paris. It is an unfortunate result of our present late hours that the theatre is put into a position of antagonism in all countries with the most important meal of the day, which, no doubt, is one of the reasons why as we grow older we become indifferent to the theatre. It is the 'Danischeffs' which is to be played to-night,—not with the original company, unfortunately; but any Parisian company, we have a happy confidence, will give us a careful representation of anything they undertake. The reader knows already all about the 'Danischeffs,' a play which has been acted in London, and has outrun its first burst of fashion. It has the peculiarity—which may be remarked in many plays required by all the exigencies of art to end tragically, which the authors, impelled by the universal sentiment of the public, have to bring to a happy ending—of falling off lamentably in construction in the last act. M. Sardou's play, 'Dora,' which has been performed with so much success in London under the name of 'Diplomacy,' has the same defect in a still more striking degree. After a number of powerful scenes, in which the heroine is, as would appear, hopelessly compromised, though entirely innocent, we arrive at the period when she must be cleared and re-established in the position and happiness which she seems to have forfeited, and which have been taken from her. Everything has been admirable up to this period, and the coils of fate have been woven about the innocent feet with the greatest dramatic skill. The eager spectator, carried away by the force of the situation and the skill of the actors, looks breathlessly to his playbill to know whether it is not after all a tragedy at which he is "assisting"—so hopeless seems the *imbroglio*—when all at once, out of the illusion so well kept up until that moment, he is tossed back into the midst of the common machinery of the theatre. By the most hackneyed of devices the true criminal is found out, and, after a momentary resistance, falls into the weakest effusion of sentimental avowal; while the injured wife with equal rapidity forgets and forgives everything; and the story which it had taken a dozen careful scenes to embroil and darken, is cleared up in one, at the cost of all the nature in it, and in defiance of truth, character, and art. The 'Danischeffs' is an example of the same kind of error. It opens powerfully with a proud mother, whose son, against all the traditions of his race and all the possibilities of Russian society, has fallen in love with a serf-girl whom the Countess has brought up in every grace and refinement, and who has been as a daughter to her until the fatal moment when her son announces that he loves and means to marry Anna. After a stormy and engrossing scene, the Countess Danischeff proposes to her son a year's probation, during which he is to give up all intercourse with the object of his love, and is to do his utmost to wean himself from his unlucky passion by thrusting himself into the society of St Petersburg, and specially into that of a certain Princess Lydia, who is his mother's choice for him. Happy even in his banishment, as it is brightened by hope, the youth tears himself away without a word to poor Anna; and his back is scarcely turned when the Countess, not losing a moment, in remorseless despotism, marries the despairing girl to one of those enlightened and perfect

serfs, saintly in patience and heroic in self-devotion, who are better known in literature than in life. This predestined martyr Osip loves the beautiful Anna, but marries her against her will, with the intention of acting simply a brother's part to her, and preserving her for her lover. All this first act is admirably done; and the savage indifference of the Countess, carrying through this marriage in spite of all the frantic appeals of the girl, and the pitying remonstrances of those around her, is a wonderful piece of acting. Nowhere, perhaps, except in France, could an old woman so imposing be put upon the stage. Madame Crosnier, who took this *rôle*, is probably not so old as she made herself appear; but nothing could have been more perfect than the appearance of dignified age yet unbounded energy—age scorning all expedients to lessen the ravages of time, yet conscious of the beauty of the past, with that charming mixture of pleasure and regret, and certainty of the historical fact, which is so delightful in an old beauty. The perfect unscrupulousness of the woman, trained to believe that her serfs are as much made for her convenience as her chairs and tables, and as little to be considered when they cross her, is not, nor do we feel it to be, at all incompatible with a general magnificent goodness to them on ordinary occasions when they do not cross her. The work of this first act is altogether admirable; nothing could be more bold and effective than the mother's daring invention of what she considers an insurmountable obstacle in the way of her son's misplaced love. It puts at once the most tragical and exciting possibilities before us. This is by far the finest part of the play.

The second act carries us entirely away from the immediate action of the piece into a *salon* in St Petersburg, when the interest falls all at once into the hands of a supernumerary character—a French *attaché*, who delivers himself of various piquant speeches, and criticisms of Russian society, which the Russian ladies and gentlemen assembled receive with that mixture of amusement, half-offence, and polite incredulity which is common in such circumstances. This *attaché*, the Count de Taldé, becomes henceforward a kind of *deus ex machinâ*, without any perceptible right to the position, enlightening the Princess Lydia, in whose house the scene takes place, as to young Danischeff's real sentiments of indifference towards herself, with disastrous consequences; and informing Count Danischeff himself of the cruel trick which his mother has played upon him by the marriage of Anna. The Countess has by this time reappeared on a visit to Princess Lydia, and it is actually in her presence that her son is informed of her treachery. This leads to a very powerful scene between them, in which the infuriated young man denounces his mother as *lâche*—false to her word; and declares his determination to kill Osip and then himself. The first has no terrors for her; but the threat of self-destruction calls from her a cry of dismay and despair, with which the scene ends. After this the play drops from its high level of art. We are introduced into the cottage of Osip, where sentiments are uttered which would do credit to any saint, until the Countess enters hastily, giving Osip a hurried commission which must be executed at a distant portion of her possessions, with the intention of removing him out of her son's way, whose arrival she has

forestalled. Osip, however, divines the object of the errand, and refuses to go without his wife, who, like himself, has been enfranchised at the period of their marriage. The spectator perceives well enough, even without Osip's indignant denunciation, that Countess Danischeff's object is to leave the coast clear for her son, and to enable him to carry off Anna as his mistress: a likelihood which by no means troubles her—which is, in short, anticipated by her as the only way out of her difficulty, with perfect calm. Needless to say that the young people—the young Count in a passion of jealous rage and disappointed love, the resigned and angelic Anna, and Osip, who is too good to live—are incapable of adopting so vile an expedient. The play, however, ends happily—after a demonstration of vengeance on the part of Princess Lydia, who has been charged to procure permission from the emperor for a divorce between Osip and his wife, and who takes care to fail in her mission—by the sacrifice of Osip, who breaks the nominal tie between himself and Anna by "devoting himself to religion." "The emperor is the source of the law, but God is the ruler of the soul," says this devoted peasant; and the gallery, though it is French and sceptical, rouses itself into stormy applause.

Thus concludes, with inevitable claptrap and futility, a very well-conceived and striking piece of dramatic writing. Our Countess, who has acted with such arbitrary force in preventing the undesirable marriage, and who has schemed without scruple the degradation of her own favourite, drops into feeble compliance, embracings, and congratulations, and all goes harmoniously as marriage-bells. But those marriage-bells are wonderful discords in art, as indeed they very often are in life; and this necessity for a happy ending spoils the artist's best efforts.

The 'Fourchamboult,' which we have next evening at the Français, purports to be a story of ordinary life in France in the nineteenth century—a drama of our own day. It is enough to say that Got takes the chief part in this play, that Coquelin is the *jeune premier*, and Madlle. Croizette the heroine, to prove the excellence of the acting. The *salon* in which we meet these three people, along with M. Barré, in the character of the worthy and excellent but weak-minded and uxorious merchant, Fourchamboult, and Mme. Ponsin in that of his wife, is, but that the conversation is more amusing, and more distinctly to the purpose than we are apt to hear in ordinary houses, as true a French drawing-room as it is possible to imagine,—the family scattered about in all their usual occupations; the talk light, natural, and easy, not too explanatory; and all the accessories in perfect keeping. Madame Fourchamboult is ambitious and expensive, unable to forget the *dot* which she brought to her husband, and making it the ground of all kinds of extravagances. Nevertheless she is very kind to a certain Marie Letellier—a poor girl, with but little fortune, who has come to France to seek employment as a governess, after having had all the training of an heiress up to the time of her parents' death. The family of the merchant, though it is vain, ostentatious, and full of social ambition, is kind, and the good people have given the stranger a real home among them. We need not add that Léopold, the son, a young *étourdi*, with sentiments not more elevated than those of his class, is making love to her, though in a way not

likely to injure the peace of either —it being very clear to the audience from the beginning that a certain M. Bernard, a middle-aged merchant, who was her father's correspondent, and who lives in extreme retirement with his mother, is already the possessor of Marie's heart. There is something mysterious about M. Bernard, or rather about his mother, the beautiful, interesting, saintly woman who embodies the French conception of a penitent Magdalen. No angel could be so pure, so full of devotion, as the "*belle coupable*," the woman whose early fault has refined and elevated her to a pitch of sublimity unknown to the ordinary and commonplace virtue that has never gone wrong. Bernard does not know who his father is, but his mother's devotion to his interest, and wise direction of all his speculations, has made him a most successful man of business, with a large fortune and high reputation. We are allowed to see the extravagance and worldliness of Madame Fourchamboult, who is gradually undermining her husband's solvency, and is just about to conclude a mercenary marriage for her daughter; and the light-hearted folly of Léopold, who gives himself the airs of a young man of fashion, a *bourgeois* Lovelace, though his heart is still open to generous sentiments,—before the serious action of the play commences. The interest first quickens into excitement when the report suddenly rises that the *maison* Fourchamboult is about to stop payment. When the news is told suddenly before Madame Bernard, she shows the greatest agitation, and in an exciting scene tells her son to go instantly to the help of the merchant and prevent his bankruptcy. Bernard's astonishment and remonstrance are suddenly brought to an end by the solemnity of his mother's address, as, suddenly drawing herself up, she changes her entreaty into a command. Then a sudden light breaks upon him—"*C'est mon père*," he cries. It is M. Got who plays the part of Bernard; and though it is a little shock to the spectator, who associates this admirable actor rather with the unbounded mirth of Sganarelle than with the seriousness of a sentimental character, it is needless to say that this grave merchant who is at the same time an adoring son, middle-aged yet young in heart, suppressing a love which he feels misplaced on the one hand, and on the other sacrificing all his inclinations in order to save the father, against whom all his best feelings revolt—is set before us with consummate skill.

Scarcely less excellent is M. Coquelin's good-hearted and generous but quite frivolous young man of the world, Léopold, who jests and plays with his life until the shock of ruin brings him abruptly to himself. This shock, however, does not even then turn the young fellow into anything heroic. He is willing to sacrifice everything to save the family honour; but he has no mind to sacrifice himself, and marry a wife with no money, in order to save the reputation of Marie Letellier, whom his attentions have compromised. Bernard, who has constituted himself the good genius of the house which he has saved by his well-timed intervention, takes in hand to bring Léopold to the point of marrying Marie, who has taken refuge with Madame Bernard; and then occurs a fine and carefully-worked-out scene between the two men, in which Bernard urges upon Léopold the necessity of making this reparation, so warmly, and with so much vehemence (being under the im-

pression that Marie loves him), that the young man takes offence at the interference, and, enraged by his Mentor's reproaches, strikes him on the cheek. There is a moment's pause, and then the insulted man, after a struggle with himself, controlling his passion, gives vent to a cry of tremendous feeling, in which he bids his assailant be thankful that he is his brother. "*Votre frère?*" cries Léopold, rejecting with scorn the relationship; and there is a sharp momentary combat of words, breathless as reality could be, which ends in the young man's complete conviction and repentance. What can he do to be pardoned? Bernard opens his arms. "*Effacez!*" he cries, and the two are clasped in each other's embrace.

This is one of the great hits of the play, and calls forth storms of applause. Our English prejudice against such endearments between man and man takes away a little from the effect of this great scene; but that the blow should be effaced by the kiss of brother to brother conveys no suggestion of absurdity to the natural audience of MM. Got and Coquelin, and the scene is finely worked out. After this Léopold makes the required proposal; but, to the great amazement of all, is promptly refused by Marie, who wanted not him, but the consolation of this *amende honorable*, and who forthwith brings the piece to a happy end by avowing her love to Bernard, whose modesty has not allowed him to speak for himself. We have said little of the extravagant ambitious wife who is the foil to Bernard's saintly and adored mother, and who, when her husband is plunged into ruin, refuses to sacrifice the property which is secured to her by the *séparation de biens*, in order to save his credit, while his rejected and forsaken rival saves the man who betrayed and deserted her. This contrast is really the moral of the piece, or at least its meaning. If you would find a certain saviour in time of trouble, be sure to act the part of seducer to a spotless and beautiful *maîtresse de piano*, who will thereafter seclude herself in all the sanctity of penitence from the world, and bring up her child with the holy purpose of delivering you from any further follies you may fall into, and proving to you how superior she is to the wife you have married. A story more nauseous in false sentiment could scarcely be conceived: yet the ease and nature of the rich *bourgeois* interior; the aspect of the life so vividly portrayed; the keen satire which paints Madame Fourchamboult's ostentatious *quête;* her effusive delight in the hoped-for connection with M. le Préfet; and the weakness of the alarmed husband, who, only when backed up and impelled by Bernard, can venture to cross her,—as well as the real though painful and disagreeable interest of the plot, carry the spectator on with growing interest and excitement, which the admirable acting of the chief characters never permits to flag. There is no strain, no struggle for effect. Neither in act nor attitude is there any exaggeration. Nobody writhes or twists, or expresses his emotion by shaking his joints out of their sockets. The story gets acted out before us with quiet precision and reality, as if it were life itself, and not an imitation and copy of life.

We are obliged to add, however, that according to all appearances the Parisian public is little better instructed than our own vulgar crowd, which throngs the London theatres night after night to see the stupidest of burlesques, and admire

the postures of Miss Farren. Neither the 'Danischeffs' nor the 'Fourchamboult' attracts such crowds as does the 'Petit-Duc,' a new *opéra-bouffe* or musical folly by Lecocq, the great artist who has had the glory of originating Madame Angot. Here every available corner was crowded from the orchestra to the ceiling, to see a French representative of the class to which Miss Farren belongs, go through a variety of adventures a little less absurd but scarcely more elevated. Molière himself rarely has such audiences as were called together by the mingled gifts of MM. Meilhac, Halévy, and Lecocq, and the charms of Mdlle. Jeanne.

To see the crowds which attend these performances, one would think that all Paris must have got into the theatres; but if, instead of going to the theatre, you content yourself with a walk along the Boulevards, you will think it is there that all Paris is to be found. Driving slowly among a crowd of vehicles of all descriptions along the line of the Boulevard des Italiens, we feel inclined to believe that not a soul has been left indoors, but that the entire population has surged out upon the pavement, or is going and coming in carriage and omnibus. Not in 1867, when there was the same charm of the Exposition with all kinds of added splendour, a new king and queen arriving every week, to the delight of all beholders, was the crowd so dense. Past Tortoni's you might have promenaded steadily upon the heads of the people. That throng, with all its *bourdonnements;* the glow of the lights everywhere; the gloom all penetrated, like Rembrandt's pictures, with sudden illuminations; the trees stirring softly in the night air; and far above, the moon and a few pale stars looking down with an air of soft indifference just touched with contempt upon all the multitudinous lights, flaring in rivalry,—make up the strangest picture. This open-air life, with all its cheap amusements, the constant motion, the monotonous variety, the same succession of meandering passers-by, the "chopes," the *sirop*, the black coffee, the perpetual cigars —heavens! how tedious must it all be! how wearisome going on night after night, season after season!—or is it only the interest of the English mind that flags, while the element of patience in the French mind, so little recognised, so constantly present, makes the monotony delightful? We cannot venture to decide: but thank heaven that it is not our national custom to sit out in crowds upon the Boulevards all the evening through, and see other crowds passing by.

There is one curious effect, however, which presents a point of interest in the nocturnal walk. All about the new Opera, and along one line of street close to it, we forget which, the electric light in tall lamps, and inclosed in a large white globe, has taken the place of gas, and sheds a kind of ghastly atmosphere of light all about, a weird unnatural illumination, out of harmony with every tone and tint of nature, in which the passers-by seem to glide like ghosts, each more pallid, more woe-begone and miserable, than the other. Never was a more painful, unnatural, ghost-like light. To turn from it to the warm glow of the gas all around is like turning from death to life. Gas is vulgar prose enough in its ordinary aspect, but it grows poetical, genial, kind, a warm and friendly human light, by the side of this charnel-house phosphorescence, this light of Hades, which is the last perfection of scientific discovery. Let us thank heaven once more that it is as costly

as it is unnatural; and that for this good reason, if for no other, we are likely to be free of it on our side of the Channel at least.

Thus Paris goes on brightening the sky all round with the glimmer of her lights, filling the air with myriads of voices, the sound of multitudinous feet, the jar of innumerable wheels. Her streets are crowded, her hands full, money in her purse, hope in her breast. Is this the same city that starved in the siege, that kept the life in her with loathsome morsels, and that rent herself asunder after in wild revolt and conflict of brother against brother? We are all apt to scoff at the return of the old gaiety, the smile and the song that come back too soon, as we choose to think in our wisdom, to lips that had been pinched with misery so terrible. How much inevitable misconception of our neighbours is in that commonplace reproach it is not necessary to ask. For our part, our sympathies are all with the brave soul that accepts all means of recovery, not with those who sulk and pose in conventional appropriateness. "Werena my heart licht, I wad dee," says the old singer, with a pathos above all complaining. This light heart has lifted France out of all her troubles; and that must indeed be a dull imagination, or a prejudiced mind, which will not allow itself to feel a thrill of sympathetic pleasure that so promptly, so bravely, with such full and healthful recovery, the nation humiliated has been able once more to raise her head with all the elasticity, and courage, and much of the grace of old. It is a triumph over fate, over disaster, over the cruel force of arms and exactions of conquest, which is exhilarating to humanity. All these waves and billows have passed over her, but have not kept her under. Right or wrong as she may be, a country still not exemplary any more than we are, a mixture of good and evil, like everything human, it yet warms the heart to see her up again, with her head erect, and a heart for any fate.

"FRED:" A TALE FROM JAPAN.

BY R—— L——.

FRED was a stray dog whose origin and whose name even were shrouded in mystery. In 1861 he had landed in Yokohama from an English tea-clipper, in the company of a melancholy traveller. Nobody, of course, took any notice of the dog at the time, and he, on his part, avoided all familiarity with strangers, having, apparently, eyes and ears only for his master, whom he followed everywhere.

This master, Mr Alexander Young, was a rather mysterious character. Nobody knew whence he came or whither he was bound. The captain of the Georgina had made his acquaintance in Java, and had given him a passage to Japan on very moderate terms. During the voyage, Alexander Young—or Sandy, as he was commonly called—spoke very little, but drank a good deal. The captain, who, when at sea, made it a rule never to take anything stronger than water, was not at all disinclined, when ashore, to indulge in an extra bottle or so. In consequence, he treated the weakness of his companion with compassionate fellow-feeling, and even felt, on that very account, a sort of sympathy for him, which showed itself in many little kindnesses. Sandy was very grateful; and in his sad, dreamy, blue eyes there was a tender and friendly expression whenever they rested on the rugged, weather-beaten features of the captain.

Fred was Sandy's constant companion, and the dog's nose was never many inches distant from his master's heels.

"Fred is a curious name for a dog," said the captain, one evening; "why did you call him so?"

Sandy was silent for fully a minute, and then answered slowly, "Because he was a present from my cousin Louisa."

The captain was much impressed by this unexpected explanation; but as he was himself accustomed to clothe his ideas in most enigmatical language, he made no doubt that Sandy's reply had some deep hidden meaning; and without indulging in indiscreet questions, he made many and fruitless efforts to solve the problem unaided. From that time Sandy rose in his esteem. Neither Sandy nor he ever recurred to the subject; but when, at a later period, the captain was asked why Mr Young's dog was called "Fred," he answered, authoritatively, "Because the dog was a present from his cousin Louisa."

Fred was a thorough-bred bull-terrier, snow-white, with one black round spot over his left eye. His fore-legs were bowed, his chest was broad and powerful, his head wide and flat as a frog's. His jaws were armed with a set of short, uneven, sharp teeth, which seemed strong enough to crunch a bar of iron. His eyes were set obliquely in his head, Chinese fashion; nevertheless there was an honest and trustworthy expression in them. One could see that Fred, though he was a dangerous was not a savage or a wicked beast.

Fred could smile in his grim way, if his master showed him a bone and said, "Smile!" But, as a rule, he was as grave and serious as Young himself. He was no bully or street-fighter. Confident in his own strength, he looked with contempt on the small curs who barked

and yelped at him. But if a large dog, a worthy adversary, attacked him, he fought with mute, merciless fury. He neither barked nor growled on such occasions, but the quick deep breathing under which his broad chest heaved, betrayed his inward fury. His green eyes shone liked emeralds, and he fastened his fangs into his enemy with such mad violence that it was a matter of great difficulty to make him loose his hold.

During six months Sandy and Fred led a quiet life at Yokohama. Sandy was known, it is true, to consume in private an incredible amount of spirits; but in public, his behaviour was unexceptionable, and no one had ever seen him intoxicated. A few days after his arrival, he had bought one of the rough ugly little ponies of the country. Those who, for some reason or another, strayed from the beaten paths usually frequented by foreign residents at Yokohama, declared that they had met Young, the pony, and Fred in the most unlooked-for places. The lonely rider, the horse, and the dog appeared, they said, equally lost in deep reverie. Young smoked; the pony, with the reins hanging loose on its neck, walked with his head down, as though it were studying that road of which its master took no heed; while Fred followed close behind, with his dreamy half-closed eyes fixed on the horse's hoofs. Young never addressed anybody, but returned every salute politely, and, so to speak, gratefully. The Europeans at Yokohama wondered at their quiet fellow-exile; and the Japanese called him, *kitchingay*—crazy.

Young rarely remained in town when the weather was fine. He would leave the settlement in the early morning with his two four-footed companions, and not return from his ride till dusk. But if it rained and blew hard, one might be sure to meet him on the *bund*—the street which leads from the European quarter to the harbour. On such occasions Sandy, with his hands behind his back, walked slowly up and down the broad road, with Fred at his heels as usual; though it was evident that the poor drenched animal did not share his master's enjoyment of bad weather. At intervals Sandy would stop in his walk and watch with apparent interest the boisterous sea and the vessels that were tossing on it. Whenever this happened Fred immediately sat upon his haunches and fixed his blinking eyes on his master's countenance, as though he were trying to discover some indication that he was going to exchange the impassable street for the comfortable shelter of his lodgings. If Young stayed too long, Fred would push him gently with his nose as if to wake him out of his day-dream. Sandy would then move on again; but he never went home till the storm had abated or night had set in. This strange aimless walking up and down gave him the appearance of a man who has missed his railway-train, and who, at some strange uninteresting station, seeks to while away the time till the next departure.

Young must have brought some money with him to Yokohama, for he lived on for several weeks without seeking employment. At the end of that time, however, he advertised in the 'Japan Times' to the effect that he had set up in business as public accountant. In this capacity he soon got some employment. He was a steady, conscientious worker, rather slow at his work, and evidently not caring to earn more than was required for his wants. In this way he became acquainted with Mr James Webster,

the head of an important American firm, who, after employing Young on several occasions, at last offered him an excellent situation as assistant bookkeeper in his house. This offer Sandy declined with thanks.

"I do not know how long I may remain out here," he said. "I expect letters from home which may oblige me to leave at once."

Those letters never came, and Sandy grew paler and sadder every day. One evening he went to call on James Webster. A visit from Sandy Young was such an unusual occurrence that Webster, who, as a rule, did not like to be disturbed, came forward to greet his visitor. But Sandy would not come in; he remained at the entrance, leaning against the open door. His speech and manner were calm and even careless; and Webster was consequently somewhat surprised to hear that he had come to take leave.

"Sit down, man," said Webster, "and take a soda-and-brandy and a cheroot."

"No, thank you," replied Young. "I leave early to-morrow morning; and I have only just time to get my things ready."

"So you are really going away?" said Webster. "Well, I am sorry you would not stay with us. As it is, I can only wish you good luck and a prosperous voyage."

He held out his hand, which Young pressed so warmly that Webster looked at him with some surprise; and as he looked, it seemed to him that there was moisture in Sandy Young's eyes.

"Why won't you stay?" continued Webster, who felt a curious interest in the sad, quiet man. "The place I offered you the other day is still there."

Young remained silent for a few moments. Then he shook his head, and said, gently, "No, thanks. You are very kind, but I had better go. . . . What should I do here? Japan is a fine country; but it is so very small—always the same blue sea, the same white Fusyyama, and the same people riding the same horses and followed by the same dogs. I am tired of it all. . . . You must admit, Mr Webster, that life is not highly amusing out here."

There was a short pause, after which Sandy resumed, but speaking more slowly and in still lower tones, "I think there must be a typhoon in the air; I feel so weary. . . . I do not think, Mr Webster, that you can ever have felt as tired as I do. I thought we were going to have a storm this morning. It would perhaps have done me good. This has been a very close, heavy day. . . . Well, good-night. I did not like to leave Yokohama without bidding you good-bye, and thanking you for all your friendliness."

He moved away with hesitating steps; and when he had gone a few paces he turned round and waved his hand to Webster, who was following him with his eye.

"I thank you again, Mr Webster," he repeated, with almost pathetic earnestness. "I wish you a *very* good-night." And so he disappeared into the darkness.

That night a terrific storm burst over Yokohama, but it came too late to revive poor weary Sandy. He was found dead in his bedroom the next morning, having hanged himself during the night. On the table lay a large sheet of paper with the following words, written in a bold hand, "Please take care of Fred."

Nothing was found in Sandy's trunk but some shabby clothes and a bundle of old letters which had evidently been read over and over again. They were without envelopes, dated from Limerick, 1855

and 1856, and merely signed, "Louisa." They were examined carefully in the hope that they might furnish some clue to Sandy's parentage and connections; but they were love-letters—mere love-letters—and contained nothing that could interest any one but poor Sandy himself. There was frequent mention of a father and a mother in these letters, and it was clear that they had not been favourable to the lovers; but who this father and mother were did not appear. Other persons were mentioned, as "Charles," "Edward," "Mary," and "Florence," but their Christian names only were given. In the last letters of October, November, and December 1856, there was constant reference to a certain Frederick Millner, a friend of Sandy's, whom he had, apparently, introduced to his cousin and lady-love. In the first of these letters, Louisa wrote that her mother was much pleased with Mr Millner, who was a most agreeable and charming companion. In course of time Mr Millner became "Frederick Millner," then "Fred Millner," "F. M.," and at last he was simply "Fred." Fred had accompanied Louisa and her mother to Dublin, where they had all been much amused. Fred was a capital rider, and at the last meet he had taken the big stone wall behind Hrachan Park, in a style which had excited the admiration of all present. Fred accompanied Louisa frequently on horseback, and she had never had such capital riding-lessons as from him: he understood horses better than anybody, and that ill-tempered "Blackbird" that Sandy had never dared to ride, was as gentle as a lamb with Fred. At the last athletic sports, got up by the officers of the 19th, Fred had thrown the hammer farther than anybody; and would certainly have won the foot hurdle-race likewise, if he had not fallen at the last hurdle. Fred had a beautiful voice; Fred danced well;—Fred here, Fred there, Fred everywhere. In the last letter it was said how "poor daring Fred, had fallen with 'Blackbird' at the last steeplechase and had broken his collar-bone. Yet he did not give up the race, and came in third! "Mother has insisted on his remaining here to be nursed by us till he gets well. He sends his best love, and will write as soon as he is able."

These letters were sealed up and deposited in the archives of the British consulate at Yokohama. Inquiry was made officially at Limerick whether a Mr Alexander Young and a Mr Frederick Millner had been known there in 1855 and 1856. In due course of time the reply came, but brought no satisfactory answer to the questions. Alexander Young was quite unknown. A young man, called Frederick Millner, had lived at Limerick at the date mentioned. After bringing shame and sorrow to the daughter of an honoured family, he had left the town in secret and had never been heard of since.

As Alexander Young left no property of any value, no further inquiries were made, and he was soon forgotten. He was buried very quietly; and James Webster, the constable of the English consulate, and Fred, alone accompanied him to the grave.

After the funeral the dog returned to Yokohama. For several days he searched anxiously for his master in his old lodgings and near the new-made grave; but he soon became convinced of the fruitlessness of his endeavours, and thenceforward he became, as a Californian called him, "an institution of Yokohama."

Sandy's last wish, "Please take

care of Fred," was faithfully attended to. Many of the residents of Yokohama showed themselves ready to adopt the good dog; but Fred did not seem inclined to acknowledge a new master, and testified little gratitude for the caresses bestowed on him. He visited first one and then another of his numerous patrons, and did not object to accompany any of them in turn during a walk or a ride; but no one could boast that Fred was *his* dog. His favourite resort was the club, where, in the evening, all his friends met, and where he usually remained till the last guest left. Then he took up his quarters for the night with one or other of his friends; and hospitality was readily extended to him, for he was both watchful and well-behaved.

A year had thus gone by, when the Georgina once more arrived in Yokohama harbour. The captain walking on the *bund* one day, recognised his former passenger Fred, and called to the dog. Fred snuffed at him deliberately, drooped his head, and appeared, for a few moments, to meditate profoundly. But suddenly he showed the wildest delight, leaped up at the captain and licked his hands, barking and smiling; then started down the street at full speed, and at last returned to take his old place at the heels of his new master. The captain, we have said, was a philosopher: he accepted the adoption as a decree of fate to which he bowed submissively.

One evening, not long after this, the captain was attacked by a party of drunken Japanese officers. Fred sprang at the throat of one of the assailants and would have strangled him, if another of the Japanese had not cut him down with a stroke of his sword. The captain escaped with a slight wound and took refuge in the club, from whence he soon sallied forth with a party of friends to give chase to his foes and try to save his dog. But his brave friend and defender was dead. He was buried in the yard of the club-house of Yokohama. where a stone, with the inscription, "Fred, 1863," still marks the place where poor Sandy's faithful companion lies.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

"*Morgens steh ich auf und frage.*"

I AT morn get up, and "Will she
Come," I ask, "to-day?"
I lie down at eve, and "Still she
Cometh not!" I say.

Sleepless, restless, with heart-aching,
So the night I pass;
Dreaming, half asleep, half waking,
Roam by day, alas!

"*Ich will meine Seele tauchen.*"

I WILL steep my fainting spirit
In the lily's calyx pale;
The lily, in tones that stir it,
A song of my love shall exhale.

That song shall vibrate and shiver,
Like the ever-remembered kiss,
That from her lips on mine did quiver
In hours of divinest bliss.

"*Und als ich so lange, so lange gesäumt.*"

AND as I linger'd so many a day
Dreaming and roistering far away,
The time on my love's heart hung like a load,
So a wedding-robe for herself she sew'd,
And for bridegroom within her soft arms she wound
The biggest young fool that might well be found.

My love, so gentle, so fair is she,
That her sweet image keeps haunting me;
Her violet eyes, her rosy cheeks,
They glow and they bloom through the months and weeks.
Of all my mad follies, the maddest, I wis,
Was to let through my fingers a love like this.

"*Mir träumte wieder der alte Traum.*"

AGAIN the old dream came back to me;
'Twas eve in the May-time vernal,
We sat there under the linden-tree,
And vow'd troth-plight eternal.

Oh, the vowing and vowing o'er and o'er!
How we coo, and fondle, and bill, too!
To make me remember the vow I swore,
You bit my hand,—with a will, too.

O darling, with the eyes of light!
O darling, fair and mordent!
The vows were all as they should be, quite,
The bite was a trifle discordant.

"*Sie haben dir viel erzählet.*"

THEY told thee much, much they invented,
The charges were many they made;
But that which my soul has tormented,
Well, that they have never said.

They made a great fuss, and their fretful
Complaints they envenom'd with gall;
They call'd me base, heartless, forgetful,
And you lent an ear to it all.

But the very worst thing, the most mulish,
Of that they knew nothing, not they;
The worst thing of all and most foolish
In my bosom was hidden away.

"*Seit die Liebste war entfernt.*"

SINCE my love did me beguile,
I have quite forgot to smile;
Stupid jokes I hear and chaff,
But I cannot, cannot laugh.

Since the day I lost her, I
Have to tears, too, said good-bye;
Sharp my heart's pangs are and deep,
But I cannot, cannot weep.

"Die Linde blühte, die Nachtigall sang."

THE linden blossom'd, the nightingale sung,
The sun was beaming with smiles of light;
Then you kiss'd me, around me your arms you flung,
To your heaving bosom you clasp'd me tight.

Leaves were falling, the raven croak'd hollow and hoarse,
The sun was sadden'd, and sick with shade;
We said "Farewell!" like some matter of course,
And you the politest of curtseys made.

"Philister in Sonntagsröcklein."

TOMFOOLS in their Sunday clothes ramble
  Through wood, and by meadow and dale;
They shout, and like young goats gambol,
  And the "beauties of Nature" hail.

They perceive, with owl-eyes blinking,
  How romantic all round appears;
The song of the sparrows they drink in
  With very long asinine ears.

But over my chamber window
  A pall of the blackest I lay;
My ghosts upon me drop in—do
  This in the broad noonday.

She I loved in the old days appears there,
  From the region where dead souls be;
She sits down beside me in tears there,
  And my heart it is melted in me.

"Es liegt der heisse Sommer."

'TIS summer, fiery summer
  Upon thy cheeks divine;
'Tis winter, icy winter
  In that little heart of thine.

'Twill not be so for ever,
  My own dear love that art;
On thy cheek it will be winter,
  And summer in thy heart.

"Mir träumte von einem Königskind."

I DREAMT of a monarch's daughter fair,
  And pale and sad was she;
Clasp'd heart to heart we were sitting there
  All under a linden-tree.

"Not for thy father's throne I pine,
  Nor his sceptre of gold I want;
I want not his crown of the diamond shine;
  'Tis for thy sweet self I pant."

"That cannot be!" to me she said;
  "In the grave I am lying low,
And I only come to thee at dead
  Of night, for I love thee so!"

"Wenn zwei von einander scheiden."

WHEN it comes to lovers' parting,
  Each other's hands they press,
And then they fall a-weeping,
  And sigh sighs numberless.

We wept not, thou and I, love,
  Nor "Oh!" nor "Ah!" said we!
The tears and sighs came after,
  But alas! they were to be.

"Ach, die Augen sind es wieder."

AH! those eyes again, that thrill'd me
  Once, and brighten'd all my going;
And those lips, that once with sweetness
  Filled my life to overflowing!

And that voice, too! But to hear it,
  Once my very soul has faltered!
They are still the same I left them—
  I, the wanderer, I am altered.

With her fair white arms around me
  Clasped in passionate devotion,
Now against my heart I hold her,
  Cold and dead to all emotion.

"Hat sie sich denn nie geäussert?"

HAS she never, then, given token
How she takes your vows and sighs?
Could you never read requital
Of your passion in her eyes?

Through her eyes, friend, could you never
To her soul an entrance find?
Yet you never were a noodle
In affairs of such a kind.

"Wir fuhren allein im dunkeln."

ALONE through the dark we travelled
All night in the mail, and we
Were somehow drawn closely together,
And merry as well could be.

But when morning broke, we were startled,
For then we became aware,
That Love had been travelling with us,
Without having paid his fare.

"Es fällt ein Stern herunter."

A STAR is falling, falling,
From the radiant heights above;
That star, I see it falling,
It is the star of love.

Blossoms and leaves without number
Fall from the apple-tree;
The tricksy breezes take them,
And toy with them fast and free.

The swan on the mere is singing,
And to and fro he steers;
Faint grows his song and fainter,
He sinks and he disappears.

And now 'tis so still and dreary;
Nor leaf nor blossom remain;
The star into atoms is shivered,
And hush'd is the swan's sad strain.

THE NEW ROUTES TO INDIA.

It is curious to observe how commerce tends to return into its oldest channels. This is especially noticeable in the routes to the East. Oriental trade has made the fortunes of many cities and the greatness of several States, which, in turn, have risen and fallen with its shifting currents. When Constantinople fell into the hands of the uncommercial Ottomans, Venice rose into wealth and grandeur from the European trade with the East, which then took its course through the Adriatic; and Genoa became "the superb" from obtaining a portion of the same golden gains. Yet now the current of European commerce with the East has forsaken all of these medieval routes, and, by the new agency of railways, returns to its old starting-point in Roman times—Brindisi.

Still more remarkable have been the changes, and also the return to the old routes, in the Asiatic channels of communication with India and the far East. The route through Egypt, which had been closed for long centuries, has recently been fully re-established; the canal of the Pharaohs, by which a navigable communication was established between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, has been vastly surpassed by the engineering powers of the present day; and now the other and still more ancient route to India and the farther East, across Syria, bids fair to be likewise reopened. This is the most rapid and direct route to India; it is also the one along which commerce flowed for a far longer time than any other. Babylon and Nineveh on the east, Tyre and Sidon on the west, were its grand emporia; while the beautiful and stately ruins of Baalbek and Palmyra show how great was the stream of wealth which could thus beautify mere halting-places for the caravans. Alexander the Great—whose political as well as military genius made him an antitype of the First Napoleon—discerned with masterly glance the whole position; and, while renovating Babylon, he founded Alexandria as the emporium for the Egyptian route, and Alexandretta as the western starting-point of the Euphrates Valley route, where he began the construction of a noble seaport, whose quays were designed to remedy the harbourless condition of the Syrian coast.

Both of these old routes to the East became closed upon the fall of the Roman dominion in south-western Asia, when the Mohammedan Arabs from the south, and the Seljook Turks from the north, became masters of Syria and Mesopotamia. But Trade is not easily baffled; and the commerce with India took a new but roundabout route—passing from the Indus up through Cabul and over the mountains to the Oxus river and the Caspian, thence up the Volga and across the narrow watershed to the Don, down to the Black Sea and Constantinople. Erelong the capture of Constantinople by the Turks closed this route also; and it was the arduous and bold-hearted endeavours to find some new route to the Indies which led to the circumnavigation of the African continent by Vasco de Gama, and the discovery of the New World by Columbus. The long and stormy voyage by the Cape of Good Hope was a poor substitute for the old routes

which mankind had followed from the earliest times; but it illustrated alike the energy of trade and the mighty changes which may be produced in commerce by what we now style international politics. Christianity, by the Crusades, had been brought into bitterest conflict with the Mohammedan Powers, and many centuries elapsed before the old feud was mitigated, not forgotten. But slowly the desirable change came, paving the way for a reopening of the old and natural routes to the East, which has been of immense benefit to Europe, and especially to the British empire.

It was the imperial necessities of Great Britain which first led—as they still lead—to the reopening of these long-closed overland routes to India and the East. If we look backward over the last forty years, we find that it has been successive attacks by Russia upon the Ottoman empire which have compelled our Government to give attention to this important question. In the war of 1828-29, when Russia as usual attacked Turkey in Asia as well as in Europe, she obtained permanent possession of Achaltchik, the strong frontier-fortress of Armenia, which has served as a valuable basis for her military operations in that quarter in the recent war, as it had done in the Crimean war. In 1829, also, Paskiewitch, who then captured both Kars and Erzeroum, was known to have formed a plan for pushing southwards to the navigable portion of the Euphrates, and then, by means of rafts, easily constructable from the adjoining forests, to descend the river and plant the standard of the Czar upon the Persian Gulf, whereby he would have accomplished one of the grand objects which Muscovite ambition had long before marked out for ultimate attainment. It was then, for the first time, that the British Government, under the premiership of the Duke of Wellington, saw the advantage, if not necessity, of strengthening our position in that region, while at the same time obtaining a shorter route to India than the long sea-voyage round the Cape of Good Hope.

The question, then, was the navigability of the Euphrates. In ancient times the vast armies of Assyria and Babylon had been transported to and fro along that natural water-way; and Herodotus tells of the huge barges in which the produce of Armenia was regularly floated down to Babylon. In Roman times both Trajan and Julian, anticipating Paskiewitch's plan, had constructed fleets from the forests on the mountains of Nisibis, and thence sailed down the "great river" without impediment. And in times much less remote—in the fifteenth century—English merchants (among others) had embarked their merchandise on the Euphrates at Bir, at the foot of the mountains, and conveyed their goods safely to the markets of Bagdad and the further East. Commissioned by our Government, Colonel Chesney in 1830 successfully explored the course of the river, and found it navigable as of old. But the Reform agitation commenced at home; there was a change of Ministry; "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform" was the programme of the day; and so the Euphrates route dropped out of sight.

A few years afterwards, in 1834, thanks to the exertions of Waghorn, an overland route to India was opened through Egypt. Some twenty years afterwards the route was greatly improved by the construction of the railway from Cairo across the desert to Suez; and finally the magnificent project of M. Lesseps was accomplished, and a

navigable route through Egypt was opened by the Suez Canal.

Meanwhile the Crimean war had drawn attention anew to the Euphrates Valley route. In June 1857 a deputation waited upon Lord Palmerston urging the importance of opening this route to India, and counselling the Government to directly support the project, financially as well as politically. A railway was indispensable to connect the Syrian coast with the Euphrates; but whether the railway was to be carried the whole way to the Persian Gulf, or whether (at least at first) a steam flotilla was to be established on the Euphrates, was left an open point. The deputation consisted of leading men of both parties in the State, and of all classes of the community, the commercial classes being numerously represented. In the list of those present we find the names of the late Lord Mayo, of Lords Shaftesbury, Carlingford, and Dufferin, of Lords Carnarvon, Elcho, Stanley (now Lord Derby), and others. But again the movement died out, without any result; and by-and-by the perfecting of the Egyptian route, by the construction of the Suez Canal, appeared to meet all the requirements of our commerce, if not also of our empire.

This satisfaction or apathy, however, was short-lived. And again it was Russian ambition and encroachment in the East which awoke public sentiment in this country to the importance of the Syrian route to our Eastern dominions. When the Treaty of Paris was concluded in 1856, it is recorded by Earl Russel in his "Recollections" that Lord Palmerston expressed his opinion that the Treaty might last for fourteen years. The prediction was exactly verified by events. In 1870, Prussia, after securing herself against Austria and other Powers by making an alliance with the Czar, invaded and thoroughly destroyed the military power of France; and before the year was ended Russia claimed her reward. The Western Alliance, which had curbed Muscovite aggression in the Crimean war, was broken up: France was vanquished, Italy was helpless, and Great Britain was under the premiership of a Minister who rushed into print to proclaim that England's responsibilities had become greater than her powers, and that the true policy for his country was to seclude itself behind "the silver streak of sea" which providentially isolated us from the Continent and its affairs. The Russian Government, which never misses an opportunity, and boldly makes the fullest use of every advantage, profiting by the paralysis of its old antagonists, proclaimed that it repudiated the Black Sea clause of the Treaty of Paris. Nor did it stop there. Immediately afterwards, Russia commenced a great military advance in Central Asia, eastwards and southwards, in the direction of our Indian possessions. This advance was commenced under the pretext of merely checking the depredations of the adjoining tribes; but it created so much uneasiness in England and India, that the Gladstone Cabinet, waking up from its apathy to imperial affairs, remonstrated with the Russian Government, and an "understanding" was come to, by which the Russian Government engaged to make no new annexation of territory in that quarter, and to withdraw her forces as soon as the Khivans had promised to be peaceable neighbours. 'Punch,' which cleverly mirrors the sentiments of the hour, had a self-complacent cartoon representing a Cossack horseman approaching Khiva, but drawing back when he sees a British soldier standing on guard on the ramparts. That

was all. Russia annexed Khiva and Bokhara, and has brought her frontier down to the line of the Oxus.

These events, for a third time, and from exactly the same cause as on the previous occasions, directed attention in this country to the improvement of our communications with India by means of the Euphrates Valley route. In 1872, on the motion not of the Gladstone Government but of a private member, the House of Commons appointed a Select Committee "to examine and report upon the whole subject of railway communication between the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Persian Gulf." By this time, the advantage of having a railway across the whole distance had become universally recognised. What was wanted was the most rapid and efficient mode of transit to the Persian Gulf; and this could not be attained by employing water-carriage in the restricted form of river-navigation. The development of the navigation of the Euphrates will naturally come in connection with a railway to that river from the Syrian coast; but in 1872, as at present, the question was one of complete railway communication between the Levant and the Persian Gulf. The Select Committee, of which the present Chancellor of the Exchequer was Chairman, made a most careful, and, in the circumstances of that time, an exhaustive investigation. Among the witnesses "whose evidence tended most strongly to support the policy of incurring the cost or risk of a national guarantee" for the undertaking, the Committee mention Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Strathnairn, Sir H. Bartle Frere, Sir Donald Macleod, Mr Laing, Colonel Sir H. Green, Colonel Malcolm Green, Captain Tyler, R.E., Mr W. G. Palgrave, and others. There were no direct opponents of the project, but the Committee state that among those who "suggest considerations tending to throw doubt on the propriety of such an expenditure" (*i.e.*, a national guarantee), were Lord Sandhurst, Sir H. Rawlinson, and Major Champain.

The Committee begin by stating that in their Report they exclude from consideration all proposed railway routes to India save those from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. "It seemed to them that they would most properly discharge their functions by confining their attention to the question of establishing a route to the Persian Gulf from some port on the Mediterranean to which British ships could at all times have easy and *uncontrolled* access, and which would be likely to be available, whenever required, for the transmission of troops and mails, as well as passengers and goods, to India." This was a most proper decision at the time; but of the excluded routes, one at least has acquired new importance from the virtual protectorate which Great Britain has assumed over Asia Minor. This route would consist of a railway from the Bosphorus, opposite Constantinople, across the interior of Asia Minor, passing not far south of the newly-extended frontier of Russia at Erzeroum, and thence down the course of the Euphrates to the Syrian plains, where it would follow the eastern bank of the Euphrates (running between that river and the Tigris) down to the Persian Gulf. This Asiatic route would be in direct connection with the at present uncompleted railway-line running through Central Europe by Frankfort and Vienna, down the valley of the Danube, and thence by Sophia to Constantinople. As a passenger-route, it would be the

shortest and quickest from England to the Persian Gulf; but the European portion of the route would, of course, be of no use as a means of military or imperial communication between this country and our Indian empire. On the other hand, the Asiatic portion of the route will henceforth receive the attention which it deserves as a means of supporting the position which we have assumed in Asia Minor.

Another overland route to India, which merely requires to be mentioned here, is one which would be a reopening of the old route which, as we have stated, was followed by the Indian trade, when the still older routes through Syria and Egypt became closed by the rise of the Arabian dominion under the successors of Mahomet,—namely, the route from the Indus by Cabul to the valley of the Oxus, and thence to meet the Russian railways, which have already reached the frontiers of Persia. Two years ago M. de Lesseps found a new field for his energies by preparing and submitting to the Czar a railway project for this purpose. But it is entirely a Russian route, and its construction (and we do not doubt it will be constructed ultimately) would only render more imperative the construction of thoroughly British lines of communication with India, like that across Syria.

Many years have passed since we called attention to the important *rôle* which Syria was destined to play in the foreign policy of our country, and the advantage to England of establishing an efficient line of communication through that region with India. At that time (1857) the Suez Canal was still only a magnificent conception; but we maintained that, even if the canal were made, it would be wise to establish the Syrian route, both as an alternative, and as the superior one for our imperial interests. "In any case," we said, "it is a good thing to have two strings to our bow. The Syrian route would not only give us two strings to our bow, but the Syrian string would be the better of the two. It is a shorter and would be a much quicker route to India than by Egypt; and it would not only give us a double route to the East, but it would, at the same time, strengthen British interests in one of the most important strategical points of the globe, towards which Russia is already directing her steps." * This view of the case was taken by the Select Committee of 1872. Relative to the advantage of having an alternative route, they say: "Nearly all the witnesses concur as to the importance of having a second or alternative route, available in case of the first being impeded, or in case of an emergency arising which might call for the rapid despatch of troops, especially if they were wanted in the north-west of India"—the quarter where alone any troubles or foreign attack upon India can arise. And as to the superiority of the Syrian route, they say: "There can be no doubt that a route by way of the Persian Gulf and Kurrachee will afford means of communication between England and the Punjaub and north-west frontier of British India superior to those afforded by the way of Suez and Bombay."

If these opinions were correct in 1872, how much stronger must be the case now, when Russia has annexed Khiva and Bokhara, and is mustering her battalions on the line of the Oxus, while successfully intriguing with the Ameer of Cabul? Nay, more, when she has

* See "The Syrian Route to the East," Maga, October 1857, vol. lxxxii., p. 510.

obtained possession of Kars, Ardahan, and Batoum—the fortresses of Armenia, and the military gates of Asia Minor,—and now, from the heights of the Soghanli-Dagh range, looks down upon Erzeroum and the head-waters of the Euphrates? In 1872 Russia had given a solemn pledge to our Government not to make any further annexations in Upper Asia; and under these circumstances, as well as from the customary Parliamentary reticence, the Committee evidently desired to abstain from making reference to the movements or policy of that Power as a reason for improving our communications with the East. Nevertheless, the Report contains the following simple but highly suggestive statement: "The Russian system of railways is nearly completed as far as Tiflis, and may shortly be expected to reach Reched, on the Russo-Persian frontier. It is surmised," the Committee add, "that this system also might, at a future time, be extended to the Persian Gulf, which would then be brought into communication with the Black Sea at Poti." Poti, hitherto the terminus of the Asiatic railway-system of Russia on the Black Sea, is a mere roadstead, which no expenditure could convert into a safe anchorage. But what would the Committee of 1872 have said if the fine harbour of Batoum (for a fine and safe harbour it is) had then been in the possession of Russia,—as unfortunately it is now?

After recommending the establishment of an alternative route to India and the East, and approving the Syrian route as superior to that through Egypt for safeguarding our Indian empire, the Committee report that "they think it probable that the sum of £10,000,000 would be amply sufficient" for the purpose; and that "the advantages which the country might expect to gain from this possible expenditure are, principally, those to be derived from the more rapid transmission of mails [the saving of distance, according to Captain Tyler, being 723 miles], and from the possession of an alternative and more rapid route for the conveyance of troops; also from the great commercial advantages, both to India and England, which the opening up of the route would confer; . . . and that it may fairly be expected that in process of time traffic enough for the support of *both* routes would develop itself." The commercial advantages of the Syrian route would be much greater than is at present apparent. Mesopotamia is one of the most favourably situated and naturally productive countries of the world. Within its narrow limits arose two of the wealthiest and most powerful of the ancient empires — those of Babylon and Nineveh; subsequently it became the seat of the Persian empire; and after both Babylon and Nineveh had disappeared, Seleucia under the Greeks, and Baghdad under the Arabians, arose in succession, to testify to the marvellous natural and political advantages of the region. Wasted by centuries of war—invaded in turn by all the mighty but ruthless and devastating conquerors of Asia—the region is now little better than a desert,—but a desert of man's, not of nature's making, and only awaiting the restoration of the irrigating canals which once spread over its surface, to spring into renewed fertility; while the modern agencies of railways and steam-navigation will give it advantages far beyond those which the country enjoyed in the palmiest days of its ancient wealth and grandeur. "The British statesman who may, by opening up this new route, call Mesopotamia into

re-existence, will achieve not only a triumph for his country's interests, but an immediate good to the world at large. What is the great commercial phenomenon of the times but that Consumption is fast overtaking Production, and that the products of the soil cannot be had in sufficient abundance for the wants of mankind? We can augment rapidly, and to any extent, the machinery of manufacturing calico, grinding corn, or crushing sugar; but the great problem of the day is, Where to get the raw material in sufficient quantity (or cheapness). Europe must call new regions into cultivation to produce the requisite supplies; and Mesopotamia will be one of those regions." * Accordingly there was good ground for the expectation expressed in the Report of the Select Committee (which was drawn up by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer), that traffic enough will develop itself for the support of this route, as well as for that through Egypt. The Suez Canal is already a good paying property: in course of time the Syrian Railway will be not less successful.

The geographical features of the Syrian route present no serious obstacles to the construction of a railway across it, from the Levant to the Persian Gulf. Indeed, once the narrow coast-range is passed, the remaining 800 miles or thereabout are as flat and otherwise favourable for the construction of a railway as can be desired. As the Committee reported, the country can be crossed not merely by one but by several routes. The Committee also reported that there would be no serious difficulty in finding or establishing more than one seaport on the Syrian coast, as the western terminus of the railway; while the port of Grane (or Al-Koweit), situated on the deep water of the Persian Gulf, appears to be unanimously approved as the eastern terminus. The Committee mention both Alexandretta and Tripoli as ports that may be selected on the Syrian coast, while a more recent project prefers St Jean d'Acre and the Bay of Carmel. This latter is the most southerly of the possible routes, not only owing to a want of natural harbours, but also because the Dead Sea prevents a railway being constructed further to the south.

Supposing this route from the Bay of Carmel were selected, the railway would run inland over the Plain of Esdraelon, and no engineering difficulties of any kind would be encountered until it entered the hill-country of Galilee. The deep ravine of the Jordan would thereafter have to be crossed, and then the uplands of Bashan and Moab; after which the railway would pass through the level region of what is called "the Desert," following one of the oldest trading routes of the world—by Palmyra—to the Persian Gulf. If Tripoli were selected as the western starting-point—still more, if it started from Tyre, as recommended by Captain Burton—then the railway would follow through its entire course the most ancient route of the caravans, over the parallel ranges of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, with Baalbek lying as a halting-point between, in the fertile valley of the Bekaa; and thence passing by Damascus into the Desert, *viâ* Palmyra to the Euphrates. Both of these routes are shorter than the northern one from Alexandretta, which has hitherto engaged by far the largest share of public attention; and both of them possess an important (but,

* See "The Syrian Route to the East," Maga, October 1857, vol. lxxxii., p. 514.

as we shall show, one-sided) advantage in being secluded by the Desert from attack alike from the north and east—a seclusion which, in the case of the most southerly route, is absolutely perfect over at least five-sixths of its course.

Within the last few weeks, the Port Carmel route has been strongly advocated by Mr Dalrymple, F.R.G.S.* He maintains that the whole journey from Port Carmel to the Persian Gulf could be traversed by railway in twenty-four hours, and that this route would make a saving of seven days upon the Suez Canal route. Mr Dalrymple says that "troops could be shipped at the ports of the British Channel on the first of a month, on the 20th could be paraded at Bombay, and, in an emergency, by landing at Kurrachee instead of Bombay, could be drawn up in order of battle at Peshawar within the month." Then, referring to the fact that this route would be covered on the north and east by the Syrian Desert, he claims superiority for it over the Alexandretta route on the ground that the northern route would be exposed, along its whole left flank from sea to sea, to attack by the same great military Power whose descent upon our Punjaub frontier has to be guarded against. This, no doubt, is an important advantage; and if our only object were to obtain a secure passage for our troops and commerce from the Levant to the Persian Gulf, it might be a decisive one. But what is wanted is not only a short passage across Syria, but a means of efficiently defending that important region against attack; and it is obvious that the very seclusion of this route, behind the Syrian Desert, would destroy the usefulness of the railway as a basis of military operations. If we are to defend Syria and Mesopotamia from Northern attack, the railway must enable us to muster our troops on the plains of Antioch and Aleppo, as well as at every point in Mesopotamia. For such a purpose, the route from Alexandretta direct to the Euphrates, and thence southward through the entire length of Mesopotamia, appears to be the best, if not the only adequate one.

The Alexandretta route was the one preferred by the Committee of 1872. At that time little was known with exactitude of the two other and southerly routes; and even now the greater part of their course remains unsurveyed. The Alexandretta route, on the other hand, has been surveyed by several engineers. It starts from the north-eastern angle of the Levant, where the coast-range is pierced by the Orontes river, and whence also there is the shortest and most direct route to the Euphratea. In this angle of the coast lies the port of Alexandretta, at present the best in Syria, and the site of the ancient harbour of Seleucia; and also, six miles eastward of Seleucia, and three miles south of the mouth of the Orontes river, there is a creek in the Bay of Antioch which is highly spoken of as a maritime terminus or starting-point for the railway. As no stream flows into it, it cannot be silted up by alluvial deposits. From this angle of the coast the railway will penetrate the mountains either by the historically famous Pass of Beilan or by the narrow valley and gorges of the Orontes river; and at twenty miles from the sea, measured as the crow flies, the railway will reach the

* The Syrian Great Eastern Railway to India, by an entirely new Route. By G. E. Dalrymple, F.R.G.S. London: W. Skeffington & Son.

plain of Antioch, at which point all engineering difficulties cease. Traversing the plain of Antioch for thirty miles, through a most fertile country, the line will then ascend by an almost insensible slope to the table-land on which stands the city of Aleppo, sixty miles in direct course from the sea; and thence, over some forty miles of hard and flat surface, to the banks of the Euphrates, at a point where the river is usually navigable.

It is at this point that the most important question arises, and has now to be decided. The Committee of 1872 raised the question as a very important one, but left it entirely open for future consideration. As already said, under the circumstances of that time, the Committee thought it sufficient for them to deal only with the routes between the Levant and the Persian Gulf, excluding from their investigations the proposed railway through Asia Minor, the construction of which, as they state, was then contemplated by the Turkish Government. Nevertheless, they pointed out that the construction of this line—viz., from Constantinople through Asia Minor to Mesopotamia — would have a most important influence in determining the course of the Alexandretta railway from the point where it reached the Euphrates. Under any circumstances, they said, it was a question whether the railway should follow the right bank of the Euphrates in its long course to the Gulf, or whether it should cross the river, and thence take its southern course down the "Doab," or long and narrow strip of territory lying between the Tigris and Euphrates. The Committee took it for granted that a railway coming from Asia Minor would take this latter course; and they suggested that, if such a line were to be constructed, it might be desirable that the railway from Alexandretta should cross the Euphrates and join it. Their remarks on the subject are as follows:—

"It has been stated to the Committee that the Turkish Government has it in contemplation to extend the line of railway now in course of construction from Scutari (on the Bosphorus) towards Baghdad, thereby *connecting Constantinople and the Black Sea with the valley of the Tigris*, whence the line might be continued to the Persian Gulf. . . . The Committee are disposed to prefer Alexandretta to Tripoli as the point of departure, even for a line down the right bank of the Euphrates; while there can be no doubt of the superiority of the former terminus should a line down the Tigris be preferred, or should it be thought desirable to connect the new line with the projected Turkish system. . . . The Euphrates route is considerably the shorter, would be the cheaper to make, and, assuming an equal rate of speed, would afford the quicker passage for persons, troops, or mails passing between England and India. The Tigris route might attract the larger amount of traffic, and also would connect itself better with the projected Turkish system."

This part of the question has now risen into an almost paramount importance. Indeed the whole subject of an overland railway route to India, through South-western Asia, has vastly widened since 1872; and the project of an Anatolian railway, which the Committee of 1872 excluded from their investigation as lying beyond the sphere of British interests, has acquired an importance in the imperial policy of our country which can hardly be overrated. Russia is now in possession of all the fortified gates of Asia Minor. Kars, Ardahan, and Batoum, which covered the narrow Turkish frontier that alone was exposed to attack, now in turn protect the Russian frontier, and supply a new and formidable vantage-

ground and basis of military operations for any farther attack which Russia may direct against the remaining Ottoman territory in Asia. Also, they are hardly less formidable against Persia, which State has now more than ever, by these Russian conquests, become impotent to resist the will and policy of the Czar. The Committee of 1872 reported, as a surmise, that the Russian railway system, which then had reached the frontier of Persia, "might at a future time be extended to the Gulf;" and certainly the Persian Government is in no position to oppose a demand from St Petersburg to allow the railway line to be carried southwards through the territory of the Shah. Indeed, while we write, intelligence comes from Tiflis to the effect that "the Russian Legation at Teheran is most zealously promoting the construction of a railway from Tiflis to the Persian capital: if required, the undertaking will be carried out entirely with Russian capital." So much for the Muscovite line of advance to the Gulf through Persia. And in Asia Minor, as already said, Russia has already got possession of the gates, and at present not a single fortress exists between her new frontier and the Mesopotamian plains. The only fortified town or city between Kars and the Persian Gulf is Erzeroum,—a place fortified, it is true, as any city may be fortified, but not specially favourable for defence, and disqualified by its large population from resisting the effects of a blockade.

To prevent the accomplishment of this final, and to our empire fatal, advance of Russia over Southwestern Asia, England has assumed a military and also a civilising and reorganising protectorate over Asia Minor. The Liberal party, with some honourable exceptions, censures this act of the Government as a needless and culpable assumption of "new responsibilities" for the empire. There is no new responsibility. The responsibility of stopping the advance of Russia over Southern Asia already existed: the Government have simply acknowledged and proclaimed it. There was really no choice: it was a necessity. And the administrative protectorate, so far as it has been assumed, is a requisite for efficiently maintaining the military protectorate, while at the same time doing a civilising work which would be an honour to any State, and a benefit to the world at large. Our "humanitarians," who under the plea of civilisation have rejoiced to see the despotic and devastating rule of Russia extended by force of arms, and amid the horrors of war, over Bulgaria, ought to have been foremost in applauding a peaceful extension of the rule or influence of free England over any part of the Mohammedan world,—not least over a long-neglected but formerly great and flourishing region like Anatolia. And if the task be arduous as well as beneficent, these apostles of humanity ought to have rallied all the more in support of the Government which had the courage to undertake it.

This protectorate, alike in its military and in its civilising character, will necessarily draw attention to the project of a railway through Asia Minor to Mesopotamia. Railways nowadays excel and supplant all other modes of traffic and locomotion. Even Russia, although weak in money-power, carries railways into all parts of her empire; and to say that ere long there will be a railway through Asia Minor is the statement of a certainty, rather than a conjectural prediction. The only question is, When and by whom is it to be constructed? A railway is indispens-

able to develop the natural resources, as well as to establish order and organisation throughout that region. It would also be very valuable externally, in connection with the Eastern trade of Europe. The greater part of the trade which passes through the Black Sea is now at the mercy of Russia; and Russia, by prohibitory tariffs, excludes all merchandise which in any way competes with her own. With Russia, literally, "commerce follows the flag." Wherever she goes, wherever her frontiers advance, even in the depths of Central Asia, she excludes competing foreign goods—and these are mainly British goods. Now that she has acquired Batoum, a short line connecting that valuable seaport with the Poti-Tiflis railway will, by offering a better route, divert the traffic from the roundabout and mountainous route from Trebizonde by Erzeroum to Persia; and, still more important, will monopolise the commerce from Persia and Upper Asia with the Black Sea. On the other hand, a railway from the Bosphorus through Asia Minor would not only meet all the requirements of commerce, but would be highly advantageous as a means of military operations and defence. Even the original route for this railway, as planned by the Turkish Government, ran near to Erzeroum (now become the frontier-post of the new protectorate); and, if constructed under the altered circumstances, the railway will doubtless be made specially available for a rapid concentration of troops at all the points likely to be menaced.

In deciding upon the new routes to the East, political and military considerations must take the first place. Obviously so, because if our political and military position be not maintained, there will be no commercial interests for us to guard. Ever since the question of new routes to India was first raised, the interests of our imperial policy have given the prime impetus to such projects. Step by step, since then, Russia has continued her southward advance; and now more than ever it is our imperial policy, the interests of our vast Eastern empire, which are at stake in South-western Asia. All the great battles which have decided the empire of the East—from Cyrus and Cresus to Alexander the Great, Omar, Bajazet, and Tamerlane—have been fought in the region between the Black Sea and the Persian Gulf. England and Russia are now the two great rivals for Eastern dominion; and if Russia continue to advance, it is in South-western Asia that the decisive contest will have to be fought. The fate of India would be decided in the valley of the Euphrates. On our Affghan frontier, the two Powers are still widely apart; moreover, among the mountains and deserts in that quarter a contest may long be waged without a decisive result. The greatest victory there would be robbed of full success owing to the distance of each army from its seat of power. There would be time to muster a new army on the frontier before the conquering host approached. On the other hand, in South-western Asia, one great victory there might now, as in past times, determine the contest for Eastern supremacy.

A "neutral zone" is merely a temporary arrangement—a device to stave off a conflict—and through which the stronger or more ambitious Power creeps forward, stealthily or audaciously, according to its opportunities. But in Western Asia there is no neutral zone. England and Russia stand face to face. True, there is ample room enough in Asia for both Powers. But a conquering Power is not willing to

stop till compelled, either by internal weakness or by external constraint. An aggressive and ruthlessly absorbing Power like Russia, will not stop in her career of conquest until the costs of trying to go further are found to outweigh the success to be hoped for. The natural limit of Russian dominion in Asia is the Caucasus and the Oxus river. But she has overpassed the one, and seems about to overpass the other. In the Crimean war the Western Powers had an opportunity of checking Russia at the Caucasus, and of opposing a lofty mountain-range and a race of warlike mountaineers to her advance upon Southern Asia. Perhaps it may be said by the next generation that we have missed another such opportunity during the recent war. Anyhow, Russia has now acquired a new and formidable vantage-ground, both naval and military, in that quarter; and it is a sanguine hope to expect that she will be content with these conquests, and settle down as a peaceful and civilising Power in Asia, before she has tried conclusions with the great Power which alone stands between her and the coveted dominion of the East. Certainly Russia shows no signs of such quiescence. She is securing—probably has already secured—the fords and crossing-points on the Oxus, and has assembled an expeditionary army in that quarter, organised in three separate columns, of the movements of which we are at present in the dark. Meanwhile, a Russian envoy, escorted by a body of Cossack and Tartar cavalry, has made his appearance at Cabul to negotiate against us with the Ameer. Strange to say, no one knew of the coming of this envoy, or of the long march of his cavalry-escort from the banks of the Oxus. We do not even know whether he came by Merv and Herat, or over the Hindoo-Koosh at the Bameean Pass. Surely this undiscovered march should be a warning to our Indian Government, both as regards diplomacy and military movements.

The British protectorate over Asia Minor comes not a day too soon. It is meant to avert war, if that be possible. It is a distinct and official warning to Russia that if she continue her career of ambitious aggression in that quarter, she must count upon the opposition of England. If Russia desire, for the future, only to play the part of a civilising Power in Asia—if she be willing to act as a friendly neighbour with England in the East,—she will accept this warning; and assuredly, with a region larger than all Europe before her in Northern and Central Asia, she will have ample scope alike for her "earth-hunger" or greed of territory, and for her civilising ambition, without advancing into the southern region of the continent. But if she is not yet content—if she be still determined to push forward to the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, and to brook no compeer in Asiatic dominion,—then the protectorate, if rightly employed, will be the shield by which England will guard her Eastern empire against the Muscovite onset. Once that shield has been proved efficient, and when Russia has found that the British bulwark cannot be broken down, then she will become content that British power should dominate over Southern Asia as Muscovite power dominates over the northern and central regions of the continent. For the present, there is a period of crisis, and England must stand on guard.

As long as the Bosphorus and Dardanelles are open to our navy, the British protectorate over Asia Minor ought to be one which British arms can successfully de-

fend. There, too, is one of the finest recruiting-grounds in the world,—open to England, if she maintain this protectorate, but open to Russia should we recede. Should Russia be allowed to advance into Asia Minor, the Sultan would become her vassal,—the very name of England would become hateful to the Ottomans and to the whole Mohammedan world. The balance of influence in the East would be reversed. The Czar would be known as the friend and ally of the Sultan, not only to the Turks and Arabs, from the Bosphorus to Mecca, but to the Mohammedans in every bazaar in India. Let the matter be fairly looked at, and it will be manifest that this protectorate of Asia Minor is a vital necessity to our empire. Here is the turning-point which will determine the dominion of the East. Let Asia Minor go to Russia, and the whole position of the Eastern world is overturned. Russia will become the protector of the Sultan; the millions of Ottoman population, capable of being made as splendid soldiers as any in the world, will rally to the Czar as they have done to their own chief; and as the ally and protector of the Padisha, the Czar will advance as the champion and promised deliverer of the Mohammedans of India from the rule of England.

The new and more menacing aspect of affairs in Asia in no way invalidates the conclusions arrived at by the Committee of 1872. But it necessarily widens the scope of the inquiry, while the Anglo-Turkish Convention widens the field of action. A British railway through Syria, approved by the Committee of 1872, is now more than ever a matter of certainty,—alike as an alternative and more rapid communication with India than that through Egypt, and as a means of safeguarding the interests of our vast empire in its connecting-link with South-western Asia. "The peninsula of the Old World is the cynosure of British policy—the point to which our most watchful attention must be given. There lies our highway to the East—that route on which Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden are our fortified posts—which has our Indian and Australian empires for its termini, and of which the neck is Egypt *and Syria*,—for commerce will soon flow back into its earliest route, and the steam-car run in the path of the caravan from the Levant to the Persian Gulf. That is a question which British statesmen will do well to ponder.*" Fortunately, it is a region where

* So the Magazine wrote twenty-two years ago, on the signing of the Treaty of Paris; and in the same article, entitled "Speculations on the Future," we not only pointed out the danger which now threatens in South-western Asia, but also the new means of defence (then unthought of) which England possesses for maintaining her interests in that quarter: "A very possible rearrangement of the European alliances might virtually affect our influence in that important region, . . . Russia, as Alison has vaticinated, passing down through crumbling Anatolia to the valley of the Euphrates. In such untoward circumstances England would find allies which cannot serve her nearer home; and aided by our Indian army and Australian colonies, who have a direct interest in keeping open the overland communication,—and combating on a narrow front of land, approachable on three sides by sea to the British fleets, a much more successful defence could be made than at first sight appears probable. In truth, the time is coming when England ought amply to reap the benefit of her colonies. Already they are ripe to take upon themselves the burden of their own maintenance and defence in ordinary times; and in seasons of war the aid we have so long extended to them will henceforth, we doubt not, cease to be a one-sided obligation."—See Maga, June 1856, vol. lxxix. pp. 742, 743.

the power of England can operate with fullest effect,—literally, with far more effect than in any other part of the globe. It is accessible by our fleets alike on east, west, and south,—from the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean. Bounded on the east by the Tigris, on the west by the Levant, and perfectly secure on the south, its northern frontier, where alone attack may come—covered by mountains and deserts — presents only a narrow front actually assailable. This region also lies in the very centre of the widespread empire of England,—between India and Australasia on the one side, and England and our Canadian Dominion on the other. It is readily defensible by our Indian army,—a fact at length made familiar to the public by the recent appearance of the Sepoy troops in the Mediterranean. Here, too — in this central region of the world—is a natural field of co-operation between our Australian colonies and the mother country. Just as the Continental Powers are growing into race-empires, so, we hope and believe, a community of imperial policy is rapidly growing up between England and her colonies, spread all over the globe. Upon this important matter the present Minister for War (Colonel Stanley) said a few weeks ago at Liverpool: "As to the assistance which in time of war the colonies are prepared to render us, I am now speaking of that within my knowledge when I say that, when danger and difficulty and trouble were around us, it was not by ones or twos but by tens and thousands, that offers of assistance came from Canada and Australia, and almost all round." It is on the peninsula of the Old World, we repeat, that such co-operation will most fully take place. If we have ever to fight in defence of Syria, it will be a veritable "battle of Armageddon," in which half the world will take part. And if ever our Indian empire be really imperilled by Russian attack, it will be in the valley of the Euphrates that our last great battle will be fought. With Russia supreme in that region, we repeat, our Indian empire would be as good as gone.

The Committee of 1872, unanimously adopting the Report drawn up by its Chairman, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, reported to the House "that the political and commercial advantages of a second route [viz., that through Syria] would at any time be considerable, and might, under possible circumstances, be *exceedingly great*, and that it would be worth the while of the English Government to make an effort to secure them, considering the moderate pecuniary risk which they would incur." The "possible circumstances," we should say, have become matters of fact; for assuredly, and as is obvious from the tenor of their Report, the Committee of 1872 little dreamt of Russia becoming master of the seaport and strong places of Armenia, or of the protectorate of Asia Minor, which has been forced upon our Government by those formidable conquests. Under the new circumstances, it is not only Syria that has to be safeguarded, but Asia Minor also. And if, as we doubt not, the protectorate is to be made a reality, and efficient for protecting the interests of our empire, the Government have no time to lose in forming and executing their projects of defence. The Russian Government does not sleep, although England may do so.

EASTERN PROSPECTS.

NEARLY three months have now elapsed from the date of the signature of the Treaty of Berlin. Although the difficulties experienced in the way of carrying out the settlement which has been agreed to are immense, nothing has yet happened to make us doubtful of its ultimate success, or to renew those fears of a general European war which were uppermost in the spring. The fact is, that the Treaty has already effected this radical transformation, that all the elements of disturbance which continue to exist are to be found within, and not without, the confines of the Turkish empire. Although these are much greater than were expected, especially in regard to the resistance offered by the Bosnian Mohammedans to the Austrian occupation, and the spread of insurrectionary violence into Albania, yet the great redeeming feature of the situation remains, that no one of the great Powers is now seeking to turn those disorders to its own advantage, but all are anxious to secure the general peace. Much remains to be done before these disturbances are settled, and European Turkey is reorganised and peaceable. But so long as general satisfaction on the part of the great Powers with the provisions of the Berlin Treaty continues, and the conviction remains undisturbed, that only by adhering to its main lines is a successful issue possible, the continuance of internal troubles does not affect the prospect of European peace. The evidence that the great Powers are satisfied with the recent adjustment of their relative pretensions appears to be overwhelming; and so long as that is the case, it is impossible to admit the belief that any of the difficulties which have arisen, and which are doubtless here and there of a formidable character, will avail to impede the ultimate triumph of that pacific settlement which resulted from the deliberations of the Congress at Berlin.

If the character of the resistance offered by the subjects of the Ottoman Porte to their involuntary transfer to a foreign Government raises the suspicion that the feelings and wishes of the inhabitants may have been too much overlooked, it at all events justifies that thoroughly conservative spirit which England, more than any other nation, infused into the councils at Berlin, and which, both with regard to the claims of Greece and the visionary schemes of the Slavs, insisted upon the paramount rights of the existing Government of the Sultan. Thanks to that spirit, the Ottoman Porte remains; and it is already discovered to have been far more firmly planted in the loyalty and devotion of its subjects, even in the disaffected provinces, than has been generally believed. Partition has fortunately been prevented; and although the redistribution of territory, which is sure to follow in the wake of a considerable war, has been necessarily extensive, it seems clear that the changes absolutely needed the sanction of Europe, and that it would have been beyond the power of the victor to have effectively carried them out. The will of Europe has been substituted for that of Russia; and it is because we discern at present no indication of faltering in that united resolution that we are sanguine as to the ultimate success of the Berlin Treaty. It has taken years to adjust rival pretensions, and to substitute for conflicting purposes one united determination. But now that it has

been arrived at and solemnly expressed, it seems tolerably clear that it will be tenaciously adhered to and persistently carried out.

The principal Powers of Europe have already expressed themselves to that effect. Prince Bismarck, to whose able conduct of the Berlin negotiations Europe is so deeply indebted for this happy result, significantly remarked in a letter to the Elders of the Berlin Trade Corporations:—

"I am confident that the close of the late and the prevention of the threatened war are a pledge of peace, and that the reactions resulting from unsolved details no longer have the power to disturb it. I shall not cease, in accordance with his Majesty's wishes, to labour for the preservation of peace, so long as God grants me the strength to do so; and I feel a not inconsiderable stimulus of that strength in the sympathies of those of my fellow-citizens who, like you, have stood by me through all the struggles of a long career of office."

The Prince is known to be extremely anxious that the whole settlement, and nothing but the settlement, shall be carried out; and has even proposed united intervention with that view. M. Waddington has expressed himself in very similar terms:—

"I regard it," he says, "as an equitable and comparatively durable solution of the Eastern Question: but on one condition—viz., that it shall be completely and loyally carried out in all its stipulations without exception, to insure which result the French Government will devote all its efforts."

There can be no doubt as to the wishes of England, considering how largely she influenced and is responsible for the terms of the Treaty. And even with regard to Russia, she is surfeited with war and with the internal troubles which await her, and is as anxious as any of us that the settlement may be carried out. She regards it as a fortunate escape from a position of extreme embarrassment, created by the unchecked folly of the well-known military faction. It was Prince Gortschakoff himself who formally declared to the Congress (*see* Turkey, No. 39, p. 232) that he had orders to ask it, by what principle and in what manner it proposed to insure the execution of its high decisions. When pressed by the President, at a subsequent meeting, to present a formal proposition, he proposed (p. 240) "that the Powers, parties to the Congress, should guarantee collectively the execution of the resolutions of that high assembly." Count Schouvaloff exhibited the same anxiety "to strengthen the solemn and obligatory character" of the instrument which they were engaged in preparing; and urged that Europe should guard the execution of its own decisions. The unanimous wish of the Powers "not to produce an inefficacious work," was expressed by Prince Bismarck. He considered that the Powers were entitled to control, by their agents, the execution of the decisions of the Congress, though he declared it impossible to find a formula which would guarantee the future. "If," he said, "the Powers engaged themselves jointly to use force at need, they would risk the provocation among themselves of grave dissension." The whole discussion bore witness to the strong and unanimous wish and resolution of Europe that this settlement should be effectual.

The tone of Lord Beaconsfield on his return from Berlin was precisely the same. "The outcome," he declared at the Guildhall, "has been a general peace in Europe—a peace which I believe will be enduring." He then went on to explain his reasons for that belief, and chiefly relied upon the circumstance that every one of the Powers was bene-

fited by that peace, and that no one was humiliated. Due regard, he insisted, had been paid to the military honour of Russia; and the only party in Russia which had received a severe check was one which did not contain in its ranks the most important men—viz., the military party, which had been taught that it could not with impunity seek to divert the energies of the Russian people from the arts and labours of peace. Turkey had reaped enormous advantages from the Treaty. Austria had stepped forward to check that Panslavist conspiracy which had threatened so long the tranquillity of the Continent. France and Italy were satisfied that the balance of power in the Mediterranean had not been disturbed. Germany, the great peace-maker, was satisfied with peace.

With this final settlement of conflicting pretensions as regards all the parties to the external ring, all interest is transferred to the subject populations, and the manner in which they acquiesce in or oppose the provisions of the Treaty. That their resistance will finally subvert the projected settlement it is impossible to believe. Time and patience are as necessary as ever, but there is no reason to doubt that things will gradually settle down peacefully and successfully. The disturbances are not of a character to involve other actors in the strife. The position which Austria is taking up is in pursuance of the general wish of Europe, Russia included. And as Austria establishes herself in the disaffected provinces, and at Novi Bazar, and England gradually assumes her protectorate of Asia Minor, a new order of things in Europe and Asia will be unfolded, which is full of promise. Barriers of, we believe, impassable strength, are being opposed to Russian intrigue and invasion. The newly created independent States, particularly the Servians and the Montenegrins it is believed, welcome the appearance of Austria on the scene, the character of whose government and policy attracts their confidence in the same degree in which the recent conduct of Russia has alienated and repelled it. The victorious invader is to all appearance ejected with his own consent from the recent scene of his triumphs. Apparently there is some returning cordiality with the Roumanian Government. Whether the outburst of animosity over the retrocession of Bessarabia was a *ruse* or not, no one was diverted from taking a purely European view of the matter, except, of course, English Liberals and Roumanian subjects.

It only remains to note the disturbances which arise, as they throw light on the iniquity of this war, and the utter indifference with which the victor must all along have regarded any consequences, other than his own aggrandisement, which might ensue from it. The disorders and even warlike operations which occur are no longer to be regarded as the precursors or the increase of European conflict.

One of the first steps towards a settlement is for the belligerents to carry into effect their mutual stipulations with regard to the reciprocal delivering up of fortresses and territory, and the withdrawal of forces. The retirement of the Russian troops from the districts round Constantinople is an essential preliminary to the work of reorganisation. We must briefly refer to the state of affairs in European Turkey disclosed by the recently published reports of our consuls. It is one unbroken tale of systematic oppression and ill-treatment of the Mussulman population by their Christian neighbours in the presence of the Russian troops. In Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and even to the

south of Adrianople, there is the same result visible of that strong humanity of the Czar, and that most blessed deliverance from an intolerable yoke, of which Mr Gladstone never tires of speaking and writing. We borrow the indictment of the leading journal of Europe (Aug. 19) when we say that

"Whole villages are described as having been burnt and pillaged; their inhabitants have been driven away, fortunate if they have escaped with their lives. No form of outrage has been wanting that could complete the horrible picture. Every indignity and every personal wrong that the lust of revenge or the ingenuity of malice could invent have been the portion of wellnigh the entire Mussulman population. The chief agents in all this have been the Bulgarians; but it has been with the connivance, if not with the encouragement, of the Russians, that the whole tragedy has been worked out."

Such a description discloses a war of race and religious animosities, which it is the declared will and policy of Europe should terminate; and points to the contemplated extermination of the Mussulman population, or at least to the wholesale confiscation of their property. Until the Russians withdraw their troops from Constantinople and progress with the task of loyally carrying out their part of the Treaty of Berlin, the accomplishment of the beneficent purposes of Europe will be retarded and probably rendered more difficult of eventual execution. The Treaty did all that the Congress could do—that is, it marked out the lines within which the settlement was to proceed, and appointed the commissions and other authorities who were to carry it into effect. Those commissioners will have the same kind of work to undertake in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia that Austria undertakes in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Until the Russians depart from the soil which they are bound to quit, there will be no chance of pacification: and even then the fearful passions which have been excited will be difficult to allay. We have heard no denunciations from humanitarian politicians of the atrocities inflicted upon the Mussulmans. The whole energy of vituperation was exhausted two years ago. Yet the tale of the Rhodope Commissioners is sufficiently known to have excited, on the part of others, some just and well-directed indignation. The Commission, as our readers know, was appointed to inquire into the condition of the Mussulman population in Mount Rhodope and the neighbouring districts. It was an International Commission; but Germany and Russia refused to sign the Report, and, on account of the illness of her commissioner, the signature of Austria is wanting. Still the Report states the judgment of neutral and independent authorities, who have had the best opportunity of investigating the facts, and who are mutually a check upon one another as to the opinions which they express or the facts which they disclose. The mere rumour of the contents of this Report has stirred the indignation of the Czar and his people, and evidently grave charges are made against the Russian troops. It seems that the Commission visited the country lying between the Philippopolis-Adrianople Railway and the coast of the Ægean, in the towns and villages of which thousands of Mussulman refugees from all parts of the territory occupied by the Russians are collected. Their general tale seems to have been that they fled because of the excesses and cruelties of the Russian troops. They complained of villages burnt, women violated, and children massacred. According to the Constantinople correspondent of the 'Times,' Sept. 9, the Report im-

plies, if it does not expressly state, that the cruelties and excesses which made the fugitives leave their villages were committed, not by the Bulgarians, but by the Cossacks and regular troops of the Russian army; and many of the witnesses declared that, until the arrival of the Russians, they lived with the Bulgarians in the best possible relations. The Russian defence to all this appears, on the same authority, to be that the sufferings endured were exaggerated by the witnesses; that they were inevitable, and were not deliberately and systematically inflicted. But even allowing much for exaggeration, scenes of indescribable misery have resulted from this unprincipled and brutal war, as we call it,—this grandest blow ever yet struck for human freedom, as others call it. When we remember the glowing accounts contained, even in Russian reports, of the prosperous condition of the inhabitants of these and even the more northern provinces, and the disgust of their deliverers at finding the condition of the oppressed so much more favourable than their own, it is astonishing that people can be so blind to the facts of the case as to argue that this was a righteous war, and that anything but misery and oppression could possibly have resulted from unrestrained Russian aggression. In real truth very few people are found to argue in that strain; and those who do, have generally their own complicity in that aggression to justify if they can. The alternative with them is to condone or justify some of the most iniquitous proceedings that Europe has witnessed in our day, or else to submit to the general censure which is pronounced by all reasonable politicians in all countries upon the short-sighted and reckless measures which, two years ago, committed them so irretrievably to the Russian cause.

Of the remedial measures which, up to the present time, have been put in execution, the Austrian occupation is the only one which is making, in spite of all obstacles, continued progress. The Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was one of the chief points of the Berlin settlement; in fact it may be called the keystone of the new political edifice, which it is hoped will endure for generations. The execution of that scheme and the withdrawal of the Russian forces, according to the terms of the Treaty, are the two main factors in re-establishing the balance of power in the East. Both measures were rendered necessary in the interests of Europe; and until they are accomplished, schemes for reorganising European Turkey are necessarily in abeyance. As regards Russian evacuation, Erzeroum and San Stefano have been given up, and it seems that General Skobeloff is gradually drawing off in the direction of Adrianople. It must be matter of general regret that the difficulties which Austria has had to encounter should have been so much greater than was generally expected. It may, however, be doubted if the difficulties of forcible intervention, which are so slight in the eyes of unofficial politicians, were at all understood by Count Andrassy. The political necessities of Austria, as well as the interests of Europe, dictated the occupation; and ample measures appear to have been taken to render it in the end effective, though great patience and forbearance are practised, so as to avert the necessity for bloodshed. More than two hundred thousand Austrian soldiers are already concentrated in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and yet the occupation of those provinces is far from completion; the conquest of Novi Bazar is not yet begun; a large portion of the Mussulman

community is, with the sympathy of the Albanians, rising in organised, but, no doubt, ineffectual resistance. Even if Herzegovina has been pacified, still a winter campaign or renewed operations in the spring are talked of as necessary, in view of Bosnian Plevnas, and the natural fastnesses of a rugged and difficult country. This is a strange commentary on the policy so hotly recommended to Englishmen, from the day of the Berlin Memorandum downwards, of conjoint action with Russia, in the belief that resistance would be impossible and coercion successful without an effort. Such a policy, it must be now clear to every one, would have involved us, who are not within range of the disordered provinces, in inextricable difficulties, and, indeed, has been implicitly condemned by those who have so inconsistently denounced the far milder expedient of protecting Asia Minor and indirectly supervising its administration. The Austrians have something more than a guerilla warfare to encounter; and yet they are the executive agents of united Europe, imposing its will upon the Ottoman empire after an unsuccessful war, and in pursuance of terms of peace which are far more favourable than a defeated combatant could, unaided, have insured. A holy war is being preached; designs of exterminating all who are suspected of treason to the Mussulman cause are said to have been detected; and the Albanian League, as it is called, which disposes of a numerous, and, strange to say, a well-appointed army, still threatens a resistance which may, but for the overwhelming strength of the Austrian army, render the work of occupation as difficult and as politically inconvenient as the work of conquest. The murder of Mehemet Ali, and the obvious loss of Ottoman control over the disturbed districts, show that the Porte is innocent of all complicity in this armed and organised insurrection. The troubles which began three years ago are indeed recoiling on the heads of their authors; and the inheritance for which military empires have sighed has thus far brought far more expenditure of blood, of treasure, and of anxious labour than rewards in the shape of increased resources and power.

It is quite impossible to throw any part of the responsibility for the existing mass of disorders on the Ottoman Government. They spring directly out of this war of liberation, as it is called, which has for the time being paralysed the authority of the Porte. The central control formerly wielded by the Sultan over his divided provinces kept down the worst disorders, and was not incompatible with considerable moral and material progress. That control has been, if not absolutely destroyed, yet, nevertheless, for a considerable time to come placed in suspense. A provisional *régime* will exist in Roumelia for three months, in Bulgaria for nine months. At the end of that time the new order of things is to come into existence, with this drawback to a speedily successful issue, that the former relations of two hostile races and religions are to be restored after their temporary reversal. The Christians have had the upper hand during the Russian occupation, and must relinquish it and return to their former position, except so far as the Berlin Treaty provides for its modification. If their last state is not to be worse than the first the International Commissioners must provide the successful remedy. But it is a sanguine view to expect that the former conditions of security and moderate progress will be speedily restored.

The state of chaos which is presented by the existing condition of

European Turkey, and which it is the business of the Powers to restore to order, is by no means an agreeable one to contemplate. It is the natural consequence of the destruction of an existing Government by a conqueror who is not strong enough to substitute his own authority in its place. Europe acquiesced in Ottoman administration, which clearly, from the light thrown by recent events, was, notwithstanding its vices, the best that could be obtained, and was, moreover, adequate to the task of guaranteeing security and progress. The result of the late war is, that the transference of a large population to a foreign authority has to be effected in some provinces against the will of the most powerful and determined portion of it. In others, the authority of the Sultan has to be re-established after an interval in which all pre-existing relations have been reversed; and in Epirus and Thessaly a probably premature stimulus has been given (unless the difficulties of Austria are a warning to the Greeks) towards the enactment of scenes very similar to those which are taking place in the north-west. Very few are found to doubt that the settlement made at Berlin was the best that could possibly have been effected in the interests of Europe, having regard to the events which had happened. Nothing has yet occured to point to any other peaceable solution (peaceable as far as the great Powers are concerned) which would have been more effective within the limits of the disturbed and disordered provinces. The elements of confusion, anarchy, and civil war were let loose during and by the recent struggle. It is infinitely easier to destroy a government like that of Turkey than to rebuild and resettle it. The one hope (and fortunately it is an assured one) of the present situation is that Europe is bent upon peace, and instinctively feels that the only road to it is to insist upon the due execution of the Treaty of Berlin. Whatever its faults in the eyes of critics, it is the only possible means whereby chaos can be converted into order, and the present anarchy replaced by social order and a renovated administration.

Very different appears to be the state of things in Asiatic Turkey. No transfer of authority is there attempted, or even contemplated. The Sultan is under a direct engagement to England to reform its administration. Instead of provinces being "liberated," as the phrase is—that is, decimated by war, and convulsed by the reversal of all existing relations between rival races—they are, on the contrary, protected from outside interference and invasion by the guarantee of England, and their administration, it may reasonably be hoped, will be gradually improved by our friendly influence. It is understood that the Queen's Government has already urged upon that of the Sultan three indispensable reforms: first, that the *gendarmerie* should be maintained, with a view to establish order; secondly, that appelate tribunals, with European assessors, should be created, for the purpose of securing the due administration of justice; thirdly, that the economical and just collection of taxes should be provided for, and an adequate machinery adopted for that purpose. The gradual carrying out of those reforms, at the instance and under the eye of the British ambassador, will serve to begin the work of organisation.

It may be a slow and laborious process, but it is one which seems to promise a more peaceful and complete success than can be hoped for in provinces which have been cursed with Russian "liberation." Friendly co-operation with an established

Government is a far more efficacious protection to subject races than armed efforts resulting in its partial overthrow, in the increase of social disorders, and the diminution of existing authority in some parts; in others its total destruction, followed, not by the substitution of a regular government, but by an invitation to foreign Powers to effect it if they can. The indictment of history against the Czar will be that he recklessly destroyed a society which he was incapable of rebuilding, and that he introduced all the elements of confusion into neighbouring provinces, imposing upon others the arduous task of attempting their restoration to order and tranquillity. As far as England's share in that task is concerned, we learn that within two months from the signature of the Treaty the British scheme of reform for Asia Minor had been unanimously accepted in principle by the Turkish Ministers and approved by the Sultan. This might have been expected; but the recall of Midhat Pasha looks like an honest intention to begin the work of executing as well as of accepting such reforms. The work will not be done in a day; but British honour and interests are as much pledged to the political improvement and tranquillity of Asia Minor, as Austria is committed to a similar work in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Our protectorate is made conditional upon the steady cessation of misgovernment; and though, no doubt, supervision will be rendered as palatable as possible to the authorities of Stamboul, we may rest assured that no British Government will hereafter dare to neglect it. Austria and England are therefore the two great regenerating influences at present at work in the Turkish empire, to be followed, after the withdrawal of the Russian forces, or the bulk of them, by the further efforts of European commissions. Russia, at the close of the war, does not stand forward as the great reformer whose mission it is to provide for the future, or even to redress the miseries she has herself inflicted. She simply handed over to the Congress the task of repealing the Treaty of San Stefano, of diminishing territorial changes, and of reorganising the Turkish empire. Even Prince Gortschakoff himself observed at the Congress (*see* Turkey, No. 39, p. 22) that "the object of the discussions of the Congress, if they do not go beyond their true aim, will be, whilst diminishing territorial changes as much as possible, to ameliorate the position and assure the wellbeing of the provinces of European Turkey which have been the scene of such deplorable calamities." In other words, Russia had by her war of aggression been the cause of deplorable calamities, which she was unable in the result either to redress or to profit by, and accordingly handed over to Europe the task of prescribing the remedies for the havoc which she had created, of recasting a settlement which the Czar could destroy but was powerless to rebuild. Even as regards Bulgaria, the province for which Russia is more directly responsible than for any other, she calmly acquiesced in the contingency of its being left without a government, and coolly observed (*see* p. 64) that she could not answer for the contingencies of the future. A promise that Bulgaria would not become a Russian annexe, seemed to Count Schouvaloff to absolve his master and his country from all responsibility for the confusion which had been created. Other Powers, no doubt, were only interested in the question in view of the general peace; but Russia had incurred grave responsibility for all the difficulties which had arisen, or might arise. Even if her intentions in the future were

honourable, victorious invasion can scarcely justify an aggression which leaves in any country a conquered territory without a government. Prince Bismarck's observation that "if the Bulgarian populations, either through ill-will or innate incapacity, cannot make their new institutions work," Europe would have to interfere, sounds like a satire on that grand stroke for human freedom which the world owes to the strong humanity of the Czar.

Nothing could show the impotence of Russia as a civilising agent more completely than her helplessness with regard to Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was unanimously agreed that in these provinces lay the root of the disorders, animosities, and agitations, which enabled Russia to pursue her policy of armed aggression. It was admitted that the Porte could not combat those disorders; that unless a stable administration of them were created, it was in vain to begin the task of reorganising the conquered provinces, and that under all the circumstances, their severance from Turkey was inevitable. If Russia had had any other motive than to strike down the power of the Sultan, and to increase confusion within his territory with a view to her own aggrandisement, regardless of all other consequences, the restoration of order in the north-west provinces would have been her chief concern. But neither by the Treaty of San Stefano nor by her action in the Berlin Congress, did she appear to trouble herself much with the condition of provinces, the pacification and good government of which are, in the eyes of Europe, indispensable to a re-settlement of Turkey. The provinces were, by the Treaty of San Stefano, carefully separated by means of the "huge Bulgaria," from the centre of authority at Constantinople, but no attempt was made to reorganise or control them. Yet, as Prince Bismarck observed at the Conference (Turkey, No. 39, p. 115), the existing state of things contained the germ of new disasters, and could not be remedied by reforms on the basis of the *status quo;* and the interposition of a powerful State, having at its disposal the necessary forces within range of the seat of disorder, was a necessity of the situation. As Lord Beaconsfield observed (*ibid* p. 197), Bosnia abandoned to herself without the elements of good government, surrounded by independent or semi-independent States, would have been in a very short time the theatre of sanguinary struggles. Great Britain, with the approval of the Congress, made an appeal to Austro-Hungary to undertake the duties which the Russian war had necessitated, but which Russian power and statesmanship were unable to accomplish, and in reference to which they certainly abandoned the initiative, to all appearance in total unconcern.

The last subject of interest is the position of Greece, and the opinion which is to be formed of her recent conduct. It must be confessed that she is in a monstrous hurry, and somewhat ostentatiously discards Lord Beaconsfield's advice at the Congress and in the House of Lords that she can afford to wait, and would best further her designs by exercising patience. Four days after the Treaty was signed, and long before its ratification, the King's Government addressed a demand to the Sublime Porte for the rectification of frontier recommended by the Congress. On the 30th August, not having received a reply, it presented a sort of ultimatum, and threatened an appeal to the Great Powers with a view to the mediation suggested by the Treaty. The Turkish Government still evaded compliance, and accord-

ingly the Greek minister called for the exercise of "the right of mediation in concert with the Powers mentioned in Article 24 of the Treaty of Berlin." We do not believe that the Greeks are advancing their own interests in the slightest degree by thus endeavouring to force the hands of the Powers, at a time when the execution of the Treaty is impeded by unexpected difficulties and resistance. At the Congress their claims were not deemed to be of urgent importance, and however interesting they may be, they should not be pressed with undue and extravagant haste. It is unwise to set at nought all delicacy and consideration for the general convenience. As M. Waddington, who was their principal champion at the Congress, has since observed, "the Treaty of Berlin is a work of compromise and equilibrium, whereby the Powers, while taking account of accomplished facts, have sought, as far as possible, to conciliate a host of conflicting pretensions, ambitions, claims, and resistances." The decision come to respecting Greece was essentially one of compromise; and it is inopportune to urge claims for further cession at a moment when the Porte has the greatest difficulties in acquiescing in the cessions already made to Austria. When the difficulties attending Russian withdrawal, Austrian occupation, and the general work of reorganising the provinces have been in some part surmounted, it will be time enough to press the Greek claims. They were attended to, it would appear, mainly in order to anticipate a future Russian defence of Hellenic interests. That evil does not for the present threaten us, whilst the inconvenience of urging at the present moment fresh cessions upon Turkey is obvious. England, as the avowed protector of Asiatic Turkey, and the champion of Ottoman independence, is disinclined to be worried in the matter. Prince Bismarck sided with England at the Congress; Austria has enough on her hands; Russia is not at present eager to foster difficulties. Greece will scarcely be foolish enough to undertake to carry out by force of arms, without the sanction of Europe, a task similar to that which Austria finds costly and difficult though unopposed by the Sultan and encouraged by the Powers.

Lord Beaconsfield carefully explained at the Congress the position of this country in regard to Greece. He said that England had always used her influence to maintain a good understanding between Turks and Greeks, so as to counterbalance the influence of a third race, which disturbed the general peace. In the eyes of every competent statesman, the insufficient and imperfect frontier traced in 1831 was a danger and disaster as well for Turkey as for Greece. Its conformation was an encouragement to brigandage, and brigandage necessarily led to agitation. What England had urged upon the Greek Government was to repress insurrection, and not to count on territorial aggrandisement. He deprecated measures of coercion, but expressed the decided opinion that a rectification of frontier would be an act of high policy favourable to the welfare of the two countries. It seems to us that if Greece is not in too much hurry, she has every prospect of gaining in time the territory she covets; but to urge on a probably, in the present circumstances, unwilling mediation, or to complicate a difficult situation by hostilities, is not the way to effect her designs.

M. Waddington undertook so completely the championship of Hellenic interests at the Congress, that any accounts from Paris of

the real position of Greece are interesting. According to a letter of the 'Times' correspondent at Paris of August 3d, Russia is believed some time ago to have held out to Greece the prospect of large territorial compensation, if only she would create a new field of battle for the Turks in the provinces of Epirus and Thessaly. The demonstration which Greece, in consequence, made against Turkey towards the close of the struggle, was intended to secure her place as a sharer in the partition which it was believed would ensue from the triumph of the Russian arms. France and England interfered, and the Greek Government withdrew its forces within the borders of Greek territory. This withdrawal, it is believed, was effected in consequence of certain encouragement given to the Greeks by the English and French Governments, sanctioned by the general tone of public opinion in both countries. But their impatience led to excessive demands, based upon the notion of a general partition of European Turkey being in progress. It is impossible to say what share of the spoils would have made them content. Fate, however, was against them. What might have happened if the Turkish power in Europe had been extinguished, and an actual partition of Turkish territory made, is one question. What may hereafter happen if the Ottoman Power, weakened and undermined by what has already happened, gradually decays in the future as it has done in the past, is another question. But the course of events at the Congress, and the result of its deliberations, left to Greece no alternative but to wait, with this circumstance in her favour, that united Europe has recommended a particular rectification of her frontiers in the interests of the general peace and the internal tranquillity both of her own and Turkish subjects. The general character of the international settlement at Berlin precluded any other arrangement. Russia was in no position to call for a partition of Turkey, such as would have let in the claims of Greece for a share. The Ottoman Government had somewhat recovered its presence of mind and its powers of resistance since the capitulation of San Stefano, and entered the Congress of Berlin in no mood for further concessions, but with hopes, gratified probably beyond its most sanguine expectations, of recovering some portion of the territories it had been coerced into ceding. Moreover, Great Britain, by her Convention of the 4th June, and her attitude in regard to the withdrawal of the Russian forces, plainly took up the position of champion of the Ottoman empire, resolved that if it was retained at all as a part of the European system, it should be so retained in sufficient authority and independence to answer all the purposes which, by the Treaty of Paris, it was intended to fulfil. Greece, therefore, could not expect, and never had occasion to expect, that England would attempt to coerce the Turks in her behalf. Nor were any of the other Powers in a position to undertake the task. Europe, at the instance of Great Britain, was bent on the withdrawal of the Russian forces and the planting of Austrian power in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Turks gladly accepted one half of this arrangement, but stoutly protested against the other. They were wholly indisposed, after acquiescing in the Austrian occupation, to cede additional territories to the Greeks. Nor was Europe in a position to ask it, still less to enforce it. The completion of a great European settlement could not be endangered by any sentimental regard for the Greeks, any more than

by a very natural sympathy for the Bessarabians and the Lazes. It appears that M. Waddington made a final effort to secure a rectification of the Greek frontier as the price of Batoum; in the success of which we should doubtless have acquiesced. As Russia refused to yield, the proposal fell through; but it would follow that the disappointment of the Greeks must be laid at the door of the Government at St Petersburg, rather than at that of the Government of the Queen. Nevertheless it would seem, from the remarks of the Paris correspondent of the 'Times' (Aug. 3), that the formula in the Berlin Treaty which indicates certain limits to be hereafter conceded to Greece, was finally inserted with a view to define Hellenic interests, and place them under the tutelage of Europe, rather than leave outside the European concert a claimant who might hereafter become an interesting *protégé* of Russia.

The Congress wisely relegated the claims of Greece to the last place in its decisions; and looking to the extremely cautious character of its ultimate resolution, the Greeks will probably in the end fare better if, instead of precipitating matters, they patiently wait for a fitting opportunity, which time is sure to bring them, of turning to account the position of advantage which was accorded to them by so influential an assembly.

It seems to us that, in spite of Austrian difficulties and Greek impatience, the progress made in the execution of the Treaty of Berlin is so far satisfactory that it distinctly promises an ultimately successful issue. If that progress is slow and not without opposition, it is steady and invincible. The guarantee of success lies in the disposition of the Great Powers, in the fact that the agreement come to at Berlin was a real and not a sham agreement. Whatever the cause,—whether it was the exhaustion produced by war, the dread of Socialistic conspiracies, or financial collapse,—the power of the purely military factions in Europe is temporarily crushed. The statesmen of the Continent, under those circumstances, found it possible to devise a settlement of Eastern affairs which satisfied every one of the Great Powers, and is by all of them loyally and even cordially accepted. Until something occurs to shake this conviction—and up to the present moment everything that has happened tends to confirm it—the ultimate pacification of the East may be accepted as secure. Europe has shown itself once more organised and powerful, and almost every nation admits that the result is due to the energy and statesmanship of England.

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THE NEW ORDEAL.—THE COMBAT.

From the moment of their departure from England the control over the proceedings of the champions passed to the International Commissioners appointed by the neutral Governments to preside over the Ordeal. The destination of the transport was unknown at starting, even to the representative of the International Commission on board, who did not open his sailing orders till we had got to sea. It then appeared that the port named for our disembarkation was not very distant; but it was low tide when we made it, and the steamer had to lie off the harbour for some hours, waiting till there should be water enough for her to go up to the quay. Fortunately the weather was calm, and by Raleigh's orders all lay down and got a good night's rest. Whether each man slept who can say? and perchance even Raleigh's strong mind was not proof against disturbing thoughts. Had he sent his little wife one parting letter, or allowed himself one parting embrace, I thought he would have been none the worse, and she would have found consolation for ever after. But this is not what he would have said, if he allowed himself to think about the matter. These are no times for half measures, he would argue; the indulgence allowed himself must have been granted to his men: again, he might say, we are no worse than the crew which sails out to its shipwreck on some distant sea. The parting and the end in either case do not come close together.

The rival champions also arrived in the land of Arcadia by sea, at a neighbouring port, although they might of course have come by land; but the sea route had been prescribed by the International Commissioners in order to put the two parties on an equality. The arrangement, on its being notified, was viewed by our countrymen with satisfaction, as evidence that we should receive fair-play—as to which, in the first instance, there had seemed room for doubt. But, so difficult is it to carry out international arbitration, this very condition had been objected to by the other side. This insular people, it was alleged, is accustomed to the

sea, and their representatives will gain rather than lose in vigour by a short sojourn on their native element. Our brave soldiers, on the other hand, will probably suffer a temporary prostration during the voyage. However, after the exchange of numerous diplomatic notes, the objection was overruled. But it was provided that a rest should be allowed after the voyage, if needed, to give time for recovery from any ill effects. As it happened, the sea was so smooth during the passage, that neither side could suffer any ill consequences.

The arrival of our champions at Caliacte was as unexpected as had been their embarkation at Teignmouth, and the appearance of the steamer seemed to cause no excitement among the people of the little town; but a deputation from the International Commissioners had come down the night before, who received Captain Raleigh at the pier, and conducted us to an empty barrack which had been got ready for our reception, and where an ample breakfast, ordered by them, was sent in from an adjacent provisioner's. Sentries from a regiment in garrison were placed at the entrance of the square to prevent intrusion; for the news of our arrival having spread, a little crowd had now assembled at the gate, whose curiosity was gratified to the extent of catching a glimpse of the company passing round the square in double-quick time, an exercise which Captain Raleigh put them through for about half an hour while breakfast was being got ready. This meal, when prepared, was first inspected by Raleigh, who caused the wine which had been provided to be removed. The food was all plain and well cooked, and no objection could be taken to it.

The morning passed somewhat slowly; for after the usual medical inspection, and the arms and accoutrements had been overhauled, and some fresh dispositions made of the baggage, there was little to be done. Dinner was served at noon, after which the men were set at liberty. The training was complete; it was not desirable to practice manœuvres in public; and Raleigh probably judged that the best course for the remainder of the time was to let his men pass it as they pleased. Some went to sleep, for beds had been supplied; but most of them spent the afternoon in strolling about the town, or lounging on the pier of the harbour, watching the fishing-boats coming in with the early flow, followed as they went about by little groups of men in blouses, critical but civil. Raleigh and some of the officers took a brisk walk to a hill-top lying some way back from the town, from which a very fine view was obtained both of the country and the sea.

In the afternoon, after bread and coffee had been served, a parade was ordered. The waggons, which, with their horses, we had brought with us, were put to, ready for a start; and presently the Commissioner who had received us in the morning, drove up with his assistant in the prefect's carriage, and announced that it was time to set out for our next halting-place. This officer was courteous but somewhat flurried; the bundle of telegrams in his hand indicated that he had been in constant communication with his headquarters throughout the day, and he appeared to feel the burden of his responsibility. The champions were to proceed at six o'clock, he said, in a special train now ready at the station; its destination was unknown even to himself, but would be signified to the officer in charge of it during the night. The rival champions would start from their port at the same moment.

The Commissioner courteously offered Raleigh a seat in his carriage to the station—for which, by the way, he was afterwards reprimanded by his superiors, as having overstepped the conditions of neutrality; but Raleigh naturally preferred to march to the railway with his men.

The train accommodation had been provided on a liberal scale; a second-class compartment for every four men, with extra seats above the ordinary ones, so that all might take comfortable rest during the journey—and a first-class compartment for every two officers. All being seated, and the baggage-waggons and horses duly stowed away, the Commissioner telegraphed to headquarters that everything was ready; and a similar report having been received about the other train, orders came down the line for starting; and the Commissioner and his staff gravely bowing their parting salutations — his instructions forbade the expression of good wishes, or even hand-shaking—gave the final order. The deputy appointed to accompany us took his seat in a separate carriage, the train glided out of the station, and in a few minutes even the masts of the shipping in the harbour were lost to view.

It soon became dark, and such of our party as did not compose themselves to sleep were unable to distinguish the names of the stations through which the train passed, all lights near the name-boards being extinguished. No indication was therefore afforded of the direction of the course, and the night being cloudy, the stars gave no clue. About nine o'clock the train drew up at a temporary siding, alongside of which was a refreshment saloon or pavilion, evidently of recent construction. An official, wearing the ribbon of the International Commission, was waiting to receive us; and our own Commissioner, alighting, told us that the train would stop here for supper, to which, I think, we all did justice, although, as before, refusing the wine which was supplied in abundance, and being careful to pass the water through filters we had brought with us before drinking it. The Commissioner did not volunteer any information as to our whereabouts, and etiquette forbade our putting any questions. After an hour's halt we proceeded on our journey.

During the first part of the night there had been some singing, the sound of which, taken up and borne along through the train, if not exactly exhilarating, had at any rate the effect of diverting attention from the matter in hand. But now all was silent; the quartermaster, who shared my compartment, was asleep, and I tried to follow his example, but found it difficult to do so. In such experience of war as I had had, the business of life went on much as at other times, except that every one was gayer and more jovial than ordinary. The bond of fellowship imported a general feeling of goodwill; the chances of fighting ahead were too uncertain, both as to time and quantity, to make it worth thinking about, and the amount of fatigue and occupation involved in campaigning gave a special zest to eating and sleeping. In the field one puts his dinner before everything, and goes to sleep whenever he can get a chance. But here, where all power of initiation was taken out of our hands, our ignorance as to the actual particulars of the task before us, combined with our knowledge of its general character, tended to produce a state of mental excitement and restless desire for the speedy accomplishment of the business. Those, indeed, who were to be actors in the coming drama, may perhaps

have felt comparatively at ease. They had done their duty so far to the best of their ability, and, conscious that they would continue to do so to the end, might keep themselves calm and steadfast, their leader affording the example of eschewing all doubt and hesitation, in small matters as well as in great. But as a mere looker-on, and having come thus suddenly among them, I had not acquired the same coolness of temperament. Sometimes I could not help wondering whether the whole proceeding was a real one; and then again, whether, when it came to the last, the umpires would not stop the affair, and propose a compromise of some sort. They might say that victory won would not prove the side that won it to be in the right; or they might protest that honour was sufficiently satisfied before any blood was shed, as had so often happened in duels between private individuals. Surely, when it came to the point, they would never be satisfied to look on calmly, and see the two parties butchering each other without putting a stop to it. But nevertheless, while trying to peer into the future in this way, I followed at last the example of my travelling companion, and fell asleep.

Daylight found us traversing a flat well-cultivated country, with a range of low wooded hills bounding the distance on either side. A drizzling rain was falling, and the landscape looked dull and dreary. "It will be a case of manœuvre number two, if you are right," replied my companion, when I said I thought I could recognise the fertile vale of Olympia. He explained the allusion by telling me that the champions had been practised in a number of definite manœuvres adapted to different kinds of ground, so that on the word being given for a particular one to be adopted, each man would know exactly what to do without further instructions. This was the first intimation I had received of any sort regarding the course of training. Before I joined them on Exmoor I had been full of curiosity to see for myself what was the nature of their preparation; but somehow, when I came among them, this feeling had given place to one of admiration for their calm and steadfast bearing, which left no room for idle curiosity. In presence of their dignified reserve I should have felt ashamed to ask questions; and no explanations having been volunteered, I knew little more about what was likely to be done than the rest of the world, but I felt sure that my comrades and their leader had prepared themselves to act under any combination of circumstances that could arise.

Speculation about our destination was soon set at rest as the train, entering the station of the well-known town of Olympia, came to a stop. Here the ceremonies were repeated to which we had now become accustomed. A body of officials, adorned with the party-coloured ribbon of the International Commission, awaited our arrival, and conducted us to the town-hall, which had been prepared for our reception. The different rooms in the buildings afforded ample accommodation for our party, and after a short parade the men were dismissed to dress and breakfast,—an excellent meal, but of which Raleigh first ordered some dishes to be removed which he thought not simply enough cooked for men in training. And here an incident occurred to break the monotony of our proceedings. As we were marching from the railway station to the town-hall, I noticed that Hampden, who had fallen out, and followed the others, walked very lame, limping along with evident difficulty; and when the com-

pany was drawn up before being dismissed, I saw that he was resting on one foot, as if he could hardly put the other to the ground. Raleigh, usually so observant, did not notice this, being occupied with the Commissioners; and the surgeons also had entered the building and did not see him, and Hampden went inside with the others and joined the officers' breakfast-table. But while the meal was going on he suddenly exclaimed that he could bear the pain no longer, and asked the doctor to look at his foot. The removal of the boot, however, was more than he could bear, and it had to be cut off, when the foot was found to be greatly discoloured and swollen. It appeared that the sprain had occurred in stepping out of the train, from his foot slipping and becoming jammed between the step and the platform.

"You must go on the sick-list," said Raleigh, "and Nelson must take your place for a day or two; but if the Commissioners carry us about Europe in this fashion, there may be time for you to get well again before you are wanted." Raleigh spoke gaily, for Hampden seemed utterly dejected by his misfortune, but it was evident that the latter could not be fit for duty for many weeks. Only a man of great resolution could have walked at all with his foot so much injured. He now limped away to his room, leaning on me for a crutch. Nelson could not conceal his elation.

A few minutes later Raleigh was summoned by the Commissioners, who awaited him in the outer hall of the building. This time they were attended by an officer bearing a white flag on a staff, and something in their manner seemed to denote the approach of a more important stage in the proceedings. Gravely saluting Raleigh and his officers, who stood a little behind him, the senior Commissioner took a large roll of paper from the hands of one of his assistants, and proceeded to read it in a slow and distinct voice. There was a long preamble, setting forth how the Commissioners appointed to represent the high contracting parties, by and with the consent and at the instance of the Governments of Bœotia and Great Britain, and having duly exchanged their respective credentials and found them to be complete and in good order, and acting on behalf of their respective august Governments, which, inspired with the benevolent desire to put an end to the calamities arising out of war that had for so many centuries afflicted the world, and recognising the honourable and benevolent motives of the aforesaid two Governments, now unhappily entertaining a difference of opinion, in agreeing to submit that difference to the decision of a New Ordeal, have undertaken to act as umpires for the conduct of that ordeal—and so forth. It was a very long story, but the gist of it, which came at the end, was, that the Commissioners, in virtue of the functions delegated to them, having executed all the preliminary articles of the agreement, and having brought the champions so far, wanted to know if they were ready to fight.

Raleigh replied that they had come with that intention, and asked if he might understand that the affair would be likely to come off soon.

The chief official said that this was in the contemplation of the Commissioners; and then, after a little hesitation and some whispering with his colleagues, he added that he would take upon himself to go so far as to declare that Mes-

sieurs the honourable delegates from Bœotia were now so placed relatively to Messieurs the honourable delegates from Great Britain, that it would be possible to place them in communication that very day.

"Then, might he understand," asked Raleigh, "that the affair would come off that very day?"

The old Commissioner, bowing, replied that that was what he had in fact intended to convey; adding, that in consideration of the fatigues which Messieurs the honourable delegates had undergone by land and water, he was empowered by the International Tribunal to declare that the Ordeal could be deferred for a period of twenty-four or even forty-eight hours; but that, if it was in accordance with the desires of the honourable delegates on both sides, the Grand Federal Tribunal would proceed to immediate execution of the trust confided to them.

Raleigh did not stop to consult his officers, or even turn round to look at them. If the choice rested with him, he said, he would prefer that the Ordeal should not be postponed till the morrow. The senior Commissioner again bowed, and turned to speak to his companions, two of whom withdrew to a covered cart, evidently a field-telegraph waggon, drawn up in front of the building, and which could be seen through the open door. A message was written and brought out for the chief's approval, and after undergoing much consideration and some alteration, was taken back to the cart for despatch.

A pause of a few minutes ensued, during which Raleigh talked with his officers in an undertone, and the Commissioners stood behind their chief in silence.

Then the answer was brought from the cart to the chief Commissioner, who, after perusing it, took another long roll from the hands of an assistant, which had evidently been prepared in anticipation, and proceeded to read out its contents formally. It was to the effect that the International Commissioners having brought the two bodies of delegates into proximate but not immediate proclivity, under precisely similar conditions as to time and distance travelled by land and sea, and refreshment furnished by the way; and having simultaneously received from the respective commanders of the said delegates a signification of their desire to enter on the Ordeal without further delay, do hereby appoint and declare that the said ordeal be holden at one of the clock on that day, being the 1st of October ——. In witness thereof, and so forth.

It was now ten, and the Commissioner having stated, under reservation, that it would take an hour to place the champions face to face, intimated that he would make his final inspection at twelve o'clock.

The needful preparations did not take long, for everything had been thought of and provided for beforehand. Luncheon was offered, but, after the good breakfast provided, declined in favour of a roll of bread and glass of water, of which each man took at half-past eleven o'clock.

But although there was no bustle, still things had to be looked after. I, like the rest, had my employment, and it was only by chance that I went into the room on the first floor where Hampden was lying on a bed, and told him that the time had come for the Ordeal.

Hampden turned his face to the wall and groaned.

I offered a few words of consolation. He had done his best, and so forth. It was not his fault that he was disabled. No man could foresee an accident.

"Accident!" cried Hampden,

turning his head round towards me, and raising himself up on his elbow; "who saw the accident happen? Any man who funked coming up to the scratch might get his foot squeezed at the last moment, when no one was looking, and say it was done by accident."

"No one is likely to impute such a thing to you, of all men in the world," I answered.

"You may not, perhaps, nor Raleigh, nor the other fellows here—they know me too well. But the world in general will not judge of me so liberally. No, Arnold, it is of no use talking about it. All over England, all over Europe, my name will be held up to scorn, and while the others become famous, I shall be infamous and disgraced." And Hampden turned his face again to the wall.

I could not stay with him longer, and, indeed, in a few minutes, under the excitement of the time, the matter had passed out of my mind, when, as I was going along the corridor, I heard a pistol-shot.

The report came from some place close at hand, and under a sudden impulse I turned back a few steps to Hampden's room, and opened the door. A single glance sufficed to tell the tale. The poor fellow's right hand still clutched a revolver. The pillow was crimsoned with the blood trickling from his temple. He was quite dead.

Looking out into the passage, I saw Raleigh approaching it, and beckoned to him to come in and see what had happened.

Raleigh had a strong friendship for Hampden, and at another time, I believe, would have been deeply affected. Now merely telling me to lock the door and keep the key, and to say nothing about what had happened till the evening, he passed on without changing countenance.

At the appointed time the party was drawn up in the open space before the hotel, now for the first time equipped for the Ordeal. During the journey, although carrying the arms to be used, they had been dressed in red, and the news that they were going to fight in that colour had no doubt been telegraphed all over the world. But now each man wore a loose grey tunic, tied in round the waist, trousers and gaiters of the same material, with strong laced boots. The cap was also of grey cloth, with a flexible cloth peak or eyeshade. Cross shoulder-belts, also of cloth, supported the bayonet and sword prescribed by the conditions of the Ordeal, and were fitted with rows of cartridges for convenience of quick loading. The buttons were all covered, the arms were browned; there was nothing to catch the eye. The officers were similarly dressed, but carried swords and revolvers. It struck me the former weapons would probably be useless as well as cumbersome, but they had been prescribed by the International Commission. The swords were straight, in brown leather sheaths, supported from a shoulder-belt, passing through and kept up by the coat-skirt, so as not to interfere with free movement. The same belt contained a few spare cartridges. This equipment was now carefully inspected by the Commissioners, who examined each article, comparing it with the notes on a long paper they carried, and pronounced them all to be in proper form. I could not help wondering what would have happened if they had not been found correct, if the swords, for example, had been too long. One of the party, indeed, who appeared to be there in the interests of the other side, and spoke Arcadian with a strong Bœotian accent, raised an objection to our men being dressed

in grey; but this was overruled at once, the articles of the convention being silent about colour.

This ceremony concluded, and the telegraph having as usual been frequently set in requisition, the Commissioners pronounced everything to be in form, and stood watch in hand till the prescribed moment should arrive for proceeding to the scene of action. Raleigh meanwhile, his own inspection made, stood watching his men critically but without any sign of anxiety. His manner reminded me of what one might expect to see manifested by a great surgeon about to perform some operation, who does not allow himself to be affected by any feeling of consideration for the patient, and while making every needful preparation, is equally unmoved by any personal anxiety, but trusting to the resources supplied by a life of preparation, has no doubt or hesitation about what to do, feeling that his skill will guide his hand as by instinct in the best way when the critical moment arrives. But as Raleigh scanned the ranks drawn up before him, he suddenly stopped before one man, and looking closely at him, called up and said something to the senior surgeon, who in turn went up to the man, and then coming back, exchanged some words with the commandant. "You agree?" said Raleigh, aloud; "very good. Barker, my man, you must go to the rear. Andrew Thompson," he called out, addressing one of the ten supernumeraries who were drawn up in rear, "you are first on the list, come up here and fall in;" and Thompson stepping up, replaced the rejected Barker, who fell back among the supernumeraries, glad or sorry, who shall say? but looking very crestfallen.

The cavalcade now set forward. A detachment of infantry which had been keeping the ground before the town-hall led the way, followed by a herald bearing the white flag, who rode before the carriage which held the Commissioners. Then came the champions, marching in fours, with the two surgeons and two hospital orderlies; then the ten supernumeraries with the commissary, the quartermaster, and myself; the servants and baggage-carts completed the little procession, which was closed by another detachment of troops, who kept the crowd from pressing on us.

We passed out of the town, first crossing the river which ran through it, and along a paved road lined on each side with a row of horse-chestnut-trees, now fast parting with their yellow leaves. The outskirts of the town were prolonged for some distance by suburban houses, substantial villas for the most part surrounded by garden walls, with here and there a petty roadside inn or restaurant. Almost every point offered a military position; and I think we all looked anxiously for signs of our opponents, forgetting for the moment that the presence of the Commissioners in front indicated that the time had not yet come.

Soon the town was left behind, and we were passing through a flat open country. On our right was meadow-land, bordering the little river which we had just crossed, on the further bank of which a line of railway with its telegraph-posts could be made out. On our left, the fields, now bare of crops, sloped gently up to a range of distant hills, which ran nearly parallel to the road. Immediately ahead of us we could discern what appeared to be a ruined castle on a height. After marching for about a couple of miles we came to a large building, half farm, half inn, facing the road, which here

made a turn to the right or river-side to avoid it, and in front of which another party of Commissioners awaited us on horseback, escorted by a detachment of dragoons. Here a halt was called, and the Commissioners alighted from their carriage, and in the ceremonious fashion to which we had now become accustomed, intimated that at this point the non-combatants must leave their comrades; and when some little bustle ensued, they added that time pressed, and that the interval allotted for the separation was limited by their instructions to five minutes.

There was really nothing to be done which should occupy even that time. The carts containing the baggage were already in motion along the road, and we moved on after them, the two surgeons with their assistants alone remaining behind; for this amount of medical aid was allowed to each party of champions by the terms of the convention. I hesitated for a moment as we passed along from the rear of the champions, drawn up two deep, looking towards Raleigh, who was facing them. He caught my eye, and made a step towards me, as if intending to shake hands, but recovering himself, gave me a friendly nod and smile, and turned away. We passed on, and soon the turn in the road hid the champions from our sight.

We trudged on in silence. The old quartermaster alone made a remark. Looking to the ground to the right and left, he said, "It will be a case of manœuvre number two." I felt too strongly to be able to speak.

The road, still running quite straight through the open country, now crossed the river by a second bridge, and ran along between the river and the railway till it arrived at a bluff crowned by the ruins of the castle which we had noticed before. This bluff was the projecting angle of a line of low hills which here approached the river, leaving only sufficient room for the railway and the road between it and the river which ran below. This commanding position was fully occupied by the castle, which, before the days of gunpowder, must have completely commanded the communication along this part of the country. There was a small railway station just before the bluff was reached, where the line of hills approached the railway, at the edge of a village which extended from it up the side of the hill to the castle walls. The lines of rails and the sidings were occupied for some distance above and below the station by empty trains drawn up; and as we climbed up the steep village street, now a scene of activity and bustle, we could make out that the low ruined walls which crowned the height were lined with people, among whom, gaining the top of the hill, we now found ourselves,—a mixed company, representatives of all the nations of Europe, but containing a large proportion of our own countrymen.

A few words served to explain their appearance. They were the favoured ticket-holders, who had been assembled for the last few days in the capital of Arcadia, kept like the rest of the world in ignorance of the precise locality in which the Ordeal would be held, and brought down that morning by special train, having, in fact, arrived only about an hour before. Members of Parliament, high Government officials, eldest sons of peers, representatives of the press, general officers, admirals, and so forth, they formed a distinguished company, by whom we were at once surrounded and eagerly ques-

tioned; and all eyes were now turned in the direction of the farmhouse, a conspicuous object in the plain, where, we explained, we had just parted from the champions.

A glance at the place where we now found ourselves sufficed to explain the reason for its being chosen; its accessibility, the convenience of view, and the conditions of the ground, offering perfectly even terms of combat, made its suitability for the purpose at once apparent. Standing where we were, on the level semicircular plateau which must once have been the courtyard of the castle, the most conspicuous object was the tower already referred to, on the salient of the arc, and immediately overhanging the railway. It was still in tolerable preservation, and fifty or perhaps sixty feet high; the flags of the Commission were flying from its summit, the terrace of which was occupied by the umpires and their staff. A room underneath, still in tolerable preservation, was given over to telegraph service, as I judged from the wires issuing from the open lancet-window and running down on temporary poles through the village to the railway station. A couple of ladders with hand-rails attached gave access to this chamber from the ground. This tower was the only remaining building of what was presumably at one time an extensive castle; but a ruined wall still crowned the crest of the hill, here and there as much as eight or nine feet high, but for the most part much lower; behind this the eager crowd of visitors was distributed, two and three deep at the low parts; a single line of spectators was seated on the higher, while some had descended to the other side, and occupied an insecure footing above the scarped precipice, holding on to the crevices of the wall with one hand, while the other was employed to support the field-glasses with which they scanned the landscape spread at their feet.

The line of wall on the left of the tower—that nearest the village by which we had ascended—seemed to be occupied mostly by my countrymen; the Bœotians and Arcadians and other nationalities present had taken post along the right; but whether this division was made by order, or had come about naturally, I could not tell.

To take in these features of the scene was the work of a moment, while the survey embraced the view of a large body of trumpeters drawn up on the level ground behind the tower, and a detachment of dragoons and mounted officers behind them, while still further in rear was a body of infantry in column. And my first impression was one of disgust, on contrasting the scene I had just quitted, the body of champions, steadfast and silent, marching to their doom, with the eager and excited crowd collected here to feast upon the spectacle,—a disgust not lessened as I saw that many among them were occupying the spare time with eating their luncheons—biscuits or sandwiches for the most part, eaten in scraps broken off in the pockets, or in paper packets held under the coat, while furtive sips were taken from flasks; but in some cases the refreshment appeared to be on a more substantial scale, and champagne-bottles circulated among the little groups, which had apparently clubbed their resources together and bestowed some forethought on the arrangements. And I recollected how keen had been the struggle for the limited number of places announced as available. The major part of them, as was only proper, had been reserved for the Lords and Commons, who balloted

for them in the usual way; the press had of course been liberally supplied; and each member of the Government was deemed to be entitled to one ticket, not transferable. The army and navy were also represented. For the remainder of the tickets the competition had been keen beyond precedent, interest and importunity being exerted with equal perseverance. Thus the persons now collected together, eating their sandwiches and sipping from their flasks, this drizzling October morning, were a representative body; and the feeling of disgust with which I was at first disposed to regard the scene gave way to a juster sentiment, when I reflected that, after all, these persons differed in no way from their brethren at home, save in the greater energy they had exhibited by coming here. Every army in the field was always accompanied by its staff of special correspondents and artists, whose descriptions and pictures of the events they witnessed were eagerly bought up by their countrymen at home. The more graphic and realistic the accounts, the more exciting and ghastly the scenes depicted, the larger the sale of the newspaper which published them,—till any man or woman with a reasonable share of imagination could form almost as accurate a notion of the realities of war while sitting comfortably by his fireside as if actually present. To be able to appreciate these while enjoying the comforts of home, was felt to add a new zest to modern life; nor was it confined to grown-up people, for your children might exercise their infantile skill in daubing with appropriate colours the drawings of the mutilated bodies on the battle-field, or the starved corpses in the wake of the army, which the illustrated papers provided for the purpose. All, then, had their share of enjoyment out of a war; and wherein lay the difference between being present and fancying that you were present? Those who stop behind do not lack the will to be here.

While thus reconciling to myself the spectacle which at first had created a feeling of repulsion, I nevertheless reflected with satisfaction that the spectators were at any rate all of the male sex. But no! turning my eyes towards the rear, I now perceived two ladies sitting on a line of stones which marked what had perhaps been once an interior wall. They were both deeply veiled; but I felt sure from the figure that one of them was Lady Laura, who sat motionless, her hands tightly clasped together, looking down at the ground in front, while her companion turned now and again to look uneasily at her, as if to see how she was bearing the strain put upon her. They were not, however, without escort, for I recognised Lady Laura's brother, the member for Northwestershire (of which county the earl her father was lord-lieutenant), among those upon the wall, which, being only a few yards in front of where they sat, intercepted all further view from them.

And now, while I was standing undecided whether or not to go up and address Lady Laura, a sudden stir among the spectators betokened that something was about to happen, and all of them who had come down from the wall hastened to resume their places; flasks and luncheon-baskets were put aside, and all eyes were strained towards the scene below, of which, climbing up to a part of the wall where there was still room to insert myself, I now for the first time obtained a clear view.

Immediately below us was the face of the cliff, perhaps a hundred

feet high, scarped for the most part, but dotted here with scanty bushes, and affording in one place a slippery path down the face. At the base of the cliff, which had been partly blasted away to make room for it, ran the railway, curving inward to our right and left, and the rails now blocked for some distance both ways with empty trains. A timber fence separated the railway from the high-road, the opposite side of which, again, was bounded at this point by the steep river-bank, fringed with bushes and small trees. The river itself was now at summer level, deep under the road, but leaving a wide margin or beach on the other side, along which a battalion of light infantry was drawn up under the high bank. A narrow trestle-bridge had been thrown over the stream at this point. On the other side of the river was an extensive plain of fallow-ground, bare and even, but with a slight slope upwards from the river towards the low range of wooded hills already mentioned, some three miles distant, which bordered the view in front. On this plain the combat was to take place, and a single glance sufficed to show that it presented no feature which could be of advantage to either side. Being due north of the tower, the sun, had it been shining, would have shone equally across the line of both contending parties, but the sky was gloomy and overcast, although the rain had now ceased to fall.

Although, viewed from above, the plain at first seemed to be quite level, on closer observation it was seen to be slightly uneven. The further bank of the river was much steeper opposite the castle than either up or down the stream; there was, in fact, on the other side of the river, a slightly developed continuation of the spur on which the castle stood, forming a rounded saddle-back, which grew gradually less as it extended across the plain, directly away from the castle, and finally disappeared about a mile off.

Although this ridge had only a few feet of elevation, and was altogether so slight that it would scarcely have been noticed by a casual observer, to whom the plain would no doubt have appeared perfectly flat, especially if looking, as we were, from above, it was sufficiently high to intercept the view of those approaching from opposite sides, and the opposed champions advancing towards the appointed spot would be invisible to each other until immediately in contact. And advancing they now were. Turning towards the left, beyond the village and the bridge, we looked down upon the road along which we had come, pointing straight away to the farmhouse at which we had parted from our champions, who could now be seen marching across the plain, preceded by two officers on horseback, one bearing a white flag, towards a standard fixed in the ground, surmounted by a red flag, about five hundred yards from the river, and a somewhat shorter distance from the crest of the ridge. And turning the eyes to the right, I now got my first view of their opponents, advancing, similarly attended by a couple of umpires, from a clump of trees, towards another standard set up on the right of the crest. The two standards appeared to be about eight hundred yards apart. There was nothing imposing in the scene, which was altogether different from what we had allowed ourselves to anticipate. It had been generally supposed either that the rivals would have been put into some wild or wooded country, to steal upon each other like Red Indians, or that they would have been set to fight it out

in a closed arena, like gladiators, or knights in a tournament. But as the two bodies of men, a mere handful in the wide plain, moved slowly across it, for the ground seemed heavy after the night's rain, there appeared an almost grotesque incongruity between the magnitude of the stake at issue and the apparent insignificance of the means employed for deciding it.

Every eye was strained to try and make out the particular actors in the drama. One thing struck me at once, that the blue uniform worn by our opponents was more conspicuous than the grey in which our men were clothed.

And now the two little armies have reached their appointed places, and come to a halt, each before its standard, while their respective conductors ride slowly forward, and meeting on the summit of the crest, stop to exchange a few words, and then return to the bands they have just left. Now they leave them again, and surely here will be a beginning at last. But no! these interminable preliminaries must still be prolonged. Again the heralds meet on the brow of the hill, and stop there in conversation. Has any hitch occurred? and can it be possible even now to put off the combat? Such was, I confess, my hope and wish, although I could not infer whether the silence around indicated a similar feeling on the part of many of the spectators, or whether it was the rapture of anticipation that held them breathless. It had been my lot before this to see men go to almost certain death, but then the danger had been shared with them. Here, righteous although the cause might be, there was nothing to lessen the feeling of shame at being spectators in a scene in which we took no part. And the contrast between the noble sacrifice to the cause of duty of the actors in the drama themselves, and the ignoble motives which had brought most of the lookers-on here, who could not but confess to themselves that they took a secret pleasure in the prospect of the coming bloodshed, made me feel a burning sense of shame at being one of the number, although my presence was involuntary. Some such thoughts as these, I think, coursed through my mind during those moments of suspense, soon to be ended, long though they seemed. For now the four heralds may be seen to turn their horses round and to ride slowly away, not back to the champions, but off the ground, towards us and the river-bank.

The champions were now at last left alone. They still could not see each other for the swell of the ground that intervened, but each party could tell the position of their antagonists by the flag immediately in front of which they were drawn up.

"What are they waiting for?" whispered some one near me, breaking the silence.

"For the signal," answered a voice in the same stealthy tone; "neither side is to move till the trumpets sound."

The horsemen are still pursuing their way towards the river-bank; first at a slow trot, then they pull up to a walk, as if looking for a place at which to descend into the river-bed; it seemed as if they would never reach it. In the ranks of the champions could be seen a sort of movement of expectancy, as of men preparing for a spring. Both parties were still drawn up two deep, with their rifles at the "trail." The captain of our opponents stands separate from his men a few paces to their right front, the other officers in the ranks, the intervals in the line of rifles made by them marking off the band into four sec-

tions. Raleigh, on the other hand, could be distinguished about four paces in front of the centre of his band, with his officers also in front of their sections. Their swords are still undrawn. The two surgeons and their attendants were standing some fifty paces to the left rear.

And now the heralds have arrived at the edge of the river, at a point where a natural ramp in the bank leads down to the beach below, on which the soldiers are drawn up, and as the last of the four rides down, a shrill blast of trumpets breaks the dread silence. It is the signal for combat. Involuntarily I turned round to where Raleigh's wife was sitting behind us. The poor girl had started to her feet, and stood for a moment, her hands clasped, her eyes turned upwards as if in prayer. But the movement among the spectators, and the ejaculations which broke from them, at once brought back my attention, and riveted it by a terrible fascination to the scene below.

On the first sound of the trumpets each of the combatant bands at once, without a moment's hesitation, sprang forward to the attack, but in a different manner. Of the other side, the right centre section ran swiftly forward, extending right and left as they went, towards the crest of the ridge. The other centre section also advancing, lay down behind them in support, so far as we could make out, just out of fire. The other two sections lay down where they were, without advancing. The whole of our champions, on the other hand, had at once begun to extend from the centre, running to take up their ground as only men could do in the highest training. They extended, advancing at the same time, but the men on the flanks faster than those in the centre, till the whole body formed so many points in the arc of a circle, concave towards their antagonists. Rear and front rank formed one line, the whole length of which must have been, as far as I could guess, about six hundred yards; but the men on the flanks were much more extended than those in the centre. The latter, as soon as they have accomplished the indicated distance, lie down at a signal from their captain. Each man, when he reaches his appointed place, does the same; the manœuvre is executed with wonderful precision. Small though the figures are, everything can be seen by us with perfect distinctness.

The distance advanced by the centre of our line, before it took up its first position, must have been about a hundred and fifty yards, the outer flanks being, however, at least half as much more in front. The leading section of their antagonists must have advanced considerably further before they came to a halt, and they were *still in* motion when the centre of our line had taken up its position. Almost all the men in grey, indeed, are still extending at a run to form their curved line, but a few in the centre have got to their places, and from where they are lying down three or four puffs of smoke suddenly appear, which hang for a moment in the damp air like balls of wool over the brown soil, followed by the sharp angry crack of the rifles. The battle has begun, and as our men are the first to open fire, theirs are the first to suffer. While their leading section is still running forward, one of the men in blue is seen to stagger and fall. Has he tripped in running? No, he lies motionless on his face, his arms stretched out before him; his brief share in the fight is ended; thenceforth he lies heedless of its issue.

I cannot pretend to say what was the exact order of the movement

just described, but those who professed to keep an accurate register reported afterwards that the first of our men opened fire in twenty-eight seconds after the trumpets sounded, that the enemy began to reply seventeen seconds later, and that the whole of our line had completed their extension and got into action in one minute and fourteen seconds. It seems, indeed, even a shorter time to us spectators before the duel is established and the whole of our men are engaged. From every point of the curved line the puffs of smoke can be seen, now answered by the squad in their front, and the rattle of the fire comes up in quick succession to the eager spectators. Not, however, that the fire is rapid—both sides are aiming carefully and not throwing away their shots; and although they are barely four hundred yards apart, and seen so clearly by us, the rise in the ground between them must still obscure their view from each other, as they lie down, and for a while we cannot make out that either side is suffering loss.

How long this first skirmish went on I cannot tell, but suddenly Raleigh is seen standing up—his rising being responded to by a volley from the other side, which, however, does not take effect; a shrill whistle is heard, followed by others, and the whole grey line spring to their feet and make a rush forward, converging on the advanced body of their opponents. Not all of them; one of the number is seen trying to rise, in response to the signal, but still lies there resting on his elbow, and the surgeons coming up from where they have been lying in the rear, are presently engaged over him. And as the line advances one of the men in the centre is seen to fall and lie motionless, and another stops, and stands staggering, as if bewildered.

While our men are advancing, their antagonists have the advantage; but for the moment only. Again the whistle is heard, and the whole line, lying down, opens fire again. Now the two sides must be in full view of each other, and about three hundred yards apart, and the advantage of Raleigh's order of battle becomes very conspicuous. Scattered, as our men are, they offer no definite object for the enemy, and concentrating their converging fire on their antagonists' advanced section, they can bring a fourfold superiority of strength upon them. This fire is now converging, indeed, for in the second advance the flanks were still more bent in—the line of grey figures had taken a horse-shoe form, the men on the right and left having gained the summit of the crest, and even extended a little way beyond it. If the firing had seemed desultory and ineffectual before, it was effective now beyond mistake. It had hardly begun when the enemy's leading section was almost destroyed. The figures in blue still lay in the line they had first taken up, but some were motionless, and others writhing on the ground—scarce half-a-dozen were firing.

But simultaneously with Raleigh's second advance, the second section of his antagonists, which had been lying down in rear of the first, had also sprung forward to support it; but they came too late—the damage had been done, there were barely any left to support, and coming up into their position, they found themselves under the same concentrated fire. They were stronger in front, indeed, than our side, and in the centre of our line several rifles were now silent, but those on the flanks of the grey line had no fire opposed to them, and nothing to disturb their deliberate aim.

Quickly though the whole thing

passed, there was time to note the wisdom of Raleigh's disposition of unequal distances between his men. The gaps which had occurred in the centre of the line, where alone any losses had occurred, left the whole now very much at equal intervals, and no definite point was opposed for concentration of their antagonists' fire.

Again Raleigh, starting to his feet, sounds the advance, and again the grey line, springing up, makes a rush forward, and taking up a fresh position, renews its fire, the flanks being still more curved inwards than before.

The two sides are now divided by the distance of little more than two hundred yards at the centre, and perhaps three hundred yards at the flanks, while the centre has now nearly gained the crest, which at the outset was equidistant between the rival bands, and with such good marksmen every shot should tell; but the excitement and the danger tell on even these brave men, and although both sides fire slowly, as if taking deliberate aim, it is evident that only a bullet here and there takes effect. When will this butchering be ended?

Only one officer can now be seen with the two leading sections of the enemy who are in action. He had sprung to his feet when our last advance was made, and the gallant fellow still stands erect, disdaining to seek even so much shelter as the smooth ground offers. He can be seen waving his sword—calling to his men and giving orders, a fine tall young man, a worthy representative of his country, a mark for all our bullets. He cannot long escape; see, now he drops on his knees! but one arm still waves defiant, till suddenly he falls down on his face, and the hands can be seen clutching at the grass.

Meanwhile the two reserve sections of the enemy are now taking part in the battle. At what precise moment they began to move forward I do not know, for my attention was so riveted on the scene I have described, that I did not notice their advance. Indeed, although the picture of that field seems to be impressed on my brain, and by night as well as day I seemed for many weeks afterwards to hear the angry bullets, and to see the fatal scene enacted over and over again, till every episode stood out clear and distinct, never to be forgotten; nevertheless, between what I saw myself, and the innumerable accounts which have since been published, all differing more or less in details, I find it difficult to state precisely the exact order in which every incident occurred. But I remember very distinctly that now the first signs were apparent of confusion in the fight, which at first had been conducted with as much regularity as if it were a field exercise. The want of purpose momentarily displayed by the other side may have been due to the loss of their leader, who fell about this time, before the reserve sections had moved forward, for his body was found close to the standard where they were first drawn up. Standing there erect, a little apart from his men, he was at once picked off by one of our flankers as soon as they came over the crest of the hill; and indeed these two sections, lying down in close ranks, must have offered a tempting aim to divert the fire of these flankers from the front of the action, for when the former got up to advance, some five or six were left on the ground besides their leader.

At any rate, whether in consequence of the fall of the commander, or from intention, these two reserve sections, when they move forward, take different lines; for while

one of them joins the remains of the two sections in front, the other, extending and advancing to its left, opposes the right of our line.

Thus the little battle-field has now become broken up. Our men in the centre are greatly outnumbered, being opposed to the bulk of their adversaries; our right is confronted by about an equal number; but our men on the left had none opposed to them, and nothing to disturb their aim. We can see them pouring in their shots deliberately as the advancing section passed across their line of fire, and some of the latter fall.

Now a voice can be distinctly heard, followed by a shout, as the whole of the remains of the enemy's three sections in the centre of the field rush straight down, in loose order, to close on our men in their front.

The latter are outnumbered if they stay; but a word of command is heard on the other side, taken up and repeated from man to man, and, dividing at the centre, our champions may be seen running to the right and left to join their comrades on the flanks.

Most of them succeed in doing so, but a few are cut off; these stand firing at the approaching enemy, but, outnumbered as they are, they go down, picked off one by one, but making a good fight of it, and selling their lives dearly.

Raleigh too is down! He had been lying in the centre of the line, and it was he who had given the signal for opening out. There might have been time for him to gain either flank, but perhaps he thought that the appearance of flight might cause a panic; or whether, because as the enemy comes on the fighting instinct prevails over the spirit of wisdom, he will not run, but stands calling to the others to hurry. One man keeps with him, and as the enemy come near, the two make a rush to break through their line. Surely they will succeed! We can see a man fire at them from a few yards' distance; Raleigh's comrade falls, but he is untouched, and rushing forward he shoots the man with his pistol: he has come close to another who is looking in a different direction, in the act of loading; but as he turns round he falls reeling under a blow from Raleigh's sword, the first blow given. There are still two men in front of him; one makes a prod at him with his bayonet, which Raleigh wards off, running the fellow through with his long sword. As he draws it out, the fatal shot is fired by the other which brings him to the ground.

The English line is broken; their leader has fallen; and a murmur of dismay rises from their countrymen on the hill as they witness this critical situation in the bloody drama enacting at their feet. Are our men outmanœuvred, and must they now trust to individual nerve and courage; or has such a crisis been foreseen and provided for?

The enemy, victorious for the moment, are now rapidly wheeling to their left. Their plan is obvious; they are moving forward to roll up our scattered right sections. And the latter will be taken at a disadvantage, for those of them who are nearest to the advancing enemy will be in the line of fire of those at a distance, and these last are engaged also with the enemy's left section in their own front. But one thing is obvious, the effective residue on our side is much larger than that on the other. And no doubt or hesitation is shown about turning this advantage to account. The English left is now crossing over rapidly to the right of the field, in obedience to

an order from Wolfe, who can be seen running forward, waving his sword and calling to the rest to join him; and they come on, gradually getting into an open line as they go on, taking the advancing enemy in rear.

These are now approaching to the spot where some half-a-dozen of our men are grouped together; the former are some five or six to one, and as the two bands exchange shots there must soon be an end of the smaller body, when the party led by Wolfe, who have now got into a fairly well formed line, in open order with perhaps three or four paces interval, halt, and fire a deliberate volley. Nearly one-half of their antagonists fall; the others, facing round, stand for a moment irresolute, and Wolfe's men close in upon them, each man halting to aim and fire, and loading while he moves on to gain his place in the line, Wolfe still urging it forward.

As this attack is made upon them, some two or three break away from the little group in blue, making for their comrades who are still skirmishing on what was before the left of their line, now their rear; the others await the attack, firing at their advancing antagonists. Their shots take effect; more than one of Wolfe's men are seen to fall, but the rest come on in irresistible strength. In a shooting-match of this sort there must soon be an end of the weaker side. Now there are only six of them left; another second or two, and but three are left standing, exchanging fire with more than a score of antagonists at pistol-shot distance. The struggle is soon over. We cannot at this distance see the grim features set in passion face to face with death, as the small remnant sell their lives dearly, but we look on with a horrible fascination, and can almost fancy we hear the dull thud of the bullets, as one after another falls prostrate on the ground.

This is now the aspect of the field: Some five-and-twenty of our men are collected beyond the crest of the slope, a little to the right of the line joining the two standards; on their right can still be traced the line of the original arc of our advance, represented by some fifteen or twenty men still skirmishing in extended order. Opposite to them is the remnant of their opponent's fourth section, reinforced by the few who had escaped from the struggle just ended. Riveted to the scene still enacting, the eye scarcely takes count of the figures which, scattered about the ground, mark the course of the fight; some of them, sitting up, appear to be watching the progress of the conflict; others seem busied with their wounds; while those lie motionless who will never move again. I cannot say I saw this so much myself as inferred it from the broken remarks made by the onlookers; and a whisper ran down the ranks that one of our surgeons had fallen.

But now, when this stage in the conflict had been reached, the excitement among the bystanders could no longer be restrained. The instructions given, obedience to which was understood to be a condition of admission to the spectacle, enjoined silence and implicit obedience to the rules laid down by the authorities. No one was to leave his place, and perfect silence was to be kept. This had so far been preserved; the presence, indeed, of the large armed bodies drawn up to execute the orders of the umpires, and the fact that so miscellaneous an assemblage had no organisation, but was merely a small if select mob, were sufficient to prevent anything like an assertion of opinion. And up to this time the

silence had been broken only by whispered remarks, and here and there an exclamation at some exciting incident in the scene. But now the pent-up feelings could no longer be restrained, and shouts and cheers filled the air as we witnessed the triumphant issue of the struggle which had just come to an end. And for a moment we thought that the Ordeal also was ended. There could be no doubt about the result, for the effective residue on our side was full three times as strong as that of our antagonists.

But the pause which had taken place in the struggle was only momentary. The men of both sides who had been skirmishing against each other in extended order, and who, as if by mutual consent, had suspended firing while watching the issue of the struggle which has just been described, now went to work again. Wolfe's party also had extended again and lain down; and again the frequent puffs of smoke could be seen, and the sharp crack heard of the rifles, with the angry whir of stray bullets. For now the grey line was turned nearly away from us, and more than one bullet aimed at their antagonists, ricocheting past us, struck the cliff at our feet.

One officer was still left on the other side. Disdaining to seek even such shelter as could be got by lying down, he might be seen gesticulating to his men, making one advance a little and another fall back, getting his remnant of a line of skirmishers into something like order. He kept moving about, to give himself a chance of escape, passing along his little line, and speaking first to one man and then another. He evidently had no thought of yielding, but meant to fight it out to the end.

But now as we saw the unequal fight begin again, and this gallant fellow and his small band doomed, as it seemed to us, to certain destruction, a cry of disappointment and impatience succeeded the shouts of triumph which had just been raised. What was the good of letting the thing go on? The fight was fairly won—this is mere butchery. Why don't the umpires give the signal to stop? Such were the questions now eagerly asked from where we stood—echoed, I doubt not, by the voices of the spectators on the other side of the tower, as they saw with dismay the issue of the fight, and the small remnant of their gallant champions growing less and less.

But the officials on the tower made no sign, and the unequal fight went on.

At the end of their line nearest to where our main body was collected, were two of the blue champions, almost close together. It is upon these two that, under Wolfe's orders, the former, who might have been a hundred yards off, certainly not much more, now concentrate their fire, disregarding, for the moment, their other antagonists. This unequal combat does not continue for long. A few more puffs of smoke, and one of the two men in blue is seen to be no longer moving; and presently the other, too, leaps up from the ground, and rolls over convulsively on his back. Then Wolfe, who can be easily distinguished by his slender figure, springs to his feet; the line of his men—a broken line, for one or two cannot rise—follow his example; another rush forward is made, and again the line lies down, encircling with its fire two others of the enemy who are now nearest to them. These two are killed or wounded almost immediately.

There are now so few of the enemy left that they can be counted instinctively; they are fifteen,

besides the officer, extended over perhaps a hundred and fifty yards of ground. The officer is seen waving his sword and calling to his men, who all get to their feet. There appears some confusion of purpose here. Ten of them close in towards the officer, who leads them against Wolfe towards his right; the other five on the left, who have further to come, club together, and make a rush towards the right of our line, as if to try and repeat the manœuvre of taking it in flank. But Sidney, who is in that part of the field, calls on the men to close in, and there is soon a loose line opposed to their advance of double their number. The two parties are gradually getting nearer, firing as they go.

Meanwhile the other little band makes its last desperate effort. This is the episode which the survivors in the famous field are most wont to dwell upon. "There were less than a dozen of them left," said one of our champions afterwards, when telling the story, "and we over twenty; and we saw them collecting together, forming a sort of line, as if they were going to charge. Wolfe gave the word to close in, and to go at them. We were hardly fifty yards apart, and another discharge on either side must have swept us almost all away, but there was no thought now of firing; they wanted to sell their lives, and we were in no humour to balk them—on both sides there was left merely the desire to close and be done with the business.

"'Charge!' cries Wolfe, and we go on. They stand still for a moment, and then come on to meet us. We can see their faces, set and stubborn; they are ready to die, but not to yield. A few steps more and down they must go; one side or the other must be trampled out and swept away, and it will be theirs if they will not ask for mercy. Another moment and we meet, when suddenly the blast of the trumpets gives the signal to stop fighting."

There is a sudden hesitation as the sound reaches the combatants; but neither side is ready to give the first sign of stopping, and the two little lines go on to meet each other, the shrill trumpets still sounding from the hill, and it is not till the opposing bayonets are almost touching that Wolfe cries "Halt!" The winning side can afford to be generous.

As he gives the word the other side stop also. Thus the two little bands stand facing each other. Let but one shot be fired, and the warning trumpet will be unheeded, and none but a few can escape. There is no room to miss.

But as the long moments pass away, there comes no doubt, over all, the desire for life. No man, however brave, wants to be killed. And the few survivors out of so many might well feel that they had at last earned a deliverance.

One man, however, does seek death. The adversaries' officer, his eyes glaring with rage and disappointment, suddenly rushes forward, and thrusting aside with his hand one of the bayonets opposed to him, cuts furiously at the man who wields it.

The others close round him, and he cannot get room to strike.

"Disarm him!" cries Wolfe—"don't hurt him;" but the order is given too late. His men are not in the humour to measure nicely the danger to themselves, and the desperate man falls in an instant, pierced through with bayonets, his eyes staring wildly upwards, and rage still rampant in his features as they settle down in death.

It all passed in a moment, but

as the gallant young fellow fell, a cry rose from the ranks of the little band in blue, and as by one impulse the whole of them make a move forward; they will avenge their officer and die in the attempt.

Down go again the bayonets of their opponents to meet them in the charge. One step more, and the two sides will be locked in a death-struggle, when two officers ride in between them, barely finding room between the opposing bayonets, shouting and gesticulating to them to stop.

Some time before the trumpets sounded, the four heralds—officers of the Arcadian army—had ridden up again from the river-bank on to the plain, gradually approaching the combatants, and immediately on the signal being given they had galloped towards them to enforce the order—two to the main body as above described; the others turning to the right, had intervened, regardless of the bullets, between what still remained of the combatants in that quarter—two little groups of men firing at each other, without seeking shelter, although in their rage and excitement and fury taking but random aim.

And now, as soon as we could perceive that the two opposing bands had faced about and were marching away from each other, the mounted officers still riding up and down between them, a rush of the spectators took place towards the scene of action. Some hurried down through the village on the left, and so over the stone bridge, while others clambered down the steep pathway on the face of the hill below the tower, straight for the trestle-bridge. The litters, borne by men, which had been kept in readiness on the road, were taken across the river this way, while the ambulance-waggons proceeded by the other route, and, passing out of the village and over the stone bridge, traversed the plain at a quick trot.

I was about to push forward with the rest, when, noticing her brother among the first of those scrambling down the pathway below, I recollected that Lady Laura was here, and turning round saw her standing behind me, just in the same place as before, with her friend.

She seemed calm and resigned. "You will help us to get to him," said the former; "will you not?"

"Yes," said Lady Laura, clasping my arm, "you will take us to him. He is killed, I know, but we must go to him."

I bade them follow me, and helped them by the path down the face of the cliff. I proposed first that we should go round by the village, for I had seen that this way was difficult. "Oh no," said Lady Laura, impatiently; "the shortest way! the shortest way!" But we gained no time by so doing. Eager as they were, the ladies could scarcely manage to get down the rocky slope, and then they had to climb under the railway carriages, which occupied both lines of rails, and over the wall which divided the railway from the road. The narrow trestle-bridge, too, was crowded with people coming back again, for the troops which had been drawn up on the river-bed were now lining the bank above, and stopped any but officials and litter-bearers from passing on. However, we pressed through the crowd over the bridge, and mounting the bank I spoke to an officer, who let me go on to the colonel, and when I explained who the ladies were, he suffered us to pass on.

But by this time several of the dead and wounded had already

been collected, and both litters and ambulances were returning with their burdens. How to find the object of our search? He might have already been carried away. It seemed as if we should have done better to stay at the village and meet them there. But we pushed on, now walking, now running, striving to be first up, scanning eagerly the plain. Now that we were on it, it was no longer so even as it had appeared from above. We could not see any object on the ground far from us. I understood now why the combat should have lasted so long, and so many have escaped.

We crossed the line of one litter returning, and stopped it. Lifting the curtain, I recognised the face of Nelson, who had been chosen that morning to replace Hampden. The bullet which struck him in the shoulder must have reached the heart. He was quite dead; his features calm and composed. Another litter also comes our way. It bears one of our adversaries with a smashed thigh, roughly bound up with a splint and tourniquet. It does not seem to pain him yet, but he is faint from loss of blood. The next litter that crosses our line a little way ahead is accompanied by a mounted orderly. I run up and ask him whom it contains: it is the English commandant. I beckon to the two ladies who are pressing on after me, breathless, over the heavy ground, to come up, and the wife finds the husband she is seeking; finds him alive, but insensible, with a bullet-wound in his forehead.

Our little procession wends its way back towards the village slowly, for the rain, now falling fast, makes the ground deep and sticky. Lady Laura holds her husband's hand in hers as we move along, but it gives no response to her loving pressure.

This is my personal experience of the famous Ordeal, in which the victory rested with us, the International Umpires giving it as their award that, inasmuch as if the combat had been allowed to continue, the whole of the remaining effective champions on the other side would have been destroyed, leaving a larger or smaller residue of the English still surviving, wherefore, according to the terms of the Ordeal, and in recognition of the claims of humanity, the Umpires had decreed a suspension of the conflict.

Many a time has the same tale been told; and this plain unvarnished narrative cannot lay claim to be more than an accurate account of what fell under the actual observation of an eyewitness, or to compete in power of description with the many touching and highly-wrought accounts which have been given of it, to say nothing of the telegraphic reports, which were published, one may say, simultaneously with the combat itself. Telegraphic reporting, indeed, on this occasion attained a remarkable development; for the notable feat of the man who secured a special engine which took him off to the nearest town the moment the action was ended, whence he despatched his account, which was published a few minutes afterwards in all the great towns, and read by hundreds of thousands within the hour, was even surpassed by that of the rival correspondent, who bribed the telegraph clerks attached to the umpires, and sitting in the chamber of the tower immediately underneath them, sent off his account while the combat was going on.

Many and divers were the criticisms on the tactics adopted by

both sides, which, with all matters relating to the combat, have formed an interesting subject for talkers and writers ever since; and Raleigh has been blamed for having remained in the centre of his line when the attack was made which cost him his life, since otherwise the glory of completing the victory might have been his. But it was universally acknowledged that to his original disposition was due the comparatively small loss sustained by our side at the outset, giving them that superiority in numbers which ultimately decided it in our favour. The perfection of discipline, also, which rendered possible such rapidity of manœuvre in open order, was admitted to be due to his admirable training; while to their leader's noble spirit might fairly be attributed in some degree the courage which animated the entire band, although in respect of bravery neither side could claim an advantage.

Of the distinctions and solid rewards bestowed on the survivors—and happily several of the wounded recovered—it is needless here to speak, or of the honours accorded to the dead. Methought, indeed, that a press and a pulpit which for the time had for their constant theme the nobility of a sacrifice offered at the call of country and duty, were both disposed to make too much of the especial sacrifice required from the leader of the band. If he could only have lived long enough, it was said, to know that he was dying in the arms of victory! So lately married, and to so sweet and beautiful a wife! Alas, that he should have died without even being conscious of her presence; that so much devotion should not have obtained the appreciation it deserved! Needs not to say, too, that for the relatives of all who had fallen, and for the young widowed bride in particular, a grateful king and country were alike considerate and sympathetic. But as for the death of the gallant Raleigh happening when it did, why should we suppose that it would be a satisfaction to him to take into the unknown regions which he entered with his brave comrades a consciousness of success? Do we even know that he could have carried it with him through the dark portals which open only one way? And are a few moments' pleasure, even of the highest kind, so valuable that we must grudge the loss of it by another? And looking around us at what the prolongation of life brings with it to so many,—the loss of friends, the loss of faculties, the disappointment of hopes, our darlings prematurely snatched away from us in infancy, or still worse, growing up worthless and wicked,—with all these causes to bring down the grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, a grave to be reached perhaps only after suffering the long course of torture involved in the last struggle of humanity with death — torture inflicted by what we call the law of Nature or the will of the Almighty, according to our way of looking at things;—when this is what is inevitably in store for so large a proportion of mankind beginning life with fair prospects of health and happiness, who shall say that it is reasonable to feel regret in such a case, and to speak of a life so lost as having been prematurely cut short? Raleigh had done his work, for there were no more Ordeals to be fought; and how great the work! To put the thing on the lowest ground, he had the largest share in winning fifty millions sterling. We see men every day shortening their lives to gain a few pounds. And as to

young married life being cut short, leaving the happiness of marriage scarcely tasted, although such a fate appeals to our feelings and sentiment, all experience tells us that it is not on the threshold of married life that the bond is strongest. The snapping asunder of long-accustomed ties may indeed well prove fatal; we may often see that when one of two old lives, endeared to each other by long association, comes to an end, the other pines away and soon follows the partner which so long has shared its lot. But for love to destroy, the victim must have loved long. The old may die of love, but the young live down their sorrow. Better so; an old hard heart is worse for humanity than a young hard one.

The dispute between the two nations did not end at once with the Ordeal. Our adversaries were disposed at first to take objection to the award. The contest, they argued, might still have ended in their favour if it had been allowed to go on—at any rate, it might have ended in a drawn fight; and ingenious evidence was proffered to show that when the two remnants of the opponent bands were face to face, at the moment of the umpires' intervention, their champions were so favourably placed that they could have inflicted such damage as would have enabled them to recover their original equality of numbers; and their government argued that the umpires, if they stopped the fight at all while any champions were left, ought to have done so at the time when our line was broken, and when, by all the rules of war, the tactical superiority rested with their own side. But the International Commission, appealing to the rules laid down beforehand by which both sides had agreed to be bound, declined to enter into argument upon the case. Europe was firm, and the approved bills deposited with them were duly cashed on maturity, and paid into our exchequer. For the first time in our history a war was brought to an end, not only without an increase to the national debt, but with a large reduction of it, while spirit and malt duties could also be lowered. Gin fell to sixpence a pint. We were a happy and prosperous nation.

Thus ended the famous Ordeal. Mutterings and grumblings were heard for some time from the losing side, and from the younger and more ambitious military Powers, seeing the prospect of aggrandisement by war shut out by a united Europe bent on keeping up an international police. And it was predicted the new mode of settlement would settle nothing. But as time went on the world began to awake to the blessings of peace. The goddess of war, it was said again and again, if not a blind deity, but rather favourable to the display of cunning, yet would be found, on the whole, to distribute her blessings or curses with impartial hand on all who invoked her aid. Success might at first attend the Power which displayed most self-denial or forethought, or which could steal the cleverest surprise on its antagonist, as in the way of a new gun or a new drill, but it more often depended on luck, than the possession of some incarnation of military genius. But this appeared, now to one nation, now to another; and on the whole, these great men had been so impartially distributed among the nations of the earth as to leave the resulting advantages very evenly balanced. What country, looking back on its past history, could say that it had gained as much as it had lost by

all the wars which it had waged? Were its territories enlarged, its liberties had been reduced; and if war was favourable to the development of some of the finer qualities of humanity, it was equally destructive of the finer specimens of humanity; and that was a questionable gain which resulted in a stunted race of survivors, the best having been killed off and the worst left behind to propagate the race.

But after all, it was not argument so much as feeling that settled the matter. The nations had grown weary of everlasting and all-devouring conscriptions, and of fighting for causes they did not care about. Sham national uprisings and race federations were found to be no more satisfying or satisfactory than the wars of kings and dynasties which they succeeded; and lastly, each bravest nation in the world stood aghast at the prospect of mutual destruction which modern science opened up as a condition of war. And if regrets were expressed at the extinction of the soldier's noble career, on the other hand there was now opened up the still more noble and distinguished career of a Champion. For the ardent nature which sought after the exercise of its finest instincts in the destruction of its fellow-creatures, there was now presented a congenial sphere for combined happiness and duty. In dealing with the savage and uncivilised races still to be found in remote portions of the earth, not yet imbued with the ennobling sentiments of modern civilisation, standing armies might still continue to be needed for a while; but in their dealings with each other, the nations of Europe might now regard these institutions and their attendant conscriptions and taxations as obsolete and unnecessary. Even so the noble career of arms would not be absolutely extinguished; the best and bravest of the youth of Europe might still find room to exercise their powers in a new profession, going into training as champions, ready to take their part when called upon in the New Ordeal.

A NEW METHOD OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

COMPELLED by an inexorable destiny to wander over the earth's surface, I have ever found myself sharing, to an intense degree, in the aspirations of my fellow-creatures to develop into new and higher conditions, and, at the risk of appearing presumptuous, have not hesitated to offer them freely such counsel and advice as my vivid imagination and extended experience might suggest. Hitherto I must confess that my efforts have been utterly unavailing; but far from being discouraged, I feel constrained to present to a young and rising nation—destined, according to the great Liberal prophet of Great Britain, at no distant date to eclipse the glory and absorb the wealth of our own island realm—a scheme which my recent observations of their tendencies and desires has led me to elaborate; in the hope that its merits will at once be recognised, and that, if they are unable to adopt it in its entirety, they will derive some hints which may prove of real and substantial benefit. It is only natural that, however cosmopolitan the sympathies of an Englishman may be, they should turn most readily to his American cousins; and that, finding himself a prophet without honour in his own country—where people are far too well satisfied with their own opinions, and with the conditions which surround them, to think they need assistance from anybody—he should appeal to that more receptive, progressive, and enlightened branch of the Anglo-Saxon family, where new ideas are eagerly entertained, new tendencies are rapidly developed, new desires constantly expressed, old problems solved, and time-worn habits of thought discarded. To this fresh and promising community, then, I address myself, in the conviction that nothing I can suggest will startle them, and that what may seem to the bigoted and intolerant mind of old-fashioned society absurd or impracticable, will commend itself to so enterprising and vigorous a race as a simple and sensible scheme of social evolution. It is even possible that the stolid intellect of Europe, unable to discriminate between jest and earnest, may regard it as a feeble attempt at satire. Such an insinuation I pass by with contempt. I have never met an American who could deny that, while firmly maintaining that the theory was sound which, in the beautiful language of the Constitution, proclaims that all men were born equal, he was conscious practically that, physically, morally, and intellectually, men are born extremely unequal. In fact, in no country have I ever met a man of any race who did not feel he was very unequal. The same idea is clearly entertained by the higher class of monkeys, and may be observed manifesting itself, in a greater or less degree, throughout the animal kingdom; and it would not be difficult for eminent scientific men to prove that it must even, in a modified form, descend to the oyster. I may here remark incidentally, that I do not think the attention of naturalists has been sufficiently directed to psychological evidences of this kind, by which, apart from all material proof whatever, the ascent of man from the lowest forms of animal life may be clearly traced. I regret I have no time to enter upon this subject more fully here; but it has been necessary to allude to it, because, while the "instinct of

inequality" forms the basis of the glorious modern theory in regard to the origin of the human race, it is also the basis upon which my new method of social evolution is constructed. In a word, to make my meaning more clear, as the "instinct of inequality" must be the foundation of the instinct of evolution, without this instinct in the oyster it would never have been possible for the "fittest" to survive and evolve. Evidently it is the result of an aspiration on the part of the oyster to rise above its inferior or "unequal" condition. To use a social rather than a scientific term, it is manifest that we owe our development to the innate snobbishness of the oyster. The theory of evolution, reduced to its social expression, is therefore the theory of snobbishness; and it is from this principle—the grandest, the noblest, and the most powerful that has been implanted in the human breast—that we derive our origin; it is through its mighty influence that we maintain our existence; and it is upon its "latent potencies" that we base our hopes for the future. Implanted more strongly in the Anglo-Saxon race than in any other people on the face of the globe, it has carried the British nation to the pinnacle of greatness and prosperity which it now occupies, though the sentiment is evidently weakening of late under the deleterious influence of a prominent leader in the Liberal party; but it is developing a majesty in the United States which should cause a thrill of pride in the breast of every Englishman when he recognises how worthy the people of America are proving themselves of the noble heritage they have received from the mother country. Never yet have they thoroughly realised how much they owed to those Pilgrim Fathers, whose hearts throbbing and veins palpitating with the life-sustaining, "naturally selecting" principle of snobbishness, selected, in obedience to its promptings, a noble and virgin continent, upon which their descendants might evolve into social conditions denied to them in their own country. It is to this principle I now wish to appeal, for the purpose of directing it, if possible, to a practical object.

Innumerable evidences confirm my conviction, that no matter what a constitution, drawn up to meet exigencies which have passed away, may say politically, socially the principle of equality is doomed in America. In all the larger cities there is a class which openly calls itself, and is openly called by others, the aristocracy; and the more modern members of it are endeavouring as much as possible to adopt the manners and customs of aristocracies in other countries, to contract matrimonial alliances with them, and to bow down before them. They put their servants into livery; emblazon the panels of their carriages with heraldic devices, in which coronets and other insignia of nobility, and even of royalty, may often be detected. Some have purchased property abroad, and call themselves by its well-sounding foreign name; others have adopted the names of noble families; and some have even gone so far as to assume foreign titles, which they use when abroad, and with the crests and armorial bearings of which, even at home, they stamp their note-paper and decorate their dinner *menus*. The demand has become so extended in this direction, that two heralds' offices have actually been opened in a fashionable part of New York to meet it, where coats of arms, crests, and mottoes may be obtained to suit the name, taste, rank, and pedigree of the purchaser. A directory, called

the 'Elite Directory,' bound in purple leather, with gilt edges, has been published; and not long ago a newspaper was started in Chicago, called 'The Imperialist,' advocating the formation of an aristocracy, and suggesting names for titles which should be adopted. As far back as two hundred years ago, so great a philosopher as John Locke recognised this latent tendency in the constitution which he drew up for the royal colony of South Carolina, one of the provisions of which established a House of Peers, composed of three orders of nobility, severally entitled Landgraves, Palatines, and Caciques—the landgraves to rank with English earls, the palatines with English viscounts, and the caciques with English barons. This lasted for three or four years, and the last landgraviate family has only become extinct in our own times. This spirit, as I have shown, still descends, as it ought, with even greater force to our own day, and through all classes, so that every one who can, however remotely or obscurely, lay claim to any military, political, or judicial title, is proud to be addressed by it; while his fellow-citizens meet his wishes in this respect as liberally as possible. Thus even porters and cabmen are called gentlemen, and laundresses and shopwomen, wash-ladies and sales-ladies. In the same manner, though orders are not permitted in the United States, the men and officers of the militia regiments decorate their breasts with freemason, odd-fellow, knight-templar, fenian, and other badges, which present a truly martial appearance, and give the wearer an air of having seen much service.

The Congress of the United States, recognising this upward tendency on the part of the American soldier, passed a special Act after the close of the civil war, authorising all the field-officers of the army of the Union, honourably mustered out of service, to claim the title and wear the uniform of their rank—a privilege which, as the Courts of Europe are well aware, has not been left to slumber by such American diplomatists as have been entitled to it.

I have felt both encouraged and edified by the spectacle of General Grant, the late President of the United States, and his entire family, manifesting in a marked degree an abundant instinct of inequality. The sternness with which he insists upon social precedence, to which he can lay no claim, being accorded to him—the grace with which he accepts the homage of those whom he considers his social inferiors—the ease with which he adapts himself to the habits and customs of the aristocracy of each country he visits, with a proud consciousness that it is the class to which he instinctively belongs—the quick recognition by that class that he is entitled to take his place among them as one of nature's "fittest," and to look down, as they do, upon those whom she has not "naturally selected" for social eminence—the gratification of his own countrymen at the honours which have been showered upon this early but magnificent promise of their future aristocracy, —all this, I say, is eminently encouraging, but it only proves how imperative the necessity has become for constructing a social system which shall place matters on an assured basis, and deprive carpers and sceptics of an excuse to taunt those whose irrepressible social ambitions prompt them to assume prerogatives which may not yet legally belong to them, but which, in obedience to the dictates of the great principle to which they owe their origin, they feel compelled to appropriate. What, for instance, could be more unseemly on the part

of his own countrymen, than to pick flaws in the title of Brigadier-General Badeau, "A.D.C. in the suite," or to criticise the magnificent decorations and orders with which he adorned his uniform? Why should such meritorious efforts at evolution be sneered at in the case of this distinguished officer, when they are universally commended on the part of the oyster? Truly has it been remarked, that scientific men are as illogical as theologians. Go onwards and upwards, then, on the bright and glorious road that leads to social eminence, Grant, Badeau, Pierrepont, worthy representatives of the noble race from which you have sprung; be not checked by the scoffings of the low-born and envious in your aspirations after precedence, decorations, and pedigree; the time will come when all men will recognise in you, and others who are even now following your example, the pioneers of a new and mighty social development, whose benign and mellowing influence will ultimately extend, if it has not already reached, to the gulches and cañons of California.

It being clear, then, that without social ambition there can be no social evolution—and it being abundantly evident, from the illustrations I have adduced, that the sentiment of social ambition has of late years been acquiring overwhelming and uncontrollable force in the American breast—it follows that the moment is ripe for a specific direction to be imparted to it. Unless this is done, there is a danger of a catastrophic period, accompanied by social and political shocks, which may cause great disaster and even loss of life; whereas, if my plan is followed, there will be no more difficulty in transforming a democracy into an aristocracy than there was in changing a monkey into a man. It will be a smooth, easy, and natural process, very similar to that of rubbing off your tail. What, in fact, are the poor, the low-born, and the uneducated of society, but its tail? Very well, then, if you want to evolve, you must rub it off. Nothing can be more self-evident than that; the question is how to do it without producing irritation. It is inherent to the process of transformation that it is rather painful; no amount of salves or caustics can prevent this; the problem is to have as little soreness as possible. Now it is natural that any attempt to form a new *couche sociale* will leave the class that is left out very sore; therefore it will be necessary to discover a salve which may allay the irritation. The salve I propose is a political one. What do American aristocrats want to do with politics? absolutely nothing! They won't dirty their fingers with politics even now; how much less should they do so when they are the possessors of real titles! In all old aristocratic European countries the aristocracy is a part of the political machinery, hence it is constantly brought into unpleasant collision with the masses, and is more or less unpopular, while it holds its position by a precarious tenure. Now in America it would be quite different. Here I propose to construct, in the first instance, a purely social aristocracy, having no special political rights or privileges: what need they care about political recognition at Washington, if they are recognised socially by all the crowned heads of Europe? In fact, it might be advisable that one of their rules should preclude any member of Congress or politician from belonging to their order, though this might be relaxed in favour of ex-presidents and ex-ministers to foreign Courts, who could give satisfactory proofs of their having achieved great social

success, and manifested a profound contempt for the politics of their own country. This entire exclusion from the arena of politics, while a necessary measure in initiating the order of aristocracy in America, would of necessity only be temporary. The irresistible forces at work would finally, as will appear later, sweep away all obstructions raised by the democracy to the overwhelming development of the aristocracy in every department of life, political and financial as well as social; but the merit of the process consists in the fact that it would be entirely unaccompanied by any open or active effort on their part. Thus beautifully do the forces of nature do their work when they are properly directed.

It is well known to scientific men that the most dangerous and disagreeable moment in the process of evolution is the first; *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* It is then that the animal first feels those well-known curious shooting pains; and though they are accompanied by a certain feeling of gratification arising from the proof they convey to his mind that he has been a specimen selected for the purpose on account of his fitness, still we have the most distinct testimony to the fact that the creature is often in great doubt at this crisis whether "the game is worth the candle." Whatever scoffers may say to the contrary, there is nothing more clearly established than this — so much so that many animals can be proved to have shown hesitation in the early stages of the process. The Ornithorhynchus paradoxus, or duck-bill platypus, is an illustration of this; and the minute observation by naturalists of the mental structure of the aye-aye of Madagascar, proves clearly that had it not been for an hereditary tendency to vacillation in that animal, he would now have been a perfect ape, instead of being obliged to take refuge in the length of his finger-nails. Many other animals in the same way have thus stuck in the middle, and through a certain feebleness of aspiration have been unable to advance, while a retreat to their former condition, where they were much more comfortable, is cut off from them; for it is also established beyond a question that, however much you may desire it, you cannot evolve backwards. The same rules hold good morally which hold good physically. Indeed it is clear that this must be so, as recent investigations by scientific men make it absolutely certain that mind is fluent or gaseous matter, and that matter is condensed and solidified mind. From which it follows that it is not impossible that while the social evolution I am about to suggest is in progress, certain physical modifications may occur simultaneously. These, as I have remarked, may be accompanied by shooting pains in the regions about to undergo change. This change will necessarily be in accordance with the dominant social aspiration, and therefore aristocratic in character: thus the nostrils will become thinner, and more pink and distended; the ears smaller and more delicately lobed; the eyebrows more perfectly arched; defective features will be modified so as to assume a more lofty and classical type, hands and feet diminished in size, and changes of form imparting greater elegance and elasticity to the frame will occur. Perhaps I may seem too bold in saying all this *will* occur. At the same time, we have a long train of uninterrupted testimony to prove that if Nature be consistent with herself they *must* occur, therefore I feel bound to give this warning to my sympathetic reader; but I do not imagine that the prospect of such a contingency,

even though it may be painful, will check his noble ardour to rise. Still, I would suggest, as a preliminary measure, that several secret conferences be held among those who, after reading this essay, feel instinctively drawn together by a common appreciation of the truth, and of the sagacity and research by which it is inspired. These will be the *élite*, the very *crême de la crême* of society. The majority, unable to detect profound wisdom in a form which appeals almost exclusively to the trained mind of science, and prejudiced against it by their religious bigotry, will turn it to ridicule; but it is not those I seek to reach. The "fittest" will at once respond; and it is by them that this great movement will be inaugurated. They will "select" with an unerring instinct those who should, in the first instance, receive titles. They will, in fact, be intuitively prompted by nature as to the selection; from the "Blue Blood" of Philadelphia, from the "Culture" of Boston (Beacon Street), from "The F. F. V." (first families of Virginia; from Canal Street, in New Orleans (right-hand side); from the descendants of the great Patroons of New Amsterdam, the Knickerbockers of New York, and the dwellers in 2d Avenue; from all that is ancient, sacred, cherished, and aspiring in the suppressed aristocracy of the land—will come the response of the "fittest." They will then form themselves into a secret society—for no profane or vulgar eye may dare to penetrate into the early throes of this period of gestation; but one of their first acts must be to collect funds among themselves for the purchase of titles. As a general thing, it will be found preferable that each man purchase his own title; but there may be cases where it would be advisable to assist him to do so. These may be procured from the Republics of San Marino and Andorre, from the Prince of Monaco, and from the five Counts Palatine of the Holy Roman Empire, at rates corresponding to the various degrees of impecuniosity of those who are entitled to confer them. The Pope, and several of the small German princes, and various Governments of Europe, will bestow them for other services besides those which are purely pecuniary; nor will it be impossible for distinguished American families to prove their noble descent sufficiently to the satisfaction of certain foreign Powers to warrant their being acknowledged as rightful possessors of titles which they may claim by inheritance. We all know that the representatives of more than one British noble family are now simple citizens of the United States. All this would be remedied by the scheme which I propose. After a certain number of titles had thus been confidentially secured, the right should be obtained by the American Order, as soon as it was properly constituted, of conferring them. This may be accomplished in the same way as the transmission of the power of the ordination of bishops depends upon the validity of the source from which it is derived. This power could not properly be contested if it was obtained from the Pope; and it is not unlikely that Leo XIII. will ere long find himself so much in need of support that he would be glad to conciliate a young and powerful aristocracy by granting them this privilege. When this has been secured, and the Order numbers two hundred members, it will formally constitute itself in secret session, and organise the four fundamental institutions upon which its greatness and power will finally depend. These are the two "Colleges of the Order," the

"Syndicate of the Order," and the "Tribunal of the Order." The Colleges of the Order will consist of the "Heralds' College" and the "Electoral College." The Heralds' College will be composed of such members of the Order as, according to rules which will necessarily be framed for the guidance of the Order, shall be duly qualified. The functions of the Heralds' College will be to supervise all matters connected with armorial bearings, pedigrees, orders of precedence, &c., &c.; it will report upon alliances which it is desirable should be promoted with the members of foreign aristocratic families, and decide upon the titles which, in the interest of the Order, new members should assume. In all matters of taste the Heralds' College should reign supreme. Thus, for instance, any one attaining the rank of Marquis, and desiring to call himself the Marquis of Mauch Chunk, would be compelled to abide by the veto of the College, if that body, as is most probable, refused, on æsthetic grounds, its assent to the title. It would probably be found convenient that a list of titles, composed chiefly of sonorous and high-sounding names, such as Narragansett, Tuscarora, Onondaga, and Ashtabula, should be kept at the Heralds' College for new members to choose from. The elaboration of the rules and regulations, the code of etiquette in matters of dress, of forms of salutation, and of styles of address in official and private correspondence, will fall into the Heralds' College department. The slovenly manners of the present day, even in old aristocratic countries, are an evidence how much a supervision of this kind is needed; and we have the universal testimony of travellers to the fact, that nowhere is there a race more formed by nature to inaugurate a movement of this sort, than the younger branch of the Anglo-Saxon family; their polite consideration of the fair sex in cars and omnibuses, and other places of public resort, and their chivalrous instincts in matters of single combat, especially in the South, are sufficient evidence that a code of honour might be revived under the auspices of the Heralds' College, to which all Europe would speedily be compelled to conform.

The functions of the Electoral College are more simple: it would be composed only of the oldest and most trusted members of the nobility, whose business it would be to discuss the eligibility, and vote upon the admission, of new members. As the stability and dignity of the Order must mainly depend upon the characters of the men who compose it, it is manifest that the functions of the Electoral College are of the utmost importance. This body alone will be vested with the Papal authority to confer titles to which I have already alluded.

The "Syndicate of the Order" is, in other words, its financial committee. As the power and influence of every aristocracy in every country must depend rather upon its wealth than anything else, and as land is too common in the New World to add very much to the social position or dignity of its possessor, it is of the first importance that every member of the aristocracy should not only be enormously rich, but that his money should be well and safely invested. As, however, it would be beneath the dignity of a nobleman personally to attend to money matters, or to be engaged in any other business than that connected with the chivalric pursuits of the Order, provision for the acquiring and preserving his wealth has to be made otherwise. I may here say that members of the aristocracy will be allowed by the rules of the Order, as laid down in the Heralds'

College, to enter the army, the navy, and the Church,—the art of first killing people and then saving their souls being one in which all aristocracies have ever been proficient. At the same time, it would be beneath the dignity of an aristocrat to enter any denomination for the latter purpose, unless there was a good prospect of his being able to minister to the spiritual welfare of souls in the capacity of a bishop. In all matters, whether they be connected with people's souls or bodies, the dignity of his Order must be his first consideration. Therefore, while he may be in the army or navy, and receive pay without loss of dignity —for he receives it from the Government, and not from any one individual; and the function of personal combat is a noble one—under no circumstances could he be a doctor, for he would then have to receive pay from an individual; and the function of saving life for pay has ever been considered by all orders of aristocrats as ignoble. It is not the same with the Church, for here, as I have said, he may rise to a position of great authority and dignity, and he receives his pay not from an individual, but from masses of individuals collectively. Nevertheless, it is not likely that many members of the Order will adopt this calling, nor is it desirable that they should. No objection exists to their engaging in artistic, literary, or scientific pursuits, provided they are not paid for their labours. In order, then, that their riches may continually increase without any effort on their part, the Syndicate of the Order becomes necessary. Its composition is peculiar. In former times, as is well known, the buffoon and the domestic chaplain played an important part in the establishment of every great noble. It has, for obvious reasons, been found no longer necessary to keep private buffoons, and even domestic chaplains are rare; but I would suggest, for reasons which I will presently explain, that the latter should form part of every American nobleman's establishment, while I propose to substitute for the private buffoon an individual whom I will call the "private money-grub." Strange as it may seem, the principal operators on the Stock Exchange, the directors and controllers of the railway, telegraph, and steamship lines of the country, the presidents of banks and insurance companies, the leading merchants, the magnates of finance, in fact—would all eagerly seek the position of private money-grubs, for it would be the only avenue through which they could hope ultimately to become themselves ennobled. The private money-grub, after being allowed by the Syndicate enough to live upon, would have his earnings divided into two equal parts. Half would go to the nobleman to whose household he was attached; the other half would be laid by for his own benefit, until it reached the amount necessary to qualify him to be a candidate for the honours of nobility. By this ingenious method it is plain, that while the aristocracy keep themselves removed from the defiling touch of commerce and business generally, they would indirectly exercise a most powerful influence over the finance of the nation.

In addition to the money-grub and the domestic chaplain, there would also be attached to every noble family the "family counsel." The three would form a triumvirate essential to the maintenance and well-being of every nobleman's establishment above a certain rank, and would serve as checks upon one another. Thus the domestic chaplain might advise the money-grub that a certain financial proceeding was morally right, when it might be

necessary for the family counsel, who knew the law, to show that it involved legal penalties; or, on the other hand, the counsel might advise a course which was legally safe, which the domestic chaplain might show to be attended with moral difficulties. Here the money-grub in his turn would operate as a check on the chaplain, as he would be empowered to reduce the salary of the latter just in proportion as he raised any such difficulties; while both counsel and chaplain would have an interest in seeing that the money-grub did not cheat his noble master, as their only chance of reaching the lower ranks of the nobility would depend upon the fidelity with which they performed this service. By this simple and beautiful system, money would be made under the sanction alike of the law and of the Church, and fraud be rendered impossible. It is needless to remark that, as in many cases the family counsel would occupy the position of judge, the rights and private interests of the aristocracy would be assured in the event of any attempt to attack them by legal proceedings on the part of the democracy.

The Syndicate of the Order, then, would be composed of a certain number of leading money-grubs, of eminent family counsel, and, for the purpose of inspiring confidence, of a small sprinkling of such domestic chaplains as were loudest in their professions of personal piety, and most celebrated for their theological proficiency. These members of the Syndicate would, while preserving each nobleman's fortune independent, act with a certain harmony and concert, and, by skilful combinations, would easily be able to defeat the schemes of the financial democracy, who, as a rule, are treacherous in their combined operations, and live by plundering and cheating each other. A certain proportion of the fortune of each nobleman would nevertheless be placed in a common fund, to be used for purposes common to the interests of the Order—such as the building of clubs, churches, or theatres, which should be frequented exclusively by the members of the aristocracy and the untitled friends whom they might admit to such privileges. Another part of this fund, to be called the "dower fund," would be devoted exclusively to the providing of portions or *dots* for such daughters of noblemen as it was thought desirable, for the due propagation and maintenance of the Order, should contract alliances with the foreign noblemen, who, being almost always mercenary, require as a first condition suitable marriage settlements. These would of course be graduated according to the beauty of the young lady, the rank of the proposed bridegroom, and the advantages in point of connection and influence which he had to offer. Such questions would not, however, fall within the province of the Syndicate, who would simply have to provide the money, but of the Heralds' College, without whose concurrence and approval no marriages among the aristocracy, either at home or abroad, could be contracted. This is necessary for purposes of physical evolution, as it is of the utmost importance, in order to produce the highest organic results, that the strain of blood should be kept pure. The neglect of this simple precaution must inevitably prevent any further development on the part of existing aristocracies, who will thus remain in an imperfect and rudimentary condition, and finally occupy very much the same relation to the aristocracy of America that the Veddahs of Ceylon, the Bosjesmen of South Africa, or the aboriginal natives of Australia do to the Caucasian race. I have taken the

trouble to make calculations, based upon the analogy of similar changes in the past, about which no doubt or mistake is possible, and I find that upwards of two million seven hundred and fifty thousand years must elapse before this contrast will exist to the marked extent I have described; the change, however, will be watched with the greatest care and precision by scientific men, who will all ultimately themselves be compelled, in order to escape this fate, to become American noblemen.

I have been led into this slight digression in order to show how grand and inspiring is the mission which the aristocracy of the New World has before it. It is needless to say that it will be aided in its development by the peculiarly favourable conditions, both of soil and climate, which are special to the western hemisphere. While the nations of Europe, in obedience to those sanguinary instincts which prove their close connection with the *feræ naturæ* from which they are descended, are engaged in a fierce and bloody struggle, from which it is very doubtful whether the fittest will survive, the American aristocracy will be peacefully and intelligently improving its breed. Carefully avoiding, under the direction of their domestic chaplains, any differences of opinion on matters of theology, which can in no way advance the interests of the Order, they will not feel disposed to commit "atrocities" on Christian principles, or otherwise check the physical progress of the race, out of regard for its spiritual welfare.

We now come to the fourth and last institution, the "Tribunal of the Order." This will be composed of the most eminent and learned noblemen duly elected, together with a few family counsel who are most eligible for promotion. It will constitute a sort of Court of Appeal from the Heralds' College. Before it will be tried the cases of all such noblemen as have infringed the laws of the Order, by assuming honours to which they are not entitled; treating with indifference the rules of etiquette; conducting themselves in private life, or in their intercourse with the democracy, in a manner unbecoming their dignity; marrying or giving in marriage in disregard to the veto of the Heralds' College,—and so forth. It will be a Court of Reference and Arbitration in all cases of dispute between members of the Order; and it will try money-grubs, family counsels, or domestic chaplains, who may have proved unfaithful to their trust. There will be a scale of pains and penalties inflicted proportionate to the offence committed, the most severe of which will be expulsion from the Order, with deprivation of rank, and excommunication from all social intercourse whatever. Under no circumstances will noblemen be permitted to bring lawsuits against each other before the established judicatory of the country. This is partly because it would not comport with their dignity to do so, and partly because the judges, being elected by the democracy, and being themselves plebeian, they would, except in the case of a family counsel happening to be a judge, decide upon democratic principles, which, as a rule, do not further the ends of justice. The Tribunal of the Order would therefore, in serious cases, have recourse to the far safer, more enlightened, and more expeditious method of trial by single combat before a jury of peers, according to the rules thereunto provided.

From all this it will be seen that the nobles, while refraining from pursuits involving the acquisition of wealth, or from in any way mixing with the common herd, will be by no

means an idle class. Besides indulging in horse-racing, yachting, coaching, hunting, and other manly sports, they will have three professions open to them in addition to the domain of art, science, and literature; besides which, the two Colleges and Tribunal will give ample serious occupation to such of their members as have the privilege of belonging to these bodies. It is desirable that they should travel extensively, and spend much of their time in social intercourse with the aristocracies of other countries. They will probably find life in the country-houses of the British aristocracy especially congenial to their tastes. Here they will be well received, and there will be no objection in point of taste or etiquette to their protracting such visits indefinitely. It would be considered a duty and a privilege in England to entertain the nobility of America—a hospitality which the latter could return by restoring the fortunes of many poor and decaying families of the British aristocracy, by bestowing upon the eldest sons well-portioned daughters. Having no extensive landed possessions, they would probably not have castles in the country in which to receive their noble guests, should they return their visits; but this could be arranged by a system of palatial hotels, such as already exist in the country. These would be five storeys high, corresponding to the ranks of nobility—dukes being accommodated on the first floor, marquises on the second, and so on.

It is probable that the identity of race, language, and religion would create a far closer sympathy and alliance between the aristocracies of England and America than between those of any other countries; and they could in many ways be mutually beneficial to each other. The degrading tendency which now characterises the British nobility of entering into all kinds of commercial pursuits might thus be checked. Instead of going into the City, and eking out a precarious and not very reputable livelihood as a guinea-pig on the boards of questionable companies, the impecunious scion of aristocracy would be ashamed to degrade an Order, the American branch of which was setting an example of purity, dignity, and the highest sentiments of honour. Indeed it is highly probable that numbers of the cadets of noble families in England, finding that the American nobility offered advantages which their own did not, would apply for admission into its ranks. Such cases would come under the rules laid down in the Heralds' College, regulating the admission of applicants from foreign aristocracies.

These rules would be very strict in all matters of pedigree and antiquity of title; thus no British aristocrat, whose creation did not date back beyond the first settlement of America, would be eligible. No members of any French family ennobled since the Revolution of 1789 need apply. Austrian candidates must all prove their sixteen quarterings, and so on. Nor would this rule be relaxed in favour of royal or ex-royal families. While the Hapsburgs, Bourbons, Guelphs, Hohenzollerns, and even Romanoffs, would be eligible, the Bernadottes of Sweden and all the Bonaparte family, including the Prince Imperial, would be excluded. One must draw the line somewhere.

I have said that when the Order numbered two hundred, it was in a position to constitute itself secretly. When it had organised its four institutions, formulated its rules, and completed its social structure in every respect, the moment would have arrived when it would be its duty openly to announce its

existence and enter upon its functions. When I remarked that naturalists had observed, in the case of the animal kingdom, that the first step in the process of evolution was the most painful, I neglected to state that the last moment, though not attended with any physical suffering, is extremely distressing to the moral sensibilities of the animal: thus, when the first man openly and boldly stepped forth entirely tail-less, his modesty and shyness were so great that the first use he made of his newly-awakened intelligence was to clothe himself. We must all feel instinctively that this could not have been otherwise. In the same way philologists have proved that, if you go back far enough, the syllable expressed by our letters "f, i, g," forms the common root from which all languages have since evolved, with the exception of the languages of certain savage tribes, who are still entirely naked. This is accounted for by the fact that these people developed from a race of monkeys who were themselves originally tail-less, and they were therefore spared any shock of this kind; and so their language, not being based upon the sense of modesty, has not the common idea of clothing expressed by the word "fig" as its root, as is the case with the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian families.

It is a singular fact, and I would venture, with great diffidence, and, at the same time, with the utmost certainty, to assert that it is a fact, of which I am the sole discoverer, that the tailed monkey should have evolved a much higher human development than the untailed; and yet this is only in obedience to the well-known law, that life as it exists on earth "gradates" from very simple into highly complex types, frequently, however, in its gradation missing a link, or taking two steps at a time, as it were. In this way the tail-less monkey was partially skipped by nature, and has thus duly developed into the lower type of still unclothed man. I have used this illustration because it exactly applies to the sensations of modesty of which the American aristocracy will be painfully conscious when they first announce themselves to the world. Their instinct, in order to escape the ridicule of the ill-bred, jealous, and ignorant classes, will be to hide themselves from the public gaze. This tendency they must boldly resist: let them clothe themselves in the panoply of their Order, in their robes and coronets, and appear in state carriages, each drawn by eight horses, with coachmen in powdered wigs, with footmen gorgeous in blazing liveries, preceded by mounted heralds. Let the new Order be proclaimed with the blare of trumpets in the public places of all the principal cities in the Union. False modesty at such a moment would be criminal; let them remember that they are inaugurating a social crisis, which must affect the destiny of every aristocracy in Europe. Supposing this anxious period safely passed, and that they compel, as they will, the recognition of all the right-minded classes of society who are animated with the proper social aspirations, they will be afflicted for some time with a tendency to relapse into their old habits, which must be guarded against. Here, again, the analogy of evolution serves as a guide and a warning. When man first developed he was conscious of singular prehensile sensations, producing an irresistible desire to follow the instinct which still lingered with him, and to hang by his tail, and crack nuts. His newly-developed reason, however, always came to the rescue in time; by a process of ratiocina-

tion, which was necessarily slow, owing to the still imperfect condition of his protoplasm, he perceived that the attempt would be futile and ridiculous, and he refrained. This is a striking illustration of the superiority of reason over instinct. It applies, in the case before us, to the dangerous instinct by which the American nobleman will be at once assailed, to lapse back into money-making. The instinct of commerce and bargaining will be as strong in him at the outset as the tail-hanging, nut-cracking instinct was in the ape; but it will be resisted, and no doubt successfully, by his intellect. After a very short time it will pass away, and he will soon feel no more desire to "operate" financially than he does now to swing on the branches of trees.

The next danger to be avoided is a tendency to a too rapid increase in the numbers of the Order. It is evident that it can only maintain its exclusive character, and the *prestige* by which it can command the respect of the public mind, by refusing to open its ranks too rapidly to those who will seek to press into them. Evolution is specialisation; therefore, in its physical progress, there are always to be noticed two distinct processes going on side by side—the development of a tissue, and the wasting of the parts at the expense of which it grows. The same thing will occur morally; in proportion as the social tissue of the aristocracy develops will there be a tendency on the part of the democracy to waste away. In order to prevent this going on too fast, it must be met by checking the too rapid increase of the numbers and ranks of the nobility. Thus, in the first instance, the highest rank should only be that of earl; it is probable that it will be found most consonant with American tastes to adopt English titles, as by these means the wives and daughters will all be styled lady. Before entering the ranks of the nobility, money-grubs, family counsels, and domestic chaplains will be made knights, baronets, and bishops; then will come the ranks of barons, viscounts, and earls. By degrees, as the Orderswells in numbers, and its wealth and power increase, marquises, dukes, and princes may be created, but only in small numbers and at great intervals, promotion to these ranks being dependent upon their combined physical and moral fitness—a question to be decided by the Electoral College. The proportion of the titled aristocracy to the democracy should not be more than one thousand to fifty million. The younger sons, while belonging to the aristocracy, should have as a distinctive appellation the words "Honourable Sir" prefixed to their Christian names. The Sir is necessary to distinguish them from members of Congress, from State legislators, and other political functionaries who now enjoy the title of Honourable. The daughters below a certain rank will be styled Honourable Misses. Younger sons and daughters may, under certain circumstances, with the approval of the Heralds' College, marry into the families of such wealthy plebeians as may be likely to be elected into the Order, as it is desirable to form a sort of middle class by these means, from which the ranks of the aristocracy may be slowly recruited.

By degrees the democracy will waste away and become enfeebled, in obedience to the law to which I have already alluded; and the influence of this middle class will extend downwards in a manner which must surely, sooner or later, affect the political condition of the country. Thus the nation at large will gradually undergo such social modifications under the pressure of

its aristocracy, as will prepare it for a revolution almost imperceptible in its progress, but which will alter fundamentally its republican character. Political power will eventually slip away from the corrupt classes who now control it, as they become weak and enervated, and inevitably fall into the more sturdy grasp of those who are themselves aspirants for aristocratic honours. All this will occur without any direct intervention on the part of the nobility, but will be the necessary result of revolutionary forces working through the physical and social into the political sphere. In the process of their evolution, politics will thus at last become sufficiently purified for the aristocracy to consider other questions than those which exclusively affect the wellbeing of their Order, and actually to take an interest in the good government and prosperity of their country—a pursuit from which they will have long been excluded. Thus there will finally be evolved a form of government such as has never hitherto existed. It will be oligarchical in character—as intensely anti-republican in the ordinary acceptation of the word, as it will be anti-monarchical. While combining the advantages of both systems, it will exclude their defects, for autocracy and mobocracy will be alike impossible. The days of emperor and demagogue will be for ever ended, and the power of the plutocrat have utterly passed away. What the exact character will be of the administrative machinery which will be devised by a class alike honourable, intelligent, patriotic, and, above all, disinterested, it is not for me to attempt to explain; those familiar with the laws of evolution will know, given the premises as I have given them, how they must of necessity develop. It is therefore competent to any scientific intellect to construct the whole fabric by the usual deductive process; and it would be a mere work of supererogation, and, indeed, a reflection upon the intelligence of the best minds of the day, were I to enter upon it more fully here. It is enough for me to have shadowed forth the outlines of the great social crisis now impending over the New World. If, by anticipating the movement which is inevitable, I have been enabled to assist those who are destined to inaugurate it; if I should be the one to give it that impetus which is always required to set in motion a mighty idea, I would disclaim all credit for this humble effort which may lead to such vast and magnificent results, well knowing that it would have been utterly unavailing were it not for the powerful forces of nature known to be at work, and the consequently receptive condition of those to whom it is addressed.

JOHN CALDIGATE.—PART VIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.—"JUST BY TELLING ME THAT I AM."

THE thunderbolt had fallen now. Caldigate, when he left his wife that he might stroll about the place after the dusk had fallen, told himself again and again that the thunderbolt had certainly fallen now. There could be no longer a doubt but that this woman would claim him as her husband. A whole world of remorse and regrets oppressed his conscience and his heart. He looked back and remembered the wise counsels which had been given him on board the ship, when the captain and Mrs Callender and poor Dick Shand had remonstrated with him, and called to mind his own annoyance when he had bidden them mind their own affairs. And then he remembered how he had determined to break away from the woman at Sydney, and to explain to her, as he might then have done without injustice, that they two could be of no service the one to the other, and that they had better part. It seemed now, as he looked back, to have been so easy for him then to have avoided danger, so easy to have kept a straight course! But now,—now, surely he would be overwhelmed.

And then how easy it would have been, had he been more careful at the beginning of these troubles, to have bought these wretches off! He had been, he now acknowledged, too peremptory in his first refusal to refund a portion of the money to Crinkett. The application had, indeed, been made without those proofs as to the condition of the mine which had since reached him, and he had distrusted Crinkett. Crinkett he had known to be a man not to be trusted. But yet, even after receiving the letter from Euphemia Smith, the matter might have been arranged. When he had first become assured that the new Polyeuka Company had failed, he should have made an offer, even though Euphemia Smith had then commenced her threats. With skill, might he not have done it on this very day? Might he not have made the man understand that if he would base his claim simply on his losses, and make it openly on that ground, then his claim should be considered? But now it was too late, and the thunderbolt had fallen.

What must he do first? Robert Bolton had promised to tell him on the morrow whether he would act for him as his lawyer. He felt sure now that his brother-in-law would not do so; but it would be necessary that he should have an answer, and that necessity would give him an excuse for going into Cambridge and showing himself among the Boltons. Let his sufferings or his fears be what they might, he would never confess to the world that he suffered or that he was frightened, by shutting himself up. He would be seen about Cambridge, walking openly, as though no reports, no rumours, had been spread about concerning him. He would go to the houses of his wife's relations until he should be told that he was not welcome.

"John," his wife said to him that night, "bear it like a man."

"Am I not bearing it like a man?"

"It is crushing your very heart. I see it in your eyes."

"Can you bear it?" He asked his question with a stern voice; but

as he asked it, he turned to her and kissed her.

"Yes," she said,—"yes. While I have you with me, and baby, I can bear anything. While you will tell me everything that happens, I will bear everything. And, John, when you were out just now, and when I am alone and trying to pray, I told myself that I ought not to be unhappy; for I would sooner have you and baby and all these troubles, than be back at Chesterton —without you."

"I wish you were back there. I wish you had never seen me."

"If you say that, then I shall be crushed."

"For your sake, my darling; for your sake,—for your sake! How shall I comfort you when all those around you are saying that you are not my wife?"

"Just by telling me that I am," she said, coming and kneeling at his feet, and looking up into his face. "If you say so, you may be sure that I shall believe no one who says the contrary."

It was thus, and only now, that he began to know the real nature of the woman whom he had succeeded in making his own, and of whom he found now that even her own friends would attempt to rob him. "I will bear it," he said, as he embraced her; "I will bear it, if I can, like a man."

"Oh, ma'am, those men were saying horrid things!" her nurse said to her that night.

"Yes; very horrid things. I know it all. It is part of a wicked plot to rob Mr Caldigate of his money. It is astonishing the wickedness that people will contrive. It is very, very sad. I don't know how long it may be before Mr Caldigate can prove it all."

"But he can prove it all, ma'am?"

"Of course he can. The truth can always be proved at last. I trust there will be no one about the place to doubt him. If there were such a one, I would not speak to him, — though it were my own father; though it were my own mother." Then she took the baby in her arms, as though fearing that the nurse herself might not be loyal.

"I don't think there will be any as knows master, will be wrong enough for that," said the nurse, understanding what was expected of her. After that, but not quite readily, the baby was once more trusted to her.

On the following morning Caldigate rode into the town, and as he put his horse up at the inn, he felt that the very ostler had heard the story. As he walked along the street, it seemed to him that every one he met knew all about it. Robert Bolton would, of course, have heard it; but nevertheless Caldigate walked boldly into the attorney's office. His fault at the time was in being too bold in manner, in carrying himself somewhat too erect, in assuming too much confidence in his eye and mouth. To act a part perfectly requires a consummate actor; and there are phases in life in which acting is absolutely demanded. A man cannot always be at his ease, but he should never seem to be discomfited. For petty troubles the amount of acting necessary is so common that habit has made it almost natural. But when great sorrows come it is hard not to show them,—and harder still not to seem to hide them.

When he entered the private room he found that the old man was there with his son. He shook hands, of course, with both of them, and then he stood a moment silent to hear how they would address him. But as they also were silent

he was compelled to speak. "I hope you got home all right, sir, yesterday; and Mrs Bolton."

The old man did not answer, but he turned his face round to his son. "I hear that you had that man Crinkett out at Folking yesterday," said Robert.

"He was there, certainly, to my sorrow."

"And another with him?"

"Yes; and another with him, whom I had also known at Nobble."

"And they were brought into breakfast?"

"Yes."

"And they afterwards declared that you had married a wife out there in the colony?"

"That also is true."

"They have been with my father this morning."

"I am very, very sorry, sir," said Caldigate, turning to the old man, "that you should have been troubled in so disagreeable a business."

"Now, Caldigate, I will tell you what we propose." It was still the attorney who was speaking, for the old man had not as yet opened his mouth since his son-in-law had entered the room. "There can, I think, be no doubt that this woman intends to bring an accusation of bigamy against you."

"She is threatening to do it. I think it very improbable that she will be fool enough to make the attempt."

"From what I have heard I feel sure that the attempt will be made. Depositions, in fact, will be made before the magistrates some day this week. Crinkett and the woman have been with the mayor this morning, and have been told the way in which they should proceed." Caldigate, when he heard this, felt that he was trembling, but he looked into the speaker's face without allowing his eyes to turn to the right or left. "I am not going to say anything now about the case itself. Indeed, as I know nothing, I can say nothing. You must provide yourself with a lawyer."

"You will not act for me?"

"Certainly not. I must act for my sister. Now what I propose, and what her father proposes, is this,—that she shall return to her home at Puritan Grange while this question is being decided."

"Certainly not," said the husband.

"She must," said the old man, speaking for the first time.

"We shall compel it," said the attorney.

"Compel! How will you compel it? She is my wife."

"That has to be proved. Public opinion will compel it, if nothing else. You cannot make a prisoner of her."

"Oh, she shall go if she wishes it. You shall have free access to her. Bring her mother. Bring your carriage. She shall dispose of herself as she pleases. God forbid that I should keep her, though she be my wife, against her will."

"I am sure she will do as her friends shall advise her when she hears the story," said the attorney.

"She has heard the story. She knows it all. And I am sure that she will not stir a foot," said the husband. "You know nothing about her." This he said turning to his wife's half-brother; and then again he turned to the old man. "You, sir, no doubt, are well aware that she can be firm to her purpose. Nothing but death could take her away from me. If you were to carry her by force to Chesterton she would return to Folking on foot before the day was over. She knows what it is to be a wife. I am not a bit afraid of her leaving me." This he was able to say with a high spirit and an assured voice.

"It is quite out of the question

that she should stay with you while this is going on."

"Of course she must come away," said the banker, not looking at the man, whom he now hated as thoroughly as did his wife.

"Consult your own friends, and let her consult hers. They will all tell you so. Ask Mrs Babington. Ask your own father."

"I shall ask no one—but her."

"Think what her position will be! All the world will at least doubt whether she be your wife or not."

"There is one person who will not doubt,—and that is herself."

"Very good. If it be so, that will be a comfort to you, no doubt. But, for her sake, while other people doubt, will it not be better that she should be with her father and mother? Look at it all round."

"I think it would be better that she should be with me," replied Caldigate.

"Even though your former marriage with that other woman were proved?"

"I will not presume that to be possible. Though a jury should so decide, their decision would be wrong. Such an error could not affect us. I will not think of such a thing."

"And you do not perceive that her troubles will be lighter in her father's house than in yours?"

"Certainly not. To be away from her own house would be such a trouble to her that she would not endure it unless restrained by force."

"If you press her, she would go. Cannot you see that it would be better for her name?"

"Her name is my name," he said, clenching his fist in his violence, "and my name is hers. She can have no good name distinct from me,—no name at all. She is part and parcel of my very self, and under no circumstances will I consent that she shall be torn away from me. No word from any human being shall persuade me to it,—unless it should come from herself."

"We can make her," said the old man.

"No doubt we could get an order from the Court," said the attorney, thinking that anything might be fairly said in such an emergency as this; "but it will be better that she should come of her own accord, or by his direction. Are you aware how probable it is that you may be in prison within a day or two?"

To this Caldigate made no answer, but turned round to leave the room. He paused a moment at the doorway to think whether another word or two might not be said in behalf of his wife. It seemed hard to him, or hard rather upon her, that all the wide-stretching solid support of her family should be taken away from her at such a crisis as the present. He knew their enmity to himself. He could understand both the old enmity and that which had now been newly engendered. Both the one and the other were natural. He had succeeded in getting the girl away from her parents in opposition to both father and mother. And now, almost within the first year of his marriage, she had been brought to this terrible misery by means of disreputable people with whom he had been closely connected! Was it not natural that Robert Bolton should turn against him? If Hester had been his sister and there had come such an interloper what would he have felt? Was it not his duty to be gentle and to give way, if by any giving way he could lessen the evil which he had occasioned. "I am sorry to have to leave your presence like this," he said, turning back to Mr Bolton.

"Why did you ever come into my presence?"

"What has been done is done. Even if I would give her back, I cannot. For better or for worse she is mine. We cannot make it otherwise now. But understand this,—when you ask that she shall come back to you, I do not refuse it on my own account. Though I should be miserable indeed were she to leave me, I will not even ask her to stay. But I know she will stay. Though I should try to drive her out, she would not go. Good-bye, sir." The old man only shook his head. "Good-bye, Robert."

"Good-bye. You had better get some lawyer as soon as you can. If you know any one in London you should send for him. If not, Mr Seely here is as good a man as you can have. He is no friend of mine, but he is a careful attorney who understands his business." Then Caldigate left the room with the intention of going at once to Mr Seely.

But standing patiently at the door, just within the doorway of the house, he met a tall man in dark plain clothes; whom he at once knew to be a policeman. The man, who was aware that Caldigate was a county magistrate, civilly touched his hat, and then, with a few whispered words, expressed his opinion that our hero had better go with him to the mayor's office. Had he a warrant? Yes, he had a warrant, but he thought that probably it might not be necessary for him to show it. "I will go with you, of course," said Caldigate. "I suppose it is on the allegation of a man named Crinkett."

"A lady, sir, I think," said the policeman.

"One Mrs Smith."

"She called herself—Caldigate, sir," said the policeman. Then they went together without any further words to the mayor's court, and from thence, before he heard the accusation made against him, he sent both for his father and for Mr Seely.

He was taken through to a private room, and thither came at once the mayor and another magistrate of the town with whom he was acquainted. "This is a very sad business, Mr Caldigate," said the mayor.

"Very sad indeed. I suppose I know all about it. Two men were with me yesterday threatening to indict me for bigamy if I did not give them a considerable sum of money. I can quite understand that they should have been here, as I know the nature of the evidence they can use. The policeman tells me the woman is here too."

"Oh yes; she is here, and has made her deposition. Indeed, there are two men and another woman who all declare that they were present at her marriage." Then, after some further conversation, the accusers were brought into the room before him, so that their depositions might be read to him. The woman was closely veiled, so that he could not see a feature of her face; but he knew her figure well, and he remembered the other woman, who had been half-companion, half-servant to Euphemia Smith when she had come up to the diggings, and who had been with her both at Ahalala and at Nobble. The woman's name, as he now brought to mind, was Anna Young. Crinkett also, and Adamson, followed them into the room, each of whom had made a deposition on the matter. "Is this the Mr Caldigate," said the mayor, "whom you claim as your husband?"

"He is my husband," said the woman. "He and I were married at Ahalala, in New South Wales."

"It is false," said Caldigate.

"Would you wish to see her face?" asked the mayor.

"No; I know her voice well. She is the woman in whose company I went out to the colony, and whom I knew while I was there. It is not necessary that I should see her. What does she say?"

"That I am your wife, John Caldigate."

Then the deposition was read to him, which stated on the part of the woman, that on a certain day she was married to him by the Rev. Mr Allan, a Wesleyan minister, at Ahalala; that the marriage took place in a tent belonging, as she believed, to Mr Crinkett; and that Crinkett, Adamson, and Anna Young were all present at the marriage. Then the three persons thus named had taken their oaths and made their depositions to the same effect. And a document was produced, purporting to be a copy of the marriage certificate as made out by Mr Allan,—a copy which she, the woman, stated that she obtained at the time; the register itself, which consisted simply of an entry in a small book, having been carried away by Mr Allan in his pocket. Crinkett, when asked what had become of Mr Allan, stated that he knew nothing but that he had left Ahalala. From that day to this none of them had heard of Mr Allan.

Then the mayor gave Caldigate to understand that he must hold himself as committed to stand his trial for bigamy at the next assizes for the county.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE CONCLAVE AT PURITAN GRANGE.

John Caldigate was committed, and liberated on bail. This occurred in Cambridge on the Wednesday after the christening; and before the Saturday night following, all the Boltons were thoroughly convinced that this wretched man, who had taken from them their daughter and their sister, was a bigamist; and that poor Hester, though a mother, was not a wife. The evidence against him, already named, was very strong; but they had been put in possession of other, and as they thought more damning evidence than any to which he had alluded in telling his version of the story to Robert Bolton. The woman had produced, and had shown to Robert Bolton, the envelope of a letter addressed in John Caldigate's handwriting to "Mrs Caldigate, Ahalala, Nobble," which letter had been dated inside from Sydney, and which envelope bore the Sydney post-mark. Caldigate's handwriting was peculiar, and the attorney declared that he could himself swear to it. The letter itself she also produced, but it told less than the envelope. It began as such a letter might begin, "Dearest Feemy," and ended "Yours ever and always, J. C." As she herself had pointed out, a man such as Caldigate does not usually call his wife by that most cherished name in writing to her. The letter itself referred almost altogether to money matters, though perhaps hardly to such as a man generally discusses with his wife. Certain phrases seemed to imply a distinct action. She had better sell these shares or those, if she could, for a certain price,—and suchlike. But she explained, that they both when they married had been possessed of mining shares, represented by scrip which passed from hand to hand readily, and that each still retained his or her own property. But among the various small documents

which she had treasured up for use, should they be needed for some possible occasion such as this, was a note, which had not, indeed, been posted, but which purported to have been written by the minister, Allan, to Caldigate himself, offering to perform the marriage at Ahalala, but advising him to have the ceremony performed at some more settled place, where an established church community with a permanent church or chapel admitted the proper custody of registers. Nothing could be more sensible, or written in a better spirit than this letter, though the language was not that of an educated man. This letter, Caldigate had, she said, showed to her, and she had retained it. Then she brought forward two handkerchiefs which she herself had marked with her new name, Euphemia Caldigate, and the date of the year. This had been done, she declared, immediately after her marriage; and the handkerchiefs seemed by their appearance to justify the assertion. Caldigate had admitted a promise, admitted that he had lived with the woman, admitted that she had passed by his name, admitted that there had been a conversation with the clergyman in regard to his marriage. And now there were three others, besides the woman herself, who were ready to swear,—who had sworn,—that they had witnessed the ceremony!

A clerk had been sent out early in November by Robert and William Bolton to make inquiry in the colony, and he could not well return before the end of March. And, if the accused man should ask for delay, it would hardly be possible to refuse the request, as it might be necessary for his defence that he, too, should get evidence from the colony. The next assizes would be in April, and it would hardly be possible that the trial should take place so soon. And if not, there would be a delay of three or four months more. Even that might hardly suffice should a plea be made on Caldigate's behalf that prolonged inquiry was indispensable. A thousand allegations might be made as to the characters of these witnesses,—characters which doubtless were open to criticism; as to the probability of forgery; as to the necessity of producing Allan, the clergyman; as to Mrs Smith's former position,—whether or no she was in truth a widow when she was living at Ahalala. Richard Shand had been at Ahalala, and must have known the truth. Caldigate might well declare that Richard Shand's presence was essential to his defence. There would and must be delay.

But what, in the meantime, would be the condition of Hester,—Hester Bolton, as they feared that they would be bound in duty to call her,—of Hester and her infant? The thing was so full of real tragedy,—the true human nature of them all was so strongly affected, that for a time family jealousies and hatred had to give way. To father and mother and to the brothers, and to the brother's wife, it was equally a catastrophe, terrible, limitless, like an earthquake, or the falling upon them of some ruined tower. One thing was clear to them all,—that she and her child must be taken away from Folking. Her continued residence there would be a continuation of the horror. The man was not her husband. Not one of them was inspired by a feeling of mercy to allege that, in spite of all that they had heard, he still might be her husband. Even Mrs Robert, who had been most in favour of the Caldigate marriage, did not doubt for an instant. The man had been a gambler at home on race-courses, and then had become a gambler at

the gold-mines in the colony. His life then, by his own admission, had been disreputable. Who does not know that vices which may be treated with tenderness, almost with complaisance, while they are kept in the background, become monstrous, prodigious, awe-inspiring when they are made public? A gentleman may casually let slip some profane word, and even some friendly parson standing by will think but little of it; but let the profane word, through some unfortunate accident, find its way into the newspapers, and the gentleman will be held to have disgraced himself almost for ever. Had nothing been said of a marriage between Caldigate and Mrs Smith, little would have been thought by Robert Bolton, little perhaps by Robert Bolton's father, little even by Robert Bolton's wife, of the unfortunate alliance which he had admitted. But now, everything was added to make a pile of wickedness as big as a mountain.

From the conclave which was held on Saturday at Puritan Grange to decide what should be done, it was impossible to exclude Mrs Bolton. She was the young mother's mother, and how should she be excluded? From the first moment in which something of the truth had reached her ears, it had become impossible to silence her or to exclude her. To her all those former faults would have been black as vice itself, even though there had been no question of a former marriage. Outside active sins, to which it may be presumed no temptation allured herself, were abominable to her. Evil thoughts, hardness of heart, suspicions, unforgivingness, hatred, being too impalpable for denunciation in the Decalogue but lying nearer to the hearts of most men than murder, theft, adultery, and perjury, were not equally abhorrent to her. She had therefore allowed herself to believe all evil of this man, and from the very first had set him down in her heart as a hopeless sinner. The others had opposed her,—because the man had money. In the midst of her shipwreck, in the midst of her misery, through all her maternal agony, there was a certain triumph to her in this. She had been right,—right from first to last, right in everything. Her poor old husband was crushed by the feeling that they had, among them, allowed this miscreant to take their darling away from them,—that he himself had assented; but she had not assented; she was not crushed. Before Monday night all Cambridge had heard something of the story, and then it had been impossible to keep her in the dark. And now, when the conclave met, of course she was one. The old man was there, and Robert Bolton, and William the barrister, who had come down from London to give his advice, and both Mr and Mrs Daniel. Mrs Daniel, of all the females of the family, was the readiest to endure the severity of the step-mother, and she was now giving what comfort she could by her attendance at the Grange.

"Of course she should come home," said the barrister. Up to this moment no one had seen Hester since the evil tidings had been made known; but a messenger had been sent out to Folking with a long letter from her mother, in which the poor nameless one had been implored to come back with her baby to her old home till this matter had been settled. The writer had endeavoured to avoid the saying of hard things against the sinner; but her feelings had been made very clear. "Your father and brothers and all of us think that you should come away from him while this is pending.

Nay; we do not hesitate to say that it is your bounden duty to leave him."

"I will never, never leave my dearest, dearest husband. If they were to put my husband into jail I would sit at the door till they had let him out." That, repeated over and over again, had been the purport of her reply. And that word "husband" she used in almost every line, having only too clearly observed that her mother had not used it at all. "Dearest mother," she said, ending her letter, "I love you as I have always done. But when I became his wife, I swore to love him best. I did not know then how strong my love could be. I have hardly known till now, when he is troubled, of what devotion I was capable. I will not leave him for a moment, —unless I have to do so at his telling."

Such being her determination, and so great her obstinacy, it was quite clear that they could not by soft words or persuasive letters bring her to their way of thinking. She would not submit to their authority, but would claim that as a married woman she owed obedience only to her husband. And it would certainly not be within their power to make her believe that she was not Caldigate's wife. They believed it. They felt that they knew the facts. To them any continuation of the alliance between their poor girl and the false traitor was abominable. They would have hung the man without a moment's thought of mercy had it been possible. There was nothing they would not have done to rescue their Hester from his power. But how was she to be rescued till the dilatory law should have claimed its victim? "Can't she be made to come away by the police?" asked the mother.

The barrister shook his head. "Couldn't the magistrates give an order?" asked the father. Mr Bolton had been a magistrate himself, —was one still, indeed, although for some years he had not sat upon the bench,—but he had no very clear idea of a magistrate's power. The barrister again shook his head. "You seemed to think that something of the kind could be done," he said, turning to Robert. When he wanted advice he would always turn to Robert, especially in the presence of the barrister, intending to show that he thought the lower branch of the profession to be at any rate more accurate than the higher.

"I said something about an order from the Vice-Chancellor. But I fear we should not succeed in getting it." The barrister again shook his head.

"Do you mean to say that nothing can be done?" exclaimed Mrs Bolton, rising up from her seat; "that no steps can be taken?"

"If she were once here, perhaps you could — prevent her return," whispered the barrister.

"Persuade her not to go back," suggested Mrs Daniel.

"Well,—that might come after a time. But I think you would have the feeling of the community with you if you succeeded; well, not violence, you understand."

"No, not violence," said the father.

"I could be violent with him," said Mrs Bolton.

"Just do not let her leave the house," continued the barrister. "Of course it would be disagreeable."

"I should not mind that," said Mrs Bolton. "In doing my duty I could bear anything. To separate her from him I could undergo any trouble."

"But he would have the power to fetch her?" asked the father, doubtfully.

"No doubt; by law he would have such power. But the magistrates would be very loath to assist him. The feeling of the community, as I said, would be in your favour. She would be cowed, and when once she was away from him he would probably feel averse to increase our enmity by taking strong measures for her recovery." Mrs Bolton seemed to declare by her face that it would be quite impossible for him to increase her enmity.

"But we can't lock her up," said the old man.

"Practically you can. Take her bonnet away,—or whatever she came in. Don't let there be a vehicle to carry her back. Let the keys be turned if it be necessary. The servants must know, of course, what you are doing; but they will probably be on your side. I don't mean to say that if she be resolute to escape at any cost you can prevent her. But probably she will not be resolute like that. It requires a deal of resolution for a young woman to show herself in the streets alone in so wretched a plight as hers. It depends on her disposition."

"She is very determined," said Hester's mother.

"And you can be equally so." To this assertion Mrs Bolton assented with a little nod. "You can only try it. It is one of those cases in which, unfortunately, publicity cannot be avoided. We have to do the best we can for her, poor dear, according to our consciences. I should induce her to come on a visit to her mother, and then I should, if possible, detain her."

It was thus that William Bolton gave his advice; and as Robert Bolton assented, it was determined that this should be the line of action. Nor can it be said that they were either cruel or unloving in their projected scheme. Believing as they did that the man was not her husband, it must be admitted that it was their duty to take her away from him if possible. But it was not probable that Hester herself would look upon their care of her in the same light. She would beat herself against the bars of her cage; and even should she be prevented from escaping by the motives and reasons which William Bolton had suggested, she would not the less regard her father and mother as wicked tyrants. The mother understood that very well. And she, though she was hard to all the world besides, had never been hard to her girl. No tenderest female bosom that ever panted at injustice done to her offspring was more full than hers of pity, love, and desire. To save her Hester from sin and suffering she would willingly lay down her life. And she knew that in carrying out the scheme that had been proposed she must appear to her girl to be an enemy,—to be the bitterest of all enemies! I have seen a mother force open the convulsively closed jaws of her child in order that some agonising torture might be applied,—which, though agonising, would tend to save her sick infant's life. She did it though the child shrank from her as from some torturing fiend. This mother resolved that she would do the same,—though her child, too, should learn to hate her.

William Bolton undertook to go out to Folking and give the invitation by which she was to be allured to come to Puritan Grange,—only for a day and night if longer absence was objectionable; only for a morning visit, if no more could be achieved. It was all treachery and falsehood;—a doing of certain evil that possible good might come from it. "She will hate me for ever, but yet it ought to be done," said William Bolton; who was a good

man, an excellent husband and father, and regarded in his own profession as an honourable, trustworthy man.

"She will never stay," the old man said to his wife, when the others had gone and they two were left together.

"I don't know."

"I am sure she will never stay."

"I will try."

Mrs Robert said the same thing when the scheme was explained to her. "Do you think anybody could keep me a prisoner against my will,—unless they locked me up in a cell? Do you think I would not scream?"

The husband endeavoured to explain that the screaming might depend on the causes which had produced the coercion. "I think you would scream, and scream till you were let loose, if the person locking you up had nothing to justify him. But if you felt that the world would be all against you, then you would not scream and would not be let out."

Mrs Robert, however, seemed to think that no one could keep her in any house against her own will without positive bolts, bars, and chains.

In the meantime much had been settled out at Folking, or had been settled at Cambridge, so that the details were known at Folking. Mr Seely had taken up the case, and had of course gone into it with much more minuteness than Robert Bolton had done. Caldigate owned to the writing of the envelope, and to the writing of the letter, but declared that that letter had not been sent in that envelope. He had written the envelope in some foolish joke while at Ahalala,—he remembered doing it well; but he was quite sure that it had never passed through the Sydney post-office. The letter itself had been written from Sydney. He remembered writing that also, and he remembered posting it at Sydney in an envelope addressed to Mrs Smith. When Mr Seely assured him that he himself had seen the post-office stamp of Sydney on the cover, Caldigate declared that it must have been passed through the post-office for fraudulent purposes after it had left his hands. "Then," said Mr Seely, "the fraud must have been meditated and prepared three years ago,—which is hardly probable."

As to the letter from the clergyman Allan, of which Mr Seely had procured a copy, Caldigate declared that it had certainly never been addressed to him. He had never received any letter from Mr Allan,—had never seen the man's handwriting. He was quite sure that if he were in New South Wales he could get a dozen people to swear that there had never been such a marriage at Ahalala. He did name many people, especially Dick Shand. Then Mr Seely proposed to send out an agent to the colony, who should take the depositions of such witnesses as he could find, and who should, if possible, bring Dick Shand back with him. And, at whatever cost, search should be made for Mr Allan; and Mr Allan should, if found, be brought to England, if money could bring him. If Mr Allan could not be found, some document written by him might perhaps be obtained with reference to his handwriting. But, through it all, Mr Seely did believe that there had been some marriage ceremony between his client and Mrs Euphemia Smith.

All this, down to the smallest detail, was told to Hester,—Hester Bolton or Hester Caldigate, whichever she might be. And there was no word uttered by the man she claimed as her husband which she did not believe as though it were gospel.

CHAPTER XXXI.—HESTER IS LURED BACK.

On the Monday morning, Mr William Bolton, the barrister, who had much to his own inconvenience remained at Cambridge for the purpose of carrying out the scheme which he had proposed, went over to Folking in a fly. He had never been at the place before, and was personally less well acquainted with the family into which his sister had married than any other Bolton. Had everything been pleasant, nothing could have been more natural than such a visit; but as things were very far from pleasant, Hester was much surprised when he was shown into her room. It had been known to Robert Bolton that Caldigate now came every day into Cambridge to see either his lawyer or his father, and that therefore he would certainly not be found at home about the middle of the day. It was henceforth to be a law with all the Boltons, at any rate till after the trial, that they would not speak to, or if possible see, John Caldigate. Not without very strong cause would William Bolton have entered his house, but that strong cause existed.

"Oh, William, I am so glad to see you!" said Hester, rushing into her brother's arms.

"I too am glad to see you, Hester, though the time is so sad to us all."

"Yes, yes; it is sad,—oh, so sad! Is it not terrible that there should be people so wicked, and that they should be able to cause so much trouble to innocent persons?"

"With all my heart I feel for you," said the brother, caressing his young sister.

With quickest instinct she immediately perceived that a slight emphasis given to the word "you" implied the singular number. She drew herself back a little, still feeling, however, that no offence had as yet been committed against which she could express her indignation. But it was necessary that a protest should be made at once. "I am so sorry that my husband is not here to welcome you. He has gone into Cambridge to fetch his father. Poor Mr Caldigate is so troubled by all this that he prefers now to come and stay with us."

"Ah, indeed! I daresay it will be better that the father and the son should be together."

"Father and son, or even mother and daughter, are not like husbands and wives, are they?"

"No, they are not," said the barrister, not quite knowing how to answer so very self-evident a proposition, but understanding accurately the line of thought which had rendered it necessary for the poor creature to reassert at every moment the bond by which she would fain be bound to the father of her child.

"But Mr Caldigate is so good,—so good and gentle to me and baby, that I am delighted that he should be here with John. You know of all this."

"Yes, I know, of course."

"And will feel all that John has to suffer."

"It is very bad,—very bad for everybody concerned. By his own showing, his conduct——"

"William," said she, "let this be settled in one word. I will not hear a syllable against my husband from you or any one else. I am delighted to see you,—I cannot tell you how delighted. Oh, if papa would come,—or mamma! Dear, dear mamma! You don't suppose but what I love you all!"

"I am sure you do."

"But not from papa or mamma even will I hear a word against him. Would Fanny,"—Fanny was the barrister's wife—"let her people come and say things behind your back?"

"I hope not."

"Then, believe that I can be as stout as Fanny. But we need not quarrel. You will come and see baby, and have some lunch. I am afraid they will not be here till three or four, but they will be so glad to see you if you will wait."

He would not wait, of course; but he allowed himself to be taken away to see baby, and did eat his lunch. Then he brought forward the purport of his mission. "Your mother is most anxious to see you, Hester. You will go and visit her?"

"Oh yes," said Hester, unaware of any danger. "But I wish she would come to me."

"My dear girl, as things are at present that is impossible. You can at any rate understand as much as that. There must be a trial."

"I suppose so."

"And till that has been held your mother would be wrong to come here. I express no judgment against any one."

"I should have thought mamma would have been the first to support me,—me and baby," she said, sobbing.

"Certainly. If you were homeless——"

"But I am not. My husband gives me a house to live in, and I want none other."

"What I wish to explain is, that if you were in want of anything——"

"I am in want of nothing,—but sympathy."

"You have it from me and from all of us. But pray, listen for a moment. She cannot come to you till the trial be over. I am sure Mr Caldigate would understand that."

"He comes to me," she said, alluding to her father-in-law, and not choosing to understand that her brother should have called her husband "Mr Caldigate."

"But there can be no reason why you should not go to Chesterton."

"Just to see mamma?"

"For a day or two," he replied, blushing inwardly at his own lie. "Could you go to-morrow?"

"Oh no,—not to stay. Of course I must ask my husband. I'm sure he'll let me go if I ask it, but not to-morrow. Why to morrow?"

"Only that your mother longs to see you." He had been specially instigated to induce her to come as soon as possible. "You may imagine how anxious she is."

"Poor mamma! Yes,—I know she suffers. I know mamma's feelings. Mamma and I must, must, must quarrel if we talk about this. Of course I will go to see her. But will you tell her this,—that if she cannot speak of my husband with affection and respect, it will be better that—she should not mention him at all? I will not submit to a word even from her."

When he took his departure it was settled that she would, with her husband's permission, go over to Chesterton for a couple of nights in the course of the next week; but that she could not fix the day till she had seen him. Then, when he was taking his departure and kissing her once again, she whispered a word to him. "Try and be charitable, William. I sometimes think that at Chesterton we hardly knew what charity meant."

That evening the proposed visit to Chesterton was discussed at Folking. The old man had very strongly taken up his son's side, and was of opinion that the Boltons were not only uncharitable, but perversely ill-conditioned in the view which they took. To his

thinking, Crinkett, Adamson, and the woman were greedy, fraudulent scoundrels, who had brought forward this charge solely with the view of extorting money. He declared that the very fact that they had begun by asking for money should have barred their evidence before any magistrates. The oaths of the four "scoundrels" were, according to him, worth nothing. The scrap of paper purporting to be a copy of the marriage certificate, and the clergyman's pretended letter, were mere forgeries, having about them no evidence or probability of truth. Any one could have written them. As to that envelope addressed to Mrs Caldigate, with the Sydney postmark, he had his own theory. He thought but little of the intercourse which his son acknowledged with the woman, but was of opinion that his son "had been an ass" in writing those words. But a man does not marry a woman by simply writing his own name with the word mistress prefixed to it on an envelope. Any other woman might have adduced the envelope as evidence of his marriage with her! It was, he said, monstrous that any one should give credence to such a bundle of lies. Therefore his words were gospel, and his wishes were laws to Hester. She clung round him, and hovered over him, and patted him like a very daughter, insisting that he should nurse the baby, and talking of him to her husband as though he were manifestly the wisest man in Cambridgeshire. She forgot even that little flaw in his religious belief. To her thinking at the present moment, a man who would believe that her baby was the honest son of an honest father and mother had almost religion enough for all purposes.

"Quite right that you should go," said the old man.

"I think so," said the husband, "though I am afraid they will trouble her."

"The only question is, whether they will let her come back."

"What!" exclaimed Hester.

"Whether they won't keep you when they've got you."

"I won't be kept. I will come back. You don't suppose I'd let them talk me over?"

"No, my dear; I don't think they'll be able to do that. But there are such things as bolts and bars."

"Impossible!" said his son.

"Do you mean that they'll send me to prison?" asked Hester.

"No, they can't do that. They wouldn't take you in at the county jail, but they might make a prison of Puritan Grange. I don't say they will, but they might try it."

"I should get out, of course."

"I daresay you would; but there might be trouble."

"Papa would not allow that," said Hester. "Papa understands better than that. I've a right to go where I like, just as anybody else; —that is, if John tells me." The matter was discussed at some length, but John Caldigate was of opinion that no such attempt as the old man had suggested was probable, — or even possible. The idea that in these days any one should be kept a prisoner in a private house,—any one over whom no one in that house possessed legitimate authority,—seemed to him to be monstrous. That a husband should lock up his wife might be possible, or a father his unmarried and dependent daughter; but that any one should venture to lock up another man's wife was, he declared, out of the question. Mr Caldigate again said that he should not be surprised if it were attempted; but acknowledged that the attempt could hardly be successful.

As Hester was anxious to make the visit, it was arranged that she should go. It was not that she expected much pleasure even in seeing her mother;—but that it was expedient at such a time to maintain what fellowship might still be possible with her own family. The trial would of course liberate them from all their trouble; and then, when the trial should be over, it would be very sad if an entire rupture between herself and her parents should have been created. She would be true to her husband; as true as a part must be to the whole, as the heart must be to the brain. They two were, and ever would be, one. But if her mother could be spared to her, if she could be saved from a lasting quarrel with her mother, it would be so much to her! Tears came into the eyes even of the old man as he assented; and her husband swore to her that for her sake he would forgive every injury from any one bearing the name of Bolton when all this should be over.

A day was therefore fixed, and a note was written, and on the last day of February she and her baby and her nurse were taken over to Puritan Grange. In the meantime telegrams at a very great cost had been flying backwards and forwards between Cambridge and Sydney. William and Robert Bolton had determined among them that, at whatever expense to the family, the truth must be ascertained; and to this the old banker had assented. So far they were right, no doubt. If the daughter and sister was not in truth a wife,—if by grossest, by most cruel ill-usage she had been lured to a ruin for which there could be no remedy in this world,—it would be better that the fact should be known at once, so that her life might be pure though it could never again be bright. But it was strange that, with all these Boltons, there was a desire, an anxiety, to prove the man's guilt rather than his innocence. Mrs Bolton had always regarded him as a guilty man,—though guilty of she knew not what. She had always predicted misery from a marriage so distasteful to her; and her husband, though he had been brought to oppose her and to sanction the marriage, had, from the moment in which the sanction was given, been induced by her influence to regret it. Robert Bolton, when the charge was first made, when the letter from the woman was first shown to him, had become aware that he had made a mistake in allowing this trouble to come upon the family; and then, as from point to point the evidence had been opened out to him, he had gradually convinced himself that the son-in-law and brother-in-law, whom he had, as it were, forced into the family, was a biganist. There was present to them all an intense desire to prove the man's guilt, which was startling to all around who heard anything of the matter. Up to this time the Bolton telegrams and the Caldigate telegrams had elicited two facts,—that Allan the Wesleyan minister had gone to the Fiji Islands and had there died; and that they at Nobble who had last known Dick Shand's address, now knew it no longer. Caldigate had himself gone to Pollington, and had there ascertained that no tidings had been received from Dick by any of the Shand family for the last twelve months. It had been decided that the trial must be postponed at any rate till the summer assizes, which would be held in Cambridge about the last week in August; and it was thought by some that even then the case would not be ready. There was, no doubt, an opinion prevalent in Cambridge that the unfortunate young mother

should be taken home to her own family till the matter should be decided; and among the ladies of the town John Caldigate himself was blamed severely for not allowing her to place herself under her father's protection; but the ladies of the town generally were not probably well acquainted with the disposition and temper of the young wife herself.

Things were in this condition when Hester and her baby went to her father's house. Though that suspicion as to some intended durance which Mr Caldigate had expressed was not credited by her, still, as she was driven up to the house, the idea was in her mind. She looked at the door and she looked at the window, and she could not conceive it possible that such a thing should be attempted. She thought of her own knowledge of the house; how, if it were necessary, she could escape from the back of the garden into the little field running down to the river, and how she could cross the ferry. Of course she knew every outlet and inlet about the place, and was sure that confinement would be impossible. But she did not think of her bonnet nor of her boots, nor of the horror which it would be to her should she be driven to wander forth into the town, and to seek a conveyance back to Folking in the public streets.

She went on a Monday with an understanding that she was to remain there till Wednesday. Mrs Bolton almost wished that a shorter visit had been arranged in order that she might at once commence her hostile operations without any intermediate and hypocritical pretences. She had planned her campaign thoroughly in her own mind, and had taken the cook into her confidence, the cook being the oldest and most religious servant in the house. When the day of departure should have come the cook was to lock the doors, and the gardener was to close the little gate at the bottom of the garden; and the bonnet and other things were to be removed, and then the mother would declare her purpose. But in the meantime allusions to that intended return to Folking must be accepted, and listened to with false assent. It was very grievous, but so it was arranged. As soon as Hester was in the house, the mother felt how much better it would have been to declare to her daughter at once that she was a prisoner;—but it was then too late to alter their proposed plans.

It very nearly came to pass that Hester left her mother on the morning of her arrival. They had both determined to be cautious, reticent, and forbearing, but the difference between them was so vital that reticence was impossible. At first there was a profusion of natural tears, and a profusion of embraces. Each clung to the other for a while as though some feeling might be satisfied by mere contact; and then the woe of the thing, the woe of it, was acknowledged on both sides! They could agree that the wickedness of the wicked was very wicked. Wherever might lie the sin of fraud and falsehood, the unmerited misfortunes of poor Hester were palpable enough. They could weep together over the wrongs inflicted on that darling baby. But by degrees it was impossible to abstain from alluding to the cause of their sorrow;—and such allusion became absolutely necessary when an attempt was made to persuade Hester to remain at her old home with her own consent. This was done by her father on the evening of her arrival, in compliance with the plan that had been arranged. "No,

papa, no; I cannot do that," she said, with a tone of angry determination.

"It is your duty, Hester. All your friends will tell you so."

"My duty is to my husband," she said, "and in such a matter I can allow myself to listen to no other friend." She was so firm and fixed in this, that he did not even dare to go on with his expostulation.

But afterwards, when they were up-stairs together, Mrs Bolton spoke out more at length and with more energy. "Mamma, it is of no use," said Hester.

"It ought to be of use. Do you know the position in which you are?"

"Very well. I am my husband's wife."

"If it be so, well. But if it be not so, and if you remain with him while there is a doubt upon the matter, then you are his mistress."

"If I am not his wife, then I will be his mistress," said Hester, standing up and looking as she spoke much as her mother would look in her most determined moments.

"My child!"

"What is the use of all this, mamma? Nothing shall make me leave him. Others may be ashamed of me; but because of this I shall never be ashamed of myself. You are ashamed of me!"

"If you could mean what you said just now I should be ashamed of you."

"I do mean it. Though the juries and the judges should say that he was not my husband, though all the judges in England should say it, I would not believe them. They may put him in prison and so divide us; but they never shall divide my bone from his bone, and my flesh from his flesh. As you are ashamed of me, I had better go back to-morrow."

Then Mrs Bolton determined that early in the morning she would look to the bolts and bars; but when the morning came matters had softened themselves a little.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE BABINGTON WEDDING.

"It is your duty, — especially your duty, — to separate them." This was said by Mr Smirkie, the vicar of Plum-cum-Pippin, to Mr Bromley, the rector of Utterden; and the words were spoken in the park at Babington, where the two clergymen were taking a walk together. Mr Smirkie's first wife had been a Miss Bromley, a sister of the clergyman at Utterden; and as Julia Babington was anxious to take to her bosom all her future husband's past belongings, Mr Bromley had been invited to Babington. It might be that aunt Polly was at this time well inclined to exercise her hospitality in this direction by a feeling that Mr Bromley would be able to talk to them about this terrible affair. Mr Bromley was intimate with John Caldigate, and of course would know all about it. There was naturally in aunt Polly's heart a certain amount of self-congratulation at the way in which things were going. Mr Smirkie, no doubt, had had a former wife, but no one would call him a bigamist. In what a condition might her poor Julia have been but for that interposition of Providence! For aunt Polly regarded poor Hester Bolton as having been quite a providential incident, furnished expressly for the salvation of Julia. Hitherto Mr Bromley had been very short in his expressions respecting

the Folking tragedy, having simply declared that, judging by character, he could not conceive that a man such as Caldigate would have been guilty of such a crime. But now he was being put through his facings more closely by his brother-in-law.

"Why should I want to separate them?"

"Because the evidence of his guilt is so strong."

"That is for a jury to judge."

"Yes; and if a jury should decide that there had been no Australian marriage,—which I fear we can hardly hope;—but if a jury were to decide that, then of course she could go back to him. But while there is a doubt, I should have thought, Tom, you certainly would have seen it, even though you never have had a wife of your own."

"I think I see all that there is to see," said the other. "If the poor lady has been deceived and betrayed, no punishment can be too heavy for the man who has so injured her. But the very enormity of the iniquity makes me doubt it. As far as I can judge, Caldigate is a high-spirited, honest gentleman, to whom the perpetration of so great a sin would hardly suggest itself."

"But if,—but if—! Think of her condition, Tom!"

"You would have to think of your own, if you were to attempt to tell her to leave him."

"That means that you are afraid of her."

"It certainly means that I should be very much afraid if I thought of taking such a liberty. If I believed it to be my duty, I hope that I would do it."

"You are her clergyman."

"Certainly. I christened her child. I preach to her twice every Sunday. And if she were to die, I should bury her."

"Is that all?"

"Pretty nearly;—except that I generally dine at the house once a-week."

"Is there nothing further confided to you than that?"

"If she were to come to me for advice, then it would be my duty to give her what advice I thought to be best; and then——"

"Well, then?"

"Then I should have to make up my mind,—which I have not done at present,—I should have to make up my mind, not as to his guilt, for I believe him to be innocent, but as to the expediency of a separation till a jury should have acquitted him. But I am well aware that she won't come to me; and from little words which constantly drop from her, I am quite sure that nothing would induce her to leave her husband but a direct command from himself."

"You might do it through him."

"I am equally sure that nothing would induce him to send her away."

But such a conviction as this was not sufficient for Mr Smirkie. He was alive to the fact,—uncomfortably alive to the fact,—that the ordinary life of gentlefolk in England does not admit of direct clerical interference. As a country clergyman, he could bestow his admonitions upon his poorer neighbours; but upon those who were well-to-do he could not intrude himself unasked, unless, as he thought, in cases of great emergency. Here was a case of very great emergency. He was sure that he would have courage for the occasion if Folking were within the bounds of Plum-cum-Pippin. It was just the case in which counsel should be volunteered;—in which so much could be said which would be gross impertinence from others though it might be so manifest a duty to a clergyman! But Mr Bromley could not be aroused to a

sense either of his duty or of his privileges. All this was sad to Mr Smirkie, who regretted those past days in which, as he believed, the delinquent soul had been as manifestly subject to ecclesiastical interference as the delinquent body has always been to the civil law.

But with Julia, who was to be his wife, he could be more imperative. She was taught to give thanks before the throne of grace because she had been spared the ignominy of being married to a man who could not have made her his wife, and had had an unstained clergyman of the Church of England given to her for her protection. For with that candour which is so delightful, and so common in these days, everything had been told to Mr Smirkie,—how her young heart had for a time turned itself towards her cousin, how she had been deceived, and then how rejoiced she was that by such deceit she had been reserved for her present more glorious fate. "And won't Mr Bromley speak to her?" Julia asked.

"It is a very difficult question, —a very difficult question indeed," said Mr Smirkie, shaking his head. He was quite sure that were Folking in his parish he would perform the duty, though Mr Caldigate and the unfortunate lady might be as a lion and a lioness in opposition to him; but he was also of opinion that sacerdotal differences of opinion should not be discussed among laymen,—should not be discussed by a clergyman even with the wife of his bosom.

At Babington opinion was somewhat divided. Aunt Polly and Julia were of course certain that John Caldigate had married the woman in Australia. But the two other girls and their father were not at all so sure. Indeed there had been a little misunderstanding among the Babingtons on the subject, which was perhaps strengthened by the fact that Mr Smirkie had more endeared himself to Julia's mother than to Julia's father or sisters, and that Mr Smirkie himself was very clear as to the criminality of the bigamist. "I suppose you are often there?" Mr Babington said to his guest, the parson of Utterden.

"Yes; I have seen a good deal of them."

"Do you think it possible?"

"Not probable," said the clergyman.

"I don't," said the squire. "I suppose he was a little wild out there, but that is a very different thing from bigamy. Young men, when they get out to those places, are not quite so particular as they ought to be, I daresay. When I was young, perhaps I was not as steady as I ought to have been. But, by George! here is a man comes over and asks for a lot of money; and then the woman asks for money; and then they say that if they don't get it, they'll swear the fellow was married in Australia. I can't fancy that any jury will believe that."

"I hope not."

"And yet Madam,"—the squire was in the habit of calling his wife Madam when he intended to insinuate anything against her,—"has got it settled in her head that this young woman isn't his wife at all. I think it's uncommon hard. A man ought to be considered innocent till he has been found guilty. I shall go over and see him one of these days, and say a kind word to her."

There was at that moment some little difference of opinion, which was coming to a head in reference to a very delicate matter. When the conversations above related took place, the Babington wedding had been fixed to take place in a week's

time. Should cousin John be invited, or should he not? Julia was decidedly against it. "She did not think," she said, "that she could stand up at the altar and conduct herself on an occasion so trying if she were aware that he were standing by her." Mr Smirkie, of course, was not asked,—was not directly asked. But equally, of course, he was able to convey his own opinion through his future bride. Aunt Polly thought that the county would be shocked if a man charged with bigamy was allowed to be present at the marriage. But the squire was a man who could have an opinion of his own; and after having elicited that of Mr Bromley, insisted that the invitation should be sent.

"It will be a pollution," said Julia, sternly, to her younger sisters.

"You will be a married woman almost before you have seen him," said Georgiana, the second, "and so it won't matter so much to you. We must get over it as we can."

Julia had been thought by her sisters not to bear the Smirkie triumph with sufficient humility, and they therefore were sometimes a little harsh to her. "I don't think you understand it at all," said Julia. "You have no conception what should be the feelings of a married woman, especially when she is going to become the wife of one of God's ministers."

But in spite of all this, aunt Polly wrote to her nephew as follows:—

"Dear John,—Our dearest Julia is to be married on Tuesday next. You know how anxious we all have been to maintain affectionate family relations with you, and we therefore do not like the idea of our sweet child passing from her present sphere to other duties without your presence. Will you come over on Monday evening, and stay till after the breakfast? It is astonishing how many of our friends from the two counties have expressed their wish to grace the ceremony by their company. I doubt whether there is a clergyman in the diocese of Ely more respected and thought of by all the upper classes than Augustus Smirkie.

"I do not ask Mrs Caldigate, because, under present circumstances, she would not perhaps wish to go into company, and because Augustus has never yet had an opportunity of making her acquaintance. I will only say that it is the anxious wish of us all here that you and she together may soon see the end of these terrible troubles.—Believe me to be your affectionate aunt,

"Maryanne Babington."

The writing of this letter had not been effected without much difficulty. The squire himself was not good at the writing of letters, and, though he did insist on seeing this epistle, so that he might be satisfied that Caldigate had been asked in good faith, he did not know how to propose alterations. "That's all my eye," he said, referring to his son-in-law that was to be. "He's as good as another, but I don't know that he's any better."

"That, my dear," said aunt Polly, "is because you do not interest yourself about such matters. If you had heard what the archdeacon said of him the other day, you would think differently."

"He's another parson," said the squire. "Of course they butter each other up." Then he went on to the other paragraph. "I wouldn't have said anything about his wife."

"That would not have been civil," said aunt Polly; "and as you insist on my asking him, I do not wish to be rude." And so the letter was sent as it was written.

It reached Caldigate on the day which Hester was passing with her mother at Chesterton,—on the Tuesday. She had left Folking on the Monday, intending to return on the Wednesday. Caldigate was therefore alone with his father. "They might as well have left that undone," said he, throwing the letter over the table.

"It's about the silliest letter I ever read," said the old squire; "but it is intended for civility. She means to show that she does not condemn you. There are many people who do not know when to speak and when to be silent. I shouldn't go."

"No, I shan't go."

"But I should take it as meant in kindness."

Then John Caldigate wrote back as follows:—

"All this that has befallen my wife and me prevents us from going anywhere. She is at the present moment with her own people at Chesterton, but when she returns I shall not leave her. Give my kindest love to Julia, and ask her from me to accept the little present which I send her."

Julia declared that she would much rather not have accepted the brooch, and that she would never wear it. But animosity against such articles wears itself out quickly, and it may be expected that the little ornament will be seen in the houses of the Suffolk gentry among whom Mr Smirkie is so popular.

Whether it was Mr Smirkie's popularity, or the general estimation in which the Babington family were held, or the delight which is taken by the world at large in weddings, there was a very great gathering at Babington Church, and in the squire's house afterwards. Though it was early in March,—a time of the year which, in the eastern counties of England, is not altogether propitious to out-of-doors festivity,—though the roads were muddy, and the park sloppy, and the church abominably open to draughts, still there was a crowd. The young ladies in that part of the world had been slow in marrying lately, and it was felt that the present occasion might give a little fillip to the neighbourhood. This was the second Suffolk young lady that Mr Smirkie had married, and he was therefore entitled to popularity. He certainly had done as much as he could, and there was probably no one around who had done more.

"I think the dear child will be happy," said Mrs Babington to her old friend Mrs Munday,—the wife of Archdeacon Munday, the clerical dignitary who had given Mr Smirkie so good a character.

"Of course she will," said Mrs Munday, who had already given three daughters in marriage to three clergymen, and who had, as it were, become used to the transfer.

"And that she will do her duty in it."

"Why not? There's nothing difficult in it if she only sees that he has his surplice and bands properly got up. He is not, on the whole, a bad-tempered man; and though the children are rough, they'll grow out of that. And she ought to make him take two, or perhaps three, glasses of port wine on Sundays. Mr Smirkie is not as young as he used to be; and two whole duties, with the Sunday school, which must be looked into, do take a good deal out of a man. The archdeacon, of course, has a curate; but I suppose Mr Smirkie could hardly manage that just at present?"

The views which had hitherto been taken at Babington of the

bride's future life had been somewhat loftier than this. The bands and the surplice and the port wine seemed to be small after all that had been said. The mother felt that she was in some degree rebuked,—not having yet learned that nothing will so much lessen the enthusiasm one may feel for the work of a barrister, or a member of Parliament, or a clergyman, as a little domestic conversation with the wife of the one or the other. But Mrs Munday was a lady possessing much clerical authority, and that which she said had to be endured with equanimity.

Mr Smirkie seemed to enjoy the occasion, and held his own through the day with much dignity. The archdeacon, and the clergyman of the parish, and Mr Bromley, all assisted, and nothing was wanting of outward ceremony which a small country church could supply. When his health was drunk at the breakfast he preached quite a little sermon as he returned thanks, holding his bride's hands in his the while, performing his part in the scene in a manner which no one else would have dared to attempt.

Then there was the parting between the mother and daughter upstairs, before she was taken away for her ten days' wedding-tour to Brighton. "My darling; — it is not so far but that I can come and see you very often."

"Pray do, mamma."

"And I think I can help you with the children."

"I am not a bit afraid of them, mamma. I intend to have my way with them, and that will be everything. I don't mean to be weak. Of course Augustus will do what he thinks best in the parish, but he quite understands that I am to be mistress at home. As for Mrs Munday, mamma, I don't suppose that she knows everything. I believe I can manage quite as well as Mrs Munday."

Then there was a parting joint congratulation that she had not yielded to the allurements of her cousin, John Caldigate. "Oh no, mamma; that would never have done."

"Think where you might have been now!"

"I am sure I should have found out his character in time and have broken from him, let it have cost what it might. A man that can do such things as that is to me quite horrible. What is to become of her, and her baby;—and perhaps two," she added in a whisper, holding up her hands and shaking her head. The ceremony through which she had just passed had given her courage to hint at such a possibility. "I suppose she'll have to be called Miss Bolton again." Of course there was some well-founded triumph in the bosom of the undoubted Mrs Augustus Smirkie as she remembered what her own fate might have been. Then she was carried away in the family carriage, amidst a deluge of rice and a shower of old shoes.

That same night Mr Bromley gave an account of the wedding to John Caldigate at Folking, telling him how well all the personages had performed their parts. "Poor Julia! she at any rate will be safe."

"Safe enough, I should think," said the clergyman.

"What I mean is, that she has no dangers to fear such as my poor wife has encountered. Whomever I think of now, I cannot but compare them to ourselves. No woman surely was ever so ill-used as she, and no man ever so unfortunate as myself."

"It will be all one in August."

"And where shall I be. My own lawyer tells me that it is too probable that I shall be in prison. And where will she be then?"

DANGEROUS SHOTS.

From the days when Mr Winkle put the life of the long man in jeopardy, and doubtless from times much more remote, the "dangerous shot" has been a source of anxiety and difficulty to his friends and to the unhappy persons who have been compelled to associate with him in his sport. Of anxiety, for the simple reason that he is a homicide *in posse* if not *in esse;* and of difficulty, because, criminal though he be, it has hitherto been found impossible to reform or suppress him. We do not profess to have discovered a cure for an evil which has baffled generations of sportsmen. We can only endeavour, by a little classification and analysis, to enable the unwary to recognise and avoid their destroyer when they meet him.

Dangerous shots may be roughly divided into the *inexperienced,* the *careless,* and the *reckless.* After dealing shortly with these three large classes, we shall address a few words of tender remonstrance and advice to the *short-sighted*—a most respectable class, whom we are loath to confuse with hardier offenders, or even to classify under the head of "dangerous shots," but who still, by reason of their infirmity, are sometimes dangerous.

The inexperienced shot.—Youth and inexperience are generally supposed to go hand in hand; but an exception to the rule is to be found in shooting-parties. If a boy is allowed by his father to join the party, you may be pretty sure that he knows how to handle his gun. There remains, no doubt, the risk of his being carried away by excitement; but if he does not shoot carefully he can be easily snubbed, and there is usually an elder brother or other relative at hand only too ready and willing to do it. Besides, you know a boy when you see him, and are on your guard. The really dangerous inexperienced shot is the man who has taken to shooting rather late in life, and is ashamed to confess his ignorance, and therefore never learns to shoot properly. Of such Mr Winkle was a glaring example. But while we have our Winkles (and they are many) nowadays, we unfortunately lack the correctives which were present in his case—namely, the stern and unsparing denunciations of Mr Pickwick, and the outspoken comments of Mr Weller.

We fear that the class of Winkles is becoming more numerous. This is partly owing to the increase of wealth, and the greater facility (though not greater economy) with which shootings can in these days be hired. Men of business who in former days would have lived and died without firing a shot, now take to shooting in later life, and spend part of their wealth in purchasing or hiring shootings. They settle in the country for the summer and autumn months, and are at once asked by their neighbours to shoot on the assumption that they can do so safely. This assumption, which is often wofully unfounded, strangely enough seems to hold as strongly as does that of the innocence of a person accused of a crime until his guilt is proved; the principle being, apparently, that until your neighbour actually puts your life in danger, you are bound to believe that he is a safe shot. Many of these men, we gladly admit, can shoot not only safely, but well; but among their ranks is to be found plenty of raw ma-

terial for the inexperienced dangerous shot.

There is more difficulty in timeously detecting the inexperienced type of terror than in suppressing him when detected. He is neither intentionally nor recklessly dangerous; but he has the cunning of self-preservation and will not spontaneously write himself down a muff. In the days of muzzle-loaders detection was comparatively easy. The mysteries of loading were too many for him. Ofttimes in his confusion he would insert a wad or a charge of shot before the powder, and complain that his gun would not go off. Detection followed swiftly. "George," shouted the host, "Mr Simpkinson's gun has gone wrong *again*." The line was then detained for about ten minutes, at the expiry of which the keeper, after in vain pouring powder into the nipple, and snapping many caps, would, with a face purple with rage, exhibit to the company on the point of a pin, indubitable traces of lead where powder should have been. Again, he would ram down two or three charges of shot and burst his gun; or fire off his ramrod, and skewer one of the dogs or a beater. Feats like these could not escape detection; and when one of them occurred, the inexperienced usually subsided in great shame, and was with difficulty induced to discharge his gun again that day. And there was this melancholy consolation in these performances, that they were quite as dangerous to himself as to the rest of the party.

But nowadays, with the safe and easy mechanism of breech-loaders, those warnings and safeguards have vanished. His powers of mutilating himself have been greatly diminished, but his capability of damaging others is practically as great as before. If you suspect and watch him, numberless minute signs of inexperience will betray him,—a gingerly method of cocking and uncocking his gun, slowness and uncertainty of aim, the shot occasionally striking the ground or a tree a yard behind or below the object, &c. But this is to say that you can catch a bird by putting salt on his tail. In reality you don't watch him because you don't suspect him; but you are treading on a volcano. Some time ago we spent six hours or so in walking a perpendicular and rough hillside in line—a very likely place for an accident unless great care was taken. One of the guns next us was a quiet, gentlemanly man, whom we had never met before. He spoke and shot little, and neither distinguished nor committed himself in any way; with this exception, that he fired at and killed a bird which appeared to every one else to be flying over the next parish, and yet he did not seem to regard the shot as exceptional. He would certainly have passed undetected had it not been that his own keeper (who was carrying his cartridges) could not be induced to keep up with him, and consequently was perpetually getting out of line; and on being remonstrated with by the keeper of the place, said,—"Na, na, Geordie man! he putt seeven pellets intill me yestreen." On inquiry, it transpired that our friend began to shoot late in life. He might at any moment have put seven or any other number of pellets into us.

The careless shot.—This person is a very uncomfortable neighbour. His eccentricities are quite as dangerous as the mistakes of the inexperienced; but they proceed from another cause—want of care. This is the man who pulls his gun through a hedge on full-cock, with the muzzle towards himself, or pushes it through with the muzzle towards his friends. He habitually forgets

or omits to draw his cartridges at lunch-time, and frequently takes his gun loaded into the house. If his gun is pinfire, he takes an opportunity, when the party is squatting at lunch, as close as a covey in a grass-field at night, to demonstrate that he can explode a cartridge, without causing the slightest damage, by hammering the pin with a stone. He never takes the trouble to ask or look to see where the other guns are posted, and accordingly rakes them right merrily when a bird comes in their line. He is usually a genial, light-hearted creature, and all the more irrepressible on that account. If he nearly shoots a man, he takes the first word and rallies him cheerily,—"Thought I had you there, sir!" "You had a squeak for it that time, old man!" and so forth, while his victim is speechless with rage and terror. If he is not within sight, you are left in no doubt as to the scene of his labours; for frequent cries of "Let them rise, sir!" and "Take care where you fire!" mingled with oaths, ascend from the spot.

He is almost incurable—but he is not brutal; and if he has the misfortune to hit a man badly, he not improbably will give up shooting—for a time. If you meet him a year or two later, you will find him blazing away as carelessly as ever, and, in all likelihood, the guest of the man he shot.

The reckless shot. — This is a very malignant type. We use the word reckless, as distinguished from careless, to describe the man who wilfully runs the risk of hitting another rather than lose a shot. Some men, no doubt, are reckless from excitement, and have no thoughts for anything but the bird they are aiming at. But the man whom we have particularly in view is not reckless from excitement. He is self-possessed, cold-blooded, and intensely selfish. He is a monstrous development of the man, familiar to us all, who always takes the most comfortable seat in a carriage, and the only arm-chair in a room. He is accompanied by at least two guns, a loader, and a retriever. He asks for or takes the best posts. His retriever picks up and brings him all the game which falls within sight, by whomsoever slain. He fires at everything within shot, and openly scores whatever he fires at to himself. As he has little or no consideration for the other guns, he has none whatever for the beaters. Without hesitation he will kill a rabbit within a yard of a beater's legs, or fire at a bird a foot above his head. If he hits a beater, and cannot father the shot on any one else, he at once swears at him for getting in the way; and if the man is badly hurt, the only regrets the sportsman feels or expresses are that his sport is stopped, and that compensation is costly. If he is shooting against another man (a most objectionable practice) the rest of the party had better "hide out" at once, as he will spare no one. This is not a pleasant picture, but unfortunately there are such men. Every one dislikes and dreads them, but still they are asked, and go everywhere. Why? you may ask. It is not easy to say. Partly because no one likes to "bell the cat," and partly because they are usually men of substance and position, who have good shooting and other favours to give in return. Still their recklessness is positively criminal, because it is wilful and deliberate; and this class of evil-doer will not be suppressed until one of the order is prosecuted criminally to conviction. A prosecution would raise some very interesting questions; in particular, whether it is implied in the contract of

covert-shooting that all concerned undertake the risk of being shot without hope of redress.

In conclusion let us address a few words of warning to *the short-sighted.*

My short-sighted brother, there is much in you that I admire and respect. You beam upon me so benevolently and humanely through those spectacles; you look so eager, and yet withal so business-like and respectable, as you glare along your barrels at your legitimate prey. You seem to select with punctilious accuracy the very joint or feather where your shot is to lodge ere you draw the trigger. In short, to borrow a favourite expression from cricketing almanacs, you are to all appearances a "conscientious and painstaking" shot. Here at least, one would think, is perfect safety for human beings. But why, oh my brother, do you so persistently stalk my gaiters if I am posted near you, and why fire at them if I spring for safety towards a tree? My gaiters are of a yellowish-brown, it is true, but they are not therefore game. Take warning by the following tale of woe. In a certain county in Scotland there resided a father and son, respected as men but execrated as shots. They were both extremely short-sighted, extremely keen shots, and extremely dangerous. Though their practices were well known, they were frequently invited to *battues* on neighbouring properties, for reasons to which we have already alluded. During one of these *battues* they were posted next each other, — in the hope, presumably, that they would spare each other, or at least that if an accident did occur it might be confined to the family. The beaters being long in coming (possibly the host humanely intended that they should not reach that spot at all), and the weather being warm, the old gentleman sat down behind a hedge and mopped his head briskly with a coloured silk pocket-handkerchief. Alas! the gaudy colours glancing through the hedge caught the sporting eye of the son, who at once jumping to the conclusion that a cock pheasant was in the act of getting up, fired at the object (striking a little below it—a common fault with him), and on his parent springing to his feet in agony, promptly gave him a second barrel. This misadventure had one good result: neither father nor son shot again for some time.

We have intentionally refrained from dwelling in detail on the sad and often irreparable results of shooting accidents. We only allude to them now for the sake of enjoining care. The best shots and the best sportsmen are always careful; but to shoot safely is within the power of every man, and looking to the perfection of modern shooting appliances, carelessness is inexcusable. There is a certain degree of risk in most sports. But with reasonable care and reasonable consideration for the safety of others on the part of the guns, and reasonably good management on the part of those in charge, the risk attending shooting might be reduced to a *minimum.*

THE PHŒNISSÆ OF FRANCE, ITALY, AND GERMANY.

To Thebes, as well as to Argos, was linked by old tradition one of the most horrible stories that ever entered into the mind of man. Over the royal line of each of these famous towns there brooded a curse, caused by crimes—in one case voluntary, in the other involuntary—which at Argos the Sun himself wheeled round his chariot rather than contemplate; which at Thebes (though victim rather than perpetrator) Œdipus, when convicted of, blinded himself sooner than behold the light of day any longer. These crimes and miseries were, as every one knows, along with the Trojan war, the three great fountains of the Greek tragedy, which is briefly but accurately described by Milton as engaged in

> "Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
> Or the tale of Troy divine;"

and as the Greek tragedy will ever exert a powerful influence over men, in proportion to the cultivation of their taste and the acuteness of their sensibility, the agonies of Œdipus and Jocasta, with the woes of their ill-fated children, are familiar, not to scholars only, but to all lovers of poetry, through some one or other of the numerous imitations of the Greek originals.

It is the middle part of the Theban tale of woe which happens to have found an imitator in a representative poet of three of the most remarkable of European literatures: the French Racine, the Italian Alfieri, and the German Schiller, have alike been fascinated by the awful spectacle of two brothers predestined to hatred by their birth, and foredoomed to fall each by the hand of the other. They have left in the background the first part of the story,—that which, in the "King Œdipus" of Sophocles, thrills us with mingled terror and pity, as we see the victim of bewildering oracles and of his own unhappy rashness moving along in his dream of seeming prosperity to awake with a start, and discover in himself the murderer of his own father and the husband of his own mother. One of them, Alfieri, has rehearsed (after Sophocles) the third and final act of the woful drama—the ill-deserved death of the dutiful Antigone. But it is its central portion which has engaged the interest and the labour of all the three—the death-struggle of the two brethren, and the fulfilment on them of their father's curse, as depicted by Æschylus in his "Seven against Thebes," and by Euripides in his "Phœnissæ." Naturally, too, it is the influence of this last rather than of the earlier drama that is most conspicuous in their work. Euripides has more of the characteristics of modern poetry about him than his great but stern predecessor. To neither Æschylus nor Sophocles did it seem possible that Jocasta could survive the fearful shame which had fallen upon her, although without fault of her own. As soon as the real relationship of Œdipus to herself has been made apparent to her in the tragedy of Sophocles, horrified to dumbness, she glides wordless off the stage, to twine the fatal noose and hide herself hastily in the grave. But Euripides has less pity on the unhappy queen. He prolongs her agonies for years after the awful discovery; and makes her the witness of her sons' destruction, after long and useless efforts to prevent it. The mother of the hostile pair is too im-

portant a personage, her situation gives scope for too much passionate and pathetic feeling, to be lightly dispensed with. In this, and in the greater prominence assigned to the sister (who only appears in the drama of Æschylus to lead the wailings over the dead), Euripides has cleared ground which his modern followers have not been slow to occupy—with what success it is our present object to show. And as his "Phœnissæ" is unquestionably a much finer play than either "Les Frères Ennemis" of Racine or the "Polinice" of Alfieri, we shall best attain our purpose by giving a brief account of it, and then indicating the manner in which the French and Italian copies are respectively executed; reserving for consideration afterwards Schiller's far less close imitation, "The Bride of Messina," which may fairly take rank as an original poem. Nor need our readers fear being detained too long over the Greek. Here, as elsewhere, we are saved some labour by the "Ancient Classics for English Readers," and may confidently abridge our own description, trusting that Mr Donne's good account of the "Phœnissæ" stands ready to be referred to on their book-shelves.

It will tell them briefly, but clearly, how the action of the play is opened by the young Antigone's survey of the hostile army from the Theban rampart—that army which approaches, led by her still fondly-loved brother Polynices, and six other gallant chieftains, to reclaim the crown of Thebes from her other brother, Eteocles. For (as Jocasta's prologue has already informed the audience), to avoid the curse denounced on them by their blind father for imprisoning him, the brothers had agreed to reign alternately; and Eteocles, having refused to perform his part of the compact by resigning the crown to Polynices when the first year came to an end, the latter has gathered an army, and advanced to enforce the fulfilment of the agreement. In this scene we are at once struck by the difference between Æschylus and Euripides—the more human interest of the latter, as contrasted with the deep religious and political feeling of the former. In the "Seven against Thebes" it is a messenger, the personification of the people, who depicts the coming peril to the State, as impersonated in the king; while Euripides bids us see the danger to her brothers as well as to her country piercing the young Antigone's heart, making the girl's bosom heave, her lip quiver, and the tear sparkle in her eye. Homer's device of making a fair woman describe the chiefs of her forsaken country to an aged king (repeated in after-days by Tasso when his Erminia names the soldiers of the Cross to the old monarch of Jerusalem from the city-wall), is here copied, but reversed. It is the old and faithful servant of her house who points out one proud warrior after another to the maiden; who hears her patriotic malediction fall on the young Parthenopæus, despite his flowing locks and manly beauty; and who shows her, afar off, by the tomb of Niobe, the brother whom she longs to clasp in her arms. If Homer's picture is beautiful, so is that of Euripides. Helen has wronged the Argives,—Antigone is suffering wrong at their hands; Helen looks at them with a timidity born of remorse,—Antigone surveys them with the fearless curiosity of innocence; Helen is at once grieved and thankful not to see her brethren in the host,—Antigone looks eagerly out for Polynices, and wishes to fly to his side, for she is a sister of whom no brother need feel ashamed.

The superiority as to tenderness

of Euripides in comparison with Æschylus is again manifested in the next scene. After the choric prayer for the welfare of Thebes, offered by the Phœnician priestesses on behalf of their adopted city, is over, Polynices, sheltered by a brief truce, enters the town. The elder dramatist never places him on the stage; he only reviles him by the mouth of his other personages as the enemy of his country. Euripides, on the other hand, suffers him to speak for himself, and brings him face to face with his sorrowful mother. With outcries of joy, with passionate affection, Jocasta rushes to meet her son, whom she had scarcely hoped again to see; since he estranged himself from her for a foreign wife, and since at his nuptials the curse which broods over their house forbade her, as she pathetically says, to light the accustomed torch, "as befits a happy mother." The first words of the exile bespeak the fearful joy with which he finds himself for a little space at home—if that can be called home where foes may be lurking in ambush at every turn. Each old familiar spot, he says, brings tears to his eyes as he once more beholds it; for a man's love of his country is a thing which he may deny in words, but which remains in him by rooted necessity: he sees his own woes reflected in his mother's sad looks and mourning habit, and then they fall with heavier force on his soul. To the inquiry how it fares with his aged father and his two sisters, Polynices receives the ominous reply: "Some god destroys the race of Œdipus." When his mother proceeds to question him about his own condition, his answers recall Dante's description of the exile's state to us. It is the worst of evils, he says, far worse than words can paint it. There is the loss of personal freedom; the dependence on the will of another, intolerable to a generous mind; the having to seem unwise to please unwisdom:—

"*Jocasta.* Hopes come and feed the exile, so say men.
Polynices. They fix fair eyes upon us, but delay.
Joc. Then does not time make plain their emptiness?
Poly. Yea; but amidst our woes they charm us still.
Joc. Ere thou didst wed, whence came thy sustenance?
Poly. Some days brought daily bread to me; some not.
Joc. Did not thy father's guests and friends assist thee?
Poly. Prosper and find friends; they desert the luckless."

It is this misery which he pleads as his excuse to his mother for bearing arms against their country. He has accepted the aid of his father-in-law, Adrastus, King of Argos, most unwillingly; but the life of poverty and dependence was more than he could bear.

During this justification of his course, his rival king and brother enters, and Jocasta has to make her hopeless attempt at the reconciliation of her sons. Vainly she bids them try to look on each other as brothers should, laying aside the remembrance of former wrongs; vainly she calls on Polynices to state his claim, which he does in clear and unanswerable language, reminding his brother of their mutual oath, which he is himself yet ready to observe, although it has been broken on the other side. Eteocles replies that a crown is too sweet to be resigned; that to surrender it to an armed pretender would brand him with the name of coward. Polynices may re-enter Thebes, as a citizen, if he pleases; but, while his brother lives, never as a king. He is too plainspoken and too arrogant to advance any plea of

right* in the matter; force is enough for him. As for right, he says with cynical clearness—

"If we must be unjust, 'tis best to be
Unjust for kingdoms; pious in all else."

On a mind so disposed the well-meant (but not very forcible) observations of poor Jocasta in praise of equality have no effect. It is to no purpose that she points out to him the perils which persistence in his resolve may bring; for he is prepared to brave them all. Her warning to Polynices not to persevere in making war on his native city, since, even if he succeeds, his victory will be a sorrowful one, proves equally unavailing. The entailed curse cannot be made void by argument or entreaty; and the brothers part, hating one another more fiercely than before: Eteocles, through conscience of the wrong he is inflicting—Polynices, through bitter resentment of the wrong he is enduring. "Depart, or die," says Eteocles, scarcely restrained by the truce from actual violence.

"*Poly.* O altars of my country's gods!
Ete. Which thou art come to spoil.
Poly. Hear me.
Ete. Who would? since thou dost war against thy native land.
. . . . . .
Poly. I from that land am chased.
Ete. Yea; since thou camest to destroy it.
Poly. I am wronged, O gods!
Ete. Invoke the gods of Argos: our's let be.
. . . . . .
Poly. O city!
Ete. Speed to Argos; thence call loud on Lerna's wave.
Poly. I go; be tranquil. Thee I praise, my mother.
Ete. Leave these walls.
Poly. I will. Yet let me see my father first.
Ete. That shalt thou not.
Poly. My virgin sisters.
Ete. Neither these shalt thou again behold.
Poly. O sisters!
Ete. Why call for them, being their worst of foes?
Poly. At least,
Mother, farewell I bid thee.
Joc. Faring well, in truth, my son! †
Poly. Thy son I am no longer.
Joc. To much sorrow I was born.
Poly. This man reviles me.
Ete. So dost thou revile him in thy turn.
Poly. Where wilt thou stand before thy towers?
Ete. Why dost thou ask me this?
Poly. I wish to meet thee there and slay thee.
Ete. Thy desire is mine.
Joc. Wretch that I am! What will ye do, my sons?
Poly. The deed will show.
Joc. Will ye not flee your father's curse?
Ete. Nay; let the whole house perish."

So they part, to meet "never but once more,"—leaving Jocasta to what her bitter irony called her joys; † and the Phœnician women, in their forecast of evil, to recount the sowing of the dragon's teeth by their kinsman Cadmus, whence sprang the harvest now in reaping; and to call on every kindred and patron deity for the help which they instinctively feel will be all too little for the approaching crisis.

And now another personage makes his entry on the stage—Creon, the brother of Jocasta, and uncle to the hostile brethren. With him Eteocles takes counsel concerning the attack he is about to make on the invaders; sallying forth from the city walls with all his forces to meet them. To him also he leaves the

* It is Potter (not Euripides) who in his version of this speech makes Eteocles refuse to "resign my *rightful* sceptre."

† "Farewell" is in Greek properly "rejoice;" Jocasta's reply to her son when he bids her farewell is literally, "Right! for I have *joys* indeed."

charge of his family, should he fall in the impending combat. Creon can be trusted to take care of his own sister. Of the wretched father, to whose curse his ills are owing, Eteocles does not seem much to regard the future wellbeing. His sister Antigone he betroths to Creon's son Hæmon; and prepares the way for the catastrophe of the splendid tragedy which bears her name (by Sophocles), when he strictly enjoins Creon never to allow the corpse of Polynices to rest in Theban earth, and to slay whomsoever should bury it there. He finally commits to his uncle the charge of discoursing with the blind soothsayer, Tiresias; the same who made the awful revelation in the "King Œdipus" of Sophocles. Eteocles cannot meet him, Tiresias having given him offence by scoffing at his art, but now desires to receive through him some oracle for the city's good. For that city he offers his parting prayer, and then departs for the conflict in which he is destined to perish.

His departure is followed by the Chorus with solemn song, bewailing the awful intrusion by Mars—ever toilful and blood-dripping—of his terrible discords into the gay strains which were wont to herald the approach of Bacchus, the native Theban deity. Not in cheerful dances, where the hair floats loose and the muse sings sweetly, but as the leader of a joyless revel of armed men, where no flute resounds, but only the dash of shields and the tramp of the chariot-horses, does the dread divinity approach the walls of Thebes. "Would," they exclaim, "that Œdipus had never been preserved in the leafy grove of snowy Cithæron! would that the Sphinx had never proposed her riddles! for then that lawless birth, this kindred strife, had never been." And now Tiresias is seen approaching, feeble with extreme old age, leaning on the daughter who is the star of his blind course; but with the inner eye bright as ever to discern the future. He has nothing encouraging to say. The Thebans have neglected his repeated warnings to get rid of the accursed race of Œdipus, and are now about to be involved in its destruction. One possible remedy remains; but it is one which he hesitates to mention, and he prepares instead to depart. Creon bids him stay, and insists on hearing his advice. "You wish to hear it now; you will soon wish that it had remained unheard," says the soothsayer. "At least, if hear it you must, send away your son Menœceus, who brought me hither." Creon replies that his son's secrecy may be relied on, and that he will rejoice to hear what may save his country. Then the old man speaks, and a thunderbolt seems to fall from his lips. It is the life of this very son of Creon which the gods require as a ransom for his country. With a sigh over a calling which forces him continually either to grieve men by revealing the bitter truth, or to offend the gods by concealing it, Tiresias totters away—leaving the choice with Creon, to save his son or the city. That choice costs him no doubtful consideration: he bids Menœceus fly at once, before the citizens can learn the augury and claim his life as their ransom. His son feigns compliance, listens to his father's plan for his escape, and seems to agree to everything. But he reveals his true purpose, as soon as Creon leaves him, by addressing the Chorus thus:—

"Thus wisely have my words my father's fears
Stolen, that so I may attain my will.
He sends me out to rob this town of safety,
And make myself a coward. And for this
Old age may plead his pardon; but no pardon

Is mine if I betray the land that bore me.
Know this, then: I depart to save the city,
And give my life for this my native earth;
For shame it were if, by no oracle
Forced, by no god constrained, men stand in arms,
Nor fear at all to die in desperate fight
Before these turrets for their country's sake,
While I, to father, brother, and to city
Trait'rous alike, should cowardly go hence:
Thenceforth disgraced, wherever I might roam.
Nay, by the starry Jove, by sanguined Mars,
Who, when upsprung the harvest of armed men,
Appointed them for rulers of this land,
. . . . . .
My word is passed, and I depart, by death
To give no mean gift to this noble city!"

In this young hero's case, Euripides allows a man to rival the self-devotion of his Maccaria, his Polyxena, and his Iphigenia—those young maidens whose self-sacrifice is so thrilling to the beholder. It is hard on his noble resolve that it is, so to speak, crowded into a corner by the throng of other exciting events. Instead of forming the main subject of a tragedy, like the "Iphigenia in Aulis," it is a mere episode in the play before us—not even honoured by one of those detailed descriptions of the heroic victim's demeanour at the supreme moment, which adorn the other dramas of Euripides, in which similar deeds of self-devotion are found. However, though dismissed in few words by the poet, the blood of the brave Menœceus is not suffered by him to flow wholly in vain. The Messenger who arrives before long, with tidings of the great conflict before Thebes for the trembling Jocasta, bears testimony to the way in which the gods have shown their acceptance of his sacrifice by the defeat of the invading army. The interest of his long narration is rather epic than dramatic. It reads like a page of Homer to hear how the young Parthenopæus falls, crushed by a stone, before the gate he is assailing, never again to return to his mother, the mighty huntress, Atalanta; and how Capaneus is flung down from the top of his scaling-ladder by a thunderbolt from the hand of Zeus himself. So far all goes well for Thebes. But here the narrator pauses: Jocasta breathes more freely. "You say my sons live, and that our country is safe. It seems as if, after all, the worst weight of the evils of my nuptials with Œdipus were to fall on Creon—bereaved of his son to the good fortune of the State, but to his own sorrow. But finish. What did my sons next?" The Messenger tries to escape the question, but, pressed by the queen, reveals at last how Eteocles, maddened by hatred, has challenged his brother to single combat, and how the hostile pair are at this very moment arming for the conflict. The unhappy mother rushes forth to separate her sons, first calling their young sister to aid her in the hopeless undertaking:—

"*Jocasta.* Come forth, my child Antigone!—come forth!
Not now to dances, or the sports of maids,
The gods have called thee: nay, to-day 'tis thine
To stay from rushing to their death two men,
Both brave, and both thy brethren; aiding me
To hinder them lest each man slay and die.
Antigone. O mother, what new terror to thy friends
Thy voice is sounding at this palace gate?
Joc. Daughter, thy brothers perish.
Ant. What?
Joc. They meet
In single conflict.
Ant. Woe is me! sad tidings!
Joc. Not welcome; notwithstanding follow me.
. . . . . .
Ant. With what intent?
Joc. To stop thy brothers' strife.
. . . . . .
Ant. Lead where the armies front, we must not tarry.

Joc. Haste, hasten, daughter: so that, if I reach
My sons in time, my life may yet have light.
If they are dead, I may be dead beside them."

The latter of these alternatives is the one which awaits her. Not long after Creon (rising up from his mourning over his dead son to bespeak his sister's care for the last offices to her departed kinsman) has entered vainly seeking her, a second Messenger appears with the details of Jocasta's end. He recounts how the hostile brethren prayed before the fatal encounter, each one to his patron deity for power to take the life of the other, without a request for his own safety—and how each had his prayer granted. For, having met "like foaming wild boars" in their rage, Eteocles, after a sharp conflict, succeeded in giving his brother his death-wound; and was fatally stabbed himself by the dying Polynices as he approached him to strip off his armour. It was not till both had fallen that the mother and sister, too late to save, not too late to lament, arrived on the scene of horror. The dying Eteocles answered their wailings by a feeble grasp of the hand and a mute glance of love—human still in his affection for them. Polynices, not yet speechless, said to them:—

"Mother, I die; and dying, pity thee,
My sister here, and this fraternal corpse,
Of friend who turned my foe,—yet still a friend.
Bury me, mother, and thou too, my sister,
In fatherland, persuading wrathful Thebes
To let me have so much of native earth
For mine, although I lost my hearth and home."

When each had expired, Jocasta snatched up her dead son's sword, and pierced herself with it; so that, falling between the two, impartial in her love, she died embracing both.

Scarcely has the Messenger finished his sad story when a procession is seen advancing, bearing the three dead bodies, preceded by the weeping Antigone. Presently the palace doors open, and a woful form comes out to receive them—that of the blind father, whose curse has been so awfully fulfilled. "Had you yet eyes to see what your curse has brought upon your sons," says his daughter to Œdipus, "it would wring your heart." And to all this grief one more sorrow has yet to be added, that of banishment. Creon, by bequest of Eteocles now the ruler of Thebes, comes forward with the sentence; not, as he says, from any ill-will to Œdipus, but reverencing the will of the gods, plainly declared to him by Tiresias. He dares not change his decree, not even at the sight of the grey-haired sufferer bewailing his nativity under the ban of the gods; the curse, inherited from his father, all too faithfully transmitted to his own wretched offspring; and his present hopelessly forlorn state. He even prepares to rob him of his last consolation, by detaining Antigone as the betrothed bride of his own surviving son, Hæmon. But the harsh sentence, depriving the corpse of Polynices of burial, which he likewise promulgates in the name of the deceased king, has roused the maiden from her stupor of grief. She stands forward in her dead brother's defence, and declares that if Creon persists in forbidding her to perform his funeral rites, sooner than call him father-in-law she will slay Hæmon on their wedding night. The threat takes effect. Creon allows her to share her father's exile. Left alone with that blind sufferer, their last touching dialogue concludes the play. Here are specimens of it:—

"*Œdipus.* Daughter, I needs must praise thy zeal; but yet . . . .
Antigone. Were I to wed, thine exile would be lonely.

Œd. Stay prospering; and I'll count my ills for joys.
Ant. Who then would tend thee in thy blindness, father?
Œd. I could lie still and die, where fate might fling me.
Ant. Where is the king, by the solved riddle crowned?
Œd. Dead; me one day enriched, and one destroyed.
Ant. Therefore it is my part to share thy woes.
Œd. With a blind father exile shames a daughter.
Ant. Nay, honours her, if so her heart be sound.
Œd. Well, lead me then where I can touch thy mother.
Ant. Here, our loved aged one thine hand may feel.
Œd. O mother! wife! of each the wretchedest!
Ant. Woful she lies, having all ills at once.
Œd. Where lies Eteocles? Polynices where?
Ant. Stretched out in death here, closely side by side.
Œd. Lay my blind hand on each ill-fated face.
Ant. Here touch thy dead son's features.
Œd. O dear dead!
O wretched children of a wretched sire!"

Then the old man bids Antigone guide him to Colonus,* near Athens, where the oracle foretold that he should die. With bursts of grief over the unburied brother (whose funeral she declares her intention of returning to perform), and over the sorrows of exile, the dutiful daughter guides her blind father from the city which he once saved, and which now is, perforce, so ungrateful to him. Bewailing his discrowned, dishonoured state, he departs leaning on the faithful arm of the maiden, who for his sake deserts her young companions, the shrines of her gods, her noble bridegroom, and even (for a season) the corpse of her favourite brother.

Few tragedies present an equally pathetic scene. All through the long play, Œdipus has been divined, not beheld, as an awful shadow in the background—the guiltless victim of the curse of his house, the guiltless cause of yet more fearful curses to it. Not till those curses are wellnigh all fulfilled does he glide forth from the darkness which shrouded him, a ghostly and terrible form; like the dead uprising ghastly and pale to welcome the new-comers into his gloomy abode. But when he speaks, he is human still—still accessible to pain; and as with outstretched hands he passes from corpse to corpse, and makes one death after another real to himself in his blindness, his brief lamentations say more to our hearts than longer and more rhetorical expressions of sorrow could have done.

The "Phœnissæ" can only stand in the second rank even of the plays of Euripides. It is held generally in low esteem indeed, therefore, in comparison with the masterpieces of Æschylus and Sophocles. Yet, as regards the first at least, while it is impossible to deny that this drama of Euripides lacks the unity of interest of the "Seven against Thebes," and its rugged and massive grandeur, yet surely it goes far beyond it in pathos, and proves its author the better wielder, of the two tragedians, of that master-key which "opes the sacred source of sympathetic tears." Disapprove as we may of Jocasta's being permitted to survive by so many years the disclosure of her horrible (though involuntary) disgrace, yet there can be no question that by such reprieve Euripides has unsealed a fount of the deepest pathos, in her hopeless

* This, we need scarcely remark, is meant as a partial reconciliation of this version of the fate of Œdipus with that adopted by Sophocles in his "Œdipus at Colonus;" the difference being that Sophocles makes his hero's exile begin much sooner. In like manner, Antigone's words about the burial of Polynices prepare the way for her well-known fate in the "Antigone" of Sophocles.

mediation between her children, her sad meeting and parting with her exiled son, and her tragic death. More easily to be defended, too, than the waste of pathetic subjects in the quickly-told and quickly-forgotten death of the brave Menœceus, is the final introduction of Œdipus, on account of the touching beauty of the closing scene to which it gives rise. It is true that Euripides has not invested him with the solemn grandeur with which Sophocles clothes his "Œdipus at Colonus," any more than (kind and dutiful as is his daughter) the Antigone of Euripides can compare with the nobility thrown by her steadfastness of purpose round the Antigone of Sophocles. Yet if we miss

"The vagrant king of haughty-purposed mind,
Whom prayer nor plague could bend,
Wronged at the cost of him who did the wrong,
Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,
And honoured in his end,"

of Sophocles in the Œdipus of Euripides, we have yet in the blind old sufferer, as he conceives him, a figure on which few can look without tears. And if, though beautiful in each of its parts, we are still compelled to condemn the "Phœnissæ" as a whole for its lavish waste of material, its undue crowding together in one canvas of too many separate subjects, we still cannot avoid seeing in it on that very account one more link between its great author and modern poetry; and acknowledging, in his attempt to depict so much in one tragedy, a prophecy of the romantic drama, with its varied interests, its plot and underplots, all working together to one grand result. The resources in his hands did not enable Euripides to accomplish this successfully: he is not the less noteworthy for having made the attempt.

A play with so many modern characteristics as the "Phœnissæ" might well invite the imitation of later times, and promise a good result to those who should essay it. It is therefore disappointing to have to chronicle in "Les Frères Ennemis" of Racine a very complete failure. No doubt it deserves indulgence as the youthful effort of an immature genius, which, ripening, was in "Phèdre," "Iphigénie," and "Andromaque" afterwards to travesty plays of Euripides, to the delight of a cultivated French audience—a delight which, if we cannot share to any great extent, still reflects honour on the poet who could bestow it. But in "Les Frères Ennemis" there is more than a travesty, there is a burlesque—although a burlesque executed with the most solemn unconsciousness. It is not merely that all Hellenic sentiment has disappeared from this imitation of the old drama of Hellas; that in it the divine right of kings, and modern sentiments of loyalty and chivalry, take the place of Greek patriotism, so that Hémon has no scruple in taking up arms against his country to please his lady-love, and is so sensible of the privileges of her royal descent as to exclaim—

"Et du sang de ses rois il est beau d'être issu,
Dût-on rendre ce sang sitôt qu'on l'a reçu."

Nor is it only that the secluded life of an unmarried woman among the Greeks is so far forgotten by Racine that he allows his Antigone private interviews with her lover, and makes her as bold and forward in the council-chamber as a political heroine of the Fronde. All mistakes of this sort are redeemable. But they can only be redeemed by grand effects, by pictures in themselves natural and beautiful, how-

ever incompatible with the period to which they are assigned; and in "Les Frères Ennemis" such pictures are wholly wanting. Still we may be thankful that Racine's good taste preserved him from one mistake, into which his Preface shows there was some danger of his falling. He left his two hostile brethren, as well as their mother, as he found them. His Étéocle and Polynice, like his Jocaste, are pale copies of those of his original; with much indeed of the spirit and naturalness which there distinguish them omitted, but performing the same actions and impassioned by the same hatred. It is true that that hatred produces a much more displeasing, because a less natural, effect as depicted by Racine than as painted by Euripides; since the courtly *entourage* and general aspect of civilisation which environ the brother-foes of the former, throw their innate barbarity into far too strong relief. But still Racine does not make his two heroes ridiculous by making one or both of them in love. He offers a needless apology for this omission, but happily declines to exhibit either of the fierce brethren sighing at the feet of some beauteous princess. It is well that he avoided this additional descent: it would have been better still had he extended a little of the same forbearance to their illustrious sister. But as it is, the unhappy Antigone has to make up for their deficiencies by not only being herself violently in love with her cousin Hémon, but by likewise being beloved, though vainly, by her own uncle,* Créon. Some notion of the degree in which she resembles her Greek prototype may be gathered from the fact that she does not blush to refer to Créon's rivalry with his son in his own presence and that of other witnesses; and that after her mother's death (whose suicide in Racine anticipates her sons' foreseen destruction,) she avows that her love for Hémon alone prevents her from following her at once into the grave. She upbraids herself, it is true, for her hesitation—

> "Et toi seule verses des larmes,
> Tous les autres versent du sang."

But she adds:

> "Un amant me retient, une mère m'appelle.
> Dans la nuit du tombeau je la vois qui m'attend:
> Ce que veut la raison l'amour me le défend,
> Et m'en ôte l'envie.
> Que je vois de sujets d'abandonner le jour!
> Hémon, vois le pouvoir que l'amour a sur moi:
> Mais, hélas! qu'on tient à la vie,
> Quand on tient si fort à l'amour!
> . . . . .
> Je ne vivrais pas pour moi-même,
> Et je veux bien vivre pour toi."

The Antigone of Sophocles inspires Hæmon indeed with that passionate love which is his ruin; but she never informs us whether she reciprocates his feeling or not. Racine effaces that noble ideal of the daughter and sister, and puts the most commonplace of love-sick maidens in its room.

Of his maltreatment of another personage, Creon, we can think with more amusement than indignation. And yet it is rather hard to see the man to whose inflexible will and resolute vindication of the rights of the State the Antigone of Sophocles owes her death, turned into a stage-lover and very ordinary intriguer. The Creon of Euripides is a man, not indeed capable of a great self-sacrifice like his son, but respectable in the discharge of everyday duties—a kind brother and a

* The idea of such a marriage being contemplated would not shock a Romanist audience as it does us.

tender father. The Créon of Racine is a monster of selfishness, who, disregarding the agonies of his unhappy sister, fans the strife between her sons in the hopes of occupying the throne left vacant by their death. These wicked intentions he placidly, and very needlessly, reveals to a confidant, who has the grace to be a little shocked at them, and who reminds him that

"On porte ses remords avec le diadême."

Créon's answer is:

"Le remords n'est pas ce que me touche,
Et je n'ai plus un cœur que le crime effarouche:
Tous les premiers forfaits coûtent quelques efforts;
Mais, Attale, on commet les seconds sans remords."

The death of the brave Hémon (slain in a fruitless effort to obey the commands of Antigone, and separate her brethren in the combat which proves fatal to them both) is viewed by his father with a regret tempered by joy, as it appears to open a way for him to wed his son's beloved. He announces the catastrophe to Antigone with a decent semblance of sorrow, which she sees through, and indignantly bids him this farewell:—

"Ah! vous régnez, Créon;
Et le trône aisément vous console d'Hémon.

. . . . . .

Adieu. Nous ne faisons tous deux que nous gêner;
Je veux pleurer, Créon; et vous voulez régner."

It is in vain that Créon stops her with the words—

"Ah, madame! régnez et montez sur le trône:
Ce haut rang n'appartient qu'à l'illustre Antigone."

Her reply to his repeated offer of his crown is—

"Je la refuserais de la main des dieux même;
Et vous osez, Créon, m'offrir le diadême!"

When Antigone has stabbed herself with her mother's fatal dagger, Créon declares himself unable to survive her loss; and the curtain falls, leaving him in paroxysms, the result of which no mortal could possibly care to know.

It will not escape our readers' notice that the rhetorical effect of the lines we have quoted is good—very good indeed, in comparison with the triviality of the personages who give them utterance. And with regard to the other personages of the drama, who, being more closely copied from Euripides, possess some superiority of design, we may say that their speeches exhibit here and there real eloquence. The words in which Etéocle explains and justifies his hatred of his brother are of this class:—

"Nous avons l'un et l'autre une haine obstinée:
Elle n'est pas, Créon, l'ouvrage d'une année;
Elle est née avec nous; et sa noire fureur,
Aussitôt que la vie, entra dans notre cœur.
Nous étions ennemis dès la plus tendre enfance;
Que dis-je! nous l'étions avant notre naissance.

. . . . . .

Elles* ont, tu le sais, paru dans le berceau,
Et nous suivront peut-être encore dans le tombeau." †

Such, too, are the replies of Polynice to his mother's last warnings. She has dissuaded him from struggling to mount a throne always fatal to its occupants. He answers:

* Their "divisions."

† A good reference to the well-known account by Statius in his 'Thebaid,' book xii., of their funeral rites.

"Quand je devrais au ciel rencontrer le tonnerre,
J'y monterais plutôt que de ramper à terre,
Mon cœur, jaloux du sort de ces grands malheureux,
Veut s'élever, madame, et tomber avec eux.
Eté. Je saurai t'épargner une chûte si vaine.
Poly. Ah! ta chûte, crois-moi, précédera la mienne.
Joc. Mon fils, son règne plait.
Poly. Mais il m'est odieux.
Joc. Il a pour lui le peuple.
Poly. Et j'ai pour moi les dieux."

Or, again, Jocaste's despairing exclamation, when the challenge for the last fatal duel has been given and accepted:—

"Surpassez, s'il se peut, les crimes de vos pères:
Montrez, en vous tuant, comme vous êtes frères;
Le plus grand des forfaits vous a donné le jour,
Il faut qu'un crime égal vous l'arrache à son tour."

But of the tenderer and gentler traits which relieve the horror of the dark picture in Euripides, Racine has not even attempted the reproduction. The love of Polynices for his kindred and his home, which gives such undying pathos to his last words in the Greek, has vanished in the French. Antigone is too much engaged in her own personal concerns to think of her brother's funeral honours; and, fortunately for himself, if not for the beholder, no blind father totters forward to lay claim to her pious care.

The "Polinice" of Alfieri is a better specimen of its author's powers than is "Les Frères Ennemis" of Racine's. It confines itself to its main theme far more strictly. Antigone is in it, once more the sister and the daughter, though with almost too pronounced a partisanship for her exiled brother; and the name of Hæmon figures no more in the list of the *dramatis personæ* of Alfieri than it does amid those of Euripides. Creon comes more prominently forward as the adviser of Eteocles than he does in the "Phœnissæ," and, as in Racine, with a character of unrelieved blackness; for Alfieri, while excusing him from playing the ridiculous part of lover to his own niece, has assigned to him that of the most detestable of evil counsellors: making him first persuade Eteocles to assassinate his brother, and then, by revealing his secret to Polynices, cause his public rejection of the poisoned cup handed to him by Eteocles,—thus leaving the hostile pair no resource but the fatal single combat. In this intrigue of the palace, we lose the free and open atmosphere which we breathed in the Greek play, and feel as if we had been set down among the Sforzas or Viscontis of the middle ages. Eteocles is degraded from the brave and frank, if violent and overbearing, chieftain of a free people, to a cowardly murderer who strives by the basest means to retain the crown which the Argive spear is about to wrest from him. And Creon wears the aspect of a subtle Italian, well versed in Machiavellian principles. Alfieri's own tastes were republican; he therefore never objected to blacken a king. His Polynices, on the other hand, is a better, if a weaker, man than the Theban prince in Euripides. He has faithfully performed *his* share of the compact, and resigned the throne, which had been his for a year, to his brother at that year's end. It is almost against his will that he reclaims that throne in arms; and nothing but the revelation of his brother's odious treachery nerves him to the final duel, which Alfieri makes the result of accident more than of design. Jocasta and Antigone are much more constantly before us in the Italian than in the Greek play. Yet they neither of

them leave so individual an impression on the mind as do the two heroines of Euripides; rather do they seem impersonations of the evil fate of their house, which they are constantly lamenting, and to which they hopelessly succumb. The unrelieved gloom that surrounds them is no more natural than is the darkness of Gaspar Poussin's landscapes. The Jocasta of Euripides hopes as well as fears; his Antigone surveys the Greek chieftains with girlish curiosity. Her ill-starred birth is not perpetually present to the one—her fatal marriage to the other. And this is in accordance with human nature, and that power which it has of living down shame and sorrow, without which some could not live at all. But Alfieri's Theban princesses cannot forget their woes for an instant, and are, like the majority of his characters, lacking in those pulsations which bespeak genuine life.

It is in the catastrophe of his tragedy that Alfieri has introduced the greatest variation from his Greek original. An abridged translation will give the English reader some notion of his style, as well as of the form into which he has altered the well-known legend.

His Giocasta is alone at the opening of his fifth Act, longing for tidings of the conflict outside, which her daughter enters to bring her. Antigone announces the rout of the Theban by the Argive forces, —the greatly preponderant power according to the Italian poet,—and prefaces her narration by the news that Eteocle has fallen. The mother's impartial wrath falls on Polinice—as it would have done on his brother had the reverse result taken place. Antigone tries to mitigate it by explaining how Eteocle, seeing his own troops defeated, forced on the fatal duel, and flung himself, in his blind rage, on to the point of his brother's weapon, who had remained as long as possible on the defensive. Though mortally wounded, Eteocle is not dead, and before long his comrades in arms bear him into his mother's presence, the remorseful Polinice following in the deepest dejection. His sister addresses the latter:—

"*Ant.* Ah! thou, at least,
Art safe.
Poli. Keep off, depart! ah! seest thou not?
My brother's blood dyes me from head to foot.
Gio. Ah! wicked fratricide, and infamous!
How darest thou come into a mother's sight,
Having stabbed her son?
Poli. Into thy sight alive
I never meant to come; that self-same steel
Which slit his thread of life, with angrier hand
I turned upon myself.
Gio. Yet liv'st thou, coward."

The unhappy man explains how Emone disarmed him, reserving him, as he thinks, for a more cruel fate. "Slay me yourself, mother," he says. Giocasta turns impatiently from him. He is robbing her of her other son's last words. Adjured by her, Eteocle feebly reopens his eyes to say—

"Tell me: am I in Thebes?
Gio. Within thy palace.
Ete. Say, do I die a king? That traitor? Oh
What see I! Wretch, thou livest and I die.
Poli. Thou shalt have all my blood; to appease thy shade
I have devoted it. Lay down thy wrath;
'Twas thou (this knowest thou) who didst will thy death:
Thou in thy rage didst run against my sword.
Alas! that fatal blow, which takes thy life,
Takes more than life from me, it takes my honour;
Ere then my fault inexpiable I punish,
Grant me thy pardon. . . . .
. . . . .

Ete. Son of Œdipus,
What sayest thou? Canst thou pardon ask of me?
Or hope it from a son of Œdipus?
. . . . .
My life-blood leaves my veins, but not my hate.
Oh rage! oh grief! thou livest, my conqueror,
And thou wilt fill my throne. O Death, make haste
To hide me from the sight.
Poli. Ne'er will I take
Thy throne, afresh I swear it: ah! go down
Appeased to Styx. Proud with thy royal wreath,
Thou 'mid the ancestral sceptred shades shalt walk,
Seeing me reverent there, a lesser shade,
Thy subject brother still. Something abate
Of thy fierce wrath: behold me at thy feet;
Thou art my lord for ever. I implore
Thy pardon only, ere I speed to death.
Gio. Give it him; show thyself, Eteocles,
Greater than this thy fate, and by thy pardon
Make him more guilty: leave to his remorse
Thy vengeance.
Ant. Canst thou yet resist? Hard heart!
Cannot the prayers, the grief, the desperate tears
Of us, thy dearest, move thee?
Gio. O, my son,
Refuse thy brother not one last embrace!
Thy time is short: leave not upon thy fame
This blot.
Ete. Thou willest it, mother! well, I yield.
Come, brother, then; once more into the arms
Of this thy dying brother, slain by thee,
Come—and receive in this my last embrace—
Brother—from me—thy death-due.
(*Stabs him while feigning to embrace him.*)
Gio. Ah! what treason!
Ant. What see I? Polynices!
Poli. Art thou now
Content?
Ete. I am avenged. I die—but yet I hate thee.
Poli. I, too, die—and pardon thee."

The curtain falls amid the ravings of the hapless mother, left (in this tragedy alone of the three) the survivor, though (the spectators can foresee) not for long, of her ill-fated children.

Unquestionably this closing scene is both terrible and pathetic—very superior to Racine's long-winded narration; nay, in the one point that it enables us to see for ourselves the death-struggles of the hostile brethren instead of only listening to the Messenger's account of them, better than Euripides's description of their death. For, as in the "Trachiniæ" of Sophocles and in the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, the entrance of the dying hero on the stage produces the most forcible effect on the beholder, and his last words affect the heart through the ear far more than they would if merely repeated to him by another; so the concentrated rage of the Eteocle, the remorse of the Polinice of Alfieri, impress us strongly through their exhibition before our very eyes. But that rage is fiendish rather than human: that remorse is denounced as the accompaniment of a feeble character by its exaggeration. The Polynices of the antique drama vanishes, and a well-meaning but almost effeminate being takes his place, whose grasp of life is too feeble to make us feel when he relinquishes it, as we do when the Theban hero of Euripides dies pardoning his brother-foe, and supplicating with his last breath a resting-place in his dear native earth.

We are thus brought to the conclusion that neither France nor Italy has succeeded in naturalising the Theban fraternal "Wrestlers;" and that, to behold them in their unconstrained freedom of attitude and native vigour of limb, in their force and their fury in life, and in their fallen majesty in death, we must bend our steps to Greece.

Let us, however, see what Germany has been able to do for them

—what a greater genius than Racine or than Alfieri, Schiller—working in a language more like Greek in its richness of resource and in its plastic power than either French or Italian—could effect.

In "The Bride of Messina" Schiller transfers *his* hostile brethren to medieval days, making them scions of the house of the Norman rulers of Sicily. The curse which broods over their line, and finds its fulfilment in their enmity, has its origin in the secret nuptials of their sire with his own intended stepmother —a forestalment resented with bitter imprecations by the angry father on his undutiful son and on his future children. Manuel and Cæsar, the offspring of this ill-omened marriage, fulfil the curse by hating one another; yet, as their blood is untainted by any actual unlawfulness in their parents' union, their enmity is of a far milder type, when the play begins, than their Theban prototypes. What exasperates and brings it to a fatal termination is the passion which each has conceived (unknown to the other) for a beautiful maiden living secluded in the protection of a convent; who, little as they suspect it, is in reality their own sister Beatrice. Thus, like the old Theban drama, the atmosphere of Schiller's play is thick with possibilities of crime committed unawares; only (as in the so-far parallel play of Calderon's "Devotion of the Cross") those possibilities are happily never realised. So far Schiller's new-born love of the antique did not mislead him. A true instinct taught him how to copy it without servility, and with skilful adaptation to our altered circumstances. Nor should we hastily imitate Madame de Staël's sneer at his attempt to reproduce the ancient Chorus in the persons of retainers of the two young princes, as an assembly of chamberlains, instead of the free representatives of the religious or civil organisation of the State. As in the middle ages loyalty to a chosen leader replaced patriotism or devotion to one's country in the abstract, the faithful followers of a princely house form a suitable troop to comment on its counsels and accompany its good or evil fortune by their songs. Still such songs (however beautiful) do not arise as naturally from the situation as in a Greek drama. In it the choric odes are properly religious hymns—addresses which enlarge the boundary of the stage, and carry the hearers' minds to those mightier unseen influences which are swaying the movements of the visible personages of the drama. The religious belief of the actors in the "Bride of Messina" is highly unfixed,—fluctuating between the pagan and the Christian,—and cannot, therefore, contribute any assured foundation for the stability of the Chorus. And this is the capital fault of the whole play. The ideas of Fate and of Providence—oracles which "palter with the double sense," like the one which led Crœsus to his ruin—and the sayings of pious hermits,—the heathen temple and the Catholic cloister, pagan and Christian beliefs, —stream out their confused and bewildering lights across Schiller's otherwise fine composition. Had he possessed a firm Christian faith, and expressed it, the plan must have been recast here and there, but the result would have attained a higher perfection: had he felt and written altogether as

"A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,"

the time and place of his poem must have been changed, but he would have had to alter little else in it.

The drama opens, as it closes, in a hall of the sovereign prince of Messina's castle. He has not yet been two months dead, and his

widow, Donna Isabella, in a grave address to the elders of the city, deplores the disputes between her sons, which, long smouldering through fear of their stern father, have broken into flame at his decease. Her good offices have been diligently employed for their reconciliation, and not without effect. Both are on their way to a conference in her presence. Soon the clamours outside herald their approach, and their mother goes forth to receive them. The retainers of each precede their master into the high Gothic hall, and make its pillars resound with their martial strains. They are ready, they sing, for conflict; but they reverence the mighty Eumenides too much to violate the oath which binds them for the moment to peace. Then, as they stand surveying each other from opposite sides, they gradually direct milder glances at their recent foes: they begin to recollect that they are all children of one soil, and that the masters for whom they fight are, after all, men from a distant shore; and they deplore the fatal fertility which has for ever subjected fair Sicily to a foreign yoke.

"Not where Ceres laughs 'mid her golden grain,
Or where peaceful Pan guards his flock afield;
But where mountain rocks feed the iron-vein,
Spring forth earth's rulers with sword and shield."

Yet their course (so sing the more reflective part of the Chorus) is transitory as the mountain torrent — the higher they rise the deeper is their fall: our foreign conquerors pass, and we remain.

When Isabella enters between her two sons the Chorus salute her coming, hailing her as a worthy mother of princes, and then subside into a respectful silence, only broken by occasional murmurs of approval during the rare pauses of her long and persuasive harangue: an approval the more disinterested as, in recalling her sons to peace, the lady deals somewhat hard measure to the retainers, the ready instruments and stirrers up of their strife,—depreciating, too, their loyal service rather unjustly when she says, "Nature alone is to be trusted. Fickle inclination gives a man a friend, interest a comrade, but happy he to whom birth has given a brother—a gift which fortune can never bestow." She goes on to conjure her sons to lay aside, with other childish things, the unreasonable hatred which was their childhood's bane, and which their manhood can neither explain nor justify. For some time her wise words seem wasted. It is not till she has withdrawn, after emphasising her last warnings by no obscure reference to the Theban horrors, and to the cloven flame which (according to Statius) rose from the funeral pyre of the two hostile brethren,* that Manuel and Cæsar address one another. And then at a single kind word of the elder their wrath begins to melt like snow. They look one another in the face, and Cæsar discerns in Manuel his mother's features; while a seemingly yet more affecting likeness to a person whom he does not name, discloses itself in his younger brother to Manuel's astonished eyes. They give up all their mutual subjects of dissension in generous rivalry as to who can yield most. The rival attendants follow their masters' example, and

* Her words would lead to the conclusion that Schiller considered cremation a medieval Christian practice. Doubtless he would have defended them, along with the allegiance owned by his Chorus to the gods of Hellas, as the proper language of the Ideal.

embrace. In short, the Queen of Heaven, solemnly invoked by Donna Isabella when the conference began, appears to have worked a miracle at her request.

Shortly after this complete reconciliation Don Cæsar is mysteriously summoned away; and Don Manuel, left alone with his train, discloses to them a secret. He loves a beautiful maiden, whose name he knows not, whose existence is a mystery even to herself, whom he found in the garden of a secluded convent (her temporary abode) as he pursued her favourite white hind in a solitary chase. It is this love which has softened his heart towards his brother: he brought no hatred with him when he entered his ancestral halls; his mind was too full of the joy her approaching reception there would cause the girl he loves. And that happy moment is very near. He has stolen her from her cloister, not daring to leave her there to await the approach of a person who was to claim her on behalf of her unknown parents. She is at this moment within the walls of a garden in the city: thence he is about to lead her with princely pomp to the palace, having first provided her with a wedding robe and jewels befitting a royal bride. He goes to seek them with two of his attendants; and the Chorus, having first sung the competing charms of peace and war, and considered how (since the former seems their lot) they may best employ it in love, or in the chase, or in adventures at sea, strike at last a momentary note of foreboding. The mention of the unstable sea suggests to them the instability of human fortune, and they bethink them of the volcano of passion which may be smouldering beneath the thin crust of the sudden reconciliation, and which may yet some day blaze forth in fulfilment of the ancestral curse.

The scene changes to the garden, where Beatrice, Don Manuel's betrothed, is awaiting his return. Fluttering like a bird with terror at the bold step she has taken, agitated by the recollection of a youth whose imperious admiration had terrified her when she had, for once in her life, ventured beyond her convent's bounds to witness the funeral of the late prince, the maiden longs for her lover's return to calm her fears. She hears, as she thinks, his step; she rushes forward to meet him, and finds herself, to her horror, in the presence of her unwelcome admirer, Don Cæsar, who has learned (through a spy whom he had set to watch for the reappearance of the lady whose beauty had subjugated him even amid those sad solemnities) where she is to be found in Messina. After having been struck speechless by his bold declaration of love, and still more by his high rank, which he reveals to her, Beatrice is left by him as hastily as he entered—guarded by his followers, and trembling for her own lover's danger from this powerful rival;—having never yet suspected, in her simplicity, that the unknown Manuel's rank may be in truth as high as that of the man who has thus appropriated her without waiting for her own consent.

Don Cæsar's haste was caused by the need of his instant return to a solemn conference which his mother wishes to hold with her sons. She has to prepare them to welcome the arrival of a sister, supposed by them and by all Messina to have died in earliest childhood. To death her stern father had actually doomed her—wrought to such cruelty by a vision. He saw two laurel-trees overshadow his couch a little before her birth, and a lily grow up betwixt them, whence issued a flame that consumed both trees and his house

itself. An Arab astrologer interpreted this to mean that, should the coming child be a daughter, she would cause her brethren's death. But the mother had a vision of her own, and she trusted a pious hermit's explanation of it. She saw a lovely child on whose lap a lion and an eagle both came to lay their prey in sign of allegiance; and this the holy man declared to mean that the coming daughter should unite her brothers' warring minds in love. Trusting the Christian rather than the Mohammedan soothsayer, Isabella hid the child from her husband. But to-day, now her sons are reconciled, she has ventured to draw their sister from her seclusion. A trusty servant, the only confidant of her secret, has gone to fetch her. "I too bring you a daughter," exclaims Don Manuel; "I also," says Don Cæsar. And each pours forth to sympathising ears the praises of the lady of his choice. Each, too, finds it hard to answer his mother's affectionate inquiries about her. "Wait till to-morrow," says the elder son, "I hope then to unveil the whole mystery." "Frankly," says Don Cæsar, of his own chosen wife, "I do not know her name. She revealed herself to me, like the sun, by her own light." And then he tells his tale of his father's solemn burial-rites, and of the beautiful unknown in whose eyes he had read his destiny even in that hour of mourning. Manuel acknowledges the justice of the description. Such is love, he says; and he feels himself drawn closer to his brother by their common experience. It is just then that the aged servant, Diego, enters with the evil tidings that the lady Beatrice has disappeared from her convent. She has been missing since early morning, and is believed to have been stolen by some corsairs, whose ship is yet in the offing. Isabella turns in her grief to her sons, and bids them speed to their sister's rescue. Cæsar is ready, and goes forth at once. But Manuel turns pale, asks the name of the convent whence the lady has disappeared, which his mother's agitation prevents her from giving him; and is only reassured when Diego says that he blames himself for having let his young charge attend her unknown father's funeral, where her great beauty may have attracted the spoiler's eye. "*She* would have told me had she done that," thinks Manuel. "They are speaking of another Beatrice than mine." And he hastens to his beloved one, that she may set his lingering doubts at rest before he goes on the quest for his sister. When he enters the garden he is surprised to find its quiet disturbed by the clash of arms. His own retainers have arrived with his bridal gifts, and Don Cæsar's are resenting what they think is their intrusion. Having hushed their discord by his authority, he goes up to the trembling Beatrice with his question. She cannot hear him at first for terror at the wild men-at-arms; and when, to soothe that terror, he discloses himself as the Prince of Messina, instead of soothing he redoubles it. "Why does it frighten you to hear I am Don Cæsar's brother?" he asks her. Then as a fearful light begins to penetrate his soul, he puts question to her after question, and has just extracted from her unwilling lips the admission that she did, unknown to him, follow her heart's impulse, and attend the old Prince's obsequies, when Cæsar rushes in, sword in hand, having been told by his attendants that his brother has come to claim the lady of his choice. Stung to madness by the sight of Beatrice in Manuel's arms, he stabs him fatally, and declares that he has but taken

just vengeance on the foe, who has feigned fraternal affection only to rob him of what he loves best. Then, impelled by his promise to recover her lost daughter for his mother, he goes forth as hastily as he entered, bidding his attendants bear his intended wife to the Lady Isabella's keeping, with the message that she was sent to her by her son Don Cæsar. They obey, and the swooning Beatrice is borne off. The rest of the Chorus remain. They group themselves around the bleeding body of their young prince, with bitter lamentations over his untimely fate :—

1.

"Voice of lamenting, arise, loudly crying,
Weep the youth well-beloved who is slain;
In the bloom of his first days here lying
(Death's night pressing hard on his eyes),
On the bride-chamber's threshold unmoving;
While above him, the silent, must rise
Loud, measureless wail from hearts loving.

2.

We hasted, we hasted with pomp and with pride
To welcome the bride:
The pages were bearing
Fair gifts for her spousals, rich robes for her wearing.
The feast is made ready, each witness advances;—
Only the bridegroom uplifts not his head.
Never shall wake him the merriest dances,
For the slumber is deep of the dead.

3.

Deep the dead's slumber, full deep and sound:
Never shall wake him his bride's sweet voice,
Never the horn that bids hunters rejoice:
Stiff and senseless he lies on the ground.

4.

. . . . .

5.

To thy mother now will I bear thee,
A burden of bitterest woe;
Cypress! this axe-edge shall tear thee,
Shall rend thee with murderous blow.
We will weave us a bier from her boughs dark-green;
Nought that lives shall on her be seen
Whom this death-fruit has made our foe.
Ne'er in glad growth shall she lift her on high,
Never wanderers shelter pleasantly.
The tree that in murder's soil was bred
Shall be accursèd to serve the dead.

6.

But woe to the murderer! woe!
Who goes from hence in his wild mad mood.
Down, down through chinks in earth's bosom, slowly
Trickles, drop after drop, thy blood;
But seated, too, in those deeps most holy,
Unlighted, without song or word,
Are Themis's daughters, the past who treasure,
Whom no man can cheat, who all justly measure;
These in black vessels catch it at leisure,
And by them dread vengeance is mixed and stirred.

7.

Not long can trace of a deed remain
On this earth where the sunlight is streaming;
It flies like care's frown off a forehead dreaming.
Yet is nought wholly lost and quite departed,
Which the still, watchful Hours, the mysterious-hearted,
In their dim arms folding have grasped with heed—
For time is an ever-flowering plain;
Great, living is Nature, her dead rise again,
And each thing is fruit, yet each too is seed.

8.

Woe! ah, woe to the murderer! woe!
Who has sown him this deadly seed;
One face while yet 'tis to do will show,
Another when accomplished the deed.
Courage her eye speaks, and bold its flashing,
While the arms of revenge in thy bosom are clashing;
But when the deed is done and completed,
A face meets thine eye whence the colour has fleeted.

The Furies themselves their dread serpents were flinging
Once at Orestes, with poisonous stinging,
Urging to murder his mother that son;
With holy semblance of justice deceiving,
Artful they cheated his heart fond believing,
Till with his hand he the death-deed had done.
But so soon as his sword pierced that breast
Which had borne him and hushed him to rest,
Then lo! they turned them
Awful in semblance against him round;
Then late he knew them, those handmaids of terror,
Who that murderer seize fierce grasping,
Nor thenceforward relax their clasping,
Who with snakebite's venom ceaseless undo him,
Who from sea to sea aye restless pursue him,
Up to the Delphic high temple's bound."

By this time the bier is ready, and the Chorus depart with the corpse of the unhappy Manuel. Their comrades have forestalled them with their living burden, and carried the fainting Beatrice into her mother's presence, just as Isabella is getting perplexed by a fresh oracle. She has again sent to consult the hermit: his answer is hopeful; Don Manuel has found his sister. But his acts belied his words; for with the taper sent him as an offering for his shrine he set his humble hut on fire (so reports her messenger), and departed with woful exclamations. Her daughter's restoration to her by Don Cæsar, in seeming contradiction of the hermit, and the consternation of the girl herself, when, awaking again to life in her mother's arms, her brothers' names are mentioned to her, add to Isabella's perplexity; but she has no time to demand an explanation. A low, muffled chant is heard in the distance, and the semi-chorus enter with their ghastly load, covered by a black cloth. As they do so, they solemnly sing—

1.

"Through the streets of our cities,
With Grief for attendant,
Marches Misfortune,
Stealthily creeping
Round men's habitations,
Knocking at this man's
Portal to-day,
To-morrow at that man's,—
But wholly spared as yet has it none.
Its loathed and dreaded
Message, right painful,
Sooner or later
It leaves at each threshold
Whence a living eye looks to the sun.

2.

When the leaves are falling
In the autumn dreary,
When the grave is calling
Weak age and weary,
Then does Nature's way
But obey
Her well-known ancient law,
Her immemorial use;
Nought is there to oppress us with awe.
But monstrous shapes too can earth produce;
Learn to expect them as life discloses!
With his violent hand
Murder can loosen the holiest band.
Into his Stygian bark
Can sweep Death dark
Youth, too, ere its buds turn to roses.

3.

When the heavens grow dark where the black clouds tower,
When, dull-roaring, the thunders peal,
Then, then owns every heart fate's power,
And must tremble its dread grasp to feel.
But e'en, too, from a heaven unclouded,
May a thunder-bolt, kindling, smite thee.
Hence, in days when thy pleasures delight thee,
Fear mischance lurking near thee, close-shrouded.
Cling not close to pleasure or gain,
Which deck life with a fleeting blessing;
Learn to lose while in midst of possessing,
While in happiness learn to bear pain."

The mother's trembling hand lifts the covering, and reveals to her the first and least bitter part of her affliction. For she thinks that Man-

uel must have received his death-wound in rescuing his sister from the corsairs. Amidst exclamations of horror from the Chorus, she first curses the hand that has inflicted his fatal wound, and then (with strange prolixity for a newly-bereaved mother) details once more the two dreams and their two interpretations, and charges the gods and the stars with falsehood; since neither has the hoped-for good — the reunion of her sons through love for their sister,—nor the dreaded evil—their destruction by means of that same child of hers, —taken place. "The result will prove the truth of the oracles," say the Chorus, ominously. "Mother," exclaims Beatrice, at the story of her own birth, "why didst thou think thyself wiser than the All-beholding? Why preserve my life: a gift for which I cannot thank thee?" A step is heard advancing from outside, and while Manuel's attendants bid his wounds reopen, his blood again begin to flow, and the palace-floor tremble beneath the murderer's approach, encircled by the avenging Furies — Don Cæsar enters. His even yet unconscious mother leads him up to the corpse, and bids him punish his brother's slayer. Then thanking him for his recovered sister, her words let him into the secret of the relationship which makes his jealousy without meaning, and makes his fratricide a crime without excuse. "Accursed be thy secrecy," cries the hapless youth, "which has led me into so great a crime. I, I myself, slew my brother; for I surprised my chosen bride in his arms. If in very truth she is his sister and mine, I am guilty;—and of a deed that can never find an expiation." Each seer has seen truly, as the Chorus point out with ghastly satisfaction. The unhappy Beatrice, by awakening the love of both, has already caused the death of one brother, and the other's will soon follow. For when Isabella has withdrawn, with hard sayings against the gods, whose misleading oracles save their honour at the expense of so much human misery, Cæsar bids Beatrice pity her guilty brother more than him who has departed innocent, and promises her that Manuel shall be avenged. "Only," he adds, "remember that it is a brother, not a lover, whom you have lost through me, and then you will be able to weep for us both." He next gives his order for the sumptuous funeral which is so quickly to follow on their princely father's. The catafalque of their late ruler stands ready to receive his successor. The monks may light their tapers and sing their requiem presently, but not yet; their pure office can find no place in the murderer's presence. The imitation of the Greek becomes very close while Cæsar and the Chorus thus discourse in the old metre of the Hellenic tragedy. "Lay not violent hands on thyself, my lord," says their leader. "None lives on earth with the right to punish thee, and heaven's wrath may be appeased." "Nay," is the reply, "if I have no judge on earth, I must be my own judge and executioner; and nothing but blood can atone for blood." And we seem to be listening to a hero of Sophocles when Cæsar answers the entreaty to live on and rule as a debt he owes his country, with—

> "First let me pay my debt to those who rule the dead;
> Another god may take the living to his care."

The report of his resolution flies through the palace and reaches his mother's ear. Rather than be deprived of both her sons in one day, Isabella resolves to forgive the murderer, and appears once more on

the scene that she may herself entreat Don Cæsar to live. "No reproach," so she promises, "shall pain thee. We will jointly weep our loss, and cover the crime which caused it." He takes her hand in his, and gently answers—

"So wilt thou, mother. Such shall be the end.
To softened sorrow will thine anguish turn,—
Then, but then only, mother, when one grave
Shall hold the murderer and the murdered too,
And by one stone is hid the dust of both;
Then will the curse fall powerless,—and thou
No longer wilt distinguish son from son."

Vainly does Isabella point to pilgrimages and good deeds as means of assuaging her son's remorse. He tells her that he cannot live on with a broken heart; nor can he bear the sharpened envy which will torment him more than ever did his brother's superiority in life, now that death will have purified his image, and set him on high in men's remembrance.

"*Isabella.* O, have I only called you to Messina
In order there to bury both of you?
Nay, to be reconciled I sent for you,
And a most evil fate has all my hope
Reversed, and changed to its sad contrary.
Don Cæsar. Revile not, mother, the result; for all,
E'en as 'twas promised, finds fulfilment now.
We through these portals came with hopes of peace,—
And peacefully together shall we rest
For ever reconciled, in death's calm dwelling."

In this purpose he persists. The appeal, often reiterated, "Live for thy mother's sake," is made to him in vain. Then Isabella tries one last argument. She leads his sister forward to join her in her entreaties. Hope springs afresh in Cæsar's breast, the love of life reawakens, as he sees the maiden standing like the Angel of Life at the door of the chamber of death. But Beatrice is herself in love with death, and begs passionately to be allowed to die in Cæsar's stead, as the true murderer of Manuel. Deeply wounded, Cæsar exclaims, "She cares not what becomes of us, so long as she can be reunited to her beloved."

"*Beatrice.* Canst thou for thy dead brother's dust feel envy?
Don Cæsar. In thy grief he lives yet, a blessèd life!
I shall be dead for ever with the dead.
Beat. O brother!
Don Cæs. Sister, dost thou weep for *me*?
Beat. Live for our mother.
Don Cæs. For our mother only?
Beat. Live for her, and console thy sister too."

"She has conquered!" exclaim the Chorus, and congratulate the mother on her daughter's victory. At that moment a requiem begins to sound forth from the chapel within the palace; its folding-doors fly open and disclose Don Manuel's coffin surrounded by the funeral pomp bespoken by Don Cæsar. He turns towards it, and says:—

"No brother! Not from thee the victim due
Will I withhold—thy voice from out thy coffin
Calls, pressing mightier than a mother's tears,
Mightier than love's imploring. Here I hold
Within mine arms that which our earthly life
Could make a lot fit for the gods to share;
But I, thy murderer, ought I bliss to taste
The while thy sacred innocence unavenged
Lies hid deep in the grave? O, no: forbid it
Thou, All-Just Ruler of our mortal days,
That in Thy world be such unequal dealing!
I saw her tears flow, shed for me at last:
My heart is satisfied, I follow thee.
[*Stabs himself.*"

This is a very softened version of the Theban horror. Isabella in her stately dignity, her sons invested with all the passionate suscepti-

bility of the Italian nature, brave and generous, though so fatally hasty, are indeed, although remote descendants of Jocasta and her sons, persons of a wholly different type to them. The enmity which in its rooted and inveterate character is the central point round which the brothers' fortunes revolve in the old tragedy, is in the new one a subordinate matter;—a fire that can be extinguished without much labour, and which only an accident rekindles. More prominent in the new drama than in the old is the idea of Fate: in her efforts to elude her destiny, as in its fatal fulfilment through those very efforts, Isabella carries us back from the "Phœnissæ" to the "Œdipus Tyrannus," and to the oracles which misled that unhappiest of men to his doom. As we have already said, such oracles are inconsistent with the Christian basis which must be presupposed in a drama, the scene of which is laid in medieval Europe. When Shakespeare had to depict his Macbeth as allured to ruin by similar sayings, his fine tact made them issue from those evil spirits who delight in man's misfortune; to the just punishment of Macbeth's sin in consulting them. It seems a grave error on Schiller's part to place one such oracle in the mouth of a pious hermit, and thus to betray Isabella through her just confidence in heaven. But, as we previously remarked, the whole play rests on a slightly Christianised Paganism—historically a great anachronism, for the period of the Renaissance (as it is called) in Italy, some three or four centuries later, is the only epoch when Christians could have talked like Schiller's heroine;—and certainly unsatisfactory to the reader, as its artificial strains destroy his sense of the reality of the deeply interesting story which they present to him. But the story itself is powerfully interesting. You scarcely think, as you read it, whether such a thing could possibly have happened, so much are you carried away by the terrible entanglement which Schiller sets before you with all the skill of a Calderon, and yet with an antique simplicity, in each of its various stages; until the dagger-stroke rescues the unconscious Beatrice from her fearful peril, while, at the same moment, it destroys her happiness for ever. And then the fearful revelation of the true character of his deed to the young Cæsar, and the deep pathos of his hesitation before he finally avenges his brother on himself, awaken powerfully the spectator's pity; so that the play leaves in his mind no resentment against any of its personages, but an almost equal love and compassion for each of them. This is the essential difference between Schiller and Euripides; the former calms, the latter excites our passions. The former is before all things the poet; the latter, in the first place, the tragedian. The finished beauty of the "Bride of Messina," the grandeur of its speeches, the musical chime of its lyrical passages,* haunt the reader's memory, even more than do its pictures of innocent young love, with the dark cloud that threatens it (to the spectator's eye only); and its strain of deeply pathetic sorrow when that cloud has burst on its unsuspecting victims. But the amiable Schiller lacks the tragic violence of Euripides. His Manuel

* We must apologise for the scant justice we have been able to do the Chorus. English dactyls and anapæsts never or seldom produce the effect attainable by them in German, and scarcely seem to suit the solemn thoughts we have had to express in them.

and Cæsar are weak, well-meaning youths, placed side by side with the terrible Theban pair: there is so much more life and vigour in Polynices, that his exile and his wrongs affect us more than their sorrows can do. Isabella and Jocasta are both addicted to moralising; but the Greek woman has a last sharp argument in reserve for her own breast when her words have been spent fruitlessly on her sons, which the high-born Sicilian lady is too calm to think of employing. Cæsar executing with his own hand the just sentence which he has pronounced on himself is a noble spectacle;—instructive to the spectator as well as to the Chorus, who learn from it that

> "This mortal life is not the best of things:
> But of all ills the very worst is guilt."

Doubtless to superficial beholders it is more edifying than the sight of the blind old Œdipus, weighed down lower and lower by the burden of his involuntary crime, tottering away on the arm of the daughter whose self-devotion is shortly to prove her own ruin. But the aged sufferer, as he feels the dead faces (which he cannot look at) of the three with whom his life has been interwoven, to the sorrow and destruction alike of all, is a more pathetic picture even than Schiller's of the noble youth hastening to follow his victim to the grave from which he cannot recall him.

If, however, the "Bride of Messina" depends for its success on things diverse from those which are the especial beauty of the "Phœnissæ," it is for this very reason that it succeeds to the great extent to which it does. By transferring the old story to more modern times, yet times still remote from us,—by removing from it the features which are too repulsive to our feelings now, and by replacing them by such suitable equivalents,—Schiller has shown us what a real poet can do with an antique legend; how he can to a great degree reproduce its beauty and interest in new forms, and find in it a source of inspiration for a noble and, in the truest sense, an original poem. At his entreaty, as of old at that of Pygmalion, the cold, clear-cut features of classic beauty begin to show an unwonted animation; rosy flesh tints begin to suffuse its transparent whiteness; the marble flushes into life. Yet fair as is the transformation, it is somehow incomplete. The goddess does not leave the pedestal which her icy feet still cling to: it seems as if one more prayer must yet be breathed, one more charm yet be used, ere the bride can cast herself into her sculptor's arms, ere the long-sought ideal be fully realised by the poet.

IN MEMORY OF DOÑA MERCEDES, QUEEN OF SPAIN.

[BORN, June 25, 1860; MARRIED, Jan. 23, 1878; DIED, June 26, 1878.]

[THE four sonnets which we print below, were composed by the Earl of Rosslyn, who was appointed Special Ambassador at the Court of Spain, on the occasion of the marriage of King Alphonso to his young cousin, Doña Mercedes. The impression made upon Lord Rosslyn, and upon those who accompanied him in his Embassy was, that the alliance was one of pure love—deep, simple, and sincere. The warm, generous disposition of the King, and the calm, serene, confiding character of his beloved bride, seemed to promise a life of domestic happiness such as Spain at all events had never witnessed in her rulers; but this was destined, as we all now know, to be cut short by the hand of death. The incidents referred to in each sonnet actually occurred; and a letter to Lord Rosslyn from the King, signed "votre affligé Alphonse," testifies alike to the passionate depths of his love, and to the intensity of his sorrow.

The strict Petrarchan measure of these sonnets is admirably suited to express the pathos of woe; and Lord Rosslyn has himself assured us that they were written with tears in his eyes, so greatly had the Royal Pair endeared themselves to him by their many acts of personal kindness, during his official stay at Madrid. Our readers will, we are sure, even though unknown, sympathise with the sorrowing Monarch, and, at all events to some extent, share Lord Rosslyn's emotion.]

I.

The poor King remains leaning on her bed, and calling on her name, "Mercedes! Mercedes mia!" To the last her eyes were turned on the King.

I have seen him twice,—all he said was, "That for him there was no consolation, but that he would do his duty."

"EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER FROM MADRID."

Mercedes mia! turn thine eyes away,
I have no power to grant their longing prayer,
Their mute appeal is more than I can bear.
Could I but snatch thee from Death's cruel sway
God knows how gladly I would give this day
My life for thine. For whom have I to care
When thou art gone? The darkness of despair
Clouds all my heart with terror and dismay.
Mercedes mia! I am brave once more!
Turn thy dear eyes on me until they close

For ever; I will look, love, into thine,
Till Death arrest their sight. What! is all o'er?
Then farewell hope! and farewell sweet repose!
Now duty's rugged path be only mine!

II.

From that window of his ancestral home, this young Monarch watched the train departing for the Escurial. Long after it had left, he continued steadily looking in the direction taken by the mortal remains of his darling bride.

"SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE 'STANDARD.'"

The sandy ridges of that barren plain
(A weird wild bleakness of infinity),
Melt into space before his throbbing eye,
And his heart aches with agonising pain,
As swiftly speeds the dark funereal train,
Bearing away his Queen—too young to die,—
His bride—his loyal love's idolatry,
To the Escurial's gloomy-gorgeous fane.
In the high casement of his stately home,
In tearless anguish, sits the lord of all;
His fixèd gaze, true as the polar star,
Points without changing to that dreary dome,
Where a thin wreath of smoke, like a grey pall,
Still guides his faithful sorrow from afar.

III.

"SILENCE AND TEARS."

It may be speech can ease the troubled heart,
But there are thoughts no tongue can e'er express,
Thoughts drowned in tears and steeped in bitterness,
That of our inmost being form a part
Yet are unutterable. When the strings start
And snap asunder, dumb and passionless
Fades the faint music, like a last caress,
And gone for ever is the master's art!
When the proud vessel, ere her sails be spread,
Is wrecked in port; how can I dare to say,
"Sire! winds will grow more tranquil, and the wave
Smooth its blue back for thy imperial tread"?
How can I choose but kneel, and humbly pray
With thee, sad Monarch, by the silent grave?

IV.

"Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb."

The silent grave! nay, leave her not among
The marble tombs of thy ancestral dead
(Too hard a pillow for so fair a head),
But lay her tenderly where poet's song
May consecrate thy love's undying wrong:
Where flowers and sunshine, Heaven's bright gifts, may shed
Fresh fragrance daily o'er her lonely bed,
And all her people may around her throng.
For life is but a day of work for all,
And Death is sleep,—another name for rest,—
Eternal rest,—for peasant or for Queen.—
So here let flowers her grace and youth recall
(Like her, short-lived, the brightest and the best),
And grief find comfort in the peaceful scene.

ROSSLYN.

Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine NOV. 1878

INDIA AND AFFGHANISTAN.

We have no desire to dissemble the national regret with which we find ourselves again confronted by war at the very moment when, with so much difficulty and patience, we had succeeded in securing "peace with honour" in another quarter. It is hard that we should have struggled so strenuously to keep the peace between our neighbours, and have succeeded only to find the gage of battle thrown down at our own doors. It is especially hard when, at the expense of much jealousy abroad and some enmity at home, we had succeeded in securing the flanks of our Eastern empire, that the one point of attack still left unguarded should be at once assailed. But, above all, it is to be regretted that our Affghan troubles should be closely connected with the movements of a Power with which it is the object as well as the interest of Britain to avoid even the appearance of rivalry or collision. And whatever may be the real foundation of the Affghan insult to the Imperial Majesty of India, however closely or remotely the presence of a Russian envoy at Cabul may be connected with Shere Ali's rejection of our embassy, it is to Russia's account that all our new troubles will be popularly put down; and her presence in Affghanistan at this moment cannot fail to embitter a hostility which the tact of the Ministry and our success at Berlin had almost enabled us to get over. Rightly or wrongly, the opinion of England is that Russia has merely shut the temple of Janus in Europe to throw its portals wide open to the wall in Asia.

We say we regret that our satisfaction at the settlement of Turkey's difficulties should so soon be dashed by troubles of our own, but this regret is tempered by several considerations that forbid our viewing the situation with either despondency or mistrust. In the first place, the Affghan cloud has been looming for a good many years upon the north-western horizon of India, and even the most optimist of our Eastern statesmen never anticipated its passing without bursting into storm. It is no unforeseen difficulty that we have to face, but one that has been steadily in view of the public in India and of the Government at home during the last ten years. Secondly, we were probably never in better heart to face it. The exertion of moral force which we recently put forth in the councils of Europe has restored our confidence in ourselves as well as our credit among the Continental nations. The trust which Lord Beaconsfield placed in the Indian army in the hour of danger has flattered and encouraged our native forces, and has enlisted the sympathy of the Indian races in the maintenance of British *prestige*. Thirdly, had the Chamberlain Mission been allowed to proceed to Cabul in peace and pretended friendship, there was a danger of our envoy being sent back with smooth words and fair promises, but with no real guarantees for the neutralisation of Affghanistan, or that the Ameer would stand true to the interests of his British alliance. And lastly, the time has fully come when the inauguration of our new policy in Asia Minor, and the many responsibilities which we have assumed in the East, require as their natural complement the establishment of our influence in Affghanistan upon a broader and more secure basis

than it has hitherto occupied. It would be of little use to make fast the Euphrates valley if the Khyber were left in hostile hands; and unless Affghanistan be secured against the possibility of sharing the fate of the Central Asian Khanates, the best pains we may put forth in Asia Minor are but lost labour so far as the security of India is concerned.

But though our present misadventure might well have befallen us at a time when it would have been less easy to reassert our influence, there is not the remotest foundation for alleging that the Government has on this occasion sought offence as a pretext for making itself master of Affghanistan. Such a charge can only pass current where there is entire ignorance of our past and present dealings with the country. The real source of the present quarrel, so far as we are concerned in the meantime, is the headstrong and capricious insolence of an irresponsible ruler, whose mind upon more than one occasion has failed to withstand the storm of political and domestic disasters amid which his life has been spent. Whoever may be behind him, or by whatever counsels he may have been urged to take the bold step of placing himself in opposition to British authority, we know enough of Shere Ali's disposition to have been prepared for such an outbreak any time during the last half-dozen years. Wily and far-seeing as we have found the Barukzye character to be, it has never been able to restrain its passions, or to regulate the gratification of some momentary desire by a regard for future consequences. We must remember, too, that Shere Ali Khan has in his time gone through as many vicissitudes as would make the steadiest ruler reckless. To-day on the throne, to-morrow a hunted fugitive in the wilds of Balkh; at daggers-drawn with his nearest and dearest, and with brother and son often seeking his life; surrounded by chiefs who force him to mix in their intrigues as an alternative to their intriguing against himself; and with his hopes blighted in the deaths of the two sons whom he had set his heart upon in succession as the inheritors of his throne: these are all circumstances that help to account for Shere Ali being a desperate man, and explain the expectation which the Indian Government has for some time back entertained that the Ameer would one day jeopardise the friendship of the British, and nullify the good offices which, ever since the Umballa durbar in 1869, we have been anxious to render to him and to his family. It is quite as groundless to allege that the policy which the Indian Government has followed with regard to Affghanistan, since Lord Lytton assumed its conduct, has in any way contributed to the Ameer's outbreak, as to say that we desire an excuse for annexing that country at the present moment. Lord Lytton's policy is practically the same policy as was instituted by Lord Mayo, so much to the satisfaction of both Conservatives and Liberals; for the latter defended and eulogised it when in office, and took due credit to themselves for its beneficial effects on our Eastern position. Lord Lytton's dealings with the Ameer have lain quite within the lines of his two immediate predecessors, and have been altogether in accordance with the Affghan policy approved by the Liberal party when last in office. As there seems to be a desire on the part of the Opposition to inculpate the Government for the Affghan difficulty, and to fix on the Viceroy as the scapegoat readiest to hand, we shall rapidly

run over the leading details of our recent relations with the Ameer, in the hope of finding out where the blame really rests.

It was with Lord Mayo's advent in India that the Calcutta Government began to substitute a friendly interest in Affghan affairs for the much-lauded policy of "Masterly Inactivity." It is true that Lord Lawrence had, before he left, so far departed from the cold impartiality with which his Government had hitherto looked on upon the death-struggle between the sons of Dost Mohammed, as to supply Shere Ali with money and arms to consolidate his reacquired power, and to enable him to stamp out the last rebellious efforts of his brother Azim and his nephew Abdul Ruhman Khan. But Lord Lawrence had no heart to throw himself warmly into the work of conciliation. He had that nervous dread of interfering with Affghan interests under which almost all the old civilians who had shared in the troubles of Lord Auckland's time more or less laboured. He had consistently throughout his whole public career discouraged all measures that were calculated to involve us in Affghan affairs, or to give the Affghans an interest in the consolidation of our Eastern power. Utter absention from Affghan politics had always been his maxim. In June 1857, he had proposed the abandonment of Peshawur and the Eusufzye to Dost Mohammed, and would thus have withdrawn us a step back from the dreaded frontier. Fortunately, the counsels of Sir Sydney Cotton, Nicholson, and Edwardes, prevailed with Lord Canning, and we kept our hold of the north-west entrance to India. And when Sir John Lawrence became Viceroy, the same narrow views dictated the whole of his dealings with the ruler who chanced to hold Cabul for the time being. Before this time "Masterly Inactivity" had no footing in the Calcutta Foreign Office. A plea has been put forward that the tardy recognition which the Ameer Shere Ali received after his father's death from the Government of India was the real commencement of the policy of "Masterly Inactivity," and the first cause of Shere Ali's bitter feelings towards the British. Now, with all the facts before us, we need not scruple to contradict this statement. Dost Mohammed died at Herat in June 1863. Soon after, Shere Ali sent a *khureeta* or communication of the event to the Government of India, and six months took place before any answer was returned. This delay, it has been said, was purposely contrived in order that the scramble expected among Dost Mohammed's sons might be allowed to take place, and that the successful candidate might have time to put down his rivals, and seat himself firmly on the Cabul *musnud*. But our policy was then actuated by no such selfish motives. Lord Elgin was rapidly sinking into the grave, public business was in arrears, and it was not until Sir William Denison arrived from Madras to assume the government, that an answer could be returned to Shere Ali. Sir William Denison's letter is couched in a tone of friendly regard and interested advice which we fail to find in any subsequent communications until the final reversion of the "Masterly Inactivity" policy under Lord Mayo.

And here we may remark how disinterested towards the Affghan kingdom was the conduct of the British Government at this time. We knew well that Shere Ali was even then, of all Dost Mohammed's sons, the least favourably disposed towards British friendship. Shere

Ali was then Persian in his sympathies; while his brother Azim, who had inherited the chief share of his father's abilities, and who had made the intimate acquaintance of the British during his frontier government of Khoorm and Khost, was strongly disposed to cultivate the alliance of the Government of India. And it is well known both that Azim's was the only dissentient voice raised among the Affghan chieftains when they were clamouring to be led down against us in the Mutiny, and that Dost Mohammed was mainly withheld from yielding to them by the prudent counsels of the same son. Had the Affghan influence been cast into the balance against us at that critical moment, who can say what the issue might have been? Azim Khan was quite conscious of the debt the British owed him; and the Affghan chiefs would naturally expect that, if the Government of India was possessed of any gratitude, it would be favourable to his succession. But, rightly or wrongly, we were disposed to abide by Dost Mohammed's nomination of Shere Ali; and this obliviousness of Azim Khan's past services probably first impressed the Affghans with the idea that the British were but a thankless Power, which our subsequent policy only too fully confirmed.

When Sir John Lawrence arrived in Calcutta, in January 1864, Shere Ali was still ruling; but the first symptoms of fraternal jealousy were already cropping up. The other sons of Dost Mohammed had, one after the other, drawn away from court and established themselves in their provincial strongholds. His eldest brother, Afzul Khan, in Balkh, and Azim in Khoorm and Khost, towards our own frontier, were already acting independently of the Ameer; and as soon as the passes opened in spring, Shere Ali was compelled to despatch expeditions against them both. The issue, in the first instance, was the flight of Azim, in May 1864, into British territory before a superior force, where, entertained by our Government, he awaited the next turn of the tide in his own country. Afzul's position, beyond the Paropamisus, was not so easily dislodged; but after some fighting a temporary reconciliation was patched up, on the faith of which Afzul was to be still allowed to retain the government of Balkh. Abdul Ruhman Khan, Afzul's son, a young chieftain of great promise and spirit, would not, however, join in the submission, but took refuge beyond the Oxus; and the Ameer's jealousy being now thoroughly roused, he threw his brother into prison. No doubt caution justified such conduct; but the discontented made it a pretext for open rebellion. The sanction of religion was given to insurrection, under the pretext that the Ameer had violated the oath by which he had sworn reconciliation with Afzul over the Koran. All through the winter of 1864-65 the Ameer's position was growing more precarious. At Kandahar, two of his brothers and a nephew were organising revolt. From British territory Azim was stirring up the frontier tribes against their suzerain, and Abdul Ruhman was levying an army of Bokhariot mercenaries for the invasion of the Affghan territories beyond the Hindoo Koosh. The Ameer was sadly straitened for money; for with nearly half his kingdom in a state of semi-rebellion, he could with difficulty keep up his immediate followers, much more put armies in the field. No doubt Shere Ali felt with some bitterness how useful, under such circumstances, would have been the subsidy which his father, in his latter years, had re-

ceived from the British Government; and that, had the British Government granted him even the ten thousand muskets he had asked for, he might have been able to keep rebellion from coming to a head. And the fact that Azim Khan, from under the protection of the British, was then actually organising plans of insurrection among the wild tribes of the eastern frontier, was not likely to mitigate his original prejudices against the English in India.

The summer of 1865 found Shere Ali in the field fighting for his throne against brothers on every side of him. At the battle of Kujhbaz, one of the most important actions in the Affghan civil war, the Ameer routed his two brothers and the nephew who held the Kandahar country; but the victory was dearly purchased to Shere Ali, by the loss of his favourite son and destined heir, Fyz Mohammed, who was pistoled in the combat by his full uncle Ameen Khan. This tragedy produced such a shock upon the mind of the Ameer, as to completely break his spirit during the rest of the war; and those who have had the best opportunities of watching his disposition, are inclined to doubt whether he has ever really got over this blow. This was in June; and during the whole of that autumn and the succeeding winter, Shere Ali took little or no interest in the operations of his enemies, or in the precautions of his friends. Mr Wyllie, in his well-known defence of Sir John Lawrence's Foreign Policy, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' gives the following account of the Ameer's mental condition during his stay at Kandahar in the winter of 1865-66:—

"Buried there in the seclusion of inner chambers, he admitted none but a few personal attendants within his sight; and if at intervals he broke silence, it was only to wish, with a burst of Nero-like ferocity, that he could cut the throat of every man in Cabul and Candahar, or to declare in utter despondency that he should depart out of Affghanistan and learn to forget his home and people in England, Russia, or the holy land of Arabia. One night he jumped into a tank, and began groping under water in search of his dead son. His guards rescued him, but he remained insensible for some time afterwards. Altogether, there was only too good ground for the rumour then prevalent throughout all the bazaars of Central Asia, Persia, and India, that Shere Ali of Affghanistan was mad."

Whether "Masterly Inactivity" had been the proper policy in the springs of 1864 and 1865 or not, there can be no question that it was the only course left to us at the commencement of 1866. In either of the previous years, the Government of India, by holding out a hand to the Ameer, and by giving him even a moiety of the aid that Lord Mayo afterwards extended, could have kept Shere Ali firmly seated in his place at Cabul, have prevented nearly four years of cruel warfare, have established a claim on the friendship of both the Ameer and his successor, and finally, have obviated the necessity of occupation, and perhaps annexation, that is even now staring us in the face. All this, we say, might have been done by friendly intervention then; but the chance at that time opened up to us was not of the kind that occurs twice. With a maniac such as Shere Ali had by this time become, we could come to no proper understanding; and even if the Government of India, wearied of the bloody struggle that was going on so close to its borders, had been desirous to terminate it, there was no opportunity for its interposing.

The descent of Abdul Ruhman Khan upon Affghanistan in the

summer of 1865 carries us back by its romantic dash and snowball-like success, gathering, as it went, for a parallel, to Charles Edward's march on Derby in the 'Forty-five. The young chief brought with him a chosen band of adventurers from Bokhara. His cause was blessed by his father-in-law, the "Ameer-ul-Muminin," or Commander of the Faithful; and his object was to liberate his own father from an unjust captivity. Balkh readily yielded itself to the son of Afzul Khan. Many of the Ameer's most trusted officers rode off to join the invader as he passed the defiles of the Hindoo Koosh. His uncle, Azim Khan, made his way through the hills, from the Wuzeeree fastnesses where he had found shelter for the winter, and took the command which his nephew dutifully yielded up to him; and before Christmas the insurgents were round about Cabul, which was held for the Ameer by his second son, Ibrahim Khan, a sort of "Ethelred the Unready," whose name has steadily been connected with bad luck to his father's fortunes; and by the end of February the insurgents were in possession of the citadel. Roused for the moment by the loss of his capital, the Ameer again took the field, only to receive a crushing defeat at Sheikhabad, at the hands of Abdul Ruhman, on the 10th May. Shere Ali's troops were completely scattered, and he himself had to take refuge in Kandahar; while Afzul Khan, lately his prisoner, but now released from the fortress of Ghuznee by his victorious son, was speedily seated in triumph on the throne of Dost Mohammed.

We now mark another step in the progress of British policy. We have Afzul Khan ruling at Cabul, strong in the valour of his son and the sagacity of his brother Azim, intensely popular in his territories beyond the Paropamisus, and readily obeyed except about Kandahar and Herat, whither the broken remnants of Shere Ali's party had retreated. There seemed little prospect of Shere Ali, in his half-demented condition, ever again being able to reassert his rights; and there wanted only the alliance of the British to make Afzul Khan as firm on the throne of Cabul as ever Dost Mohammed had sat there. With Azim Khan regulating the policy of Affghanistan—for the elder brother had broken down in mind and resolution—the friendship of the Government of India was the first thing to be conciliated. With deep penetration Azim had noted the Russian advance across the Jaxartes, and had divined, even before the Calcutta Foreign Office had aroused itself to the significance of this southern movement, that, sooner or later, the British would have to make Affghanistan an outwork of their Indian position. In the overtures which the new Government at Cabul soon made for British assistance, broad hints were thrown out of the Russian advance, and of Affghanistan having a choice presented to it of two alliances. But these were days when statesmen, to show their freedom from Russophobia, rushed into quite as censurable extremes. The idea of Russia crossing the Oxus was scouted, and the dominant policy at Calcutta was to let the "quarrel of kites and crows" in Affghanistan, as it was contemptuously called by the 'Times' correspondent, run its course. The British Munshi at Cabul, who was a much more sensible man than his employers, endeavoured to pave the way for an alliance which would have secured us the goodwill of the existing Government, as well as have established in permanence the Afzul Khan faction; and was threatened with recall if he ever again "stepped

beyond the letter-writing *rôle*," as the Edinburgh Reviewer puts it.

"'My friend,' writes Lord Lawrence to the Ameer, on the 11th July 1866, 'the relations of this Government are with the actual rulers of Affghanistan. If your Highness is able to consolidate your Highness's power in Cabul, and is sincerely desirous of being a friend and ally of the British Government, I shall be ready to accept your Highness as such; but I cannot break the existing engagements with Ameer Shere Ali Khan, and I must continue to treat him as the ruler of that portion of Affghanistan over which he retains control.'"

A policy which finds expression in so cold-blooded an indifference to a cruel and fratricidal struggle affords no pleasant retrospect. Nor would we refer to it if we did not feel that our present difficulties are in a great measure expiatory of the course we then took. We have no hesitation in saying that the Government of India could, by its moral support and a moderate outlay of money, have at once ended the war and established a strong Government in Cabul. It had the chance of doing this when Shere Ali came to the throne, and refused it, earning thereby the bitter animosity of that prince. It had again a chance when Afzul Khan got possession of the government, and again it elected to allow the contest to continue, offending the chiefs who held by Afzul and Azim as much as it had previously irritated Shere Ali and his adherents. There were many authorities in India well acquainted with Affghan politics and parties, who declared then, and who still hold by the same opinion, that Afzul Khan and his faction were the party most likely to serve British interests, and that assistance to them then would have amply repaid itself in our increased influence in Affghanistan, and in our having a durbar at Cabul dependent upon our favour rather than upon its right to govern. We are not, however, prepared to censure Lord Lawrence's government for not recognising and aiding Afzul Khan. We had already recognised Shere Ali as the legitimate ruler, and to have disowned him then would have sullied our honour in the eyes of our native critics. But the Government of India adopted a course which was less objectionable only in name. It recognised two rulers in Affghanistan—an Ameer *de jure* and an Ameer *de facto*—and in so doing only succeeded in weakening its own authority and in displeasing both parties. As for Azim Khan's warnings about the Russian advance, they were received by the Calcutta Foreign Office with cold derision; and the prospect of an Ameer of Cabul making advances to Russia was treated as a political impossibility. "We doubt his doing so," says Sir John Lawrence's apologist, the late Mr Wyllie, in January 1867; "and we are confident that, if he does, he will take nothing by his motion beyond fair words. The Russian outposts, even if they had reached Samarcand, would be still 500 miles from Cabul; and the Czar, for the present at any rate, seemed neither inclined nor prepared to push a man beyond the Oxus." So short-sighted was the political vision that underlay the policy of the Indian Government at this time.

Our Cabul diaries show how bitterly Lord Lawrence's letter was resented by Afzul Khan's durbar. Nevertheless a civil answer was returned, and hopes were still entertained that the renewed activity of the Russians in the Khanates during that summer would startle the Government of India from its apathy. A renewed application from Cabul in the beginning of the winter of 1866-67, drew from the Government of India an optimist expression of its views of the Russian

advance, and a wise counsel to Afzul Khan not to mix himself up in affairs across the Oxus. But by that time Lord Lawrence's government was affecting an indifference to Central Asian affairs that it had ceased to feel; the advance of the Czar's troops in the direction of Samarcand had already shown them how imperfect had been their estimate of Russian progress; and the growing necessity for a settled government at Cabul was every month pressing more keenly upon them. "Masterly Inactivity" had now resolved itself into anxious waiting upon Providence for providing some way or other out of the Affghan difficulties. Fortunately for them the never-ending scene of intrigue, conspiracy, and rebellion again shifted. Troubles cropped up in Balkh as soon as the closing of the passes gave its chiefs a season of impunity. Azim the brother and Abdul Ruhman the son were quarrelling among themselves as to who should rule in the name of the Ameer. But otherwise the Cabul party held its own against the scattered efforts of Shere Ali's adherents, whenever the two parties came into collision. Only about Herat, where young Yakoob Khan was holding a firm grasp upon the country in his father's name, was there a gleam of hope for Shere Ali's cause. This chief, whose early promise has been so sadly blighted by his father's prejudice and ingratitude, was then casting about him in every direction for aid to effect another revolution. He had very nearly succeeded in obtaining material assistance from Persia, when our Mission at Teheran interfered to spoil his tactics. Another decisive victory was obtained by the Ameer Afzul's forces at Kelat-i-Ghilzye in January 1867, and this success was made the occasion for another effort at securing the countenance of the Indian Government. Sir John Lawrence returned an answer, couched in very similar language to his previous letter, recognising both Afzul and Shere Ali as the rulers of as much of Affghanistan as happened at the time to be within their respective possessions. The admirable impartiality with which the wet blanket is thrown over both parties, and regret for Shere Ali's disasters mixed with congratulations on Afzul's victory, deserves a place in any collection of diplomatic precedents.

"Your Highness must pardon my saying that I feel pity for Shere Ali Khan personally. He succeeded your Highness's renowned father as the ally of the British Government; and he adhered to the alliance, giving me no cause of offence at any time. Nevertheless, the general welfare of the great Barukzye house of the Affghan people has higher claims on my consideration. With great sorrow and solicitude I have, for three years past, seen that house and people a prey to the most calamitous dissensions. I am disposed, therefore, to hail hopefully any event which may tend to bring Affghanistan nearer to the attainment of a stable peace and strong government under one of the sons of Ameer Dost Mohammed Khan. And in this spirit I beg to tender to your Highness my congratulations on the recent victory secured for your Highness's arms, &c."

Can we blame the Affghans for having been insensible to the merits of this line of policy, which finds so much favour with the British Radical? To the untutored tribes beyond the Khyber, "Masterly Inactivity" seemed stolid indifference to their troubles; nor could they understand how the Government of India could profess friendship with Shere Ali, and yet rejoice in his rival's triumph. Such friendship, in the eyes of the Affghans, was of little service; and it is not surprising that their ideas of British policy and alliance should remain to

the present day largely leavened by their experiences of these years.

It is not necessary that we should follow closely the chain of events through the death of the Ameer Afzul Khan; the brief troubled reign of Azim, who was, of course, recognised by the Government at Calcutta as Ameer of Cabul; the masterly operations of Abdul Ruhman against Shere Ali's forces in the early part of 1868; the turn of the tide in favour of Shere Ali, and the reorganisation of his followers, chiefly due to the activity and military genius of his son Yakoob; and the series of successes that led him back, step by step, to his capital, which he re-entered in triumph in September 1868. His victory was far from complete; for Azim was still among his own clans of Khoorm and Khost, and Abdul Ruhman was lord on the other side of the Paropamisus. But Shere Ali was once more ruler in his father's capital, and by virtue of this position he could again approach the British Government as Ameer of Affghanistan. And by this time the Government of India was as ready to take the Ameer by the hand as his Highness was to hold it out.

And what had brought about this deviation from the policy of "Masterly Inactivity"—this departure from what Mr Gladstone would call an attitude of "benevolent neutrality"? Were we tired of seeing our neighbours cut each other's throats? Was Shere Ali Khan personally of more consequence to Government now than when he had solicited its aid in vain on previous occasions? Did Government really feel a desire to give peace to Affghanistan in the interests of humanity and for the sake of its gallant clans, who had now, for four years, been suffering from all the horrors of constant warfare? Was there really any unselfish or generous motive underlying the ready response which we now gave to Shere Ali's overtures for alliance? If we honestly wish to get at the bottom of our present difficulties we must consent to look facts fully in the face. The Government of India had caught alarm at the Russian advance, and an alliance with Affghanistan was now felt to be imperatively necessary to the security of our own position in India.

While "Masterly Inactivity" had been the watchword of the Government of India from 1863 to 1868, the course of the Russian Government in Central Asia had been one of masterly action. After the conclusion of the Crimean war had transferred her military enterprise from Europe to Asia, the Russian outposts had been stretching gradually along the northern bank of the Jaxartes, and by 1863 the towns of Turkistan, Chemkend, and Tashkand, were in their possession, and a footing had already been secured to the south of the river in the city of Khojend. Although the Russian progress was as yet slow compared with the accelerated pace of their march upon the Oxus, every step which they took to the southward was firmly laid down. Roads and forts everywhere secured the connection of the *avant-courriers* with their base at Orenburg; while the subject populations whom they overran were either assimilated by such "Russifying" measures as we have been made familiar with in Poland and the Baltic provinces, or were "improved off the earth," to use an expressive Americanism. Prince Gortschakoff, in his famous Circular of 1864, explained the Russian position with more honesty, in our opinion, than he has generally received credit for. The Russian frontier was a purely artificial

boundary, tenable with difficulty from natural causes as well as from the neighbourhood of lawless nomads whom the Russians could neither treat as public enemies, nor yet restrain from annoying their positions. The Russian southward movement was dictated, the Prince declared, by "imperious necessity;" and when they had found a firm border in the settled and civilised state of Khokand, they had no interest in pushing farther. But as we ourselves have found in our Indian career, it is easier to launch out upon a course of conquest than to pull up; and exactly the same political elements that carried the British from the Karumnassa to the Khyber, bore the Russians willingly or unwillingly from the Jaxartes to the Oxus. Intercourse with semi-civilised states bred disputes, and the Russians found that the rulers were often powerless to afford them redress. There was much to be said in favour of pressing forward. They had gone so far now that there was danger in pausing; it was in the interests of law and civilisation that they were extending the Russian sway over the Turcoman tribes. Ambitious statesmen and ardent military spirits were alike avid of further annexations, and the Government at St Petersburg seemed disposed to give both their swing, provided only their conduct raised no scandal in Europe. Not long after Prince Gortschakoff had apologised for the Turkistan encroachments, and promised that the line of the Jaxartes and Lake Isszk-kul, with the town of Chemkend, had been settled as the southern limits of the Russian advance, the Czar's troops overran Khokand, embroiled their Government with the Ameer of Bokhara, and after several more or less severe engagements, by dint of bullying and diplomacy transformed that potentate into a feudatory of Russia, and in deed, if not in name, added his realms to the roll of Russian territory. It was the approach of the Russians to Samarcand that first alarmed the Indian Government. The old imperial city of the Moguls has still a certain *prestige* clinging to it; and the natives of India could not hear of its passing under European domination without some thrill of excitement. Sir John Lawrence's government had steadily refused to recognise the Russian advance, had minimised the successes of Romanowski and Tchernaieff, and, ostrich-like, had sought to raise its own confidence by denying that there was any cause for alarm. But that, after 1866, Sir John Lawrence's government grew uneasy and impatient to do something that would give it additional security against the Russian advance, we have abundance of evidence.

When at last it was apparent that Russia would soon be upon the Oxus, and that the safety of India was intimately connected with the maintenance of a strong government at Cabul, Sir John Lawrence yielded up his cherished policy with a very bad grace. He still endeavoured to persuade the India Office that we should content ourselves with recognising Shere Ali as *de facto* ruler only; that we should aid him with arms and money; but that in the event of his failing to hold his own, we should not be committed to his cause, but "should be prepared to renew with the successful chief the same terms and favourable conditions as had obtained under his predecessor." Fortunately, Sir Stafford Northcote, who was then Secretary of State, met this monstrous proposition with a distinct refusal. He would have no objection to support a firm Affghan government, but British assistance was not to be

held out to rebels as a premium on their usurpation of the Cabul throne. It was the India Office rather than Sir John Lawrence's government that dictated the footing on which Ameer Shere Ali was to be supported with money and arms in return for "abiding confidence, sincerity, and goodwill on his part." That the Viceroy himself had no faith in the policy which the pressure of circumstances led him then to adopt, is quite clear from all that he has since written and spoken on this subject; and it was really with the arrival of Lord Mayo in India that our relations with Shere Ali began to be characterised by an active interest in his welfare, and by a kindly feeling towards the Affghan tribes.

But was it wonderful that our new-born friendship failed in a great measure to wipe out the bitter memories of the "Masterly Inactivity" era? Shere Ali had so often been denied help in the hour of his sorest need, had so often seen us exchange fair words with his enemies, that he was not likely to be deceived as to the real cause of our altered professions. He knew well the anxiety which the Russian advance was arousing in India—indeed he has always entertained an exaggerated idea of our dread of Russian rivalry, which may have a good deal to do with his conduct at this moment—and he was at no loss to see that it was our own security and not the welfare of either himself or his country that we were seeking to serve by offering him money and materials of war. His opinion of English policy, founded on his experience of "Masterly Inactivity," was plainly expressed by himself at the time when we were congratulating Afzul Khan upon his victories. "The English," said Shere Ali at Herat in 1867, "seek only their own interests. They keep their friendship for the strongest, and they change with the change of fortune. I will not waste precious life in entertaining false hopes from the English, and will seek the alliance of other Powers." This conviction of English selfishness, engrained in his mind by so many painful recollections, was not lightly to be removed; and we shall not err greatly if we describe the whole succeeding course of our Affghan policy as an unsuccessful attempt to remove from the Ameer his impressions of our "Masterly Inactivity," and of the evils it had brought upon his country.

Unless, like some of the Liberal journals, we are to go muddling about for imaginary causes of our present difficulties, we must frankly recognise that it is in our Indian foreign policy from 1863 to 1868 that we must seek for the primary source of Shere Ali's hostility. We impute no blame to Lord Lawrence personally. That he was thoroughly conscientious in believing his policy of isolation to be the one best calculated to serve the interests of Britain in the East, no one who has come in contact with him will for an instant doubt. But it was his long experience of the East, and high reputation for statesmanship, that secured for his foreign policy a credit that it would not otherwise have obtained. That parochial policy, under its various designations of "masterly inactivity," "non-intervention," "benevolent neutrality," "moral abstention," and such attractive catch-words,—and which practically means that all the rest of the world may cut each other's throats so long as we ourselves do not come by scathe,—has led us into more wars than all the malice of all our rivals. And the Affghan expedition which is now staring us in the face is only the

natural Nemesis of the course that we entered upon some fifteen years back. "Wait!" was the great argument of the advocates of "Masterly Inactivity," when it was urged that we were only incurring the contempt and earning the ill-will of our Affghan neighbours. "Wait! time will justify our measures." And we have waited, and this justification has taken the form of a necessity for another invasion of Affghanistan, and the probable overthrow of the Barukzye dynasty, if not the practical annexation to India of the country. The lesson is a weighty one to all those statesmen who are fond of playing with principles when facts should rather have been handled.

To remove the distrust of the Affghan ruler and his subjects, to establish a strong government in Cabul which could be answerable for order from the Khyber to the Oxus, to interweave Shere Ali's interests with our own, and to shield him from the Russian intriguers who were now rapidly nearing his border, was a task into which Lord Mayo threw himself with all his wonted heartiness and energy. To a policy of cordial assistance and frank sympathy he added a personal influence which secured him both the respect and confidence of every oriental with whom he was brought into intercourse. He saw that no cold course of formal diplomacy was suited for the temper of the Affghans at that time; and that material assistance would go but a certain length to reconcile them to our friendship unless it was backed up by some attempts to soothe the bitter personal feelings of the Ameer. It was for this reason that the Umballa durbar of 1869 was arranged, and that Lord Mayo accorded him that magnificent reception which for the time quite overcame his old dislike and distrust of the British. It has been said that Shere Ali went back a discontented man because we had not accorded him the alliance offensive and defensive which he desired. Throughout the Cabul diaries that succeeded this event, we find no traces of any such feeling. On the contrary, he had the assurance of the Government of India:—

"Considering the bonds of friendship between that Government and your Highness have lately been more closely drawn than heretofore, it will view with severe displeasure any attempt on the part of your rivals to disturb your position as ruler of Cabul, and rekindle civil war; and it will further from time to time, by such means as circumstances may require, strengthen the Government of your Highness, to enable you to exercise with equity and with justice your rightful rule, and to transmit to your descendants all the dignities and honours of which you are the lawful possessor."

This was really an assurance that the Government of India would not only maintain Shere Ali on the throne against the efforts of his rivals, but would also guarantee the succession in his line; and as such this promise of Lord Mayo was received in Affghanistan, and with it his Highness remained satisfied so long as Lord Mayo lived. With this assurance, and with the substantial aid in money and arms that the Ameer was now receiving, he had little difficulty in stamping out the embers of rebellion. Azim was dead, and Abdul Ruhman a refugee beyond the Oxus, completing the parallel which we have already drawn between him and the Young Chevalier, by soiling the laurels which he had undoubtedly won, even in rebellion, in a career of dissipation and doubtful intrigue which soon reduced his fortunes to so low an ebb that the Russians found it

useless to countenance his plans any longer. All seemed prosperous with Shere Ali, and had he possessed a fraction of his father's ability and resolution he would speedily have consolidated Affghanistan into a strong military nation—the only account to which that country and people can ever be turned. But already that restlessness of disposition which his ill-regulated mind has always betrayed, was raising fresh troubles in place of those which we had assisted him to overcome. He would fain, in the pride of his new power, and in his enthusiasm for English interests, have intermeddled in the quarrels of the Khanates, and taken up a hostile attitude towards the Russian advance, a course which was promptly checked by the Government of India. His swaggering language was taken occasion of by Russia to call the British Government to account, and the explanations which passed on this occasion were held to have effected a lasting understanding between the two Powers on the Affghan question. The idea of the Liberal Government was the establishment of Affghanistan as a neutral zone between the possessions of England and Russia, "which should be the limit of those possessions, and should be scrupulously respected by both Powers." This was one of those fine-sounding proposals in which Gladstonian diplomacy delighted, which cost little or nothing to put on paper, and which convey a sufficiently satisfactory assurance to those who take no particular interest in the subject. Russia pretended that she wanted time to examine the map and determine her frontier; and while her Foreign Office was busied in this task, her military department was making all haste to push up the Attrek valley from the Caspian to a point whence she could command both Merv and Meshed, and be ready to fall upon Herat when such a step would serve her ends. The Russian proposal practically was that Affghanistan should be neutralised to the south of the Paropamisus, so as to allow her to include the whole of Balkh-Turkistan within her annexations, without obstruction from the Ameer, their legitimate owner. It seems astounding that Lord Clarendon should have received such a proposal as worthy of the consideration of his colleagues. Fortunately Lord Mayo was too much master of the situation to be thus inveigled, and his representations at the India Office made the Government sensible of the advantages which Russia would secure under the suggested arrangement. In a private letter to Sir Henry Rawlinson, the Viceroy thus expresses his views of the neutral zone policy:—

"I may say that, though we discussed the question of a neutral zone very fully in Council, there was not a shadow of a difference of opinion in respect to it. Indeed the feeling amongst us was very strong as to the danger that would arise if any foreign Power could remonstrate against any action taken by us with regard to our frontier states and tribes. . . . If Russia would only consent to place herself in the same position as regards Khiva, the unconquered part of Bokhara, and the independent tribes along her frontier (if she has a frontier), as we are willing to do as regards Khelat, Affghanistan, and the territories of the Kushbegi,—that is to say, to recognise and secure their independence, but to continue to exercise over them friendly influence with an *unquestioned* power of punishing them or their subjects if they misbehaved,—if Russia would consent to this, and agree to a joint, solemn, public declaration with us to that effect, binding on the honour and the good faith of the two Governments, I am inclined to believe that the Central Asia question would cease to exist for your time and mine. If

the present Government could effect this, it would confer on them immense honour, and would create a sense of security both in England and India that would give to us at once an incalculable addition to our strength."*

Lord Mayo's plan, however, would have involved an abnegation of further conquest which Russia was by no means disposed to make. Our best attempts to reach a settlement that would afford a definite relief from the strain which the Russian movements were even then imposing upon our position in India, were met with evasion and diplomatic by-play; but after a deal of discussion, at last a settlement of the frontier was reached. This agreement we need not describe in detail, as it has never been allowed to impose any obligation upon the course of Russian policy, and as the light very soon after thrown by the Khivan Expedition upon the value of Russian assurances completely discredited the arrangement in the eyes of Eastern politicians. The chief point connected with these negotiations—which will be found set out at length in the Blue-books of 1873—of interest to us at present is, that Mr Gladstone's Government allowed the Russian Government to go away with the idea that it could hold us responsible for the Ameer Shere Ali's political conduct. "We are the more inclined," said Prince Gortschakoff, "to accept this act of courtesy"—that is, the frontier arrangement — "as the English Government engages to use all her influence with Shere Ali, in order to induce him to maintain a peaceful attitude, as well as to insist on his giving up all measures of aggression or further conquest." That it was a grave blunder to permit Russia to make any such assumption was evident at the time to many; and should the present Affghan trouble lead us into controversy with Russia, she will no doubt refresh our minds as to the exact character of her understanding with the Liberal Government. Mr Gladstone's attempted qualification of the agreement in Parliament in April 1873, does not seem to us to have made our position much better. "The engagement," he said, "referred solely to the moral influence possessed by England and Russia in the East, Russia engaging to abstain from any attempt to exercise it in Affghanistan, and England engaging to exercise it for a pacific purpose." These loose understandings and Utopian agreements, based upon such undefined ideas as "moral influence," benevolent neutrality," and other expressions of the same kind that give a nice turn to a speech in Parliament, or to the peroration of a newspaper article, have always been a fruitful source of trouble in our foreign policy. To exercise moral influence on Affghanistan or the Affghans was a moral impossibility, as every one well knew who knew anything about the country; and the bargain with Russia into which the Gladstone Government allowed itself to be cajoled, was, in plain English, that if Russia engaged to avoid armed interference, we would be responsible that the Ameer and his subjects should give her no cause of offence. Now, when we consider that the wildest and most lawless of the Ameer's subjects, over whom he himself can hardly exercise authority, far less could we make anything of them by "moral influence," now neighbour the Russian frontier, we can in some measure realise the responsibility that the Liberal Administration so cheerfully accepted.

* England and Russia in the East, by Sir Henry Rawlinson, p. 301.

Had Lord Mayo been spared to complete his tenure of office, we cannot help thinking that the course of affairs in Affghanistan would have fallen out in a very different fashion. We mean no disparagement of his successors when we say that. His strong personal hold of the Ameer, his clear common-sense which lifted him far above the petty devices of Indian diplomacy, and his firm manner of looking difficulties frankly in the face, would, in all human probability, have placed our Affghan policy on a firm foundation before his viceroyalty had run its course. So long as he was at the head of the Indian Government Shere Ali was all that we could desire, and our views regarding the consolidation of the country and the settlement of its fortunes on a firm foundation were furthered as well as we could reasonably expect. The difficulty about the succession was the one point in which the Ameer and the Indian Government could not be harmonious. The Ameer was bent on passing over his able son, Yakoob Khan, by whose energy his restoration to the throne had been mainly brought about, in favour of the boy Abdulla Jan, whom he had introduced to Lord Mayo at the Umballa Conference as "*Sikha murdana*" (the true stamp of a man). There was, however, no cause to quarrel about a matter in which time would very likely have a good deal to say; and beyond a general expression of interest in Yakoob's prosperity and counsel to the Ameer that the succession of Yakoob would strengthen his house and kingdom, there was no need of further interference. The Government of India, we may presume, had its own plans for saving the country from another civil war on the death of Shere Ali; but there was no need for pushing these prematurely forward. There seems reason to suppose that the Government of India so far sympathised with the grievances of which Yakoob complained, since it gave the Ameer no encouragement to crush him when he rebelled in 1870; and, indeed, we had no cause to mix ourselves up in the dispute, for Yakoob's object was not that of previous Affghan rebellions, to usurp the throne of Dost Mohammed, but to secure his own independence against the oppression which he alleged himself to be suffering at the hands of his father. Towards the end of 1871, Lord Mayo wrote several letters to the Ameer, counselling reconciliation, and pointing out that the continuance of civil war might possibly prejudice the friendly efforts that the British Government was making to procure for him and for his rule such securities as the nature of the case admitted. Lord Mayo's representations had so much weight that the Ameer separated himself from his advisers who were hostile to Yakoob; the young prince was permitted to come back to Cabul, and peace was restored. But the influence which had proved so beneficial to Affghanistan was now at an end. Lord Mayo soon after was cut off, and the Ameer again turned the cold shoulder to Yakoob, whom, however, he kept under close surveillance to prevent the possibility of another revolt.

While endeavouring to strengthen Shere Ali's personal authority, Lord Mayo's government was also actively using its good offices to smooth down grounds of difference between the Ameer and his neighbours. The province of Seistan has long been claimed by both Persia and Affghanistan, and an attempt had been made to get us to decide between the rivals in 1863. When an appeal was then made to our obligations to arbitrate under the Treaty of Paris, Lord Russell, in the true spirit of "benevolent neutrality," said, "that her Majesty's

Government must leave it to both parties to make good their possession by force of arms." Lord Mayo's government, however, was less indifferent, and at its instance General Goldsmid's Commission determined the difficulty by a judgment whose impartiality was attested by a protest against it from both Affghanistan and Persia. We are justified in claiming for this award, without going into questions of either its geographical or political justice, that it removed an overt cause of quarrel between the two powers, and secured Shere Ali from danger in the valley of the Helmund when all his energies were wanted to mark the course of events on his northern frontier. And any loss that the Ameer fancied he sustained by the rectification of his boundary was more than made up by the liberal terms of compensation accruing to him under General Goldsmid's decision.

Lord Mayo's Affghan policy was carried on in its main details during the viceroyalty of Lord Northbrook with uniformity, if not with genuine heartiness. His Excellency never succeeded in securing any portion of his predecessor's personal influence with the Court of Cabul, nor did he do much to draw the Ameer any closer to our interests. Finance and famines absorbed the energies of his administration, while internal feudatory affairs, such as the Baroda State, occupied much of his time to the displacement of affairs more purely foreign. In his only notable efforts to strengthen our external frontier, his attempt to reconcile the Khan of Khelat and his tributary chiefs, he failed to effect any arrangement, and left the difficulty as a legacy to his successor. An excellent internal administrator, who spared neither himself nor his officers when the home interests of the country were to be concerned, Lord Northbrook was so far narrowed in his views by the principles of his party as not to see how rapidly the "Central Asian Question," of which we had fought so shy even when it was at a distance, was being brought down to the very gates of India.

A proof that Lord Northbrook was less cordial in his feelings towards Affghanistan than had been his predecessor, is to be found in the tone of the response returned by him in 1873, when the Ameer once more renewed his application for a treaty offensive and defensive. Contrasting it with the genial manner which Lord Mayo's government had maintained towards him, the Ameer seems to have regarded this in the light of a rebuff, and to have made it an additional cause of complaint against the British. Another unhappy blunder which had a prejudicial influence on Shere Ali's feelings, was our approach to his vassal, the chief of Wakhan, a principality lying across the upper waters of the Oxus, to the east of Badakshan, that seems to affect a general independence of the Ameer. Lord Northbrook's government made the mistake—a mistake as much to be condemned as regretted—to send direct to the Wakhan chief a letter and gifts in return for his kindness to our Yarkand Mission, instead of through the proper channel of his suzerain, Shere Ali. This incident, coupled with the general coldness of Lord Northbrook's government, appears to have left a most unfortunate impression upon the Ameer.

In his attention to the frontier at least, Lord Lytton has proved an acceptable contrast to his predecessor. There are many features in his Indian policy which his best friends will hesitate to stamp with unreserved approval, and which can only be tried by the tribunal of time. But

the spirit of his foreign policy has been actuated by a true sense of the dangerous dignity of our Eastern position, and of the forces which threatened to assail it. No Governor-General can rule in India without running the gauntlet of a large circle of detractors. He has been accused of aiming at imperialism in our Eastern policy. Very likely he may be guilty of the charge, but in the meantime the majority of Englishmen like ourselves think that imperialism better becomes us than its opposite extreme of parochialism, and that our interests are safer in the hands of Statesmen than when swayed by Bumbledom. Sneered at as her Majesty's assumption of the crown imperial of India and Lord Lytton's inauguration of the new dignity have been, they have still provoked cordial feelings among the natives, which are a source of great assurance to us at the present time. Hitherto we have always dreaded the effects which a quarrel with Affghanistan might have upon the minds of the natives of India more than the campaign itself; and the comparative freedom which we at present enjoy from such disquietude is a great tribute to the success of Lord Lytton's administration.

By the time that Lord Lytton came to deal with frontier questions, it was very obvious that, if Affghanistan was to be retained as a buttress of our Indian position, it must be brought under Indian influence to a much greater extent than it hitherto had been, even under the Mayo *régime*. We may even go further and say, that by that time it was apparent that Affghanistan must either be absorbed by ourselves or left to Russia to annex. But so long as there was a prospect of Shere Ali loyally carrying out the compact which he had made with us at Umballa, and in return for the stipend which he had received, ruling his country in the "abiding confidence, sincerity, and goodwill on his part," which he had pledged himself to maintain towards the British Government—so long as the Ameer was loyal to our interests—our only care was for his security. Lord Lytton has always been friendly to Affghan independence, and in his public speeches has expressed his partiality for what is known among Indian politicians as the "buffer" system.

"'I consider,' said his lordship, in a speech to his Legislative Council in the spring of last year, 'that the safest and strongest frontier which India can possibly possess would be a belt of independent border States, throughout which the British name is honoured and trusted, within which British subjects are welcomed and respected, because they are subjects of a Government known to be unselfish as it is powerful, and resolute as it is humane. I do not believe that this influence is attainable by military expeditions, nor indeed by anything except by constant friendly contact with our less civilised neighbours.'"

These words we believe honestly describe the aims of Lord Lytton's foreign policy; and if circumstances have compelled him to have recourse to more heroic measures, then circumstances, and not he, are to blame. Every step that he has hitherto taken has been quite as much in the interests of Shere Ali's power as in that of our own. Our occupation of Quettah was most decidedly a step in the Affghan interest, for it brought us close to their side at the hour of need, and secured to us a position whence we could effectually interpose for Shere Ali's protection from whatever quarter his power was threatened. If the Ameer professed to view this occupation with jealousy, he had no good grounds for doing so. The late treaty which we made with the Khan of Khelat

has given that potentate ample securities for his independence, and free action so long as he remains in political subordination to the British. The Ameer's subjects have already seen the benefits of this arrangement springing up in every corner of the Khelat State. New markets have been opened, villages rebuilt, and agriculture extended on a scale that is marvellous, considering the short time our influence has been brought to bear upon the State. The small garrison which, at the Khan's request, we left at Quettah, enables the Khan to preserve order within, as well as to keep troublesome enemies at a distance; and on our side it affords us the advantage of an outpost that commands the Bolan Pass, and enables us to keep an outlook upon our Affghan interests. Our position in Khelat is a decided gain to us at the beginning of an Affghan war, and is a great source of weakness to Shere Ali on his Kandahar frontier.

If, however, it is alleged that Shere Ali foresaw the power which the subordination of Khelat to British interests would give to us in the event of a quarrel with Affghanistan, need we be at the trouble to traverse the argument? We had given him ample proof of our desire to strengthen his government and to maintain the integrity of his kingdom; we had told him that our single aim was to preserve him and his people from his and our enemies; and we had convinced him to his expressed satisfaction that the interests of India and Affghanistan were most closely united together. If then Shere Ali, our stipendiary ally, whose friendship we had purchased with a money payment as well as by many acts of disinterested friendship since he was restored to his government, objected to the occupation of Quettah, it could only have been because he was in his heart playing false with us, and meditating the repudiation of the British alliance, if a suitable opportunity presented itself.

No one who has marked the personal disposition of the Ameer will feel surprised at the change which seems so suddenly to have come over him, from the warm partisan and would-be champion of the British Government to its determined antagonist. We need not go so far afield as to seek for the causes of the change in the machinations of Russia, although it is far from impossible that his mind may have been warped by some irresponsible intriguer of the Ignatieff or Tchernaieff type. But the Ameer has never thoroughly been master of himself since the loss of his favourite son in the battle of Kujhbar; and from all accounts that we can gather, the death of his pet, Abdulla Khan, has again induced that moody and reckless temperament which marked his former period of mourning. When in that condition it is almost a mental necessity with Shere Ali to pick a quarrel with some one; and on such an occasion his old grievances against the Indian Government, and the wrongs which he conceives himself to have suffered during the period of "Masterly Inactivity," would naturally come back with full force upon his recollection. All our late negotiations with the Cabul durbar have more and more clearly brought out the fact that, in the Ameer's reckless temperament and moody disposition, a serious danger was threatening the continuance of our good relations with his country. He has accepted our assistance and assurances of friendship, but in such a way as to indicate that he looked upon them as a tribute from our fears rather than from our affection. The recent critical condition of affairs in

Europe, the war fever which was checked with so much trouble at Berlin, gave the final impetus to Shere Ali's wavering. When he heard one of the great political parties in Britain earnestly agitating for the repudiation of our treaty obligations towards the Turks, and for allowing the Czar to expel them "bag and baggage" from Europe, it can hardly be wondered at that he should have felt alarm. The Ameer, we know, has the English newspapers read to him, and the vehement outcry which the Radicals raised for the abandonment of the Porte to the mercies of Russia naturally made him imagine that the commencement of another era of "Masterly Inactivity" which he had so good cause to dread, was impending. When we call to mind how the Czar was deceived by Mr Gladstone's "atrocity" operations as to the real feeling of Great Britain, we can scarcely feel surprised that Ameer Shere Ali was led by the St James's Hall bray of "perish India!" to imagine that he "heard a lion in the lobby roar." And indeed Shere Ali had good reason to dread the predominance of the opposition policy in England; for, judging from the course which it was advocating with respect to the Sultan's interest, he would expect nothing else from its advent to power than to be left to his fate before the ever-advancing wave of Russian aggression. The effects of the Liberal outcry both upon the Czar and the Ameer is a significant lesson to political agitators to beware lest their clamours, which were merely meant to influence the constituencies, should have pernicious effects upon foreign policy which they had never taken into account.

To what extent Russia has taken advantage of the Ameer's recent vacillations is as yet a matter of considerable uncertainty. It is clear, however, that as soon as the Czar's Government saw that England was to prove the arbiter in the European quarrel, it began to cast about in every direction in search of irritants to divert our attention from the main questions, the revision of the Treaty of San Stefano and the Anglo-Turkish agreement. The condition of Cabul was not uninviting; and as the throwing of the Indian troops into the scale had given a favourable turn to British interests in Europe in our favour, it was little more than natural that Russia should be anxious to provide us with some employment for them nearer to their proper sphere of action. It will be argued that Russia has more tact than to be guilty of any such obvious petty spite. We must not, however, make the mistake of imagining that Russian diplomacy is at present ruled by the high policy which has so long characterised its course. Since the check at Berlin, the Government of St Petersburg has really been a paralysed autocracy—possessed, indeed, of all its members, but with the nerve-currents directing these flowing through uncertain and irresponsible channels. This fact must be taken prominently into account if we would understand either the appearance of the Russian envoy at Cabul, or the explanations which the Russian official press has put forward of his presence there.

Towards the end of 1876, Sir Lewis Pelly had an interview with the Ameer's representatives at Peshawur, and in behalf of Lord Lytton offered him the treaty offensive and defensive, which he had so long desired—not, as Lord Lawrence in his letter to the 'Times' seems to suppose, on condition of a British envoy being allowed to reside at Cabul, but in return for British officers being allowed free access to the

Russian frontier. Such a demand was as much in Shere Ali's interests as our own; and there can be little question that he would readily have closed with it, had he not been already too closely meshed in the Russian toils to make such a concession. In this, as in most other points of our Affghan policy, we made up our minds only when it was too late. In reality, if not in name, we stood bound to aid the Ameer against his enemies; and our reluctance to acknowledge this fact on parchment seemed to the Ameer as if we wished to reserve for ourselves an opportunity of evading our obligations. The course of Central Asian events pointed strongly to the prudence of gratifying the Ameer at the time when Lord Northbrook refused his request, giving him, as the 'Times' admits, "a less definite assurance of continued friendship and of conditional support" than his Highness had received from Lord Mayo's government. And when Lord Lytton endeavoured to remedy this error, he found Shere Ali too fully committed in another quarter to be able to accept his terms. From that time it became the imperative duty of the Government of India to put our Affghan relations upon a more secure footing; and this duty Lord Lytton, as soon as the settlement of the European difficulty prevented his object from being misinterpreted, proceeded to discharge.

An attempt has been made to make out the Chamberlain Mission as ill-timed, and to find an apology for the Ameer's discourtesy in stopping it, on the ground that had we despatched our envoy at any other time than when a Russian embassy was claiming his hospitality, he might have experienced a more worthy reception. Such criticism carefully evades the real point at issue. Had we gone sooner, we would have had Russia complaining that we were seeking to stir up the Ameer against her while her hands were full in Europe. Had we delayed longer, the Indian Government, we believe, has reason to know that it would have been at the cost of the last chance that still remained of saving Shere Ali from deserting our alliance. So far as we are concerned, we need entertain no reflections as to the seasonableness of our Mission, or to the mode in which its despatch was arranged. The formidable escort which has been made so much of, was really nothing more than was necessary to the dignity of the embassy. Major Sandeman, in his mission to Khelat, was attended by an escort of a thousand men; and Shere Ali would have been prompt enough to consider himself slighted had Sir Neville Chamberlain presented himself at his capital with a less imposing *cortège* than had waited upon the Khan of Khelat. Earl Grey has alleged it as a fault in Lord Lytton's preparations that he did not ascertain the Ameer's disposition to receive our Mission, before it was despatched to encounter the affront of being forbidden to enter his country. Lord Grey and the other critics who have taken the same view of the matter, leave entirely out of sight the fact that Shere Ali has hitherto been our stipendiary, that we really kept him upon the throne by our help in 1868-69, and that we have paid a good round sum as the price of his alliance and fidelity to us in Central Asian complications. To have stood upon unnecessary ceremony with him at the present time would have been to sink all the claim which our benefactions give us upon him; and this all sides will admit to have been an inexpedient piece of self-sacrifice. But the best

justification of Lord Lytton's action that we can cite, is the successful issue in which they have resulted. Instead of having an embassy postponed by fair words and specious promises until the convenient time came for Shere Ali to publicly cast off the British alliance; instead of under the frail guarantee of Affghan honour allowing our ambassador, without any means of self-protection, to enter the country to share the fates of Burnes and Macnaghten,—Lord Lytton's precautions at once compelled the Ameer to throw off the mask and to stand forward in his true colours as an enemy of the Indian Government.

Another objection which has been urged is, that an Indian embassy should not have been so hurriedly despatched when it was known that a Russian envoy had already out-distanced us, and gained the first hearing of the Ameer. This plea also overlooks the true character of the understanding which has hitherto existed between England, Russia, and Affghanistan on Central Asian policy. Russia had, at all events up to the outbreak of the war in Europe, held us responsible for the good government of the Ameer's dominions, and had ostentatiously declared that Affghanistan lay outside her limits of action. At the same time she has taken advantage of the agreement into which, as we have previously shown, the Liberal Government allowed itself to be tricked, to criticise in anything but a friendly spirit the influence of our alliance on the prospects of Shere Ali's government.

So far as the devious course of the Russian approach to the Ameer can be traced, it appears to have been made through Shere Ali's domestic intrigues in favour of his youngest son, Abdulla. The British Government never disguised its partiality for Yakoob Khan as the only member of the Ameer's family under whom a firm government could be maintained at Cabul; and when Shere Ali's harshness had driven Yakoob into revolt, Lord Mayo, as we have seen, had very plainly indicated the view taken by his Government of the Ameer's policy. About this time General Kauffmann succeeded in assuring the Ameer of his sympathy, and of his desire to aid him in maintaining his authority; and although the Ameer was then too much afraid of losing British support to risk a direct flirtation with Russia, and though he informed the Indian Government of General Kauffmann's overtures, he seems to have caught at the idea that, as the Indian Government favoured his son Yakoob, the Russians would be more likely to support his nomination of his son Abdulla as his successor. This, in our opinion, is the most likely means by which the Russians have won over the Ameer, by taking advantage of his family partiality, which, in the present state of his mind, seems to have acquired all the force of a mania. From the stress which the Russian official journals have laid upon Shere Ali's unhappy domestic relations, and the indifference of the English to his plans for settling the succession, a considerable colour is given to this theory; while the announcement that his Highness had made his favourite grandson heir-apparent, which coincided closely in point of time with General Stolietoff's arrival at Cabul, may perhaps serve as an explanation of the ready ear which Shere Ali seems to have lent to his new friends on the present occasion. We do not believe that Shere Ali had any intention of coming to an immediate *éclaircissement* with either the Indian or the Russian Government. To gain the

friendship of both, and to pit the one against the other, is true Affghan tactics; and it is most likely that his Highness contemplated playing with Russia in the same manner as he has been deceiving us for some years past. Lord Lytton's proposed embassy put a much-needed stop to the possibility of further dissimulation with both sides. The Ameer knew that he could no longer make use of the conflicting interests of England and Russia to serve his own advantage, and that he must now necessarily take a side. That he has preferred the Russian to the English alliance does not necessarily imply a belief that fortune is more likely to cast in her lot with the Russian cause, but is more probably due to the fact that he already stands so deeply compromised with the Russian intriguers in Turkistan as to despair of being able to reinstate himself in the good graces of the English.

Much ingenuity is being exerted in the attempt to discover how far the Ameer's defiance is due to Russian instigation, and considerable anxiety manifested as to whether the Czar is "behind" Shere Ali, as the phrase goes. In our present position, we can afford to regard the Russian factor in the Affghan problem as a secondary consideration. Russian diplomacy is at the present moment suffering from its too obvious collapse in Europe, and is evidently searching about for some fresh vent, undirected by any definite or responsible guidance. There can be little question that Russian intrigue has led Shere Ali into defying the British, but it by no means follows that Russia is to hold him assured against the consequences. The traditional policy of Russia, on the contrary, has been to get her dupes into the scrape, and then to leave them in the lurch. We have very little doubt that Shere Ali will find himself no exception to the other princes who have allowed themselves to be made the tools of the Czar. It may serve Russia to raise a gale in the East, to divert attention from the evacuation of the Turkish territories in Europe; she may have no objection to the British Ministry being embarrassed by Shere Ali's conduct, especially if such embarrassment were likely to give a lift to her friends the Liberals; but she is in no condition to take the field in Asia against the forces which she so recently shunned in Europe. The accounts which we have of distress and dissatisfaction in her own provinces warrant us in believing that Russia will not at the present be rash enough to espouse Shere Ali's side; nor do we take much account of the warlike vapouring of the St Petersburg ministerial journals. The aim of these papers is too evidently intended to impress the English Opposition, to give much clue to the real sentiments of the Russian Government on the subject. The real danger, if any, of a collision between England and Russia, rests in the probability of the latter taking advantage of the state of anarchy into which an English expedition would naturally throw the Ameer's country, to help herself to more territory than we would possibly be disposed to concede to her if our hands were free. Indeed the St Petersburg correspondent of the 'Norddeutsche Zeitung' has already discounted the chances of Russia being able to improve the occasion while the Ameer is paying the penalty for listening to her counsels.

We need not discuss here the preparations which have been made for bringing Shere Ali to his senses, or the chances of warfare which an Affghan campaign presents. It is enough

that these are to all appearance thorough, and amply adequate for the object. We have heard many gloomy forebodings, based upon our previous Affghan misadventures, which really can have no bearing whatever on the present expedition. Circumstances have altered entirely to our advantage since our armies last ascended the Khyber Pass. Our base of operations is now conterminous with the frontier of the Ameer. We have no longer a strong and doubtful power like that of the Sikh monarchy lying right athwart our communications, We command the Bolan Pass, and have a footing in Khelat which will give troops an easy access into the heart of the Ameer's dominions. That there will be sharp fighting we may lay our count with; for we have ever found the Affghans worthy foemen, and, as they say themselves, "the hills are on their side." But our frontier forces are well experienced in mountain warfare, and fully acquainted with the nature of the work that is cut out for them. Setting aside the jealousy which must always attend the organisation of such a force, the arrangements which Lord Lytton has made command the respect of military critics both in India and at home. And there is a strong probability that we shall meet with more or less assistance in the Ameer's own territories. We already seem to be making considerable success in conciliating the tribes about the Khyber. Those about Khoorm are the clans whom Azim Khan headed so often against the Ameer, and whom judicious diplomacy would have little difficulty in converting into our allies. Our Khelat alliance may enable us to harass Shere Ali from his Beloochistan border; and with a liberal use of the military chest we ought not to have much difficulty in raising the Kandahar country against the Ameer. As long as we have money we shall not want allies in Affghanistan; and it would only be in keeping with the past character of Affghan events if we found, before we got to Cabul, that another rebellion had done our work for us. We have no wish to take an optimist view of our difficulties, but we cannot shut our eyes to the immense advantages with which we start on the present occasion compared with any previous expedition into Affghanistan.

The issues to be evolved out of this expedition cannot with propriety be discussed at present. Much must necessarily depend upon the terms by which the Ameer is brought to submission; more, possibly, upon the understanding which we must perforce come to with Russia regarding her aims in that direction; and we are very hopeful that such an understanding may be effected without a hostile collision of interests. It seems likely that the safeguards which are necessary to secure our position in India will conflict with our regard for Affghan independence. But much as needless annexation is to be deprecated, no politician will argue that the independence of Affghanistan is worth preserving at the cost of mutual distrust and eventual war between Great Britain and Russia. The best security we can have against Russian aggression is our own outposts; and as our frontiers are evidently destined to coincide, the sooner we meet the better. The "neutral zone" had never any existence except in theory, and as a theory it has wrought its own discredit. But the all-important question is, Where are our frontiers to meet? Considering how successfully Russia has tampered with subject populations in the principalities of the Porte, we may well be averse to put it in her power to

preach her "holy mission" to those of our Indian subjects whom she might make malcontents, from the heights of the Suleiman. But we need not discuss the importance of Affghanistan to us, as an outwork of India, or the importance of keeping the Hindoo Koosh between us and the Russian advance. Such a matter may safely be left to the present Government and to Lord Cranbrook, whose presence at the India Office during this crisis is an unquestionable safeguard that whatever is done in Affghanistan, will be done with spirit and decision.

We have not much reason to complain of Liberal criticism with regard to the Affghan difficulty. Beyond a general disposition to apologise for the doubtful game which Russia seems to be playing, and to discover some reasonable grounds for prophesying defeat and disaster, the Opposition press does not appear to have interested itself in the matter. Mr Gladstone is silent because he has not sufficient information on the subject—an impediment that we never remember to have previously prevented the right honourable gentleman from expressing his opinion. Perhaps the most noteworthy view that has yet been expressed on the Opposition side, is that of Lord Lawrence, whom we exceedingly regret to see coming forward as an adverse critic of the policy of Government. It is to Lord Lawrence's own policy, more than to any other portion of British statesmanship, that the present difficulty is due; and now that he has no better advice to give us than to shirk our responsibilities, and sneak out of the quarrel, we think he would better have consulted the reputation of a Lawrence of Lahore had he remained silent. It pains us, and it must pain all who respect the honours that his brother's valour and his own probity have twined round the name of Lawrence, to speak with what may seem harshness of his lordship's letters, but we feel that his great Eastern authority ought not to be allowed to warp the public mind on this question. We must remember that Affghanistan has ever been Lord Lawrence's *bête noire;* that once before, as we have already pointed out, when the crisis of the Mutiny was approaching, he proposed the abandonment of Peshawur and the Eusufzye, a step that more than any other was likely to seal our ruin in India. The whole course of Lord Lawrence's previous dealings with the Affghan ruler renders him an unsafe adviser in the present troubles which those dealings have mainly brought about. Even among the Opposition leaders no voice has as yet been raised in support of Lord Lawrence's proposal that we should tamely bear the Affghan insult, and allow the Ameer to hand his country over to the Russian generals,—for that is practically what his counsel comes to. In agreeable contrast with Lord Lawrence's feeble advice is the letter which Sir James Fitzjames Stephen has written to the 'Times' on this question. The share which the late legal member of the Indian Viceregal Council had in Lord Mayo's Affghan policy entitles him to be heard with respect. Sir James Stephen shows, that out of the populations of her Central Asian acquisitions, Russia can form a native army of far better troops than any in our Indian service, the Sikhs only excepted. To guard against the danger of invasion by such an army under Russian officers, would take an enormous outlay on troops and fortifications. Our possession of India is not, he thinks, likely to be endangered by a single Russian invasion, but by a succes-

sion of conquests and alliances, each of which would afford Russia a fresh recruiting-ground.

"If the embassy to Cabul," says Sir James, "was not a step to an alliance against England, what did it mean? The English people should not be at the mercy of its neighbours. We have already more territory and responsibilities than we want; but it is unlikely that we shall ever have a better opportunity than the present of gaining a defensible frontier. If everything now falls back into the drifting position in which it has been for a series of years, Russia and Affghanistan will be at once in alliance, and the difficulty of any advance on our part will increase with every year that passes. Whenever the enterprise of securing the frontier is undertaken, it will involve a very serious effort; but I do not see why we should expect to be stronger hereafter than we are now, when we are not under special difficulties. . . . I am far from wishing England to take up a position of hostility to Russia, as I believe we are destined to be neighbours; and I see no reason why we should not be friendly neighbours. But perfect independence is the condition on which alone friendship is possible; and if we meet Russia on terms which give her great military advantages over us, we shall not be independent."

This is sound counsel from a Liberal quarter, and we trust that similarly sensible and patriotic opinions will animate the Opposition when Parliament comes to deal with the Affghan difficulty. There is little prospect that the letters which Lord Lytton hast just received, will present any peaceful escape from the position into which the Ameer's imprudence has forced us. Explanations can now only complicate a matter that is already sufficiently entangled. The submission by which alone we can now be satisfied can only be procured by the sword. The sole kindness that we can now show the Affghan nation is to make such preparations as will enable us to strike immediately and with decision, and so save the country from the evils of a protracted campaign. It may seem hard to say so, but the best wish that we can now entertain for Affghanistan is—

"Sharp be brand and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo."

We must bear in mind that the punishment in store for the Ameer is only the just penalty of treason; that we have paid a good round price for his friendship; and he has bound himself to our alliance by pledges which no Power could with propriety allow him to break.

In reviewing the course of our Affghan policy, there are many things to regret but nothing to be ashamed of. We have missed many chances, but we have broken no promises. Even our errors have sprung from mistaken ideas of Affghan interests. Can the same be said of Russia's southward advance, each of whose successive territorial acquisitions has been marked by violated pledges and torn-up treaties? We may be well content to grasp the Affghan nettle at the present moment, if, as seems probable by so doing, we can give Russia what she has all along been professing to seek, a settled and civilised power on her southern border, and thus remove future occasions for distrust on our, or for misunderstanding on her, part.

AMERICAN FACTS AND GLADSTONE FALLACIES.

Four remarkable articles have appeared in the last two numbers of the 'North American Review,' discussing the institutions of the United States and their working from opposite points of view. Three are written by eminent Americans—Mr Francis Parkman, the Hon. John Jay, and Mr Wendell Philips; and the fourth by Mr Gladstone. Mr Parkman, who, if Mr Bancroft will forgive us for saying so, is the most eminent American historian now alive, entitles his article "The Failure of Universal Suffrage." Mr Jay, formerly United States Minister at Vienna, writes upon Civil Service Reform—a question with which, owing to the position he held as president of a committee appointed to investigate the Customs department, he is eminently qualified to deal. And Mr Wendell Philips is the well-known abolitionist of Massachusetts. All these gentlemen discuss the matters which they treat with a knowledge which is the result of a lifelong study and interest in them, and with the intimate acquaintance which must ever characterise political students who set themselves honestly to examine the institutions under which they have been brought up. Two, at all events, write with earnestness, yet with a certain diffidence and modesty which contrast somewhat singularly with their English critic, Mr Gladstone, who, never having visited America in his life, and having no personal knowledge or experience whatever of the political habits of the country about which he writes, or of the machinery of its government, dogmatises in regard to the present condition and future prospects of "kin beyond sea" in a manner which has excited their amused amazement; while his article has called forth a storm of indignant protest on our own side of the Atlantic, which, considering the extreme flippancy and shallowness of his assertions, it did not deserve. Had his conclusions been arrived at after close personal observation and minute study, then, indeed, Englishmen might have felt some alarm at the prospect which he places before them of collapse and annihilation in the presence of their great rival. As, however, he admits that his life has been so much "absorbed in working the institutions of his own country that he has not had the opportunities necessary for the careful and searching scrutiny of institutions elsewhere," the force of his assertions is a good deal diminished. This admission on the part of Mr Gladstone may account for the extraordinary ignorance he has displayed, not only of the political conditions in the West, but of those of the East, with which the interests of this country are more especially bound up; unfortunately it did not prevent him from becoming so "absorbed in working the institutions of his own country" to its detriment, that he succeeded in frustrating the only policy which would have saved the East from the horrors of devastation and massacre which have overtaken it. "I should feel," says Mr Gladstone, with a charming *naïveté*, "in looking at the institutions of America, like one who attempts to scan the stars with the naked eye. My notices can only be faint, few, and superficial." One feels inclined to ask why, labouring under this heavy disadvantage, Mr Gladstone has undertaken to write about them at all? We can only account for it on the same hypothesis which induced him to write about "egg-flip;" there is probably

no subject on which Mr Gladstone would not be ready to express a decided opinion if he was asked. We have no objection to this idiosyncrasy. What we do object to is, that what Mr Gladstone writes in obedience to the promptings of this strange and morbid impulse, should be seriously accepted by the community at large as possessing any weight, or carrying with it any authority. When he asys, dogmatically, that at a coming time the United States "can, and probably will, wrest from us our commercial primacy;" that "she will probably become what we are now—the head-servant of the great household of the world, the employer of all employed, because her service will be the most and ablest;" that "while we have been advancing with portentous rapidity, America is passing us by in a canter;"—we must bear in mind that these alarming prophecies are what Mr Gladstone calls "faint and superficial notices." What their actual value may be, we may gather from a faint and superficial notice, also thrown into the form of a prediction, in which Mr Gladstone indulged when addressing an audience at Newcastle in October 1862. At that time the American civil war was raging, and, stirred by the prophetic fire which now announces the downfall of England to the condition of "Genoa, or Venice, or Holland," he then announced the triumph of the South. "There was no doubt," said Mr Gladstone, "that Jefferson Davis had made a nation of the South." "The announcement caused great sensation," remarks the 'Times' reporter. "We may anticipate," said the same orator, in a speech on the following day, "with certainty the success of the Southern States, so far as regards their separation from the North. I cannot but believe that that event is as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be." There is a haziness about this contingent certainty in which we may find comfort as applied to our own decadence. If, like the success of the South, it is based upon a certainty in itself only contingent, and upon knowledge admittedly "faint and superficial," let us take courage; it is just possible that Mr Gladstone's foresight may be as much at fault in the one case as it was in the other, and as it has been on the occasions when foreign political events have been predicted by him in regard to other countries. The misfortune is, that a man of Mr Gladstone's position, who combines intense earnestness with dogmatic superficiality, does an inealculable deal of injury by misleading the public, who are accustomed to associate earnestness with profundity, and who cannot comprehend how a man can become so passionately excited in regard to subjects on which he is absolutely ignorant. This was conspicuously the case in the Eastern Question, when Mr Gladstone was evidently under the impression (and probably is still) that the obstacle to reform lies in the Sultan and his advisers, and not in the Mohammedan populations, whom they are unable to control. He therefore proposed transporting them, bag and baggage, across the Bosphorus; but he did not tell us how he intended to enforce his reforms upon the three millions Slav and Latin Mohammedans who were left behind—who were not Turks at all, and who have massacred two successive officials of the highest rank, with their respective staffs, who were sent by the Turkish Government to prepare the populations for the reforms Mr Gladstone apparently thought could be more effectually introduced by Christian commissioners or possibly armies. In the first case, the commissioners, it is now clear, would have been murdered by the people

they went to reform; in the other case, the people to be reformed, as has happened in Bosnia, would first have to be murdered by the armies which went to reform them. Mr Gladstone's idea evidently was, that you had only to get rid of the governing body, and the whole country would receive reform with open arms. On that utterly false and superficial impression he "stumped" the country, and the result is a "contingent certainty" that Christian blood will continue to flow for some time yet before ignorant and fanatical sympathisers will realise that it might have been spared had they not been misled by the shallow predictions of their great prophet. But it is not in prophecy alone that Mr Gladstone is great; for adulation, vituperation, and a method peculiar to himself of ignoring facts, he possesses an exceptional facility. While indignantly denouncing, for the benefit of his American readers, "the silly transaction known as the purchase of the Suez Canal shares," and "the anonymous servility which, in a recent article in the 'Quarterly Review,' hinted at a doctrine" of which Mr Gladstone disapproves in regard to the position and functions of the sovereign, he seems to vie with the anonymous writer in the servility with which he flatters the Americans when he tells them that, in the reduction of the national debt, "their self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought for the future have been, to say the least, eightfold ours." To the "superficial" reader it would seem that, until the future has arrived to prove it, it is impossible to declare whether Americans have, "to say the least," shown exactly eight times more foresight than we have. It may be so, but time alone can show whether the rapid reduction of their public debt, which, as Mr Gladstone says, involved a taxation "which exceeded every present and past example," was not calculated ultimately to retard the development and industries of the country, and produce a pressure which would some day find its expression in great class disturbances. "If," as he justly remarks, "it pursued and worried all the transactions of life," it was not to be supposed that the classes chiefly pursued and worried would bear it patiently. During the railway strike which occurred in America last year, and paralysed the whole industries of the country for a week, involving a very large loss of life and destruction of property, there was a very marked absence either of self-command or self-denial; nor can we determine, until the financial policy of the United States has been subjected to a longer test, that there has been eightfold more of foresight in it than in that of England. For instance, if the greenback-labour party, with virtual repudiation for their motto, succeed in ever electing General Butler, or any other "Cincinnatus" of the type Mr Gladstone seems so much to admire, who, having been generals, are now politicians, to the presidency, how much below par will United States bonds and United States foresight for the future be? Mr Gladstone tells us "that the historian will record with surprise that an enfranchised nation tolerated burdens, which in this country a selected class possessed of the representation did not dare to face; and that the most unmitigated democracy known to the annals of the world, resolutely reduced at its own cost prospective liabilities of the State, which the aristocratic and plutocratic and monarchical Government of the United Kingdom has been contented ignobly to hand over to posterity." What the future historian will have to record of American currency and finance remains to be seen;

that a late Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister of this country should have supplied him with a prediction couched in the above language, may possibly assist him, when, in the course of his historical labours, he comes to analyse the interesting and complex nature of the right honourable gentleman himself. Indeed he will be much aided in this study by Mr Gladstone's own definition of the character of his countrymen. "We of this island," he says, "are not great political philosophers; we contend with an earnest but disproportioned vehemence about changes which are palpable, such as the extension of the suffrage, or the redistribution of parliamentary seats, neglecting wholly other processes of change which work beneath the surface and in the dark, but which are even more fertile of great organic results. The modern English character reflects the English Constitution in this, that it abounds in paradox; that it possesses every strength, but holds it tainted with every weakness; that it seems alternately both to rise above and to fall below the standards of average humanity; that there is no allegation of praise or blame which, in some one of the aspects of its many-sided formation, it does not deserve." The historian, reading the debates on the Reform Bill, will here find the secret of Mr Gladstone's "earnest but disproportionate vehemence about changes which are palpable;" and in his endeavour to account for the paradoxes with which his career abounds, will find the explanation of them in the fact that the subject of his study was himself but "a reflection of the English Constitution."

Mr Gladstone's faith in the America of the future is evidently based upon his belief in its power of cohesion. "She has," he says, "taking the capacity of her land into view, as well as its mere measurement, a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man." And by way of a hit at the imperial policy of his great rival, he goes on to say that "the distinction between continuous empire, and empire dispersed over sea, is vital." No doubt it is; but so is the distinction between the bonds which may unite an "empire dispersed over sea" and those which unite one which is "continuous." The continuous empire, consisting of thirty-six theoretically independent States, has already passed through a phase of four years of civil war of unexampled severity, during which Mr Gladstone himself predicted a cessation of continuity; while Monsieur de Tocqueville, whose treatise upon America Mr Gladstone authoritatively tells us is "among the best books hitherto produced for the political students of all times and countries," distinctly arrives at the conclusion, "founded upon personal observation," that the future destiny of the United States is to be divided into three countries; and Mr Wendell Philips, in his article on "The Outlook," in the number of the 'North American Review' which immediately precedes that in which Mr Gladstone's own article appears, says,—"No matter with what oath of loyalty you bind the South, experience warns the most sanguine optimist that no thoughtful man can feel sure that one flag will rule this belt of the continent fifty years hence." But Mr Gladstone, who, according to Mr Philips, cannot be considered a thoughtful man, feels as certain now, "as between the America and England of the future, that the daughter at some no very distant time will, whether fairer or less fair, be unquestionably yet stronger than the mother," as he did sixteen years ago "anticipate with certainty the

success of the Southern States, so far as regards their separation from the North." "If the Union lasts," says Mr Philips, "the negro will be its saviour and cement. If the Union is broken, posterity will never cease to wonder at the incredible folly which flung away and alienated its only and natural ally." How astonished Mr Philips would have been at Mr Gladstone's opinion upon this subject, as enunciated—always, be it remembered, from the "superficial" point of view—to the credulous audience he addressed at Newcastle in 1862! "The slaves," he then observed, "would be better off if the States were separated, as, on the basis of the Union, the laws against the slaves are enforced by the whole power of the Federal United Government." "Unless," Mr Philips goes on to remark, "a radical change is wrought in the coming year,—a western Democrat on a soft-money platform will be the next President." A "soft-money platform," it is scarcely necessary to explain, means virtual repudiation. Where will Mr Gladstone's eightfold more of financial foresight for the future be then? Mr Gladstone calls our attention to the present "financial sequel of the great conflict," as "exceeding every present and past example," and proceeds boldly to make the assertion that, "as to riches, it is reasonable to establish from the decimal stages of the progress thus far achieved, a series for the future; and reckoning upon this basis, I suppose that the very next census, in the year 1880, will exhibit her [America] to the world as certainly the wealthiest of all the nations." What does Mr Philips say on this point? "The greenback party has come to the conclusion that there is no need to tie the currency to specie. Paper answers every purpose. The plan and notion of a specie basis, at any rate in this country, has always been a sham." Mr Sears, of New Jersey, well styled it, "bankruptcy organised;" and Mr Philips, entirely ignorant of the fact that the United States are about to wrest from England her commercial primacy, and reduce her to the condition of Venice, Genoa, and Holland, goes on to ask, "If England, the richest nation in the world, the reservoir and refuge of coin, cannot, without subterfuge, support one specie-paying bank in London, how can we expect to hoard gold enough to form a real bank for two thousand banks scattered over a continent?" While Mr Gladstone points to the past financial policy of the United States as that upon which its future greatness and strength is to be built, Mr Philips condemns it as that which is to lead to its ruin. While Mr Gladstone, writing in London, talks of America as "a state elaborately digested into orders and degrees, famed for wisdom and forethought, and consolidated by long experience," Mr Philips, writing in Boston, considers his country on the verge of a crisis and surrounded by peril. "If it were possible," he says, "to rouse the public, and begin at once a crusade to execute justice and save the Union, that, in this crisis, would still be the first duty. Conflict of arms and bloodshed may at any moment reveal to blinded eyes this duty. But while this delusion of peace without purity, of peace not based on justice, lasts—while the South imagines the North a coward, only because she is foolish, and the North accepts in the South a hypocrite for a brother—labour claims every ear and every hand."

Mr Philips, who has a good many points of resemblance in his character to Mr Gladstone — notably that of rushing off on a wrong scent with a power of "giving tongue"

equal to our own arch-agitator—defends himself against the charge of fanaticism. "What is fanaticism?" he inquires. "It is enthusiasm blinding judgment; it is prejudice obstinately clinging to theories in spite of facts which disprove them." But as any further attempts to reconcile Mr Gladstone's theories with Mr Philips's facts would be as hopeless an operation as to reconcile Mr Philips's theories with Mr Gladstone's facts, we would suggest the task to those gentlemen themselves, as one which would afford an occasion for a lively newspaper controversy, and much amusement to the world at large.

The great disadvantage attending an "empire dispersed over sea," as contrasted with one which is "continuous," is much dwelt upon by Mr Gladstone, as it affords him the opportunity he seems eagerly to seek, of drawing contrasts between England and the United States, which are unfavourable to the former. "While America," he remarks, "has a nearly homogeneous country, and an admirable division of political labour between the States individually and the Federal Government, we are, in public affairs, an overcharged and overweighted people. We have undertaken the cares of an empire upon a scale and with a diversity unexampled in history; and as it has not yet pleased Providence to endow us with brain-force and animal strength in an equally abnormal proportion, the consequence is that we perform the work of Government, as to many among its more important departments, in a very superficial and slovenly manner." Mr Jay, a few pages later in the same review, tells us how the work of Government is conducted in one of the departments of "a homogeneous country"—"enjoying the blessing of an admirable division of political labour." "In March 1871 he writes: "A law was enacted authorising the President, with the aid of persons selected by himself, to put in operation rules and regulations for carrying a Civil Service reform into effect. The Commission appointed was headed by the Hon. George William Curtis; and their report announced a loss of startling magnitude when it said—'It is calculated, by those who have made a careful study of all the facts, that one-fourth of the revenue of the United States is annually lost in the collection.'" Nothing in the shape of reform followed this revelation, and "in 1877 Secretary Sherman's Commission were assured at the Chamber of Commerce, on what was said to be competent authority, that the loss had risen to forty per cent; and the same opinion is attributed to General Butler of Massachusetts. No encouragement was given for a hope of increasing strictness for the prevention of fraud, by Mr Collector Arthur's statement that the diminished seizures of 1874 represent a loss of many millions to the Government, caused by the comparative safety of those who are undertaking great frauds." This is a curious commentary on Mr Gladstone's statement that America is destined to become "the head-servant of the great household of the world, the employer of all employed, because her service is the most and the ablest." If by "the most" he means that they take the most, he is for once absolutely correct; for Mr Jay informs us that "the cost of collection on our total importations was more than three times as great as in France, more than four times as great as in Germany, and more than five times as great as in England. It next appeared that, while the cost of collecting our customs revenue was more than four times as great as in Germany, our loss in its collection was probably twice as large as the

net customs revenue of that great empire." It is well known that in the city of New York the cost of collecting the taxes is more than double that of London. We are afraid, therefore, that, in spite of the superior advantages which Mr Gladstone promises us would follow a continuous empire—consisting, we presume, only of England, Scotland, and Wales—we must cling to our prejudice that the "slovenly and superficial manner" in which an empire dispersed over sea" collects its customs, is preferable to that practised in the homogeneous country "with the admirable division of political labour" which he recommends. Some interesting facts are furnished us by Mr Senator Hoar's speech on the occasion of the impeachment of General Belknap for corrupt practices as Secretary of War. The extract is contained in Mr Jay's article, and is curious as illustrating how the "most and the ablest" perform their functions, and as throwing further light on the practical working of the American Constitution, "the stubborn strength of whose fabric" Mr Gladstone so much admires.

"My own public life," says this distinguished senator, "has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of senatorial office. But in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption and maladministration. I have heard the taunt from friendliest lips that when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilised world in generous competition in the arts of life, the only product in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption. I have seen in the State of the Union foremost in power and wealth, four of her judges impeached for corruption, and the administration of her chief city become a disgrace and a byword throughout the world. I have seen the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House, now a distinguished member of this Court, rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privilege of selecting the youths to be educated at our great military school. When the greatest railroad in the world, binding together this continent and uniting the two seas which wash our shores, was finished, I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of three Committees of Congress—two of the House, and one here—that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. I have heard in highest places the shameless doctrines avowed, by men grown old in public office, that the true way by which power should be regained in the republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service; and that the true end for which it should be used when gained, is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge. I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President. These things have passed into history. The Hallam, or the Tacitus, or the Sismondi, or the Macaulay who writes the annals of our time, will record them with his inexorable pen."

We shudder to think of the inevitable quarrels which must take place between Senator Hoar's historian and the one foreshadowed by Mr Gladstone, who is to record the material and political triumphs of the Republic.

That all efforts at reform of the Civil Service, so far, have proved abortive, Mr Jay's article clearly demonstrates; and that he fears they may yet continue to be so, we may gather from the concluding paragraph of his able article: "In the face of the corruption," he writes, "that lurks in our governmental system, and of the gigantic losses of revenue that add to the public burdens, and when every honest and patriotic citizen is ready to cry 'God speed' to the President in his efforts to restore the purity of the national service, the mo-

ment is inauspicious for a faction bent on the maintenance of partisan appointments in the teeth of the Constitution, and with their inevitable accessories of demoralisation and plunder."

If we would desire to know what gives this faction its strength, and why every effort on the part of the Executive to introduce reform invariably ends in failure, we have but to turn to Mr Parkman's article, where he demonstrates, in the lucid yet vigorous language of which he is so great a master, that all the ills from which the United States is now suffering, are to be traced to the practical operation of universal suffrage.

Mr Parkman's article is one which every English politician, of whatever school, would do well to read. It is scarcely possible to conceive a greater contrast than that furnished by the perfection of his literary style, his knowledge of facts, and the soundness of the conclusions he draws from them, as compared with the ungrammatical sentences and "superficial notices" of Mr Gladstone.

"When," says Mr Parkman, "a man has not sense to comprehend the questions at issue, know a bad candidate from a good one, or see his own true interests—when he cares not a farthing for the general good, and will sell his vote for a dollar—when, by a native instinct, he throws up his cap at the claptrap declamation of some lying knave, and turns with indifference and dislike from the voice of honesty and reason,—then his vote becomes a public pest; somebody uses him and profits by him. Possibly it is a demagogue, possibly a priest, or possibly both. In any case, it is folly to call him a free agent. His 'inalienable right' may perhaps be valuable to him for the bribe he gets out of it, but it makes him a nuisance and a danger to the State. He causes pulpit, platform, and press to condone his vices and debauch the moral sense of the people by discovering objects of sympathy in vagabonds, thieves, and ruffians. He gives power to the Communistic attack on property, and makes it difficult to deal with outbreaks of brutal violence against which even humanity itself demands measures of the most stern and exemplary repression."

We quote this because Mr Gladstone has been careful to give us his idea of the blessings which an unlimited franchise has conferred upon America:—

"If," he remarks, "there be those in this country who think that American democracy means public levity and intemperance, or a lack of skill and sagacity in politics, or the absence of self-command and self-denial, let them bear in mind a few of the most salient and recent facts of their history, which may profitably be recommended to their reflections. We emancipated a million of negroes by peaceful legislation; America liberated four or five millions by a bloody civil war, yet the industry and exports of the Southern States are maintained, while those of our negro colonies have dwindled; the South enjoys all its franchises; but we have, *proh pudor!* found no better method of providing for peace and order in Jamaica, the chief of our islands, than by the hard and vulgar, even where needful, expedient of abolishing entirely its representative institutions."

If the white population of Jamaica was larger than that of the negro, as it is in the Southern States, and the conditions of climate were as favourable to white labour as they are in most of the Southern States, it is not probable that its trade would have declined; but Mr Gladstone is too anxious to make a case against his own country to take any such trifling details into consideration. So far from it, he misrepresents the case as regards the former slave States, which, though certain exports have increased, have by no means recovered their industries or prosperity to the extent Mr Gladstone would have us believe; while the extension of the franchise to the negro is regarded by almost every

American, whether he be a Northerner or Southerner, as an unmitigated evil. Talking of the effects of the ballot on the class of voters whom Mr Gladstone wishes to see enfranchised in Jamaica, Mr Parkman, speaking from an experience denied to the former, says, "If the voter has a conscience he votes it away. His teacher is a demagogue who plays on his prejudices or his greed, and out of a bad citizen makes him a worse,—witness the municipal corruptions of New York, and the monstrosities of negro rule in South Carolina." And this is written not by a Southerner or a Democrat, but by a Northern Republican of the purest water, who only expresses what every honest politician of every class feels, now that the experiment has been tried in America which Mr Gladstone denounces England for not having introduced into the West India Islands. We do not require to go farther for a specimen of Mr Gladstone's knowledge of the subject in regard to which he professes to enlighten the American public, than when we find that what Mr Parkman describes as "the monstrosities of negro rule," he calls "the South *enjoying* all its franchises."

In point of fact, as after the civil war a great part of the educated portion of the population of the Southern States were disfranchised, and as this disfranchised class was not allowed any voice in the constitution framed for each Southern State, Mr Gladstone's language does not convey a strictly accurate idea of the true state of the case. No constitution could be adopted by any Southern State without having first been submitted to Congress for approval; and as, at that time, Congress contained no Southern representatives, it is clear that the several constitutions were virtually forced upon the South by the Government at Washington in the interest of the carpet-baggers who flocked thither from the north; and it was further made a *sine qua non*, that each of these constitutions should grant the suffrage to the negro, who thus became the tool of the Northern political adventurer—the practical effect being the disfranchisement of the Southern whites—and the result the "monstrosities" of which Mr Parkman speaks, and which at last became so intolerable, that respectable Republicans, even in the north, supported President Hayes in a policy which deprived the carpet-baggers of the support of the Executive at Washington, thus enabling the whites of the South to recover the position to which their education and property entitled them. This is the process which is now going on; and it is possible that, after sixteen years of political extinction and suffering, the South will *actually*, and not merely nominally, enjoy its franchises. This is the event which Mr Philips thinks will be the death-knell of the Union; for it will, by a singular Nemesis of fate, place the control of the negro vote in the hands of their former masters; and the Democrats consequently even now look forward to a triumph at the next Presidential election, when, in the picturesque language of Colonel Mosby, they will come once again to Washington, "as fierce as famine and as hungry as the grave," to seize the spoils of office of which *they* have so long been deprived. In other words, the North find that, in the famous fourteenth amendment of the Constitution, they themselves forged the weapon *of which* their opponents have now got possession, to sever, in the opinion of Mr Philips, the bonds which bind the Union together. Having regard to this great fact, it *is* somewhat startling to hear Mr Gladstone assert that the Constitution

has been "exempt from formal change." If the enfranchisement of the negro, on which, in the opinion of many American politicians, the future destinies of the Republic depend, is not a formal change, we should like to know what is. Mr Gladstone is, of course, unbounded in his admiration of the American Constitution, which he enthusiastically describes as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." No doubt it has great merit, but it has been perpetually adapted by amendments to meet new exigencies, and during the last Presidential election was found totally inadequate to provide for the difficulties of the case; the result was, the election of a President by a tribunal specially formed to decide points upon which the Constitution was silent, defining who was and who was not elected President of the Republic; while the fact that it is now pretty generally admitted that the candidate chosen by this extemporised tribunal was not the candidate chosen by the people, is likely to do a good deal towards undermining "the stubborn strength of the fabric."

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable blunder into which Mr Gladstone falls in his attempted analysis of American institutions, and comparison of them with those of this country, is to be found in what he says of the President and the Executive. "The Federal Government," he remarks, "is born anew of the nation at the beginning of each four years, and dies at the end. But during the course of those years it is independent, in the person both of the President and of his Ministers, alike of the people, of their representatives, and of that remarkable body—the most remarkable of all the inventions of modern politics—the Senate of the United States;" while of the representative Chamber he says that, while holding the power of the purse, "its conditions are such that it does not operate in any way on behalf of the Chamber or of the nation as against the Executive." Can Mr Gladstone be ignorant of the fact that the President is powerless to appoint a foreign minister, or even a home functionary of a certain class, without the approval of the Senate? That President Hayes's efforts at Civil Service reform, for instance, have been thwarted by that "most remarkable of all the inventions of modern politics," witness the case of Mr Roosevelt, mentioned in Mr Jay's article, who was nominated as Collector of Customs of New York for the express purpose of reforming its abuses, but who was unable to enter upon that most necessary duty because his nomination was not confirmed by the Senate. Mr Gladstone was himself, if we mistake not, a member of a Government which made a treaty with reference to the Alabama claims, through Mr Reverdy Johnson, which was signed by him as Minister on behalf of the President, but was thrown out by the Senate.

The question of peace or war, and, in fact, all matters of important legislation, rest mainly with the Senate, who can by its two-third veto, check all executive action on the part of the President, and bring matters to a dead-lock, as they did during the presidency of Andrew Johnson. In like manner the threat of the House of Representatives to stop supplies has, upon more than one occasion, been used "to operate against the Executive." Mr Gladstone does not seem to be aware that there is nothing in the machinery of the Constitution to prevent the House of Representatives being Democratic while the Senate is Republican, or *vice versâ;* or both being of one party while

the President is of the other—an event which at this particular juncture of American politics seems on the verge of occurring, and that "the most wonderful work ever struck off by the brain and purpose of man" has not made provision for the innumerable complications which must then arise, and which have been brought into very great prominence by the last Presidential election and subsequent events. There is one passage especially in Mr Gladstone's article which contains almost as many errors as it does lines. "In England," he tells the English, "inequality lies imbedded in the very base of the social structure." This is true, but we knew it before. "In America," he goes on to tell Americans, that "equality combined with liberty was the groundwork of their social creed." But this is not the case; and Americans could tell Mr Gladstone that during the colonial history of America "inequality was imbedded in the base of the social structure;" and at the close of that period, so deeply rooted was it in the traditions of the people, that it was very difficult to work out of it, as is proved by the almost universal restriction of the suffrage at that time by property qualifications. "Heredity," says Mr Gladstone, "seated as an idea in the heart's core of Englishmen, and sustaining far more than it is sustained by those of our institutions which express it, was as truly absent from the intellectual and moral store with which the colonists crossed the Atlantic, as if it had been some forgotten article in the bills of lading that made up their cargoes." In the first place, bills of lading never make up cargoes; but putting that little inaccuracy on one side, Mr Gladstone seems to have been unaware that the period is not so very remote when estates were entailed in America, and an organic law was passed cutting off entails. Men from whose "intellectual and moral store heredity is truly absent," are not in the habit of clinging to the laws of primogeniture. "No hardier republicanism," Mr Gladstone goes on to say, "was generated in New England than in the slave States of the South." If by hardy republicanism he means the absence of heredity and inequality, the "chivalry of the South," whose walls were hung with the pictures of their ancestors, and who treated the "poor whites" with all the *hauteur* and sense of social superiority which characterises an old landed aristocracy, would feel by no means flattered at Mr Gladstone's curious conception, that even "slavery itself, strange as it now may seem, failed to impair the theory [of equality combined with liberty], however it may have imported into the practice a hideous solecism."

What, however, is chiefly calculated to excite the wrath of the Democratic party in America is Mr Gladstone's assertion that "the struggle with the South decided that to the Union, through its federal organisation, and not to the State Governments, were reserved all the questions not decided and disposed of by the express provisions of the Constitution itself." In fact, that the "respectable doctrine of State independence is now no more than an archæological relic, a piece of historical antiquarianism."

One of the most prominent Democratic papers of New York bursts forth indignantly at this entirely new point of view, thus for the first time presented to the American public by an English statesman, and protests energetically as follows: "We beg to assure Mr Gladstone that all the law-making authority not restricted by specific limitations set forth in the Constitution and its amendments is now, as it has always been, the acknowledged property,

not of the Federal Legislature, as he tells his readers in two hemispheres, but of the individual States. Such is the fundamental and almost incredible blunder committed at the outset of Mr Gladstone's undertaking to expound the future of American institutions. The English statesman's data will require considerable revision before his 'kin beyond sea' are likely to be edified by his conclusions."

We have preferred to give the unbiassed and American view of this singular essay, lest we might be suspected of prejudice in the matter. Indeed we do not wonder at Mr Gladstone's not understanding the constitutional machinery of the United States; but we do complain of his writing as if he did, and of his venturing to instruct the public on two sides of the Atlantic upon subjects with which he is not familiar. Even that, however, would be bearable, in view of the interesting topic he has chosen, had he approached it with becoming calmness and modesty. Instead of this, he has evidently selected an American magazine as a peg on which to hang his pique against his own country, because it has failed to appreciate the purity and earnestness of his motives. He appears to have sat down to write the article with a determination to glorify the United States and depreciate England; and this fever is so strong within him, that by the time he reaches the third paragraph he draws an analogy, with evident unction, between the future of Great Britain and the present condition of Venice, Genoa, or Holland. If we have dwelt upon what he will excuse us for calling the spiteful parts of the article, and ignored the thin veil of political philosophy which he has thrown over it, it was because we felt that the animus rather than the matter deserved criticism. Deprived of the sub-acid flavour which pervades it, and of the mistakes which must ever result from the effervescence produced by facts and feelings mixing in undue proportions, there is a great deal that is interesting and suggestive; indeed we could imagine nothing more instructive than an article, comparing British with American institutions, by Mr Gladstone, if, before writing it, he would naturalise himself a citizen of the United States, throw himself, with all the fervid intensity of his nature, into politics in that country, until, as he undoubtedly would, he rose to high position, only to be discarded ultimately by an ungrateful public when they found him out—and then to retire into a third country, and allow his "bubbling passions" to find their vent in a withering comparison of the two nations who had proved unworthy of him. Till something of this kind happens, we despair of any impartial verdict from Mr Gladstone in regard either to the Government or what he has somewhere termed "the leisurely classes" of his own country. He seems to have taken the nation *en grippe;* and we fear he may ultimately find his sympathisers among those large masses in all countries who think that they are entitled to a great deal more than they have got.

It is amusing to find that, in spite of the complimentary terms in which Mr Gladstone has written of America, the very name of his article has given offence in many quarters in that country, the population of which has become so cosmopolitan that it does not care to be called by an Englishman "kin beyond sea," much less to be informed that "the type and form of manhood for America was supplied neither by the Recusant in Maryland, nor by the Cavalier in Vir-

ginia, but by the Puritan of New England." "The American nation," says the 'Iron Age,' reviewing Mr Gladstone's article, "is the most cosmopolitan of all nationalities," and declines to be "matronised. Britannia is a very respectable old lady, no doubt, although she has not always been so; but the relation we bore to her in infancy was very much like that in which Smike stood to Mrs Squeers; and since we set up for ourselves, we have only kept up a speaking acquaintance." The 'New York Sun' is not more complimentary. "There is no reason," says that journal, "why Mr Gladstone should be expected to know much about the United States, but he ought not to write about us without knowledge. That is what he has done, however, in an extraordinary paper in the 'North American Review.' Like all Mr Gladstone's utterances, this is sonorous, fluent, and pleasing, delivered with an air of superior insight and wisdom; and it is specially commended to American readers by a dash of patronising compliment. Probably a good many persons will think a sincere respect might have been better attested by a careful study of our history and institutions, and by an avoidance of misconceptions and blunders, some of which are so extraordinary that they cannot be passed over."

The fact is indeed painfully apparent, that this article, like many others of Mr Gladstone's earnest efforts, has failed to be appreciated either by those it was intended to conciliate, or those it was designed to rebuke and instruct. It excited a burst of indignant comment on this side of the Atlantic the moment it appeared; and the flattery is too shallow and overdone to hit its mark on the other. We have been contented to point out the principal inaccuracies by which it was characterised, by the simple method of quotations from American writers, in the identical number of the Review in which his own article appeared, or the one which immediately preceded it. Had we gone beyond these limits, a volume would not contain the evidence of fact which might be adduced to prove the incorrectness of Mr Gladstone's general estimate of Transatlantic affairs. If our readers really desire to be informed in regard to the questions which are now absorbing the American mind, and would know something true about "kin beyond sea," they cannot do better than read the three articles by American writers from which we have quoted. If they would know something both instructive and interesting in regard to the peculiar relations in which the Prime Minister of England stands towards his own sovereign, they cannot do better than read "Kin beyond Sea." When Mr Gladstone is at home, and writing about the British Constitution, however much we may disagree with him, we at all events feel that he knows something of what he is about, and that he is bringing an intellect of very uncommon power to bear upon topics with which he is experimentally familiar. When, however, he is either writing or speaking about countries beyond sea, whether they be west or east, he seems to evolve his political theories out of the intensity of his moral emotions, and to derive his facts from Jules Verne.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

I. JOURNALISTS.

There can be no question that in the last twenty years or so there have been changes in the world of literature that almost amount to revolution. Literature has taken its place among the professions; and if its most magnificent pecuniary prizes are not what they once were, at all events the numbers of those who get a living by it have multiplied almost indefinitely. It needs little capital. A bundle of quills or a box of "magnum bonums," a bottle of ink, with a quire or two of writing-paper, suffice for the stock-in-trade of the aspirant. We were very nearly adding that it needs no brains, although the man who professes to instruct or amuse his fellow-creatures should be none the worse for some education and knowledge. But as matter of experience, it is shown every day that a wonderfully small amount of brains will go a very long way, and that the more delicate susceptibilities of the mental fibres may be quite a secondary consideration. Versatility and a happy picturesqueness of expression; self-assurance and a serviceable memory; superficial sharpness of vision, with the instincts of the jackdaw for transmogrifying the ideas that have been borrowed and twisted for an immediate purpose,—may be counted upon to supply any shortcomings in the intellectual power. Cultivation and knowledge should be useful, as we said, but it is more than likely they may prove snares to their possessor. For they may tempt him into frittering away invaluable time by weighing his opinions and verifying his facts. Elaboration of style is of course gone out of date—a man has either the knack of expression or he has it not; and rapidity of execution, at all events, is to be placed before everything else. The habit of reflection is to be scrupulously avoided, if you mean to make an easy income by your pen. What the public looks for nowadays, even in the quarters that might be expected to be most fastidious, is dash rather than deliberation; sensation rather than solidity; sparkle more than depth;

and picturesqueness far more than precision. The world has taken to travelling by rail and transacting even trivial business by telegraph, so the men who have the suggesting of its ideas and convictions can least of all afford to lag behind.

The chances of literature as a profession may invite anybody to make a venture and try his luck; failure does not involve one in hopeless insolvency, and the field is wide enough in all conscience. Merit does not invariably meet its reward at the bar; yet a rising advocate, in favour with the solicitors, should have either oratorical or intellectual gifts—at all events, he must have had the benefit of a legal training. It is the fashion to sneer at the fashionable physician; but the doctor who has attained any kind of notoriety must have given proof of a certain capacity for curing: and the divine who cuts a figure in the pulpit or Church congress must have been trained at the feet of theological Gamaliels. The aspirant to literary fame or lucre, instead of passing into the precincts by a regular door, where he has to show his certificates to authorised guardians, has only to mingle in an anonymous mob, while there is not even the semblance of a boundary-fence to scramble over. He will find himself in the best company, or in the worst: here he goes jostling along side by side with an eloquent statesman of European reputation; there he is rubbing shoulders with a broken-down penny-a-liner, who can barely earn the wage that keeps body and soul together. The career has been always pre-eminently a lottery, and its vicissitudes in the course of the last century or two were brilliantly sketched by Macaulay in the famous essay on Johnson. There was a time when a successful poem or play passed the honoured author into the best society, and assured him, according to his likings rather than his aptitudes, either high office in the public service or some lucrative sinecure. Ministers dispensed their patronage generously, if indiscreetly; while munificent peers who held aloof from politics, placed their purses at the disposal of literary friends, who amply requited these favours by accepting them. But the golden age that made Dryden a pluralist among placemen, and Addison a Secretary of State, was only too ephemeral, although it lasted through several reigns. And when the patronage of the great had become almost a forgotten fashion, the unfortunates who were bitten with the *cacoethes scribendi* had bitterly hard times of it. "The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low, that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him." When books destined to immortality like 'The Vicar of Wakefield' and 'The Deserted Village' sold, and were supposed to sell well, for sixty and one hundred guineas, it is a *marvel* how such numbers of very common-paced hacks found any encouragement to persevere in the calling. It might have seemed that a dull-minded and laborious drudge, with sturdy limbs and vigorous sinews, would, as a matter of common-sense, have acted on the advice given to Johnson, and gone and provided himself with a porter's knot. A more dismal existence it is scarcely possible to conceive, than that of lodging in a garret or burrowing in a cellar, and dining with Duke Humphrey when one dined at *all*. Fancy the kind of inspiration that could have come while sitting on a rickety chair at a halting table, with

a system lowered by starvation, and under the clouds of a mortal anxiety! When the wretched victim of misdirected ambition took his prowls abroad for air or employment, he had to skulk in the shadows of the dingiest lanes, in clothes skewered together by pins to cover the deficiencies of linen. Naturally he fell back freely upon stimulants when he could afford them; he might mark with a white stone the days when he had the chance of forgetting his sorrows in a debauch; and while stomach and liver were going fast to decay, dyspepsia was gaining upon him with its kindred ailments. With premature old age treading hard on his heels, he had neither hope nor future. At best, and so long as he retained anything of his working power, he starved from hand to mouth on a precarious daily pittance. He was the nameless scribbler who did adaptations or libels to order, or translated for the bookseller at a trifle per sheet. When his health finally broke down, he had neither hold nor claim upon a public. After lying about under stalls and in dry archways, and haunting the tavern-doors in the hope of eleemosynary spirits, he died in the hospital of inanition and disease, to be huddled away into a trench by the parish.

For in those days there was neither a popular press nor a reading public. Excepting the periodical rumours of treasonable intrigues, of criminal arrests and convictions for conspiracy, politics, whether at home or abroad, had little interest for anybody beyond the circles who frequented the coffee-houses of the metropolis. The journalism of the time was represented by some meagre "broad-sheets," where the original matter in almost illegible type was compressed into the compass of a straggling column or so. Reporting was penal by law and an infringement of the privileges of Parliament; and the reproductions of the speeches of leading politicians did more or less credit to the imagination of inventors. As for the fiction that everybody can turn their hands to nowadays, when Fielding wrote his 'Tom Jones' and Richardson his 'Clarissa Harlowe,' it may have been said to have been merely at the beginning of its acclimation among us. The poets who have since become so plentiful, were then comparatively scarce, and there was no toleration among the critics for the self-deluded enthusiasts who might have betaken themselves to parodying Dryden or Pope. A *débutant* might make himself famous by a play when all the fashionables of the metropolis were habitual play-goers; but play-houses were almost as few and far between as printing-presses, and the managers preferred pinning their faith on stock pieces to risking speculations in rising talent.

Even when patronage was reviving, and in a fashion more favourable to self-respect and independence, it still came from above, and less from the people than from an oligarchy. The taste for literature had been slowly developing with the gradual growth of refinement. Gentlemen of means who had been educated at the universities, felt it due to their position to have something of a library; and the historians and eminent divines who adopted the habit of publishing by subscription, frequently made a reasonable profit by their books. Works of standard authority passed into successive editions, and publishing houses were encouraged to extend their transactions. The Scottish historians especially—the Humes, the Smolletts, and the Robertsons—already made themselves a name, and made money into the bargain. But it was

reserved for a more distinguished countryman of theirs to show what magnificent fortunes were to be realised by the pen; although, if the author of 'Waverley' had flourished in our time, he would hardly have found the means of building an Abbotsford, or of ruining himself by backing the bills of his printers. He had the field of contemporary fiction almost entirely to himself, as he reigned in it without a rival, by right of genius and discovery. There were no enterprising proprietors of circulating libraries to act as intermediaries between him and his public, keeping their original sets of volumes in incessant circulation, till the pages began to wear with industrious thumbing. If an admirer were waiting expectantly for 'Waverley' and 'Ivanhoe,' when all the reading world was impatient to read, he must pay author and publisher the selling price, sending in his orders in advance, since the edition would be promptly exhausted. The increase of the national wealth had been keeping pace with the spread of education; nor could anything be a more astonishing proof of it than the almost fabulous prosperity of Sir Walter. And if his fortunes were blighted by his own indiscretion, he was the making of many a writer who followed him. He had created the demand for modern fiction. Modest self-depreciation seems to have been more common then than now; and a novelist who showed any capabilities was pretty sure of selling his books for something handsome. Writers like the romantic Mr G. P. R. James, or like Mr Harrison Ainsworth in his sombre prime, enjoyed an immense superiority over their successors. For when the pick of the standard novels might be contained on a couple of shelves, it was infinitely more easy to be fresh and original; and we fancy that the indefatigable writers we have alluded to had no difficulty in commanding £1000 or £2000 for their productions. But there was nothing approaching to the profits of the 'Waverley' sales till Thackeray and Dickens, in the freshness of their originality, took to issuing their works in periodical form. And the success of the green and yellow covers—of 'Vanity Fair' and of 'Martin Chuzzlewit'—indicated a most extraordinary advance in the influence of popular patronage. We read in Forster's 'Life of Dickens' of a sale of 70,000 copies of his 'Oliver Twist.' Thousands and tens of thousands of people were spending their shillings every month, half committing themselves to a costly course of subscriptions, whose fathers had bought nothing from the cradle to the grave but a Bible, a drawing-room annual, or a cookery-book.

Literature has become cheapened and popularised, and everybody has become something of a reader. Yet with all the reading, and in spite of the spread of almost reckless extravagance, it is remarkable that literature has benefited less directly than most pursuits by the general flush of prosperity. If you are building or furnishing, to do yourself or your mansion any credit, you must give architects and tradesmen *carte blanche* in the superb style of a Monte Christo or a Sardanapalus. You have your suites of furniture wonderfully sculptured in woods of the most curious colours and grain; you have your hangings and carpets from the French looms and the orient; your bronzes and porcelain from Japan and China; your cellars are stocked with what has been paid for as rare vintages; you must grudge nothing for your modern masters and line engravings, and the masters and the printsellers profit ac-

cordingly. You have your suites of stabling and your equipages of course, and your perfectly-fitted billiard and smoking rooms. There is but a single department in which you are permitted to retrench, and that is the library. Even in houses where moderate book-buying has been a family tradition, it will be found that additions to the collection began to come to a standstill some twenty or thirty years back. People read far more than before, but they have changed the habit of their reading and slackened in their inclination to serious study. The great consulting collections, from that of the British Museum down to those of the clubs, answer the purposes of specialists and bookworms, who are being more and more attracted to London; while the circulating libraries cater for the rest. Ask for the library in an imposing mansion newly built or recently restored, and it is very possible that you may be told there is none; or if you are introduced to ranges of bookcases, when you cast your eyes over the contents, you will find that they are more or less antiquated. Yet in all likelihood there is no lack of volumes in the house that may be snatched up to occupy any leisure moments. The tables are heaped with brilliant bindings, and the list of what you turn over is varied enough. There are books of travel and circumnavigation that are advertised by the symbolical illustrations on the boards,—by Crescent moons and Southern crosses; by Indians in war-paint, Patagonians in feather-crowns, and manacled-slave caravans threading the Dark Continent. You have the latest reports on contemporary politics and society from everywhere between Kashgar and Cape Horn. You have bold and ingenious speculations in theology, designed to shake the faith of the candid inquirer in all that was held most sacred by his fathers; and there are the inevitable piles of novels that may be dull or clever, with a sprinkling of songs, sonnets, and idyls, and misty philosophical epics in halting measures. Not one in a hundred of these books will survive, nor are many of them intended to outlive the season. With the exception of a presentation copy or two sent from the authors to patrons or intimates, no specimen of one edition in a hundred will ever attain the honours of calf. Then, as is shown by the party-coloured labels on the covers, they are not purchased, but hired for the nonce; and after serving their turn as much for show as use, they will be swept aside to make way for others, like the flowers that are fading in the vases on the tables. For ten or twenty guineas by the year, a man may compound for the cream of the book-market; and the volumes from the libraries in the leading cities gradually find their way into the country towns and villages, till, now that paper-lined trunks have been superseded by portmanteaus, they pass in process of time into the hands of the housemaids. The system cannot be favourable to quality of work, but it is admirably fitted to give a fillip to production. Any restless trifler with fluent pen may as well record the most hackneyed touring experiences. Whether sold or simply given away, the book must be dull indeed if it does not find a publisher; while as for the fiction with which fancy has so little to do, the boxes from the libraries must be padded somehow. There is not one of the thousand-times-told tales of sin and sorrow, of love-making and heart-breaking, that may not make sure of its kindly puff; while the seriously impressed and the curiously sceptical insist upon a graver literature of their

own, which we believe to be as sure of a circulation as anything, except, possibly, the religious novelette or the allegory.

Novel-writing nowadays may be all very well, either for a George Eliot or a Mrs Oliphant, or for the active-minded female who has literary longings with social ambitions, and who would sooner be writing romances than reading them. But those who devote themselves earnestly to the literary profession, whether for the sake of a livelihood or with the idea of influencing opinions, will naturally turn towards the journals or periodicals. In either case, and in the latter perhaps rather than the former, they may hope for exceedingly liberal remuneration; for the leading organs have abundance of good work that must be regularly done by those who are competent to undertake it. There is scrambling in these quarters as everywhere else, and the best or most showy men must come to the front; but at all events there is abundance of consolation-stakes for the many who are beaten and fall back into the ruck. There is the broadest possible range of occupation and appointments, from the editors and chief contributors of the commanding oracles of opinion, down to the versatile utility-gentleman in the provinces who undertakes any department indifferently; or the industrious penny-a-liner in the city who hunts up stray scraps of sensation. It is not so long ago that the metropolitan newspapers, if they did not practically enjoy a monopoly of the available intellect, might boast at least that they were immeasurably before the rest in point of brains, tact, and information. Even now, *pace* Mr Gladstone, they do very much more than hold their own in the teeth of competition that grows more dangerous every day. They have capital and valuable connections, with the *prestige* of a long ascendancy; and they have the advantage of being written after all in the heart of the national life, in the very centre of English mental activity. But their provincial rivals are running them harder and harder, and to a certain point the chances in favour of the former must still go on increasing. A local newspaper gives the local news, and caters in the fulness of its local knowledge for the likings of its various sets of subscribers. People feel a far nearer interest in the gossip of next door than in a revolution in Japan, a massacre in the Balkans, or even a division that may shake a firm Ministry. Formerly the most enterprising of the provincial journals used seldom to appear more than once or twice in the week; and the cosmopolitan news of the last few days were negligently served in the shape of a *réchauffé*. Scissors and paste had been busy over the contents, which were mainly a rough compilation from the parcels of the metropolitan mail-coaches. The pages, like those of the 'Barset Chronicle' of to-day, were eked out with columns of loosely-printed advertisements. With rare exceptions the editorial comments, though substantially borrowed or "conveyed," bore the unmistakably provincial stamp. There were eccentricities in grammar and solecisms in taste; there were feeble commonplaces in high-flown periods; and they were as easily to be distinguished from those they had obviously taken for their models as the respectable cattle-grazier who comes to town for the "Show" from the clubman whose clothes have been cut in St James's! We venture to insinuate that there are still shades of distinction in the style, which are obvious enough to the practised critic. But then the bulk of their readers are by no means

critically fastidious, and the matter of many of the leaders in those papers is as closely reasoned and logical as anybody need desire. Possibly they are more free from the suspicion of being swayed by currents of influence from political local headquarters, or from being bribed from those special sources of information which are the modern substitutes for pecuniary corruption. Mr Gladstone's promiscuous literary experiences ought to enable him to speak with exceptional authority; and, as we have remarked, Mr Gladstone gives his country supporters certificates for honesty and sound judgment which he denies to anything in the metropolitan press.

But then Mr Gladstone denounces those of the London journals which have the misfortune to differ from him with a perverse unanimity, notwithstanding their disagreement on contemporary politics, as reflecting the ideas of society and the clubs. Mr Gladstone himself professes to hold club opinion or "club gossip" in supreme contempt; and we must admit that it is disinterested in that eminent statesman and author to disparage the advantages of culture and knowledge. Yet it appears to us that their contact with highly educated opinion is the grand and inalienable privilege of the journalists of the capital. In the flourishing centres of commerce and industry, there is as little lack of nervous common-sense as there is of strongly pronounced convictions; but general politics come in merely as a distraction with active business men in the intervals and preoccupations of an anxious life. Their views on imperial questions must be necessarily theoretical and speculative; and they are pretty sure, besides, to be powerfully biassed by the exigencies of the pursuits in which they make their money. Cotton or cutlery, coal or iron, is king of the city, as the case may be, and market considerations are apt to be paramount. But in the clubs, the educated classes, the men with heavy hereditary stakes in the permanent prosperity of the country, the men with the widest worldly experiences and the shrewdest habits of political insight, are most broadly represented. No man of knowledge or intelligence can mean by "the clubs," the knots of feather-brained lads about town; the half-fledged warriors who look upon promotion and good hunting-quarters as the *summum bonum* of existence; the elderly prosers who draw round the tables in the smoking-room toward the small hours, or lie in wait for unwary victims behind the broadsheets in the morning room. The golden youths care as little for politics as for sermons; and the bores misconstrue and misquote the leading articles at second-hand in place of indirectly inspiring them. But the clubmen who constitute club "opinion," embrace the *élite* of English intellect and are drawn from every position and profession. From almost every conceivable point of view, they mingle in free and dispassionate discussion. The one condition that they have in common, is the education more or less liberal which may be said, in many instances, to have only begun in earnest when they left the university to enter the world. They are members of either House of Parliament; they have made a position or a reputation at the bar or on the bench; they are soldiers who have studied their profession scientifically or who have seen active service in high command; they are diplomatists as much at home in foreign society as in the precincts of Belgravia or St James's; they are civilians who have administered colonies or provinces;

they are responsible officials in Government departments; ex-ministers, authors, philosophers, *savants*, artists. Most of the thinkers who give the tone to conversation or thought have made more or less of a name of some kind. All men, of course, are one-sided and fallible, and very liable to be misled by their prejudices. But who shall say that such a self-correcting society as that of the London clubs is not likely most fairly to reflect the soundest judgment of the nation? Subjects are sure to be thoroughly sifted among them. It is impossible to shut your ears to the arguments that run counter to your own preconceived ideas. Theories and speculative fancies, specious in themselves, are brought to the test of technical knowledge; useful conceptions are germinated in the contact of quick intelligences. It is not that the metropolitan newspapers benefit directly by any information that is to be picked up as to Government measures or intentions, though there must always be straws in the air that show how the wind is setting. For men in the highest places are for the most part conspicuous by their absence from the haunts that are familiar to them at other times. Whips may be seen shooting up back-staircases at the political clubs on their way to some *sanctum sanctorum* that never opens to the uninitiated; and when the Premier or some one of his distinguished colleagues makes an affectation of lunching in public in the course of some great debate, it is matter of the simplest good-breeding to ignore him in his official capacity. But there is a light and sparkle in the atmosphere of Pall Mall and St James's Street which is inevitably invigorating to the political scribe; and "the able editor" knows the value of an *entrée* to those circles for himself or the contributors who are working in his confidence.

Moreover, in the modern practice of journalism, you never know who may be handling the pen. The staff of a leading paper is so far a close corporation, that, in the interests of method and consistency, it is composed of habitual *employés*. But you can never be sure who may be enrolled in it, although literary vanity conscious of an occult influence is apt on occasion to be guilty of indiscretions, and those who are half behind the scenes may occasionally make shrewd guesses. The anonymous has its advantage so far, that those who have had their share in initiating important measures, and who may play an official part in directing them again, can forward their views and eke out their incomes by taking pay and service with the Fourth Estate. The past or possible Chancellor of the Exchequer, who demurely chimes in with the discussion in the breakfast-room on that vigorous morning article on the Currency Question, may have been sitting up yawning into the small hours, that he might insure the exactness of those most familiar figures by a personal correction of the proofs. It may be an open secret that the masterly Indian papers that are a conspicuous feature in that evening journal, are by an eminent member of the Indian Council; while the incisive articles on law reform and jurisprudence are by a jurist whose high authority is international. Contributors like these are not to be secured in the provinces for any imaginable honorarium. They do not have their homes there; nor would they care, besides, to come even as amateurs to the journalistic profession, unless their articles were sure to come under certain eyes, and unless they were writing for London opinion in the first place.

Take military matters again. Unfortunately, in these days of wars and rumours of wars and armed peace, next to a financial panic, or some commercial disaster that makes hundreds miserable and hundreds of thousands anxious, there are no subjects of such universal interest as those that are connected with the science of war. Few things pay nowadays like a deadly military invention. The successful patentee may have sorrows enough in gaining the ear of the War Office authorities, in seeing that he has fair-play in his experiments, in guarding against the detraction of rivals, and in defending his foreign patents from infringement. But if he gains his point, and is recognised as a "benefactor," he is a made man at once, with a great name into the bargain. So that ingenious brains are everywhere at work, devising projectiles, or war-ships, or improved iron plating. Now the question is as to some new method of rifling cannon; now the latest arm of precision is said to have been superseded; and again we hear of a shoal of deadly torpedoes, warranted, by means of fins and electricity, to send a fleet to "smithereens" with fatal exactitude. All these things must be critically discussed, and they can only be even plausibly criticised by an expert. So with the letters on actual campaigning, or on active preparations for campaigns to come. *Faute de mieux*, you may trust those matters to sharp civilians, who supply the lack of experience with cramming, and are blessed with a glib self-confidence. There are gentlemen we know who prefer to evolve their strategical criticisms from their own profound self-consciousness; and in particular there is an editor of a philosophical weekly who would have undertaken the settlement of the war in the East off-hand, had either the Turks or the Russians invited him to act dictator by telegraph. *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat:* both combatants turned a deaf ear to his remarks and would none of his counsels; so the Turks were tremendously beaten in the end, while the Russians came to a check before the lines of Plevna. But few theorists can profess to be so universally gifted; as a rule, the London editor has his military articles done by able professionals, and of very capable volunteers there is no lack. We shall take an opportunity of speaking afterwards of the war correspondent, but the names of the great military journalists of the day are to be found without exception in the Army List. Journalism is still anonymous, and so far as politics and general topics are concerned, the veil, as we have said already, is seldom or slightly lifted. With war subjects it is different. The close connection of officers, who with good reason are *au mieux* at the Horse Guards, with certain newspapers and periodicals is notorious. Two men in three of those who are intelligently interested, know that they are not reading the haphazard lucubrations of some scribe of all work, but the well-considered opinions of Colonel or Major So-and-so, who has made the matter of which he writes the study of a lifetime. Indeed the evidence to that effect would be conclusive were it merely presumptive or circumstantial. For we have repeatedly seen the results of operations predicted with extraordinary accuracy after a course of most careful reasoning, while, when campaigning under incompetent leaders has degenerated into a comedy of errors, the justice of the shrewd strictures it has been subjected to has repeatedly been demonstrated by the event. Necessarily the services of these invaluable *collabora-*

teurs are only to be secured in the capital. The habit of insight and discussion gives a facility of expression to those who naturally have the gift of it, and many a man whose time seems amply occupied by the duties of his profession and the distractions of society, can snatch the leisure to dash off a column or two, which are pregnant with the fulness of his accurate information.

In that respect the contemporary press has thoroughly merited its growing influence, and the brilliant half-amateurs who do it invaluable service are numerous enough. What is more rare is the writer of the higher type who makes journalism his trade, and concentrates his energies upon it. Probably he has talents that might have raised him to eminence in other lines of life where the prizes may be far more lucrative, and where he might have figured before the public in a halo of glory. In so far as mere money is concerned, the most prolific of writers dare only draw limited draughts upon his brain; if he abuses his readiness of production, he will pay the penalty sooner or later. The crack journalist ought to be "good all round." He may have to write at the shortest notice on any one of the widest possible range of subjects. He must have any amount of information at his finger-ends, for hunting a fact through books of reference not only wastes valuable time, but throws you out of the easy swing of composition. He need not have strongly pronounced convictions—in fact he had better go about his work with a thoroughly judicial temperament—but he should be a master of the close and lucid reasoning that leads smoothly up to a seemingly sound conclusion. He ought to have "the sort of pettifogging intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of facts" that Sir Arthur Wardour so strongly objected to in 'The Antiquary.' He should have a sense of humour, grim or playful, that will come at call, even if he has taken up the pen with an effort or is labouring against the grain. It is all the better, of course, if he has those brilliant gifts of epigram and stinging satire that belonged to the late Mr Albany Fonblanque; with a knack of memory for appropriate anecdotes, and the art of adapting them to point his arguments. Happy illustration is of course eminently useful, though he should be able to resist the journalist temptation of dragging stock metaphors in by the head and shoulders, and then riding them to death. We should be glad to know, for example, how often the loathsome diagnosis of the complicated diseases of the Sick Man of the East has been laboriously worked out during the last few years in all its sickening staleness of detail; and the Emperor Nicholas, who is said to have been the first to suggest it, will have to answer for that crime to history as for many others. Of course the model leader-writer should have an iron *physique*, or at least a constitution that will always respond to his calls on it, although the spirit may be fretting the body to decay. He has to turn the night into day, to sup and breakfast at abnormal hours, and prolong the dull strain on his brain-power when nature has long been craving for repose. The willing horse is too often spurred to a break-down, and then the difficulty is to replace him. For it is one or two of its best men that make the backbone of a journal. They are but vaguely appreciated by the public while they are alive, although the average subscribers may begin to be dimly conscious of a loss—say, within a month or a couple of months of their de-

parture. At this moment there is one paper of wide circulation that may be said to have been made by a single man, and there are others whose reputation is being really supported by writers who are showing symptoms of decay.

For that "all-round" writing, which is almost invariably the system where the members of a staff must be comparatively limited, leads to lamentably slipshod work when intrusted to inferior hands. A gentleman of superficial information and faint originality has instructions at a moment's notice to knock off an article on a given topic. It may be the demise of a foreign statesman or a conflagration in the city, a debate on an education bill or the latest ritualistic inquiry. His mind may be a blank on the antecedents of the immortal deceased; he may never have been brought into relations with the fire-brigade, or he may have the vaguest possible notion of the bearings of any points in dispute. He might have everything to learn from many hundreds or thousands of people, who will peruse his lucubrations next morning with more or less respectful attention. He has no time to cram for the effort, like the lawyer who gets up a case; for he knows that the steam-presses are waiting on his pen, and the "devils" are clamouring at his door for "copy." Clever he must be in a sense, but the chief qualification for his task is assurance, while there is a greal deal in custom. He has written so habitually under identical circumstances that he rises altogether superior to nervousness. He indulges profusely in stock platitudes; he uses his dim glimmerings of the points at issue to avoid trenching upon dangerous ground, and he has acquired a creditable and serviceable knack of turning a difficulty in place of grappling it. Sometimes, to be sure, when groping in ignorance and outer darkness, he loses his footing altogether and flounders piteously. But he generally recovers himself with superb *aplomb*, bringing his remarks to a close with a flourish of trumpets. "Remarks," indeed, is scarcely the phrase to apply to them. For the writer who improvises is truly eloquent. When consciously at a loss for ideas he rushes into magniloquent rhapsody; he falls back upon philosophy, religion, and moralisings; he takes refuge in graphic diffuseness of style and those roundly sonorous epithets with which he has enriched his vocabulary. Should he be a master of his peculiar method, his articles skim well enough; and the gentlemen in the morning trains who go to him for the opinions they are to ventilate and develop in the course of the day, may probably congratulate themselves on having value for their money. The test of such articles is comparison with those that are written by men who are obviously in earnest, although they may permit their convictions to get the better of their judgment. In these last the earnestness of the writer compels him to be terse, clear, and straightforward. He is careful to make his meaning as plain as possible, and for that purpose he chooses the simplest words, and sticks to unvarnished phraseology. He has so often imagined himself in his antagonist's position, as to have acquainted himself with the points that lie open to his attack; and making his careful approaches step by step, he throws up intrenchments for his own protection as he goes along. Your views may be diametrically opposed to his; but you feel, as Johnson said of Thurlow, that he has fairly put his mind to yours, and you cannot fail to respect him accordingly.

So far as soundness of argument and consistency of attitude go, the telegraph has been anything but a boon to the press. When news came filtering in slowly in course of correspondence, an editor had the opportunity of deliberately making up his mind on relatively ample materials. His correspondents had been leisurely collecting this information which they transmitted upon some sort of authority. Now, amid the flashing of electricity along the wires, brains are working everywhere at high pressure. In the race for priority of news everything is sacrificed to speed. Anybody in official or semi-official positions can fly the *canard* that may suit his purpose. The agent of one journal, eager for sensational news, sees the opportunity for stealing a march on his rivals. There is no time to verify the statement that must be momentous if true, and he rushes off to "wire" it immediately. The more astounding a piece of intelligence, the less is he inclined to hedge on it. If he adds no saving clause as to the necessity of receiving it with caution, he will gain the more credit should it prove to be a truth. And even when he telegraphs information he has verified, the necessity for condensation in haste may greatly modify its meaning. The more recent the date of the despatch, the more certain is it to create excitement. So, as the night draws on in Paris and Berlin, the click of the electric machine in the offices in London where the hour of issue is approaching, is heard faster and more frequent. The editor, who is congratulating himself on making up his leaders, is interrupted by a startling bit of news. One of his articles has to be shelved to make way for a column of commentary on it. At a moment's notice, and with a jaded brain, he has to strike the key-note of the policy he must advocate in future. It would be infinitely better simply to print the telegram, and to defer remark upon it for four-and-twenty hours; but that, of course, is out of the question. The public will believe in the possibility of "deliberating" with the rapidity of electricity or inspiration. So to maintain its consistency, the paper may stand committed to supporting a line of procedure that it has perceived on reflection to be mischievous; unless, indeed, it elects for the magnanimous alternative of shuffling back from its advance at a certain sacrifice of credit. For an honest admission of having blundered from precipitation would be opposed to the fundamental principles of the craft, as shaking the faith of the *abonnés* in the dogma of journalistic infallibility.

Next to the telegraph in the way of innovations comes the correspondent—our "own," our "war," or our "special"—and the telegraph has already crippled the correspondent, though it can never altogether supersede the letter. It is, no doubt, a nuisance to have to anticipate by days what would otherwise be the telling points of your correspondence. But the world is growing bigger every day, and entering into more strictly international relations; and the journal must have its emissaries at all the leading centres, if its public is to be "posted" in cosmopolitan affairs. Nothing can be more delicate than the choice of a correspondent for cities like Paris and Berlin, because nothing can be more delicate than the position he is to fill. He has really to discharge the duties of an unrecognised diplomatist; but he is a diplomatist without the diplomatist's station or independence. No one is bound to make him the channel of communications, official or officious. But, on the other hand, it may be the in-

terest of many people to show him extreme and even obsequious attention, if they can only get value in exchange for their civilities. He must make his way by fear or flattery, or by a judicious blending of both. If he is simply dull and stupidly honest, he will dance attendance in vain in the ante-chambers of ministers and ambassadors; while more supple natures give him the go-by, and men of the world are admitted to familiar conversations. If he sinks into a mere parasite, he loses consideration even with his patron, since his letters, sooner or later, lose their authority, being filled with self-evident contradictions. The model correspondent must gradually make himself a power and a position. Always supposing that he has the force of character and the ability, in his case more perhaps than in any other, everything may be said to come to him who waits. He has easy manners, and shows a due deference to dignitaries. At the same time, he has an evident reserve of self-respect; and neither menace nor blandishments can make him swerve from his fixed principles of candour. He conciliates potentates as far as he can, but he never shrinks from civilly contradicting or criticising them. So that they come to regard him as an institution which they would very willingly dispense with; yet they would rather have him as an impartial friend than turn him into a distrustful enemy. And if they wish to "square" the organ he represents, they prefer that he should have a direct explanation of their motives, rather than leave his diabolical ingenuity free scope in misrepresenting and satirising them. Nothing indeed is a more remarkable sign of the times than the positions that certain correspondents have made for themselves. It is little to say that their card gives them privilege of *entrée* wherever it pleases them to present it, whether at ministry or *chancellerie*. They pass as matter of prescriptive right within the innermost circle at grand receptions. Princes and presidents drop into their ears the disclosures that are intended for universal circulation. Special envoys charged with the destinies of Europe graciously tender them their snuff-boxes, or would tender boxes if snuff-taking were still in fashion. They may be positively *chamarré* with decorations if they please; although possibly, even if they are not British subjects, they may consider it more in conformity with their *rôle* to decline to be vulgarised by such commonplace distinctions.

That is no unenviable position for a man of social ambition and indefatigable energy. He may place himself on familiar terms with the people whom all the world is courting—he can do a good or an evil turn to men who are ostensibly far more highly placed—he exercises the secret power that is more gratifying to certain natures for the concealment, and yet his influence is a reality that is likely to be exaggerated by those whose appreciation he most dearly values. As for the lighter relaxations of society, of course he may pick and choose among invitations. His card is sent him *ex officio* to all state ceremonies and official receptions; his modest brougham manages somehow to give the go-by to long files of carriages—the police seem to have had a hint that the occupant's minutes are precious; while he can avoid the crowd on grand staircases by a judicious use of his "private entries." He is asked to *diners intimes*, where he exchanges epigrammatic utterances with the gentlemen who are making history, and whose biographies are pigeonholed in the office of his journal.

For he cultivates the art of being pleasantly epigrammatic, and aims at being sententiously reticent rather than conversational. But these little dinners have naturally their drawbacks. For our friend is remarkable for the tenacity of his memory, and should memory chance to fail, he is apt to fall back on imagination. His *convives* can never be sure that anything they happen to let slip may not be produced in evidence against them: when they are not making themselves agreeable with the desire that their confidences, in one shape or another, may receive the widest publicity. It is the business of the intelligent guest to understand how much of the talk he may take for gospel—when he may safely venture to be indiscreet, and when he is in honour bound over to secrecy. Should he make a blunder in this latter respect, he is sure to suffer for it, in being sentenced for a term or for perpetuity to seclusion from his exceptional sources of information.

The life may be enjoyable to an energetic individual, but it is far indeed from being an easy one. The day is one incessant round of duties, and the mind must be always more or less on the stretch. The correspondent may have *aides-de-camp* attached to his person who spare him considerable trouble, yet he must perpetually be on the *qui vive* himself. Now he is dashing off upon a round of morning visits; now he is haunting the precincts of a House of Assembly, or bending over from a box in the gallery, mentally reporting the leading orators, or taking careful note of their action. A murder of singular atrocity, an *émeute* or a state prosecution, may break in on that routine by way of interlude; or if a war be on foot, he has to get the latest intelligence that is transmitted from the Generals to the Government or the War Office. And on the first representation of a play on some grand gala-night at the opera, he has to transform himself into the man about town, and concentrate his critical attention on the performance, while, so far as appearances go, he is reposing listlessly in his *fauteuil*. Then last, though not least, comes the letter of the evening, when he has to group the ideas he has been collecting through the day, and flash them by the telegraph to the headquarters of his journal. The next morning all is to begin again *da capo;* and assuredly towards the deadest season of the year the correspondent has earned his retreat to "the waters."

Clearly it is an immense gain to have a correspondent who can *se faire valoir;* who increases his usefulness by asserting his independence. Such men are rare, and their besetting sin, perhaps, is mistaking their vocation; sitting down in the chair of the leader-writer and transmitting political disquisitions in place of simple intelligence. But that not unnatural foible becomes simply intolerable in the case of the worthy gentlemen who, having to turn out their tale of bricks with a scanty supply of straw, feel bound to make much ado about nothing. There are correspondents who, having learned to know themselves, and having formed a just estimate of their own sphere and powers, discharge their duties modestly and satisfactorily. They use their discretion in collecting the opinions of the papers in the capitals where they reside, and they report the gossip of the frequenters of their favourite *cafés*. But there are others who write in the belief that they are nothing if they are not original, eloquent, and exclusively informed. In fact, if they were not hand and glove with princes, potentates, and prime ministers,

they would speedily be superseded by the paper which accredits them. These are the men who smoke cigars with chancellors in extreme undress; who hobnob with sultans and seraskiers over chibouques; and who mention incidentally how they were button-holed by some anonymous statesman, eager to sound their experience on some burning topic of the times. In reality they would be very worthy fellows if they had somewhat more self-respect; and they might be very agreeable companions if they had the manners and the feelings of gentlemen. For often they have seen a good deal of life, so far as hotels and *cafés* and railway carriages can show it them; but if they really had self-respect to begin with, they must have got rid of it in the course of their professional duties. They are found out sooner or later by their countrymen, and inevitably, although naturally more slowly, by foreigners. They are the terror and horror of the *attachés* of their own embassy, who are compelled, however, to show them some civility and consideration, so great is the press in these latter days. Seeing that he is pretty sure to be savagely criticised from time to time, no minister cares to make enemies gratuitously; and accordingly, an over-dressed and under-bred individual, with a knack of fluent if ungrammatical penmanship, is admitted occasionally to the receptions of the legation, though he would be black-balled at any fifth-rate club in town. Foreign officials have less reason for being habitually polite to him, and are inclined to cold-shoulder him, and hold him at arm's-length. But he makes the best of such opportunities as he has, and is indefatigable in dancing attendance on back-stairs, and—so to speak—listening at keyholes. Now and again he is permitted to make a hit. A statesman has a purpose to serve by candour or by affecting candour, and informs himself of the quarter in which he may count on the requisite servility. He desires to have a piece of doubtful policy puffed or expounded, or to throw dust into the eyes of some distrustful neighbour. So he summons our friend, welcomes him with *empressement*, overpowers him with courtesy, or carries him by familiarity, and binds him body and soul for the time being. For a bit of exclusive news, avowedly from so exceptional a source, is a guarantee of the correspondent's intimacies, which should give him a fresh lease of his mission. Necessarily it is in the terms of the tacit bargain that he faithfully reproduces what he has been told, or that he indulges only in laudatory observations. Besides, he is actuated by lively gratitude in the shape of a hope of similar favours to come. Perhaps the great mischief of the system is, that a paper which has repeatedly proved itself unreliable, is occasionally exceptionally and exclusively well-informed; and thus its opportunities of misleading English opinion, possibly on some momentous matter of international policy, are indefinitely increased.

The "special" correspondent's is a post that there is seldom any difficulty in filling, and he is often admirably adapted for it. There are sure to be willing volunteers for a journey that is undertaken free of charge, and when handsome *honoraria* are to be earned besides, by attending some grand ceremonial, or assisting at an event of historical interest. Naturally, next to its own practised professionals, the paper prefers to select its special envoys from men of good position and connections. Among these it may generally pick and choose; for after being franked to a destination they fancy, they may count on having admission to the best places, with every-

thing placed freely at their disposition. But the "special" ought to have "made his proofs," and should have certain physical recommendations. He should be something of the type of man recruited by the Foreign Office for Queen's messengers. He should be an accomplished traveller, with a smattering of tongues, combining the *dulciter in modo* with the *fortiter in re.* He must be always in haste, but seldom in a bustle; he must have the art of conciliating or cowing station-masters and steamboat agents, and be lavish of his tips to understrappers generally. He has the air and manners of a man of the world, and manages to make friends right and left with travelling companions who may give him a lift or a helping hand. Wherever he lights, he lands upon his feet, and is ready either to carry off his luggage or to dispense with it. Though he may love soft living as much as most people, he must be able to rough it, and keep up his spirits. *Il va sans dire* that in special correspondence as in war, a man ceases to be good for responsible charges when he begins to suffer seriously from the infirmities of the flesh. It is all over with him when he must make a travelling medicine-chest an inseparable companion; when he betakes himself to merinoes and flannels, and is particular about manifold changes of raiment; when he is careful about draughts, and dry sheets or blankets, and sits down to his off-hand repasts with any *arrière-pensée* of indigestion. For his brain should be always bright, and his literary inspiration matter of instinct. After being kept on the scramble all day, when his fellow-victim in the gaping crowd has been gradually succumbing to exhaustion, he must pull himself together to pen his despatches. Sometimes he has to write in an overcrowded *salle-à-manger*, amid the shouting guests and the panting waiters, knowing that his apparently inappropriate occupation makes him the object of general attention. Or he may prefer to retire to the privacy of his garret, where, balancing his person on a broken-down chair, he arranges his writing materials on a rickety dressing-table; and for one who has not tried, it is impossible to surmise how hard it is to be eloquent and witty under such circumstances. Perhaps it is preferable, on the whole, to have to pencil off a despatch while crushed aside by the *queue* in some busy telegraph office. In that case, at all events, he has the stimulant of excitement; for he dare not confine himself to the bald narration of facts, which would come comparatively easily. He knows there are a dozen or a score or so of imaginative competitors trying hard to cap him in point of sensation. The race is to the swift, and the battle to the strong, and possibly he sees two or three of these, who are scribbling away within reach of his elbow. He must be picturesque and dramatic above everything—his readers expect it of him; and it is marvellous how creditably he acquits himself of his task. To be sure, there may be a redundance of hackneyed epithets; but as a rule, the model "special," like the war correspondent, does his work most brilliantly under high pressure—his genius rises with the difficulties that strive to baffle him. But the crack man is he who is seemingly insensible to reaction, and who keeps his faculties at command on the shortest notice, even if the strain upon him be prolonged for days. In this connection, as the Americans say, we may remark that telegraphing begins to be ludicrously abused in the modern rivalry for excessive despatch. It is all very well transmitting facts or plausible

fancies by electricity; and a mere question of money for those who undertake to purvey them. But setting considerations of expense aside altogether, surely there is something essentially absurd and inconsistent in wiring the impressions made by the dying splendours of a southern sun, or the blending of moonshine and lime-lights in a *place* overflowing with the populace. However interesting the impressions on the accomplished writer—however graphic his powers of portraying them—we fancy we should be quite content to wait for them till they reached us in ordinary course of post. Indeed, knowing that the spirited proprietors of journals are in the habit of looking, in the first place, to the main chance, one is inclined to presume that they keep artists at home who have the charge of filling in their correspondents' outlines. If it be so, we see no reason to object. Their subscribers have more elaborate reading; while for themselves they are proportionately benefited in pocket.

But of all who bear the correspondents' badge, the "pens of the war" are *facile principes*. There the best men must be had upon any terms. In their cases the hardships of the ordinary special, many times multiplied, are freely spiced and leavened by danger. Writing under simple difficulties is bad enough; writing in an intensity of discomfort, possibly within the compass of shell and shot, is infinitely worse. If a correspondent is to be an eyewitness of the actual war, the diabolical range of modern projectiles makes it impossible to combine safety with duty. We know well that many so-called war-letters are spurious. There are timid and unscrupulous camp-followers in every important campaign who have neither the means of being passed to the front nor the nerve to go there if they did possess them. They elaborate epistles from rumours and their inner consciousness which are remarkable for anything rather than truthfulness. The war correspondents who have deservedly made themselves a name are of very different metal. More often than not they are "soldiers bred," and officers of considerable distinction to boot—men whom professional training and enthusiasm have made indifferent to the chances of a casualty. While there are civilians who are fully as cool under fire, who have studied the theory of military operations as closely, and who have seen a deal of varied service in their day, possibly profiting by their experiences all the more that they have merely played the part of the eyewitness. To an adventurous spirit or a fervid military student the calling has its intrinsic charms no doubt; but it is terribly trying in many ways—by no means least so in its social aspects. However influentially you may be recommended at headquarters, you can hardly be a welcome guest there. The generals and their staffs, in spite of any pledges to the contrary, can scarcely fail to regard you as in some measure a spy upon them. They would rather be guaranteed by your absence against the chance of an indiscretion which might upset some important combination or give a useful hint to the enemy. So long as everything goes well, it may be satisfactory to have a brilliant and impartial panegyrist in camp, who will give their deeds of glory prompt circulation, and assure them, before they may be prematurely knocked on the head, some pleasing instalments of the immortality that awaits them. But blunders will be made in the best-directed corps, although it by no means follows that they need obtain publicity; while, if the

armies should meet with a succession of reverses, it is not in human nature that the sufferers should appreciate the foreign companion who is to chronicle them. Then the correspondent has his own ideas of strategy, and he is there to criticise as well as to report. When he speaks his mind, even if his criticisms be favourable, he puts himself more or less in an attitude of patronage; and nothing can be more personally disagreeable than condemning the generals who hold your comfort in their hands. The Germans carried all before them in their French invasion, and the genius of their strategists and the courage of their troops were if anything exaggerated rather than otherwise. Yet we imagine that some of the correspondents who had their headquarters at Versailles during the tedium and the anxieties of the siege of Paris, although they enjoyed exceptional privileges, and were treated with formal civility, must have been as heartily weary of their sojourn before the place as any of the inhabitants of the beleaguered city. There are civil ways of "sending a man to Coventry," without actually cutting all communication with him; while, of course, the more unlucky correspondents with the beaten and humiliated French knew exactly what they might expect from that emotional and impressionable people. When every baffled general was a traitor, the foreign correspondent was necessarily a spy; but they were born into a 'wale,' as Mrs Gamp would have put it, and had "to take the consequences of 'sich a sitivation.'"

There is little that need be said of the normal physical anxieties and sufferings; of having to accompany the dragging line of march, keenly on the look-out for each scrap of information; of having to do the agreeable to men in authority, often wasting invaluable time over the dinner-table, while exerting one's self in an honest way to secure their confidence and win their good graces; of striving to make yourself almost ubiquitous, when operations are being conducted simultaneously over scores of square miles of country; of trying, by verifying and combining vague reports, to get some faint idea of the key of the situation; of coming to a resolution on the shortest notice that may throw you out altogether on the day of a decisive battle; of such material and essential details as working your unfortunate horses over cross-roads blocked by men and made almost impassable by artillery. Even if the correspondent had the rare good fortune to turn up at the central vantage-point at the critical moment, he had to do his best by activity of mind and body to grasp the salient points of the situation. He had to learn what he could of the results. When nightfall brought brief repose to all but the chiefs and the wounded, he had to seize pen and paper and dash off his despatch; and possibly he had to finish by becoming his own messenger, personally conveying the precious packet for greater security to the nearest available post-office or telegraph station. Occasionally—and it shows how severe was his task—he preferred to hurry to London, travelling against time, and write his report more at leisure in the office of his journal, hurrying back again to his post to be in readiness to recommence his duties.

Considering the circumstances under which the work is done—or indeed setting circumstances aside altogether—much of the war correspondence is simply admirable. Dr Russell may fairly claim to have originated the art. His letters from the Crimea excited for the first time a general and intelligent interest in military operations and military administration. For long he

had it all his own way; but latterly, although he has done much excellent service both in Asia and Europe, the number of his successful rivals has been rapidly multiplying. If none of them can be said to have surpassed him, not a few of them have run him hard. To be sure, those competitors of his are younger men, and youth must tell under trying conditions. But young or middle aged, there are certain constitutions which seem to be positively stimulated by the hardships and dangers which would be depressing or paralysing to most people. Take one of the "philosophical historians" out of his snug study—a man who may be in the prime of his powers, and even in the habit of taking regular riding exercise in the parks—send him on the march with the advancing columns, through a hostile territory, in the depth of winter, and see what manner of lucubrations he will produce. The "special" is roughly scared from his heavy slumbers at an unholy hour; it is lucky for him if he has not to hunt up his servant, or seek and saddle his horse for himself. He snatches a crust should his commissariat happen to be so well provided, washes it down with a mouthful of spirits-and-water, and then has to run his chance for the rest of the day. There he sits in his damp saddle in the raw darkness of a winter morning, vainly endeavouring, even when the day should have broken, to pierce the fog that is confounding all the features of the landscape. The staff may have given him the slip; the field-officers profess to be as ignorant as himself, or they are too busy or else too sulky to attend to him; the roads are choked with the crawling columns, where they are not blocked with waggons and guns; and to aggravate his perplexity, from sundry points of the compass comes the roar of the cannon or the rattle of the rifle-firing. Each flying moment is precious, and he has to settle his strategy for himself. He has to push to points on a jaded animal, through these struggling masses of disciplined confusion, at the risk of blundering and having to retrace his steps. Should he be happy enough to make a hit, probably at considerable personal risk, he assists at a grand battle extending over many leagues of front. And the whole of the time his faculties must be on the stretch, interpreting all that is vaguely visible to him, and guessing on circumstantial evidence at what he can only imagine. His reputation is staked on the general accuracy of his report, and he is bound, besides, to be scientifically critical. He is expected to pronounce off-hand on matters that to the end of time will be disputed by military historians. He has collected in his head the materials for his letter, and photographed a variety of incidents on his brain. The actual tug of war comes to him in his turn, when the wearied combatants are withdrawing to their billets or stretching themselves out in their bivouacs on the battle-field. If he is lucky enough to get his share of a fire, he is writing his letter on his knee in the steam of his drying garments. In nine cases out of ten, in such circumstances, we doubt if mere hammering and straining would do much more than produce the barest and briefest of reports. As it is, in nine cases out of ten we have a singularly lucid and picturesque narration, which, if it errs at all, errs on the side of floridness, and seems to reflect the exaltation of the writer's mood through a highly coloured medium of strong sensation. Such letters penned under such conditions, can, we should say, be attributed to nothing short of a species of real literary genius. Ideas arrange themselves, and recollections

shake into place in an absence of all conscious effort, clothing themselves instinctively in felicitous expressions. So that in its way the despatch seems as much due to inspiration as the diviner epic of the sacred war-bard.

"*Cedant arma togæ*" is a motto that is nowadays read in reverse by most newspaper editors who know their public. When wars with war correspondence come to the front, literary criticism goes to the wall, or rather it is hustled aside altogether. Naturally that must be more or less the case when men's minds are profoundly agitated with the fluctuations of a great national struggle. On the morrow of an engagement like that of the Alma or Inkerman, the city mobs that rush on the newsboys and beset the bookstalls take thought for nothing but the latest despatches and the comments on them by those who are supposed to know. Even while the feverish strain is suspended though prolonged through the wearisome operations of sieges in the winter, there is comparatively little care for reading. Necessarily, too, the shadow of the storm has fallen on the book-market, blighting alike conception and production. The most thrilling fiction can devise nothing so intensely dramatic as those grim realities of horror, and there is no such excitement to be found in the most adventurous volumes of travel. But we really cannot see why nothing need be done to satisfy more delicate intellectual tastes, because Tartars and Turks have flown at each other's throats along the bounds that divide Asia from Europe. Those interminable letters from the Black Mountain and the Balkans; the stories of Jews immersed in the waters of the Danube, and of Servians impaled on the banks of the Save,—would surely bear winnowing and sifting, even where they might not be omitted with much advantage. The truth is, that a conscientious correspondent who has his pay to earn, toils on at spinning phrases and weaving them into monotonous webs, even when he has been left high and dry by the ebb of events in some miserable intriguing little capital that is a mere breeding-place of *canards*. The editor, in the exercise of a wise discretion, would assuredly deserve well of his readers if he were to throw half these letters into his waste-basket and warn the writer to hold his hand. But, in the first place, the letters are paid for and may as well be printed; in the next place, he may have an excessive regard for the feelings of a valued contributor; while, finally, the public have become habituated to a regular war diet, and if they failed to find the morning showers of quails, which they prefer to the more insipid manna, they would probably go in search of them to the columns of his competitors. Moreover, the most collected of editors is living under the pressure of the wheel of his destiny, that makes its revolution once in the twenty-four hours. Sufficient for each of his days is the evil thereof, and far more than sufficient his superabundant supplies. Print, in the first place, all that is absolutely urgent; shove in subsequently everything that will hardly bear shelving; and if anything will keep till to-morrow or the day after, carry it over to the "suspense account" on the side tables. There are men who *will* have the "money market" and "the mails," the commercial and industrial news and all that concerns the main chance, the parliamentary and law reports, with the grand banquet at Birmingham, and the open-air gathering of the *demos* at Greenwich. One of the immortals of history drops at the eleventh hour, falling recumbent over at least a couple of columns. There

is a terrific conflagration, or a tremendous railway smash, with the long train of medical reports and coroners' inquests that for weeks to come will drag a dwindling tail behind them, shooting across the editorial horizon like a comet. Meantime, while the reporters and penny-a-liners are so busy, the articles on books are laid aside and belated, though very possibly they may have been dictated by thought, knowledge, and culture. And that becomes so much a matter of every-day habit, that the editor learns to look on his reviews as so many useful stop-gaps that may serve to pad an issue on occasion; and the capable reviewer loses heart in the thankless task and throws it over to inferior hands; and the public, who are critical in a vague way themselves, come to regard those spasmodical critical efforts with a contempt that is probably not undeserved; and the author receives the notice he has been longing for when it is altogether too late to be of the slightest service.

The system, we say, is short-sighted and unfair,—it is unfair to authors and publishers; but it is most of all unfair to the public, whom editors are bound to consider. Surely it is not to be denied by educated men that the contemporary productions of thought and culture have claims to attention that are almost as strong as the fluctuations in consols, cotton, or coffee; that shining lights in theology and science should hold their own with the reporters of pigeon-shooting and pedestrianism, and the touts from the training headquarters. And we question whether the notices of even average writers of fiction may not be made at least as imposing and instructive as the stories of the gentlemen who floor their wives with quart-pots, or of the frail and ill-assorted couples who do their family washing in the divorce courts. Long-winded literary articles are going out of date; and a good thing too. They never fell properly within the province of the "dailies," which ought to be prompt in their judgments before everything. But concise and pointed notices of the various publications of the day should surely be as much of a recognised department as the notes on the trade in hides or tallow. Nothing should be omitted that merits attention, although, in many instances, half-a-dozen lines might suffice; and the critic, by anticipating more mature judgments, might really, if he had the capacity, make himself an authority, in place of coming trailing along behind them like a benumbed fly crawling on the drag-wheel. To save himself from the snare of always putting off till the morrow everything that need not absolutely be published to-day, the editor should bind himself by some hard and fast rule, such as the printing of his book-articles weekly or fortnightly. But while the remissness of the daily editors is intelligible, it is more difficult to understand the arrangements of the professed critical weeklies. We can conceive them keeping teams of spare horses in their stable against such slack seasons as we have been languishing through in the last few months. But we should have fancied that it would have been their pleasure, as well as their profit, to keep pace, so far as possible, with current production. In a week or in a fortnight at the outside, an expert who is at home in his special department ought to have prepared himself for grappling with the weightiest work. If he desires to expose inaccuracies or shortcomings, we should concede him any amount of time for his researches in the encyclopædias and libraries; but, on the other hand, the novels that are essentially ephem-

eral, and the travels that are advertised as "books of the season," should be served fresh and quickly, like newly-caught fish, since they lose by the keeping like mullets or whitings. As a matter of fact, it is more than "a toss up" whether they are noticed on the morrow or six months thence. When a book has already been canvassed at every dinner-table, and tossed about from hand to hand in the club libraries and smoking-rooms, some of the weeklies come out with their leisurely notices. By that time its destiny is inevitably decided, and the praise or blame of the judge is become practically indifferent to the writer, so far, at least, as the financial results of that particular work are concerned. The journal of eminently philosophical pretensions makes itself as singular in that respect as in many others. Now and again you come upon a review in it which gives you the effect of evoking departed spirits from the vasty deep, to which the bodies have been consigned. You rub your eyes while you slowly assure yourself that the title actually applies to some long-forgotten acquaintance. And you are only persuaded of the reality of the tardy resurrection when you see that the date of publication has been withheld for very shame.

As for the *critiques*, we may venture to say that, on the whole, they show as much charity as ability. If the writers have been soured by failure in literature, at all events as a rule they mask their malice. Now and then, indeed, we have a slashing article; but it is generally when the author has laid himself open. Palpable hits are justified by apposite quotations; for broad abuse and unsupported invective are happily nearly out of fashion, and a single caustic review is compensated by some half-a-dozen others of indiscriminate panegyric. There are few books which may not be advertised with one or more hyper-laudatory extracts. Even when fear or favour has nothing to say to that, the run of critics incline to be good-natured. It is easier to praise with generalities than to blame judiciously; the gift of being cleverly malignant is rarer than is commonly supposed, while it necessarily compels somewhat careful reading. At the same time, a modest and inexperienced author of average talent must often find himself sorely puzzled should he seek to profit by the criticisms lavished upon him. His professional advisers perplex him with the most contradictory estimates and counsels—the beauties of one are the blemishes of another; and the "pensive public" is still more embarrassed when the fervent recommendations they read in one journal are followed by the scathing denunciations of another. The fact being, that the criticism which must be the most delicate, difficult, and responsible of all departments of journalism, is too often discharged in a most reckless, slovenly, and perfunctory manner. The hack-of-all-work who has broken down somewhere else is thought quite sufficiently good for it. It is irritating to see the labours of half a lifetime dismissed cavalierly in a single flippant page by an impostor who unconsciously makes parade of his shallowness and hopeless incompetency. Yet, irritating as it is, one may cherish the conviction that sterling merit must vindicate itself in the end. But the injustice is felt far more severely when some fairly meritorious aspirant is condemned by a standard to which he made no pretensions of attaining, on the authority of a man who has merely skimmed him, and who possibly chanced to be out of temper at the time.

JOHN CALDIGATE.—PART IX.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—PERSUASION.

Early on the Tuesday morning Hester came down into the breakfast parlour at Puritan Grange, having with difficulty persuaded herself that she would stay the appointed hours in her mother's house. On the previous evening her mother had, she thought, been very hard on her, and she had determined to go. She would not stay even with her mother, if her mother insisted upon telling her that she was not her husband's wife. But during the night she was able to persuade herself to bear what had been already said,—to let it be as though it had been forgotten. Her mother was her mother. But she would bear no more. As to herself and her own conduct, her parents might say what they pleased to her. But of her husband she would endure to hear no evil word spoken. In this spirit she came down into the little parlour.

Mrs Bolton was also up,—had been up and about for some time previous. She was a woman who never gave way to temptations of ease. A nasty dark morning at six o'clock, with just light enough to enable her to dress without a candle, with no fire and no hot water, with her husband snoring while she went through her operations, was to her thinking the proper condition of things for this world. Not to be cold, not to be uncomfortable, not to strike her toes against the furniture because she could not quite see what she was about, would to her have been to be wicked. When her daughter came into the parlour, she had been about the house for more than an hour, and had had a conference both with the cook and with the gardener. The cook was of opinion that not a word should be said, or an unusual bolt drawn, or a thing removed till the Wednesday. "She can't carry down her big box herself, ma'am; and the likes of Miss Hester would never think of going without her things;—and then there's the baby." A look of agony came across the mother's face as she heard her daughter called Miss Hester;—but in truth the woman had used the name from old association, and not with any reference to her late young mistress's present position. "I should just tell her flat on Wednesday morning that she wasn't to stir out of this, but I wouldn't say nothing at all about any of it till then." The gardener winked and nodded his head, and promised to put a stake into the ground behind the little wicket-gate which would make the opening of it impossible. "But take my word for it, ma'am, she'll never try that. She'll be a deal too proud. She'll rampage at the front door, and'll despise any escaping like." That was the gardener's idea, and the gardener had long known the young lady. By these arguments Mrs Bolton was induced to postpone her prison arrangements till the morrow.

When she found her daughter in the small parlour she had settled much in her mind. During the early morning,—that is, till Mr Bolton should have gone into Cambridge,—not a word should be said about the marriage. Then when they two would be alone together, another attempt should be made to persuade Hester to come and live

at Chesterton till after the trial. But even in making that attempt no opinion should be expressed as to John Caldigate's wickedness, and no hint should be given as to the coming incarceration. "Did you bring baby down with you?" the grandmother asked. No; baby had been awake ever so long, and then had gone to sleep again, and the nurse was now with him to protect him from the sufferings incident to waking. "Your papa will be down soon, and then we will have breakfast," said Mrs Bolton. After that there was silence between them for some time.

A bond of discord, if the phrase may be allowed, is often quite as strong as any bond coming from concord and agreement. There was to both these women a subject of such paramount importance to each that none other could furnish matter of natural conversation. The one was saying to herself ever and always, "He is my husband. Let the outside world say what it may, he is my husband." But the other was as constantly denying to herself this assertion, and saying, "He is not her husband. Certainly he is not her husband." And as to the one the possession of that which she claimed was all the world, and as to the other the idea of the possession without true possession entailed upon her child pollution, crime, and ignominy, it was impossible but that the mind of each should be too full to admit of aught but forced expressions on other matters. It was in vain for them to attempt to talk of the garden, the house, the church, or of the old man's health. It was in vain even to attempt to talk of the baby. There are people who, however full their hearts may be, full of anger or full of joy, can keep the fulness in abeyance till a chosen time for exhibiting it shall come. But neither of these two was such a person. Every stiff plait in the elder woman's muslin and crape declared her conviction that John Caldigate was not legally married to her daughter. Every glance of Hester's eye, every motion made with her hands, every little shake of her head, declared her purpose of fighting for that one fact, whatever might be the odds against her.

When the banker came down to breakfast, things were better for a little time. The pouring out of his tea mitigated somewhat the starchiness of his wife's severity, and Hester when cutting the loaf for him could seem to take an interest in performing an old duty. He said not a word against Caldigate; and when he went out, Hester, as had been her custom, accompanied him to the gate. "Of course you will be here when I come," he said.

"Oh yes; I do not go home till to-morrow." Then she parted from him, and spent the next hour or two up-stairs with her baby.

"May I come in?" said the mother, knocking at the door.

"Oh yes, mamma. Don't you think baby is very like his father?"

"I daresay. I do not know that I am good at tracing likenesses. He certainly is like you."

"So much more like his father!" said Hester.

After that there was a pause, and then the mother commenced her task in her most serious voice. "Hester, my child, you can understand that a duty may become so imperious that it must be performed."

"Yes," said Hester, pressing her lips close together. "I can understand that." There might be a duty very necessary for her to per-

form, though in the performance of it she should be driven to quarrel absolutely with her own mother.

"So it is with me. Whom do you think I love best in all the world?"

"Papa."

"I do love your father dearly, and I endeavour, by God's grace, to do my duty by him, though, I fear, it is done imperfectly. But, my child, our hearts, I think, yearn more to those who are younger than ourselves than to our elders. We love best those whom we have cherished and protected, and whom we may perhaps still cherish and protect. When I try to tear my heart away from the things of this vile world, it clings to you—to you—to you!"

Of course this could not be borne without an embrace. "Oh, mamma!" Hester exclaimed, throwing herself on her knees before her mother's lap.

"If you suffer, must not I suffer? If you rejoice, would I not fain rejoice with you if I could? Did I not bring you into the world, my only one, and nursed you, and prayed for you, and watched you with all a mother's care as you grew up among the troubles of the world? Have you not known that my heart has been too soft towards you even for the due performance of my duties?"

"You have always been good to me, mamma."

"And am I altered now? Do you think that a mother's heart can be changed to her only child?"

"No, mamma."

"No, Hester. That, I think, is impossible. Though for the last twelve months I have not seen you day by day,—though I have not prepared the food which you eat and the clothes which you wear, as I used to do,—you have been as constantly in my mind. You are still my child, my only child."

"Mamma, I know you love me."

"I so love you as to know that I sin in so loving aught that is human. And so loving you, must I not do my duty by you? When love and duty both compel me to speak, how shall I be silent?"

"You have said it, mamma," said Hester, slowly drawing herself up from off the ground.

"And is saying it once enough when, as I think, the very soul, the immortal soul, of her who is of all the dearest to me depends on what I may say;—may be saved, or, oh, perhaps lost for ever by the manner in which I may say it? How am I not to speak when such thoughts as these are heavy within me?"

"What is it you would say?" This Hester asked with a low hoarse voice and a stern look, as though she could not resist her mother's prayer for the privilege of speaking; but at the same time was resolutely prepared not to be turned a hair's-breadth by anything that might be said.

"Not a word about him."

"No, mamma; no. Unless you can tell me that you will love him as your son-in-law."

"Not a word about him," she repeated, in a harsher voice. She felt that that promise should have been enough, and that in the present circumstances she should not have been invited to love the man she hated. "Your father and I wish you for the next few months to come and live with us."

"It is quite impossible," said Hester, standing very upright, with a face altogether unlike that she had worn when kneeling at her mother's knees.

"You should listen to me."

"Yes, I will listen."

"There will be a trial."

"Undoubtedly. John, at least,

seems to think so. It is possible that these wicked people may give it up, or that they may have no money to go on; but I suppose there will be a trial."

"The woman has bound herself to prosecute him."

"Because she wants to get money. But we need not discuss that, mamma. John thinks that there will be a trial."

"Till that is over, will you not be better away from him? How will it be with you if it should be decided that he is not your husband?" Here Hester of course prepared herself for interruption, but her mother prayed for permission to continue. "Listen to me for one moment, Hester."

"Very well, mamma. Go on."

"How would it be with you in that case? You must be separated then. As that is possible, is it not right that you should obey the ordinances of God and man, and keep yourself apart till they who are in authority shall have spoken?"

"There are no such ordinances."

"There are indeed. If you were to ask all your friends, all the married women in Cambridgeshire, what would they say? Would they not all tell you that no woman should live with a man while there is a shadow of doubt? And as to the law of God, you know God's law, and can only defend yourself by your own certainty as to a matter respecting which all others are uncertain. You think yourself certain because such certainty is a way to yourself out of your present misery."

"It is for my child," she shouted; "and for him."

"As for your babe, your darling babe, whether he be yours in joy of heart or in agony of spirit, he is still yours. No one will rob you of him. If it be as we fear, would not I help you to love him, help you to care for him, help you to pray for him? If it were so, would I desert him or you because in your innocence you had been betrayed into misfortune? Do I not feel for your child? But when he grows up and is a man, and will have learned the facts of his early years, let him be able to tell himself that his mother though unfortunate was pure."

"I am pure," she said.

"My child, my own one, can I, your mother, think aught else of you? Do I not know your heart? Do not I know the very thoughts within you?"

"I am pure. He has become my husband, and nothing can divide us. I never gave a thought to another man. I never had the faintest liking, as do other girls. When he came and told me that he had seen me and loved me, and would take me for his wife, I felt at once that I was all his,—his to do as he liked with me, his to nourish him, his to worship him, his to obey him, his to love him let father or mother or all the world say what they would to the contrary. Then we were married. Till he was my own, I never even pressed my lips upon his. But I became his wife by a bond that nothing shall break. You tell me of God's law. By God's law I am his wife, let the people say what they will. I have but two to think of."

"Yourself and him?" asked her mother.

"I have three to think of,—God, and him, and my child; and may God be good to me and them, as in this matter I will put myself away from myself altogether. It is for me to obey him, and I will submit myself to none other. If he bids me go, I will go; if he bids me stay here, I will stay. I have become his so entirely, that no judges—no judges can divide us. Judges! I know but one judge,

and He is there; and He has said that those whom He has joined together, man shall not put asunder. Pure! pure! No one should praise herself, but as a woman I do know that I am pure."

Then the mother's heart yearned greatly towards her daughter; and yet she was no whit changed. She knew nothing of phrases of logic, but she felt that Hester had begged the whole question. Those whom God had joined together! True, true! If only one could know whether in this or the other case God had joined the couple. As Hester argued the matter, no woman should be taken from the man she had married, though he might have a dozen other wives all living. And she spoke of purity as though it were a virtue which could be created and consecrated simply by the action of her own heart, as though nothing outside—no ceremony, no ordinance—could affect it. The same argument would enable her to live with John Caldigate after he should come out of prison, even though, as would then be the case, another woman would have the legal right of calling herself Mrs John Caldigate! On the previous day she had declared that if she could not be his wife, she would be his mistress. The mother knew what she meant,—that, let people call her by what name they might, she would still be her husband's wife in the eye of God. But she would not be so. And then she would not be pure. And, to Mrs Bolton, the worst of it was that this cloudiness had come upon her daughter,—this incapacity to reason it out,—because the love of a human being had become so strong within her bosom as to have superseded and choked the love of heavenly things. But how should she explain all this? "I am not asking you to drop his name."

"Drop his name! I will never drop it. I cannot drop it. It is mine. I could not make myself anything but Mrs John Caldigate if I would. And he," she said, taking the baby up from its cradle and pressing it to her bosom, "he shall be Daniel Caldigate to the day of his death. Do you think that I will take a step that shall look like robbing my child of his honest name,—that will seem to imply a doubt that he is not his own father's honest boy,—that he is not a fitting heir to the property which his forefathers have owned so long? Never! They may call me what name they will, but I will call myself John Caldigate's wife as long as I have a voice to make myself heard."

It was the same protest over and over again, and it was vain to answer. "You will not stay under your father's roof?"

"No; I have to live under my husband's roof." Then Mrs Bolton left the room, apparently in anger. Though her heart within might be melting with ruth, still it was necessary that she should assume a look of anger. On the morrow she would have to show herself angry with a vengeance, if she should then still be determined to carry out her plan. And she thought that she was determined. What had pity to do with it, or love, or moving heart-stirring words? Were not all these things temptation from the Evil One, if they were allowed to interfere with the strict line of hard duty? When she left the room, where the young mother was still standing with her baby in her arms, she doubted for some minutes,—perhaps for some half-hour,—then she wrestled with those emanations from the Evil One,—with pity, with love, and suasive tenderness,—and at last overcame them. "I know I am pure," the daughter had said. "I know I am right," said the mother.

But she spoke a word to her

husband when he came home. "I cannot bend her; I cannot turn her, in the least."

"She will not stay?"

"Not of her own accord."

"You have told her?"

"Oh no; not till to-morrow."

"She ought to stay, certainly," said the father. There had been very little intercourse between the mother and daughter during the afternoon, and while the three were sitting together, nothing was said about the morrow. The evening would have seemed to be very sad and very silent, had they not all three been used to so many silent evenings in that room. Hester, during her wedding tour and the few weeks of her happiness at Folking, before the trouble had come, had felt a new life and almost an ecstasy of joy in the thorough liveliness of her husband. But the days of her old home were not so long ago that its old manners should seem strange to her. She therefore sat out the hours patiently, stitching some baby's ornament, till her mother told her that the time for prayer had come. After worship her father called her out into the hall as he went up to his room. "Hester," he said, "it is not right that you should leave us to-morrow."

"I must, papa."

"I tell you that it is not right. You have a home in which everybody will respect you. For the present you should remain here."

"I cannot, papa. He told me to go back to-morrow. I would not disobey him now,—not now,—were it ever so." Then the old man paused as though he were going on with the argument, but finding that he had said all that he had to say, he slowly made his way up-stairs.

"Good night, mamma," said Hester, returning only to the door of the sitting-room.

"Good night, my love." As the words were spoken they both felt that there was something wrong,—much that was wrong. "I do not think they will do that," said Hester to herself, as she went up the stairs to her chamber.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—VIOLENCE.

It had been arranged at Folking, before Hester had started, that Caldigate himself should drive the waggonette into Cambridge to take her back on the Wednesday, but that he would bring a servant with him who should drive the carriage up to the Grange, so that he, personally, should not have to appear at the door of the house. He would remain at Mr Seely's, and then the waggonette should pick him up. This had been explained to Mrs Bolton. "John will remain in town, because he has so much to do with Mr Seely," Hester had said; "and Richard will call here at about twelve." All her plans had thus been made known, and Mrs Bolton was aware at what hour the bolts must be drawn and the things removed.

But, as the time drew nearer, her dislike to a sudden commencement of absolute hostilities became stronger,—to hostilities which would seem to have no sanction from Mr Bolton himself, because he would then be absent. And he too, though as he lay awake through the dreary hours of the long night he said no word about the plan, felt, and felt more strongly as the dawn was breaking, that it would be mean to leave his daughter with a farewell kiss, knowing as he would do that he was leaving her within prison-bars, leaving her to the charge of jailors.

The farewell kiss would be given as though he and she were to meet no more in her old home till this terrible trial should be over, and some word appropriate to such a parting would then be spoken. But any such parting word would be false, and the falsehood would be against his own child! "Does she expect it?" he said, in a low voice, when his wife came up to him as he was dressing.

"She expects nothing. I am thinking that perhaps you would tell her that she could not go to-day."

"I could not say 'to-day.' If I tell her anything, I must tell her all."

"Will not that be best?" Then the old man thought it all over. It would be very much the best for him not to say anything about it if he could reconcile it to his conscience to leave the house without doing so. And he knew well that his wife was more powerful than he,—gifted with greater persistence, more capable of enduring a shower of tears or a storm of anger. The success of the plan would be more probable if the conduct of it were left entirely to his wife, but his conscience was sore within him.

"You will come with me to the gate," he said to his daughter, after their silent breakfast.

"Oh yes;—to say good-bye."

Then he took his hat, and his gloves, and his umbrella, very slowly, lingering in the hall as he did so, while his wife kept her seat firm and square at the breakfast-table. Hester had her hat and shawl with her; but Mrs Bolton did not suspect that she would endeavour to escape now without returning for her child. Therefore she sat firm and square, waiting to hear from Hester herself what her father might bring himself to communicate to her. "Hester," he said, as he slowly walked round the sweep in front of the house,—"Hester," he said, "you would do your duty best to God and man,—best to John Caldigate and to your child,—by remaining here."

"How can I, unless he tells me?"

"You have your father's authority."

"You surrendered it when you gave me to him as his wife. It is not that I would rebel against you, papa, but that I must obey him. Does not St Paul say, 'Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord'?"

"Certainly; and you cannot suppose that in any ordinary case I would interfere between you and him. It is not that I am anxious to take anything from him that belongs to him." Then, as they were approaching the gate, he stood still. "But now, in such an emergency as this, when a question has risen as to his power of making you his wife——"

"I will not hear of that. I am his wife."

"Then it may become my duty and your mother's to—to—to provide you with a home till the law shall have decided."

"I cannot leave his home unless he bids me."

"I am telling you of my duty—of my duty and your mother's." Then he passed out through the gate, thus having saved his conscience from the shame of a false farewell; and she slowly made her way back to the house, after standing for a moment to look after him as he went. She was almost sure now that something was intended. He would not have spoken in that way of his duty unless he had meant her to suppose that he intended to perform it. "My duty," he had said, "my duty and your mother's!" Of course something was intended, something was to be done or said more than had been done or said already. During the breakfast she

had seen in the curves of her mother's mouth the signs of some resolute purpose. During the very prayers she had heard in her mother's voice a sound as of a settled determination. She knew,—she knew that something was to be done, and with that knowledge she went back into her mother's room, and sat herself down firmly and squarely at the table. She had left her cup partly full, and began again to drink her tea. "What did your papa say to you?" asked her mother.

"Papa bade me stay here, but I told him that most certainly I should go home to Folking." Then Mrs Bolton also became aware of fixed will and resolute purpose on her daughter's part.

"Does his word go for nothing?"

"How can two persons' words go for anything when obedience is concerned? It is like God and Mammon."

"Hester!"

"If two people tell one differently, it must be right to cling to one and leave the other. No man can serve two masters. I have got to obey my husband. Even were I to say that I would stay, he could come and take me away."

"He could not do that."

"I shall not be so disobedient as to make it necessary. The carriage will be here at twelve, and I shall go. I had better go and help nurse to put the things up." So saying she left the room, but Mrs Bolton remained there a while, sitting square and firm at the table.

It was not yet ten when she slowly followed her daughter up-stairs. She first went into her own room for a moment, to collect her thoughts over again, and then she walked across the passage to her daughter's chamber. She knocked at the door, but entered as she knocked. "Nurse," she said, "will you go into my room for a minute or two? I wish to speak to your mistress. May she take the baby, Hester?" The baby was taken, and then the two were alone. "Do not pack up your things to-day, Hester."

"Why not?"

"You are not going to-day."

"I am going to-day, mamma."

"That I should seem to be cruel to you, only seem, cuts me to the heart. But you cannot go back to Folking to-day."

"When am I to go?"

"Ah, Hester!"

"Tell me what you mean, mamma. Is it that I am to be a prisoner?"

"If you would be gentle I would explain it."

"I will not be gentle. You mean to keep me,—by violence; but I mean to go; my husband will come. I will not be kept. Oh, mamma, you would not desire me to quarrel with you openly, before the servants, before all the world! I will not be kept. I will certainly go back to Folking. Would I not go back though I had to get through the windows, to walk the whole way, to call upon the policemen even to help me?"

"No one will help you, Hester. Every one will know that for the present this should be your home."

"It never shall be my home again," said Hester, bursting into tears and rushing after her baby.

Then there were two hours of intense misery in that house,—of misery to all who were concerned. The servants, down to the girl in the scullery and the boy who cleaned the boots, were made aware that master and mistress were both determined to keep their married daughter a prisoner in the house. The servants of the house sided with their mistress generally, having all of them been induced to regard John Caldigate with horror. Hester's nurse, of course, sympathised with her and her baby. During these

two hours the packing was completed, but Hester found that her strong walking-boots and her bonnet had been abstracted. Did they really think that at such a time as this boots and bonnets would be anything to her? They could know nothing of her nature. They could not understand the sort of combat she would carry on if an attempt were made to take from her her liberty,—an attempt made by those who had by law no right to control her! When once she had learned what was being done she would not condescend to leave her room till the carriage should have come. That that would come punctually at twelve she was sure. Then she would go down without her bonnet and without her boots, and see whether any one would dare to stand in her way, as with her baby in her arms she would attempt to walk forth through the front door.

But it had not occurred to her that other steps might be taken. Just before twelve the gardener stationed himself on the road before the house,—a road which was half lane and half street, belonging to the surburban village of Chesterton, —and there awaited the carriage at a spot some yards away from the gate. It was well that he was early, because Richard was there a few minutes before the time appointed. "She ain't a-going back to-day," said the gardener, laying his hands gently on the horse's back.

"Who ain't not a-going back?" asked the coachman.

"Miss Hester ain't."

"Mrs John ain't a-going home?"

"No;—I was to come out and tell you, as master don't like wheels on the gravel if it can be helped. We ain't got none of our own."

"Missus ain't a-going home? Why, master expects her for certain!"

"I was to say she ain't a-going to-day."

The man who was driving passed the reins into his whip-hand, and raising his hat, began to scratch his head with the other. He knew at once that there was something wrong,—that this prolonged staying away from home was not merely a pleasantly lengthened visit. His master had been very urgent with him as to punctuality, and was evidently intent upon the return of his wife. All the facts of the accusation were known to the man, and the fact also that his master's present wife was entirely in accord with his master. It could not be that she should have determined to prolong her visit, and then have sent him back to her husband with such a message as this! "If you'll hold the hosses just a minute," he said, "I'll go in and see my missus."

But the Grange gardener was quite as intent on his side of the question as was the Folking coachman on the other. To him the horrors of bigamy were manifest. He was quite of opinion that "Miss Hester,"—who never ought to have been married in that way at all,—should now be kept a prisoner in her father's house. "It ain't no use your going in,—and you can't," said the gardener. "I ain't a going to hold the horses, and there's nobody as will."

"What's up, mate?"

"I don't know as I'm mate to you, nor yet to no one like you. And as to what's up, I've told you all as I'm bade to tell you; and I ain't a-going to tell you no more. You can't turn your horses there. You'd better drive round into the village, and there you'll get the high-road back to Cambridge." Then the gardener retreated within a little gate of his own which led from the lane into the precincts close to his own cottage. The man was an honest, loyal, old fanatic, who would scruple at nothing in carrying out

the orders of his mistress in so good a cause. And personally his feelings had been acerbated in that he had been called "mate" by a man not half his age.

The coachman did as he was bid, seeing before him no other possible course. He could not leave his horses. But when he was in front of the iron gates he stopped and examined the premises. The gates were old, and were opened and closed at ordinary times by an ordinary ancient lock. But now there was a chain passed in and out with a padlock,—evidently placed there to prevent him from entering in opposition to the gardener's instructions. There was clearly no course open to him but to drive the carriage back to his master.

At a quarter before twelve Hester left her own room,—which looked backwards into the garden, as did all the pleasanter rooms of the house,—with the intention of seating herself in a spare room looking out to the front, from which she could have seen the carriage as it entered the gate. Had she so seen it she would certainly have called to the man from the window when he was standing in the road. But the door of that front room was locked against her; and when she tried the other she found that all the front rooms were locked. She knew the house, of course, as well as did her mother, and she rushed up to the attics where the servants occupied the rooms looking out to the road. But they, too, were locked against her. Then it flashed upon her that the attempt to make her a prisoner was to be carried out through every possible detail.

What should she do? Her husband would come, of course; but what if he were unable to force an entrance? And how could he force it? Would the police help him? Would the magistrates help him? She knew that the law was on her side, and on his,—that the law would declare him to be her lord and owner till the law should have separated them. But would the law allow itself to be used readily for this purpose? She, too, could understand that the feeling of the community would be against her, and that in such a case the law might allow itself to become slow, lethargic, and perhaps inoperative, yielding to the popular feeling. She saw the points which were strong against her as clearly as William and Robert Bolton had seen those which were strong on their side. But——! As she stood there beating her foot angrily on the floor of the passage, she made up her mind that there should be more than one "but" in his favour. If they kept her, they should have to lock her up as in a dungeon; they and all the neighbourhood should hear her voice. They should be driven to do such things that the feeling of the community would be no longer on their side.

Various ideas passed through her mind. She thought for a moment that she would refuse to take any nourishment in that house. Her mother would surely not see her die; and would thus have to see her die or else send her forth to be fed. But that thought stayed with her but for a moment. It was not only for herself that she must eat and drink, but for her baby. Then, finding that she could not get to the front windows, and seeing that the time had come in which the carriage should have been there, she went down into the hall, where she found her mother seated on a high-backed old oak arm-chair. The windows of the hall looked out on to the sweep before the house; but she was well aware that from these lower windows the plot of shrubs

in the centre of the space hindered any view of the gate. Without speaking to her mother she put her hand upon the lock of the door as though to walk forth, but found it barred. "Am I prisoner?" she said.

"Yes, Hester; yes. If you will use such a word as to your father's house, you are a prisoner."

"I will not remain so. You will have to chain me, and to gag me, and to kill me. O my baby,—O my child! Nurse, nurse, bring me my boy!" Then with her baby in her arms, she sat down in another high-backed oak arm-chair, looking at the hall-door. There she would sit till her husband should come. He surely would come. He would make his way up to those windows, and there she could at any rate hear his commands. If he came for her, surely she would be able to escape.

The coachman drove back to the town very quickly, and went to the inn at which his horses were generally put up, thinking it better to go to his master thence on foot. But there he found John Caldigate, who had come across from Mr Seely's office. "Where is Mrs Caldigate?" he said, as the man drove the empty carriage down the entrance to the yard. The man, touching his hat, and with a motion of his hand which was intended to check his master's impetuosity, drove on; and then, when he had freed himself from the charge of his horses, told his story with many whispers.

"The gardener said she wasn't to come!"

"Just that, sir. There's something up more than you think, sir; there is indeed. He was that fractious that he wouldn't hold the horses for me, not for a minute, till I could go in and see, and then——"

"Well?"

"The gates was chained, sir."

"Chained?"

"A chain was round the bars, and a padlock. I never see such a thing on a gentleman's gate in my life before. Chained; as nobody wasn't to go in, nor yet nobody wasn't to come out!" The man as he said this wore that air of dignity which is always imparted by the possession of great tidings the truth of which will certainly not be doubted.

The tidings were great. The very thing which his father had suggested, and which he had declared to be impossible, was being done. The old banker himself would not, he thought, have dared to propose and carry out such a project. The whole Bolton family had conspired together to keep his wife from him, and had allured her away by the false promise of a friendly visit! He knew, too, that the law was on his side; but he knew also that he might find it very difficult to make use of the law. If the world of Cambridge chose to think that Hester was not his wife, the world of Cambridge would probably support the Boltons by their opinion. But if she, if his Hester, were true to him—and she certainly would be true to him,—and if she were as courageous as he believed her to be,—then, as he thought, no house in Chesterton would be able to hold her.

He stood for a moment turning in his mind what he had better do. Then he gave his orders to the man in a clear natural voice. "Take the horses out, Richard, and feed them. You had better get your dinner here, so that I may be sure to find you here the moment I want you."

"I won't stir a step from the place," said the man.

CHAPTER XXXV.—IN PRISON.

What should he do? John Caldigate, as he walked out of the inn-yard, had to decide for himself what he would do at once. His first impulse was to go to the mayor and ask for assistance. He had a right to the custody of his wife. Her father had no right to make her a prisoner. She was entitled to go whither she pleased, so long as she had his sanction; and should she be separated from him by the action of the law, she would be entitled to go whither she pleased without sanction from any one. Whether married or unmarried she was not subject to her father. The husband was sure that he was entitled to the assistance of the police, but he doubted much whether he would be able to get it, and he was most averse to ask for it.

And yet what other step could he take? With no purpose as yet quite fixed, he went to the bank, thinking that he might best commence his work by expostulating with his wife's father. It was Mr Bolton's habit to walk every morning into the town, unless he was deterred by heat or wet or ill health; and till lately it had been his habit also to walk back, his house being a mile and a half distant from the bank; but latterly the double walk had become too much for him, and, when the time for his return came, he would send out for a cab to take him home. His hours were very various. He would generally lunch at the bank, in his own little dingy room; but if things went badly with him, so as to disturb his mind, he would go back early in the day, and generally pass the afternoon asleep. On this occasion he was very much troubled, so that when Caldigate reached the bank, which he did before one, Mr Bolton was already getting into his cab. "Could I speak a few words to you, sir?" said Caldigate in the street.

"I am not very well to-day," said the banker, hardly looking round, persevering in his effort to get into the vehicle.

"I would not keep you for a minute, sir. I must see you, as you are aware."

There were already half-a-dozen people collected, all of whom had no doubt heard the story of John Caldigate's wife. There was, indeed, no man or woman in Cambridge whose ears it had not reached. In the hearing of these Mr Bolton was determined not to speak of his daughter, and he was equally determined not to go back into the house. "I have nothing to say," he muttered — "nothing, nothing; drive on." So the cab was driven on, and John Caldigate was left in the street.

The man's anger now produced a fixed purpose, and with a quick step he walked away from the bank to Robert Bolton's office. There he soon found himself in the attorney's room. "Are you aware of what they are doing at the Grange?" he asked, in a voice which was not so guarded as it should have been on such an occasion. Anger and the quickness of his walk had combined to make him short of breath, and he asked the question with that flurried, hasty manner which is common to angry people who are hot rather than malicious in their angers.

"I don't think I am," said the attorney. "But if I were, I doubt whether I should just at present be willing to discuss their doings with you."

"My wife has gone there on a visit."

"I am glad to hear it. It is the best thing that my sister could do."

"And now it seems some difficulty is made about her returning."

"That I think very likely. Her father and mother can hardly wish that she should go back to your house at present. I cannot imagine that she should wish it herself. If you have the feelings of a gentleman or the heart of a man you ought not to wish it."

"I have not come here to be taught what is becoming either to a man or a gentleman."

"If you will allow me to say so, while things are as they are at present, you ought not to come here at all."

"I should not have done so but for this violence, this breach of all hospitality at your father's house. My wife went there with the understanding that she was to stay for two days."

"And now, you say, they detain her. I am not responsible; but in doing so they have my thorough sympathy and approbation. I do not know that I can help them, or that they will want my help; but I shall help them if I can. The fact is, you had better leave her there."

"Never!"

"I should not have volunteered my advice, but, as you are here, I may perhaps say a word. If you attempt to take her by violence from her father's house you will have all the town, all the county, all England against you."

"I should;—I own it;——unless she wished to come to me. If she chooses to stay, she shall stay."

"It must not be left to her. If she be so infatuated, she must not be allowed to judge for herself. Till this trial be over, she and you must live apart. Then, if that woman does not make good her claim,—if you can prove that the woman is lying,—then you will have back your wife. But if, as everybody I find believes at present, it should be proved that you are the husband of that woman, and that you have basely betrayed my poor sister by a mock marriage, then she must be left to the care of her father and her mother, and may Heaven help her in her misery." All this he said with much dignity, and in a manner with which even Caldigate could not take personal offence. "You must remember," he added, "that this poor injured one is their daughter and my sister."

"I say that she has been in no wise injured but,—as I also am injured,—by a wicked plot. And I say that she shall come back to me, unless she herself elects to remain with her parents." Then he left the office and went forth again into the streets.

He now took at once the road to Chesterton, trying as he did so to make for himself in his own mind a plan or map of the premises. It would, he thought, be impossible but that his wife would be able to get out of the house and come to him if he could only make her aware of his presence. But then there was the baby, and it would be necessary not only that she should escape herself but that she should bring her child with her. Would they attempt to hold her? Could it be that they should have already locked her up in some room up-stairs? And if she did escape out of some window, even with her baby in her arms, how would it be with them then as they made their way back into the town? Thinking of this he hurried back to the inn and told Richard to take the carriage into Chesterton and wait there at the turn of the lane, where

the lane leads down from the main road to the Grange. He was to wait there, though it might be all the day, till he heard from or saw his master. The man, who was quite as keen for his master as was the old gardener for his mistress on the other side, promised accurate obedience. Then he retraced his steps and walked as fast as he could to the Grange.

During all this time the mother and the daughter kept their weary seats in the hall, Hester having her baby in her arms. She had quite determined that nothing should induce her again to go up-stairs,—lest the key of the room should be turned upon her. For a long time they sat in silence, and then she declared her purpose.

"I shall remain here, mamma."

"If so, I must remain too."

"I shall not go up to my bedroom again, you may be sure of that."

"You will go up to-night, I hope."

"Certainly not. Nurse shall take baby up to his cradle. I do not suppose you will be cruel enough to separate me from my child."

"Cruel! Do you not know that I would do anything for you or your child,—that I would die for you or your child?"

"I suppose you will let them bring me food here. You would not wish him to be starved."

"Hester!"

"Well; what would you have me say? Are you not my jailor?"

"I am your mother. According to my conscience I am acting for you as best I know how. Do you not know that I mean to be good to you?"

"I know you are not good to me. Nobody can be good who tries to separate me from my husband. I shall remain here till he comes and tells me how I am to be taken away." Then Mr Bolton returned, and made his way into the house with the assistance of the gardener through the kitchen. He found the two women sitting in the hall, each in the high-backed arm-chair, and his daughter with her baby in her arms,—a most piteous sight, the two of them thus together. "Papa," she said, as he came up into the hall from the kitchen, "you are treating me badly, cruelly, unjustly. You have no right to keep me here against my will. I am my husband's wife, and I must go to my husband."

"It is for the best, Hester."

"What is wrong cannot be for the best. Do you suppose that he will let me be kept here in prison? Of course he will come. Why do you not let me go?"

"It is right that you should be here, Hester," he said, as he passed up-stairs to his own bedroom. It was a terrible job of work for which he had no strength whatever himself, and as to which he was beginning to doubt whether even his wife's strength would suffice. As for her, as for Hester, perhaps it would be well that she should be wearied and broken into submission. But it was fearful to think that his wife should have to sit there the whole day, saying nothing, doing nothing, merely watching lest her daughter should attempt to escape through some window.

"It will kill your father, I think," said the mother.

"Why does he not let me go then? I have to think of my husband and my child." Then again there was silence. When they had been seated thus for two hours, all the words that had been *spoken* between them had not spread themselves over ten minutes, and Mrs Bolton was looking forward to hour after hour of the same kind. It

did not seem to her to be possible that Hester should be forced up into her own room. Even she, with all her hardihood, could not ask the men about the place to take her in their arms and carry her with violence up the stairs. Nor would the men have done it, if so required. Nothing but a policeman's garb will seem to justify the laying of a hand upon a woman, and even that will hardly do it unless the woman be odiously disreputable. Mrs Bolton saw clearly what was before her. Should Hester be strong in her purpose to remain seated as at present, she also must remain seated. Weariness and solicitude for her baby might perhaps drive the young mother to bed. Then she also would go to her bed,—and would rest, with one eye ever open, with her ears always on the alert. She was somewhat sure of herself. Her life had not been so soft but that she could endure much,—and of her purpose she was quite sure. Nothing would trouble her conscience if she could succeed in keeping her daughter separated from John Caldigate.

Caldigate in his hot haste walked up to the iron gates and found them chained. It was in vain that he shook them, and in vain that he looked at them. The gates were fully twelve feet high, and spiked at the top. At each side of the gates ran a wall surmounted by iron railings,—extending to the gardener's cottage on the one side, and to the coach-house on the other. The drive up to the house, which swept round a plot of thick shrubs, lay between the various offices,—the stables and coach-house being on one side, and the laundry and gardener's cottage on the other. From the road there was no mode of ingress for him to this enclosure, unless he could get over the railings. This might perhaps have been possible, but it would have been quite impossible for him to bring his wife back by the same way. There was a bell at the gardener's little gate, which he rang loudly; but no one would come to him. At last he made his way round into the kitchen-garden by a corner where access was made by climbing a moderately high gate which gave an entrance to the fields. From thence he had no difficulty in making his way on to the lawn at the back of the house, and up by half-a-dozen stone steps to the terrace which ran along under the windows. Here he found that the lower shutters were barred on the inside throughout, so that he could not look into any of the rooms. But he could rap at the windows, which he did loudly, and it was in his power to break them if he pleased. He rapped very loudly; but poor Hester, who sat at the front hall, heard nothing of the noise.

He knew that from the back-garden he could make his way to the front, with more or less of violence. Between the gardener's cottage and the laundry there was a covered passage leading to the front, the buildings above being continuous, but leaving a way through for the convenience of the servants. This, however, was guarded by a trellis-work gate. But even on this gate the gardener had managed to fix a lock. When Caldigate reached the spot the man was standing, idle and observant, at his own cottage-door. "You had better open this gate," said Caldigate, "or I shall kick it open."

"You mustn't do that, Mr Caldigate. It's master's orders as it's to be locked. It's master's orders as you ain't to be in here at all." Then Caldigate raised his foot, and the trellis-work gate was very soon

despatched. "Very well," said the man;—"very well, Mr Caldigate. That'll have to come agin you when the other things come. It's my belief as it's burglorious." Then Caldigate went up before the house-windows, and the gardener followed him.

The front door was approached by half-a-dozen stone steps, which were guarded on each side by a curved iron rail. Along the whole front of the house, passing under the steps, there ran a narrow, shallow area, contrived simply to give light to the kitchen and offices in the basement storey. But this area was, again, guarded by an iron rail, which was so constructed as to make it impossible that any one less expert than a practised house-breaker should get in or out of any of the windows looking that way. From the hall there were no less than four windows looking to the front; but they were all equally unapproachable.

The moment that Caldigate appeared coming round the curve of the gravel road Hester saw him. Jumping up from her chair with her baby, she rushed to the window, and called to him aloud, tapping at the window as she did so, "John, I am here! Come to me! come to me! Take me out! They have shut me in, and will not let me come to you." Then she held up the baby. "Mamma, let him in, so that he come to his own baby. You dare not keep the father away from his own child." At this time the nurse was in the hall, as was also the cook. But the front door was locked as well as chained, and the key was in Mrs Bolton's own pocket. She sat perfectly silent, rigid, without a motion. She had known that he would come and show himself; and she had determined that she would be rigid, silent, and motionless. She would not move or speak unless Hester should endeavour to make her way down into the kitchen. But just in the passage which led to the top of the kitchen-stairs stood the cook,—strong, solid, almost twice the weight of Hester,—a pious, determined woman, on whom her mistress could depend that she would remain there impervious.

They could talk to each other now, Hester and Caldigate, each explaining or suggesting what had been done or should be done; but they could converse only so that their enemies around them should hear every word that was spoken. "No, John, no; I will not stay," she said, when her husband told her that he would leave the decision to her. "Unless it be to do your bidding, I will not stay here willingly. And, John, I will not move up-stairs. I will remain here; and if they choose to give me food they may bring it to me. Unless they carry me I will not go to my bedroom. And they shall tear me to pieces before I will let them carry me. Poor baby! poor baby! I know he will be ill," she said, moaning, but still so that he, standing beyond the railings, should hear her through the window. "I know he will be ill; but what can I do? They do not care for my baby. If he should die it will be nothing to them." During all this Mrs Bolton kept her resolve, and sat there rigid, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, speaking no word, apparently paying no attention to the scene around her. Her back was turned to the front door, so that she could not see John Caldigate. Nor would she attempt to look at him. He could not get in, nor could the other get out. If that were so she would endeavour to bear it all. In the meantime the old man was sitting in his arm-chair

up in his bedroom, reduced almost to inanity of mind by the horror of the occasion. When he could think of it all he would tell himself that he must let her go. He could not keep the mother and her baby a prisoner in such a condition as this.

Then there came dinner. Let misfortunes be what they may, dinner will come. The old man crawled down-stairs, and Hester was invited into the dining-room. "No," she said. "If you choose to send it to me here, because of baby, I will eat." Then, neither would Mrs Bolton go to her husband; but both of them, seated in their high-backed arm-chairs, ate their food with their plates upon their laps.

During this time Caldigate still remained outside, but in vain. As circumstances were at present, he had no means of approaching his wife. He could kick down a slight trellis-work gate; but he could bring no adequate force to bear against the stout front door. At last, when the dusk of evening came on, he took his departure, assuring his wife that he would be there again on the following morning.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE ESCAPE.

During the whole of that night Hester kept her position in the hall, holding her baby in her arms as long as the infant would sleep in that position, and then allowing the nurse to take it to its cradle up-stairs. And during the whole night also Mrs Bolton remained with her daughter. Tea was brought to them, which each of them took, and after that neither spoke a word to the other till the morning. Before he went to bed, Mr Bolton came down and made an effort for their joint comfort. "Hester," he said, "why should you not go to your room? You can do yourself no good by remaining there."

"No," she said, sullenly,—"no; I will stay."

"You will only make yourself ill,—you and your mother."

"She can go. Though I should die, I will stay here."

Nor could he succeed better with his wife. "If she is obstinate, so must I be," said Mrs Bolton. It was in vain that he endeavoured to prove to her that there could be no reason for such obstinacy, that her daughter would not attempt to escape during the hours of the night without her baby.

"You would not do that," said the old man, turning to his daughter. But to this Hester would make no reply, and Mrs Bolton simply declared her purpose of remaining. To her mind there was present an idea that she would, at any rate, endure as much actual suffering as her daughter. There they both sat, and in the morning they were objects pitiable to be seen.

Macbeth and Sancho have been equally eloquent in the praise of sleep. "Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care!" But sleep will knit up effectually no broken stitches unless it be enjoyed in bed. "Blessings on him who invented sleep," said Sancho. But the great inventor was he who discovered mattresses and sheets and blankets. These two unfortunates no doubt slept; but in the morning they were weary, comfortless, and exhausted. Towels and basins were brought to them, and then they prepared themselves to watch through

another day. It seemed to be a trial between them, which could outwatch the other. The mother was, of course, much the older; but with poor Hester there was the baby to add to her troubles. Never was there a woman more determined to carry out her purpose than Mrs Bolton, or one more determined to thwart the purpose of another than she who still called herself Hester Caldigate. In the morning Mrs Bolton implored her husband to go into Cambridge as usual; but he felt that he could not leave the house with such inmates. So he sat in his bedroom dozing wretchedly in his arm-chair.

Caldigate appeared before the house at nine o'clock, no further attempt having been made to exclude his entrance by the side gate, and asked to see Mr Bolton. "Papa is up-stairs," said Hester through the window. But the old man would not come down to see his visitor, nor would he send any message. Then Caldigate declared his purpose of going at once to the mayor and demanding assistance from the police. He at any rate would return with the carriage as early as he could after his visit to the magistrates' office. He went to the mayor, and inflicted much trouble on that excellent officer, who, however, at last, with the assistance of his clerk,—and of Robert Bolton, whom he saw on the sly,—came to the decision that his own authority would not suffice for the breaking open of a man's house in order that his married daughter should be taken by violence from his custody. "No doubt," he said,—"no doubt," when Caldigate pleaded that Mr Bolton's daughter was, at any rate for the present, his own wife; and that a man's right to have his wife is undoubted. Those words "no doubt" were said very often; but no other words were said. Then the clerk expressed an opinion that the proper course would be for Mr Caldigate to go up to London and get an order from the Vice-Chancellor; which was, of course, tantamount to saying that his wife was to remain at Chesterton till after the trial,—unless she could effect her own escape.

But not on that account was he inclined to yield. He had felt from the first, as had she also, that she would make her way out of the house, or would not make it, as she might or might not have the courage to be persistent in demanding it. This, indeed, had been felt both by William and Robert Bolton, when they had given their counsel. "She is a woman with a baby, and when in your house will be subject to your influences. She will be very angry at first, but will probably yield after a time to your instructions. She will at last give an unwilling assent to the course you propose. That is what may be expected. But if she should be firmer than we think, if there should be in her bosom a greater power of resistance than we expect, should she dash herself too violently against the cage,—then you must let her go." That was intended to be the gist of the advice given, though it perhaps was not so accurately expressed. It was in that way understood by the old man; but Mrs Bolton would not so understand it. She had taken the matter in hand, and as she pressed her lips together she told herself that she intended to go through with it.

And so did Hester. But as this day went on, Hester became at times almost hysterical in her efforts to communicate with her husband through the window, holding up her baby and throwing back her head, and was almost in convulsions in her efforts to get at him. He on the other side thundered at the

door with the knocker, till that instrument had been unscrewed from within. But still he could knock with his stick and shout with his voice; while the people outside the iron gates stood looking on in a crowd. In the course of the day Robert Bolton endeavoured to get an order from the magistrates for the removal of Caldigate by the police. But the mayor would not assent either to that. Old Mr Bolton was the owner of the house, and if there was a nuisance to be complained of, it was he that must complain. The mayor during these days was much tried. The steady married people of the borough,—the shopkeepers and their wives, the doctors and lawyers and clergymen, —were in favour of Mr and Mrs Bolton. It was held to be fitting that a poor lady in Hester's unfortunate position should be consigned to the care of her parents till the matter had been settled. But the people generally sympathised with the young husband and young wife, and were loud in denouncing the illegality of the banker's proceedings. And it was already rumoured that among the undergraduates Caldigate's side was favoured. It was generally known that Crinkett and the woman had asked for money before they had brought their accusation, and on that account sympathy ran with the Squire of Folking. The mayor, therefore, did not dare to give an order that Caldigate should be removed from off the premises at Puritan Grange, knowing that he was there in search of a wife who was only anxious to place herself in his custody.

But nothing was done all that day. About four in the afternoon, while Caldigate was still there, and at a moment in which poor Hester had been reduced by the continuance of her efforts to a state of hysterical prostration, the old man summoned his wife up-stairs. She, with a motion to the cook, who still guarded the stairs, obeyed the order, and for a moment left her watch.

"You must let her go," said the old man, with tremulous anxiety, beating with his fingers on his knees as he spoke. "You must let her go."

"No, no!"

"It will kill her."

"If I let her go, I shall kill her soul," said the determined woman. "Is not her soul more than her body?"

"They will say we—murdered her."

"Who will say it? And what would that be but the breath of a man? Does not our Father who is in heaven know that I would die to do her a service, if the service accorded with His will? Does He not know that I am cruel to her here in order that she may be saved from eternal——" She was going to say, in the natural fervour of her speech, "from eternal cruelty to come," but she checked herself. To have admitted that such a judgment could be worse than just, worse even than merciful, would be blasphemy to her. "Oh, He knows! He knows! And if He knows, what matters what men may say that I have done to her?"

"I cannot have it go on like this," said he, still whispering.

"She will be wearied out, and then we will take her to her bed."

But Mr Bolton succeeded in demanding that a telegram should be sent up to William requesting him to come down to the Grange as early as possible on the following morning. This was sent, and also a message to Robert Bolton in Cambridge, telling him that William had been summoned. During these two days he had not been seen at the Grange, though he knew much

of what was being done there. Had he, however, been aware of all that his sister and step-mother were enduring, he would probably have appeared upon the scene. As it was, he had justified his absence by pleading to himself Mrs Bolton's personal enmity, and the understanding which existed that he should not visit the house. Then, when it was dark, Caldigate with the carriage again returned to the town, where he slept as he had done on the previous night. Again their food was brought to the two women in the hall, and again each of them swallowed a cup of tea as they prepared themselves for the work of the night.

In the hall there was a gas-stove, which was kept burning, and gave a faint glimmer, so that each could see the outline of the other. Light beyond that there was none. In the weary long hours of nights such as these, nights passed on the seats of railway carriages, or rougher nights, such as some of us remember, on the outside of coaches, or sitting by the side of the sick, sleep will come early and will early go. The weariness of the past day will produce some forgetfulness for an hour or two, and then come the slow, cold, sad hours through which the dawn has to be expected. Between two and three these unfortunates were both awake, the poor baby having been but lately carried back from its mother to its cradle. Then suddenly Mrs Bolton heard rather than saw her daughter slip down from her chair on to the ground and stretch herself along upon the hard floor. "Hester," she said; but Hester did not answer. "Hester, are you hurt?" When there was still no answer, the mother got up, with limbs so stiff that she could hardly use them, and stood over her child. "Hester, speak to me."

"I will never speak to you more," said the daughter.

"My child, why will you not go to your comfortable wholesome bed?"

"I will not go; I will die here."

"The door shall not be locked. You shall have the key with you. I will do nothing to hurt you if you will go to your bed."

"I will not go; leave me alone. You cannot love me, mamma, or you would not treat me like this."

"Love you! O my child! If you knew! If you could understand! Why am I doing this? Is it not because I feel it to be my duty? Will you let me take you to your bed?"

"No, never. I, too, can do my duty,—my duty to my husband. It is to remain here till I can get to him, even though I should die." Then she turned her poor limbs on the hard floor, and the mother covered her with a cloak and placed a cushion beneath her head. Then after standing a while over her child she returned to her chair, and did not move or speak again till the old cook came, with the first glimmer of the morning, to inquire how the night had been passed.

"I cannot allow this; I cannot allow this," said Mr Bolton, when he shuffled down in his slippers. The old servant had been up to him and had warned him that such sufferings as these might have a tragic end,—too probably an end fatal to the infant. If the mother's strength should altogether fail her, would it not go badly with the baby? So the cook had argued, who had been stern enough herself, anxious enough to secure "Miss Hester" from the wickedness of John Caldigate. But she was now cowed and frightened, and had acknowledged to herself that if "Miss Hester" would not give way, then she must be allowed to go forth.

let the wickedness be what it might.

"There must be an end to this," said the old man.

"What end?" asked his wife. "Let her obey her parents."

"I will obey only my husband," said Hester.

"Of course there must be an end. Let her go to her bed, and, weary as I am, I will wait upon her as only a mother can wait upon her child. Have I not prayed for her through the watches of the night, that she might be delivered from this calamity, that she might be comforted by Him in her sorrow? What have I done these two last weary days but pray to the Lord God that He might be merciful to her?"

"Let me go," said Hester.

"I will not let you go," said the mother, rising from her seat. "I, too, can suffer; I, too, can endure. I will not be conquered by my own child." There spoke the human being. That was the utterance natural to the woman. "In this struggle, hard as it is, I will not be beat by one who has been subject to my authority." In all those prayers,—and she had prayed,—there had been the prayer in her heart, if not in her words, that she might be saved from the humiliation of yielding.

Early in the day Caldigate was again in front of the house, and outside there was a close carriage with a pair of horses, standing at the gardener's little gate. And at the front gate, which was still chained, there was again the crowd. At about one both William and Robert Bolton came upon the scene, and were admitted by the gardener and cook through the kitchen-door into the house. They were close to Caldigate as they entered; but neither did they speak to him nor he to them. At that moment Hester was standing with the baby at the window and saw them. "Now I shall be allowed to go," she exclaimed. Mrs Bolton was still seated with her back to the windows; but she had heard the steps on the gravel, and the opening of the kitchen-door; and she understood Hester's words, and was aware that her husband's sons were in the house.

They had agreed as to what should be done, and at once made their way up into the hall. "William, you will make them let me go. You will make them let me go," said Hester, rushing at once to the elder of the two, and holding out her baby as though for him to take. She was now in a state so excited, so nervous, so nearly hysterical, that she was hardly able to control herself. "You will not let them kill me, William,—me and my baby." He kissed her and said a kind word or two, and then, inquiring after his father, passed on up-stairs. Then Mrs Bolton followed him, leaving Robert in the hall with Hester. "I know that you have turned against me," said Hester.

"Indeed no; I have never turned against you. I have thought that you would be better here than at Folking for the present."

"That is being against me. A woman should be with her husband. You told them to do this. And they have nearly killed me,—me and my baby."

In the meantime William Bolton up-stairs was very decided in his opinion that they must at once allow Caldigate to take her back to Folking. She had, as he said, proved herself to be too strong for them. The experiment had been tried and had failed. No doubt it would be better,—so he thought,—that she should remain for the present at the Grange; so much better that a certain show of force had been justified. But as things were going, no further force would be

justified. She had proved her power, and must be allowed to go. Mrs Bolton, however, would not even yet acknowledge that she was beaten. In a few more hours, she thought, Hester would allow herself to be taken to her bed, and then all might be well. But she could not stand against the combined force of her husband and his two sons; and so it was decided that the front door should be opened for the prisoner, and that the chains should be removed from the gate. "I should be afraid of the people," William Bolton said to his father.

It was not till this decision had been given that Mrs Bolton felt that the struggle of the last three days had been too much for her. Now, at last, she threw herself upon her bed, weeping bitter tears, tears of a broken spirit, and there she lay prostrate with fatigue and misery. Nor would she go down to say a word of farewell. How could she say adieu to her daughter, leaving her house in such circumstances? "I will give her your love," said William Bolton.

"Say nothing to her. She does not care for my love, nor for the love of her Father in heaven. She cares only for that adulterer."

The door was opened from within, and the chains were taken away from the gate. "O John! O my husband!" she exclaimed, as she leaped down the steps into his arms, "never let me go again; not for a day,—not for an hour!" Then her boxes were brought down, and the nurse came with the child, whom the mother at once took and placed in his father's arms. And the carriage was brought in, and the luggage was placed on it, and the nurse and the baby were seated. "I will go up to poor mamma for one moment," she said. She did go to her mother's room, and throwing herself upon the wretched woman, wept over her and kissed her. But the mother, though in some sort she returned the caress, said not a word as her daughter left the room. And she went also to her father and asked his blessing. He muttered a word or two, blessing her, no doubt, with inarticulate words. He also had been thoroughly vanquished.

Then she got into the carriage, and was taken back to Folking lying in John Caldigate's arms.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

(*Second Series.*)

NO. IV.—IN THE COUNTRY.

THERE really is a country in France. Not only a country of green fields and vines, of beet-root, olives, and tobacco, of poplars, oaks, and chestnuts, where corn is grown, and butter, wine, and oil are made, —not only a country of cows and sheep, of tillage and crops, but a country where people live and are at home, where they seek to satisfy their ambitions and their instincts, where they think, love, and try to be happy. Country life in France is composed, in part at least, of elements which are proper to itself. It presents aspects and it assumes forms which render it more or less dissimilar to the same life elsewhere; but it is none the less a national reality.

Taking the subject as a whole, it may be said that, though the gregariousness of the French inclines them to live in towns, their poverty or their functions oblige large numbers of them to live in the country. This way of stating the question has, of course, the defects of all general definitions; it leaves out the exceptions, and furthermore, it has no application to the richer classes, who can choose, and do as they like, but who, all the same, often reside by preference away from cities. Still it is tolerably correct as regards the mass of the population, and all the villages supply evidence of its general exactness, for all of them contain inhabitants who have been led to them by economy or by duty. In each of them is to be found a marked proportion of penurious old idlers, who sit on a bench in the sunlight throughout the day, and on a straw chair at their door or their fireside in the evening (if indeed there be an evening for people who go to bed at seven o'clock). There must be, in all France, at least 500,000 individuals who subsist in this way, waiting inertly for death, and doing utterly nothing meanwhile, except looking on at other people playing bowls. These obsolete citizens form a curious class, in which the exhausted energies of small government pensioners, of worn-out servants, and of various incapables from age, totter to their end. They linger torpidly on about £24 a-year each; they adopt the villages because the towns are too expensive for their resources; they constitute the first grade of residents in the country.

The existence of so large a number of retired old people of the lower class supplies a striking example of the effects of the resolute economy which the French practise with such self-denying, persistent vigour. Here are, we suppose, half a million men and women, two-thirds or three-quarters of whom are subsisting on the revenue of a treasure which they themselves have accumulated during forty or fifty years of work. Between them they spend, according to this estimate (which is certainly a low one), twelve millions sterling a-year, representing, at five per cent, a capital of two hundred and forty millions. The true figure is probably a good deal larger; for, judging from the general concordance of the information which these veterans give about themselves, when questioned prudently, it is

reasonable to imagine that their accumulations must exceed the general average of £480 a-head, at which it is put here. The property which they represent is therefore so considerable as a total that its owners acquire from it a national importance which the outside view of them in no way suggests. Who would suppose that the ten or twenty decrepit ancients who crawl about the *place* in almost every one of the villages of France are living mainly on their own "economies"? Many of them, of course, are peasants who can no longer labour, and who are supported by their children. Some are in the receipt of pensions. But the majority are natives of the district, who left it in their youth to earn their bread elsewhere, and who come back to it at the end of life with £500. Not that everybody lays by £500—most certainly not; if that were the rule, hoardings would rise so vast that, in about three generations, nobody could live in France, because the entire population would become too rich to work. And furthermore, it frequently happens that these fortunes are not the exclusive product of the personal labour of their possessors; they are often made up, in part, of little legacies from relations. Their owners necessarily leave them to some one else when their turn comes to die, and so facilitate for their successors the same sort of smouldering latter end through which they flicker out themselves. But still it may be taken as a general rule and a general truth that the majority of this group of country residents have put together with their own hands the cash which they possess.

In other countries such a class as this is rare. In France it is not only numerous, but it acquires, for the reason which has just been given, a serious economical importance. It is not personally amusing, for its members are, for the most part, very deaf, with mixtures of blindness, asthma, and paralysis; but as a national species, and as an example of the fruits of laborious avarice, it merits observation and attention. It has no perceptible influence on country life as a whole, but it constitutes distinctly the lowest element of that life: for the peasants proper need not be taken into account at all; they work in the country, but they do not *live* in it in the sense which we are considering here.

Next above them comes a still more peculiarly French class, the army of small Government *employés* who discharge their infinitely insignificant, but infinitely diversified functions, throughout the land, on salaries which stretch between £32 and the vast, envied, and rare immensity of £160. Of the 600,000 civil servants required by the complicated and inquisitorial administration of France, one-half at least are obliged by their occupations to inhabit the villages. The *gardes champêtres*, the forest keepers, the various foremen of the national, departmental, and communal roads, the multiform agents of the tax-collectors, the overlookers of navigation on the rivers and canals, the inspectors, surveyors, and overseers of every possible process, thing, or deed that can anyhow be inspected, surveyed, or overseen, and crowds of other diminutive officials with a line of gold or silver braid on their *képis*, —are all, by the essentially local nature of their calling, dwellers in the country. How they manage to lodge, nourish, clothe, and educate their families on an average pay of about £60 a-year, is a mystery worthy to be classed amongst the great enigmas of life; but they do

it; and furthermore, they constitute a society. In certain villages, indeed, their group composes a recognised aristocracy; they are the great world of the place; they possess the advantages of rank; the Sunday bonnets of their wives and daughters arouse emotion amongst cap-wearing spectators. And all this is paid for by about twenty-five shillings a-week! Very wonderful! But the people of this curious category are rendered more remarkable still by a peculiarity which is proper to themselves, which saturates and permeates them — by an unimaginable servility to their superiors, and by an equally unimaginable arrogance to everybody else. They cringe and they bully with a skill which is the most productive and the most evident of their professional endowments, and which sets the beholder wondering what hidden grace there can be in the service of the French Government to develop so wonderful a capacity of alternate obsequiousness and insolence in its lower retainers. It is all over France; it sprouts in every wearer of a gold-laced cap: but it is more striking in the country than in the towns, for the double reason that there is more space for it in the former than in the latter, and that people have more time to contemplate it.

Luckily it has little to do with home life; it ceases usually on the door-step, and hangs itself up in the hall with the *képi* of office. These intensely hierarchical functionaries, these slaves of their chiefs, these despots of their subordinates, these domineerers of the public, are generally very worthy people indoors; in most cases they are good fathers and good husbands. It pleases them to behave like Prince Bismarck, and to take off their greatness in the bosom of their family. It is only in the open air that they appear as plenipotentiaries of the state, and that they call upon the surrounding earth to adore in them the glory of power, and to tremble with awe before the majesty of Government, which they impersonate. If they did not enjoy this royal prerogative, it is scarcely likely that they would consent to serve the nation for £5 a-month. Vanity consoles them for poverty.

Of course a good many of them possess some trifling property. They have inherited £30 a-year from their father; or they own a field or a house which brings them in a rent; or they have married a wife with a *dot* of a few thousand francs; or they have got a *bourse* at a college for their son: and in some of these fashions the twenty-five shillings a-week are often carried to two pounds. Still, even at the best, their struggle must be hard, and their maintenance of the social position which they conceive to belong to them must be achieved by desperate efforts. And yet this does not render them interesting. Neither their poverty nor their worthiness succeeds in bestowing on them any attractions: they are too grand for pity, and too overbearing for sympathy; and, additionally, they are too fawning for respect. All this is regrettable, for they really possess qualities which, under other conditions, would place them, as a class, in a meritorious and estimable situation. It is true that their neighbours are habituated to their ways, and that they do not always gaze upon them with the mixture of amazement and amusement which fills the soul of less accustomed spectators; but that fact exercises only a local influence, and does not affect the national aspects of the question. Regarded, generally, as an element of French life, the Government *employé* clan asserts itself with a pretentiousness,

a swagger, and an oppressiveness which provoke against it—even in the mildest cases—a good deal of ill-will. The result is that, notwithstanding their numbers, these subaltern functionaries pay the penalty of unpopularity; they are rarely on warm terms with the people round them, and usually group together in a narrow society of their own. But that society forms all the same a distinct component in country life; it stands on the second step upwards, and its relative isolation makes it all the more visible.

The third rank is occupied by the small proprietors who do not work with their own hands. This category is not a large one, but it takes us right into country life properly so called; for the people who form it really do *live* in the country, in the strict sense of the phrase. They have country occupations, country ambitions, and country jealousies; and they would probably have country amusements too, if any such things were known in France. They make their own butter, stand for the municipal council, are proud of their pears and roses, abuse the Government if the price of hay falls, take in a halfpenny newspaper, dine without a table-cloth, stand about abundantly with their hands in their pockets, wear *sabots* when it rains, never open a book, and live generally with vagueness towards everything but money. That one exception, however—money—suffices by itself alone, to arouse in them all the intensities of which their natures are capable; they love it as if it were the child of their heart, seek for it as they would for water in a desert, and reverence it with an awe which they undergo for nothing else on earth or in heaven. But, like most of their countrymen, they cherish money rather for its own sake than for what it could enable them to acquire; they have a thousand-fold more delight in possessing it than in employing it—in reminding themselves that they own it, than in considering how they could utilise it. Throughout the whole of France the attitude of the middle and lower classes towards money is essentially miserly; but it is even more so in the country than in the towns, partly from the comparative absence of temptations to spend, partly from contact with the peasants, with whom avarice is a natural law, and cupidity the noblest of virtues. So these small landowners live pretty much like labourers, and regard the piling up of savings as the first object and the first duty of existence.

They do not, as a rule, supply any elements for the composition of a country society. They are not accumulated in villages, but are, on the contrary, spread about in the fields and the woods, and on the roadsides. They are not, like Government *employés*, thrown upon each other by the force of proximity; they have no *esprit de corps* to hold them together. Each of them lives for himself, his family, and his hoardings, and feels no interest in his fellows. Taken as a whole, they form an utterly uninteresting and socially useless class. They contribute, of course, like other people round them, to the accumulation of national wealth—they practise steadily the qualities of patience and self-denial, of persevering labour and obstinate economy, the general application of which has enabled France to recover so rapidly from the ruin of 1870; but in their hands these indisputable merits seem to become almost negative, and to lose a part of their public value. The reason evidently is, that this particular category of Frenchmen is most un-

Frenchly dull: it is silent amongst a population of talkers; it is grave amidst a throng of laughers; it constitutes a band apart, with manners and customs of its own. And stranger than all, it keeps up these peculiarities without communication between its members, without exchange of examples or of influences, as if they were a spontaneous and inevitable product of the situation of a country proprietor.

Yet, with all this, the class exercises a perceptible function in the rural districts, for it stands in between the peasants and the educated landowners, between the cottage and the chateau. It acts both as a buffer and as a cement. Its social mission is to supply a stage on which the labourer can rest as he rises; and furthermore, to offer a retreat to the town tradesman who aspires to end his days under the shade of his own orchard. It is one of the stepping-stones in the march of social change which is spreading throughout France. Such interest as it presents is therefore political rather than personal, and leads us into an element of the country life of France which we will look at presently by itself. Meanwhile we can move up another step in the ladder and can begin to pay visits to the chateaux. We need not stop to examine the notaries and the doctors, who alone represent the professional classes in the matter: they are excellent people—some of them at least—but they constitute no distinct order; and notwithstanding the services they render, and the need which everybody has of them at some time or other, they are not numerous enough to count in the mass.

The chateaux, on the contrary, do count for a great deal. They ought, indeed, to count for nearly everything, for it is in them that we expect to find at last the true, essential, country life of France—the realisation of that well-practised, intelligent conception of rural existence which needs everywhere some share of both money and education for its fulfilment; and which, consequently, lies beyond the handling of all those who possess neither. Of this life we do find in France some part, but not the whole; and such of it as there is presents so many local characteristics, that comparison with other countries becomes difficult. The country life of the upper classes is usually supposed to be composed everywhere of two main elements—of a copious existence in a big house, with active out-of-door occupations and abundant sport, and of a large share of action and influence in the direction of the political, administrative, and social working of the neighbourhood. Such is especially the theory of country life in England. In France, however, regarding the nation as a whole, the second of these elements is almost invisible, while even the first of them is only incompletely perceptible. Let us begin by the examination of the first one.

Of course there are in France examples of great life in chateaux. There are, indeed, a few specimens of immensely grand houses, where things are done indoors with a splendour which equals, if it does not surpass, anything that can be seen in England. There may be five or six of them, perhaps, all lying within a range of two or three hours' travel from Paris. Anybody at all acquainted with the composition of French society can put their names upon them, for they are well known to fame. But what do these rare exceptions prove? Simply that there are in France some gentlemen of fortune who, unlike the rest of their compatriots, have installed

themselves superbly, who are not regarded as models, who are imitated by no one, and who can no more be instanced as national types than diamonds can be called charcoal. The best of the ordinary chateaux of France, putting aside the historic places, are nothing more than villas; the second class of them are little better than English farm-houses; while the third category, which is discoverable particularly in the southern departments, is made up of whitewashed walls, which look as if they contained a prison. The word chateau is so elastic in its applications that it may be said to include every sort of good-sized country-house in which no trade is carried on. Just as every man in France, whatever be his rank or title, is "Monsieur," so is every decent private residence outside a town a "chateau." The effect of this wide-spreading employment of the designation is to bring into the chateau-class of inhabitants every person who is not comprised in the other categories already named, and thereby to extend the field of observation so largely that almost all the shades of more or less educated society find places in it.

But yet, notwithstanding the variety of elements, there is a singular unity of ways of life amongst the people who compose this great group. It may be said of them, as a general description, that they all agree in doing nothing. There is amongst them an almost total want of the vigour, of the earnestness, which impress so particular an aspect on our own country life. Frenchmen shoot,—but how many of them are there who hunt, or fish, or boat, or drive, or even ride? Who ever heard of outdoor games amongst them? And as for the women, is one of them in fifteen thousand to be seen on a horse in the lanes? These things do not attract the nation; and when they are done at all, it is usually in the very smallest way. There are, of course, exceptions: there are in France a few packs of hounds—there may, perhaps, be ten of them in all; but they are employed exclusively for private galloping, and are followed by none but the owner's friends. There are three Frenchmen who each sail a ten-ton yacht. There are men who ride, and like it; there are ladies who ride with them: but does the proportion of men and women who ever get into a saddle reach one-twentieth of the total number of the inhabitants of chateaux? Certainly not. Their system of existence is passive. The men look after their "interests," and try not to make a mess in managing their estates (if they have any); they bestow close attention on the garden; they read newspapers of their own political opinions, but never glance at a word from the other side; they stroll about the home farm, and count the chickens: they contemplate their labourers at work, and they regard country life as a serious process to be got through somehow, rather than as a condition which opens to them special occupations, special thoughts, special exercises, and special directions of movement for their energy. It must be repeated that there are exceptions. There are, amongst the higher classes, some grand samples of men; fellows with will, and skill, and strength, and spirit, with all the qualities which make up manliness, and with true knowledge, and true love of the invigorating, inspiring pleasures which are obtainable nowhere but in fresh air. But the rule lies thoroughly the other way. The nation, taken as a whole, is as calm and gentle in its attitude towards outdoor life, as it is excited and intense in its

conduct indoors. The contradiction between the two behaviours is complete.

Now, how is it that a race which possesses such rare capacity in the conception and the organisation of its home life, which is so constantly seeking, at its firesides, for new emotions and new animations, should be so unable, nationally, to comprehend and utilise the thousand excitements which — to our eyes, at least—are so easily extractable from field-sports and country occupations? The answer is not difficult to find. The reason is a double one: the French, as a mass, avoid all pleasures which cost money; and they shrink instinctively from diversions which they cannot share with women. So that, as hounds, yachts, coaches, salmon-streams, and game-preserves are expensive, and as there are not twenty women in France who could ride over a fence, handle an oar or a yoke-line, throw a fly, or walk with the guns—and as (perhaps happily for the tone of French ladies and of French society) there are not twenty fathers or husbands in the land who would let them do it if they could—the men abstain from diversions which involve large outlay, and in which they would find themselves alone. The two great influences of women and of the pocket, which dominate the national life of France, are seen and felt in this as in all else. So men and women compose their existences in the country as they do in the towns, and regard talk as the one essential to contentment.

This general description applies to the great mass of so-called chateaux — to nineteen-twentieths of them perhaps—to the houses which stand in a few acres of ground, with a garden and a poultry-yard, but to which no estate is attached. The exceptions are to be found in the places which really constitute a property, where the woods contain roe-deer and wild-boar, and where the men of the family have other notions in them than a disposition to sit in the drawing-room and make discreet love to somebody's wife. But even there, even in the best of cases, there is nothing but shooting to be seen; it is the one single sport of France. Such fishing as can be discovered is carried on with floats, with an occasional dragging of a pond for carp. A fly-rod is an object of which the nation is almost unaware. A riding-party is so rarely seen that the memory of it dwells in the talk of the neighbourhood. Picnics are virtually unknown; neither cricket, nor football, nor lawn-tennis are things of France; croquet alone is discoverable. A remarkable result of all this is, that the French language contains but a single word to express the occupation of a man in the country: there is one thing for him to do, and one name to call it by; there is no variety for him either in his action or in its appellation. *Il chasse.* He rarely makes a heavy bag, but he always travels a good many miles over the stubble or through the fern. The exercise is good for him, so he takes walking for sport, and he is happy. *Il chasse.* And that is the sole daily work, from September to February, of about a fourth of the male inhabitants of the chateaux. The other three-fourths do nothing at all.

As happens, however, in a good many other cases, Frenchwomen come to the rescue of Frenchmen and save them from drowning in the sea of *ennui* on which it pleases them to navigate. What services those women render to their race and epoch! And nowhere are their services more solid or more brilliant than in the chateaux; nowhere is the superiority of the Gallic woman

over the Gallic man more vividly and more convincingly established. In England the men make country life for themselves; they have no need whatever of the assistance of women in the matter; they would, indeed, in a good many country-houses, forget that women exist at all, if the latter did not thrust themselves upon their attention with a vigour which supports no refusals. But in France the exact contrary is the case: there, as a national rule, it is the women who manufacture the country for the men, who provide them with the occupations which they are unable to create for themselves, but who naturally do it after their own fashion, indoors, not out of doors. Frenchwomen are, above all things, feminine; whatever be their faults, masculineness can never, by any possibility, be one of them. Their first ambition is to be, essentially and in every act, women. The roughening influences of the country have therefore no hold upon them; and even if, in infinitely rare cases, they take a share in sport, they do it awkwardly and timidly, get no encouragement from anybody, and are invariably blamed by all their friends. The result is that, though they think it natural that men should shoot and ride, and though they even laugh at them if they do not, yet they exercise no stimulating force in the matter, and turn, in reality, their sway precisely the other way, because they instinctively do their utmost to tempt the men to stop at home.

It is, however, certain that very few amongst them have any perception of the results which they are producing, and it would not be easy to make them feel that they are unconsciously but unceasingly contributing to the suppression of the main features of country life. Just as Frenchwomen are habitually unaware of the enfeebling effects which they work in their boys by not directing them towards manliness, so also are they ignorant of the damage which they do to men by surrounding them in country-houses with the habits and the diversions of Paris drawing-rooms. Still, though it would be too much to expect that they will ever ardently impel men towards regular outdoor work, they might not impossibly be induced to admit competition between it and indoor pleasures, if only they perceived that the men want it. But that is precisely what, in the majority of cases, they do not see. Putting aside the exceptions, the life which men lead in average French chateaux shows no sign whatever of any revolt against the system which the women organise for them and apply to them. They evidently like it—they are accustomed to it—it causes them no effort and no trouble; why, then, should they give the women to understand that they would prefer an alteration in it? So the thing goes on as it is. The ordinary chateau life is made to resemble, as closely as possible, life in Paris—and everybody is satisfied. There is sometimes downright dulness, and there is generally a sort of foolishness and misplacedness about it all; there is a want of fitness, of adaptation, to surroundings; and above all, there is a lack of vigour, of that particular, well-marked, easily recognisable species of vigour which is the product of fresh air and exercise. And all this is as true of the people who spend the entire year in the country, as of those who come down from Paris; their method is the same, and so are the consequences. Throughout all France the situation is substantially identical; the country counts for scarcely anything in country life.

And yet the people are as happy over it as if they were extracting its full essence from their situation, and were skilfully handling for their own benefit all the varied means of action which lie around them. They imagine, trustfully, that they really are living, not only in the country but of the country; and many of them talk about it with an earnestness which shows that they conscientiously believe in what they suppose that they are doing. It is this confidence which converts their incomplete life into a success for them. And after all, if they have all they want they merit envy rather than reproach; for they reach a state which we, with all our pastimes, do not frequently attain. The natural contentedness of the race comes to their help in this case as in so many others; their inborn philosophy inclines them to make the best of what they have and not to seek for more, especially if more costs money. And this is how it comes to pass that, as was said at the commencement, there really is a country life in France. Perhaps, however, it would be more exact, under all the circumstances, to describe it as life in the country.

It is a life on which the sun shines lazily, but gladsomely; a life without many objects or much change, but still a pleasant life, worth living. It does not afflict the men to do approximately nothing; on the contrary, they rather esteem themselves for being able to render nothing so diverting. Besides which, the women do really find a slight variation of occupation when they quit the towns and get amongst the fields. They visit the poor a little —as much as the democratic pride of the poor will allow; they work slowly (wonderfully slowly!) at altar-cloths and vestments for the Church; they read the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' or the 'Contemporaine,' according to the direction of their convictions; they knit warm clothes for the village children; they mind the flowers; and they try to please the men—which, after all, is the most attractive function of women. So far, to some extent, at least, there is a connexity between the habitual country avocations of Frenchwomen and of ordinary Englishwomen; but it is essential to avow that the sweet British emotion of teaching in schools is totally absent on the other side of the Channel, partly because that exciting process is not in harmony with French usages, partly because if it attempted to introduce itself, neither the *maire* nor the mistress would permit it to live a day. It is, however, consoling to be able to suspect that if this entails, from certain English points of view, a privation for ladies, it probably involves a considerable advantage for the children; and furthermore, even without school-teaching, the country life of Frenchwomen is bright and affectionate, and is full of sympathies and talk. It is true that they do not have many guests, and few visitors except their immediate neighbours; but this does not affect their happiness, — they are quite content by themselves. As our English system of staying about with people is almost unknown in France, as it is limited to the largest and richest chateaux, and as, even in the very big places, it never attains the development and the continuity which it presents with us, it follows that the system of mutual assistance, on which we rely so much for getting satisfactorily through country-house life, has scarcely any existence amongst the French, and that each of their groups is dependent on its own social resources, and looks for small

aid from the world at large. Yet, if there is but little action around them, there are plenty of talkers and plenty of laughter; and after all, those are conditions of life which make one forget sometimes that sport and sporting discourse are wanting.

And there is an especial merit of high value in the French conception of rural existence—it is cheap. The national economy of management is particularly evident in the country. The French power of extracting its full worth from money comes out there perhaps still more clearly than in the towns; for though people live fairly well in nearly all the chateaux, down to the smallest—though they are beginning, indeed, to manifest, in many places, a distinct tendency towards luxury and show—they do their housekeeping at strangely moderate expense. A reasonably comfortable country-house can be kept going in France for much less than its equivalent would cost in England. And this is not in any way because food or clothes or rent are low-priced; on the contrary, they are, as a whole, decidedly dearer than with us: the explaining causes lie, not in local cheapness, but in the system of life and in the character of the race. And whatever may be our prejudices in favour of our own ways—whatever may be our conviction of the insufficiencies of a procedure which does not offer the particular characteristics which we, by habit, regard as indispensable out of doors—we surely cannot fail to recognise that, all the same, there is value in an organisation which is open to all pockets, which excludes nobody for venturing to be poor, and which is rarely tinted by what Balzac called "the chilling hue of money."

And this is not its sole quality. It owns another, for it serves to prove a curious and unexpected fact; to indicate that there really are occasions and states under which the French, both men and women, can manage to get on almost without excitement. A condition of life which can enable them to do this, must really possess some remarkable attributes, and must exercise some peculiar influences. If one of the most evident of the general dispositions of the race can be temporarily modified—if its action can be partially suspended by contact with fresh air and with country habits—it would seem to follow that there must be more in those habits than is evident at first sight, and that they must merit a respect which the description that has been given of them here is scarcely likely to have provoked. This is really a most satisfactory impression to attain; for French country ways are so simple and so sympathetic, that it would have been uncomforting to find one's self incompetent to esteem them. The discovery that they lift up the nation to a height at which it passes beyond the need of its ordinary emotions, permits us to indulge in deference for them. And there can be no doubt whatever that the discovery is real and not deceptive; for there are chateaux in which existence is not only uninspired, but entirely dull—not only passionless, but positively stupid. Stupid! A form of life which permits us to say of French society that it can occasionally become stupid, must indeed be respectable, and most eminently worthy of reverence and honour!

It must, however, be added that stupidity is not easily discoverable anywhere but in the country proper—amongst the woods and the vines. In the two other categories of out-of-town residence—on the sea-shore and at the mineral springs—it is usually rather difficult to lay hands upon it; for in lodging-places of

those sorts diversions are supplied so abundantly that no space is left between them for torpidity. Neither Trouville nor Luchon, nor any of their kindred, can be said to conduct either men or women towards demureness, stolidity, or innocent propriety. It may, indeed, be asserted, without any risk of bearing false witness, that their habitual effect is to do just the contrary, and to vigorously promote perspicuity, smart talking, waltzing, love-making, enlarged views, *baccarat*, and other forms of developed intellect. Their action is, therefore, essentially quickening and elating; it throws people into groups with momentary identities of objects, with transient unities of enthusiasm; it engenders such a wonderful quantity of impetuous effervescence that silent persons are unable to support its proximity, and go forcedly away. And these "stations," as the French call them, act upon the body as well as on the intelligence: their operation is not purely psychical, it is physical as well; for at them many women and some men unequivocally swim or ride on ponies, according as the sea or the hills are before them.

It will, consequently, be at once perceived that we have reached here an altogether special phase of French country life; a phase in which the nation not only talks hard, but positively does something active out of doors. Several parties, each of them composed of about fourteen ladies and three gentlemen, may be seen every summer morning riding up from Luchon towards the Maladetta; just as numerous young persons in enterprising bathing-coats, and a few male swimmers, may be contemplated in the water at Dieppe in August. This evidence leads us to two results: the first, that, as has just been observed, the shore and the mountain provoke the French to exertions which they perform nowhere else; the second, that those exertions are infinitely more frequent amongst women than amongst men. Now this latter truth opens out sudden horizons and unforeseen contemplations. We all know that the women form the more valuable half of the French nation; but their superiority over the men, real as it is, in no way explains their greater occasional love of bathing and ponies, as we see it revealed in the Channel and the Pyrenees. What can be the cause of these local explosions of efforts of the body amongst ladies whose utmost struggles, at other moments and in other places, would not carry them beyond a drive in the Bois or a walk of two hundred yards to church? Is it a brisk awaking to the merits of exercise? Is it a hasty recognition of a new pleasure? Is it a perception of a fresh form of domination over men? No: it can be for none of these reasons that French women arrive at relative exertion on the beaches and the hillsides; for if they supplied the explanation, we should necessarily see the exertion continued elsewhere afterwards—and the men would be tempted to take far more share in it than they do. The true motive lies—so, at least, the women themselves pretend—in the eternal fitnesses of things; in the inevitable pertinence of certain acts to certain places; in the unavoidable impulse which forces the mind to direct the movements of the body in harmony with the aptitudes of the situation in which it is placed. So, according to this postulate, it is just as much in the inexorable destinies of Frenchwomen to jump into the salt waves directly they get near them, and to shake about for eleven hours a-day on a stumbling hack as soon as they reach the mountain-sides of Auvergne or Gascony, as it is to sit at home in coun-

try-houses and to go to the opera in Paris. The organisation of life becomes, in this way, a simple question of local suitableness.

Perhaps these principles are sound; perhaps they will one day guide the universe instead of being limited to France; but, for the moment, it may be urged against them that they take no notice of the usually accepted notion that the country at large does not present any obstacles to the continuance in it of the habit of fresh air and movement which is momentarily acquired by almost all French ladies, under the special circumstances which have just been indicated. It scarcely seems to lie within the eternal fitnesses of things that because you ought to ride up a rocky path in Navarre you should therefore walk up it in Burgundy—or, better still, not go up it at all. But so it is apparently; and in the proposition thus set forth lies the entire theory of French country life, and the interpretation of all the riddles which it offers. It is satisfactory to reach a solution at last; but having found it, it is prudent to leave it instantly and to go on to something else, lest it should appear, on looking closer at it, to be so utterly insufficient that another one must of necessity be sought for in its stead.

So let us turn back to the second element which every one expects to discover in country life, no matter where,—to the action and influence of the chateaux residents on political, administrative, and social life around them. This part of the subject has been reserved for separate consideration. We can now revert to it.

It is, in the present condition of France, far more interesting than all the other details which we have been examining, for it raises the whole question of the position of the upper layers—of their status towards the rest of the nation—of their power, their credit, and their usefulness. That so grave an issue should present itself in a mere sketchy outline of some of the lighter aspects of existence in French chateaux, may seem perhaps, at first sight, to be an extravagance; but how is it possible to scrutinise the one without arriving forcedly at the other? Unless we disassociate the two essential components whose union forms the aggregate of country life, and gives to it its meaning and its value; unless we eliminate all inquiry into public attitude, or public tone, or relationship between classes; unless we strictly limit our study to the purely material and personal aspects of the case; unless we resolutely do all this, we cannot anyhow avoid encounter with the political and social considerations which thrust themselves forward everywhere in the matter. But if we did so, we should throw aside more than half the subject, and should voluntarily leave out its most striking features. The higher strata of the country residents in France represent to us a principle and a force. Like their fellows amongst ourselves, their order symbolises in our eyes the idea of property, of education, of vested interests, of responsibility, of duty; and, as a necessary consequence, we associate with them the additional idea of action, of gratuitous public functions, of accepted guidance, of welcome counsel and assistance to those around them. This is a view which is so natural to an Englishman, that he usually sees no reason for shaking it off when he pictures to himself the situation of French gentlemen under their own trees; and furthermore, it is indisputably the view which nearly every French landowner would wish (if he could) to take of himself and his *rôle*. This being so, we may, without imprudence or

exaggeration, look about us in France and see how far the real view corresponds to the conception of it which we have just shadowed out.

Alas! it must be confessed, at once, that such a prospect is rarely to be discovered on French soil. It is most certainly offered in some few special cases, but the rule is the other way. Instead of being the accepted pilot of his district, instead of acting as the recognised champion of local interests, instead of standing forward as the acknowledged leader and representative of his neighbours, the owner of the chateau is habitually regarded by the poorer people round him as their natural and obligatory enemy. There is rarely any unity of object or of interest between them, and there is almost always hostility of opinions, of sentiments, and of prejudices. The antagonism of classes comes out in the country even more vividly than in the towns.

The causes of this estrangement are frankly avowed by both sides. The peasant hates the chateau because he has grown ambitious, and no longer sees any reason for admitting social superiorities now that he has become, in civil and political law, the equal of a duke; the gentleman looks with repulsion upon the peasant because he believes him to be a "Radical," and also because the peasant personally opposes him on nearly every question that arises between them. Each of them thrusts himself perpetually in the other's way; the first, by trying to keep the second down—the second, by intriguing against the influence of the first.

Now, whatever be our sympathies and our partialities as spectators of the conflict, it is not possible to seriously blame the peasant in all this. A struggle has been going on in France since 1789; it has been marked by ups and downs, by victories and defeats for both parties; but as a general result, the advantage has been largely with the people, and largely against the upper classes. The people have added to their education, to their money, to their power; they have done their best to rise in the world, and they have employed the surest and most productive means to that end. So far they merit no reproach. On the contrary, they deserve hearty admiration for having so thoroughly understood and so practically used the opportunities which the century is offering to them for bettering their situation, materially, intellectually, socially, and politically. But, unhappily, nothing of the kind can be said of the squires and patricians. It is on them that the responsibility of the position really lies; it is to their blind, bigoted dogmatism, to their utter want of true public spirit, to their inexcusable misconception of both their duties and their interests, and to their wilful neglect of the many weapons of defence which lay at their disposal, that the present almost total loss of their legitimate class-influence is manifestly due. It is impossible for them to plead ignorance of their danger, for it is the main subject of their conversations between themselves; neither can they pretend that it is likely to die out by itself, for, since 1871, it has assumed fresh gravity by the proclamation of the ambitions of the *nouvelles couches sociales.* The intention to transfer both the origin and the exercise of power to the masses is loudly notified, and the masses are working intelligently and perseveringly to attain their object. What have hitherto been known as "the governing classes" are distinctly requested to get out of the way; their coming dispossession from place and from authority is announced to them. Nothing can

be more plain-spoken than the notice which is given to them. This being their situation, what are they doing to protect themselves? Are they uniting their action for the common preservation of the rights which are still regarded elsewhere as being inalienably attached to their birth and their position? Are they employing the arms of our time, which are the only ones fitted to actual forms of warfare? Are they using reason, patience, and argument? are they placing themselves at the head of a movement which they cannot resist? are they discussing concessions and inventing compromises? Not they. They are doing precisely the contrary. Instead of forming themselves into one solid army, they are broken up into bands of undisciplined skirmishers. Instead of copying the new systems of attack which their assailants have invented; instead of snatching from them and turning against them their arms of free debate, of free elections, of national will, of unrestricted liberty, and, above all, of "opportunism,"—they continue to fire off (at the risk of their bursting) such antiquated blunderbusses as divine right, and the Napoleonic legend, and political prosecutions, and shoutings about "latent radicalism," and "social peril," and threatened *coups d'état*. Why, the arrows of Hastings might as well attempt to measure themselves against the artillery of Sedan. Instead of temperately discussing the new claims which have sprung up throughout the land, they sullenly and sulkily turn their backs upon them, and call everybody *canaille* who ventures to suggest that possibly there may be something in them. And instead of carefully inquiring into the motives which have led certain members of their own caste to take up the contrary attitude, and to join a movement which they are powerless to stop but by which they do not wish to be crushed, they shrink away from all such "renegades," and talk of them as "traitors."

If all this meant nothing else but opposition to the Republic—if it signified no more than a desire to re-establish a monarchy—it would, of course, lie entirely outside the subject which we are considering. The form of the State, whatever it be, cannot be said to exercise much action on the march of home life; and it would be idle to make mention here of the fight which is going on if its sense were merely dynastic. But the reality is deeper and graver. The establishment of the present Government has evidently stimulated the ardour of the appetites which are shouting for satisfaction; but it would be a vast error to suppose that those appetites are, in themselves, Republican. No: they lie outside the accidents of rule—they are independent of kings or emperors or presidents—they are uninfluenced by the shape of more or less temporary constitutions; but they do affect—most pressingly affect—the entire basis, the entire system, the entire organisation, of country existence. This strife is a duel of classes—it is the "New Ordeal" of our day. Its result—if victory falls to the assailants—will be to remove all the elements of power from the top of society, and to transfer them to the bottom. But still, in its actual aspects, it is social rather than political; it is, for the *moment*, a combat for self-respect rather than for prerogative—for opinion rather than for dictation—for a sentiment rather than for a right—for liberty rather than for authority. Yet, with all this moderation in its conduct, it is absolutely resolute in the pursuit of its object; and that object is—so far as country life is

concerned—the abolition of the superiority of the chateau, and the reduction of its inhabitants to social impotence. To pretend that more than this is meant—to assert that the levelling of classes is to be accompanied by the seizure of property—is mere mad fear. Socialism has disappeared in France; respect of legal rights is universal there; the division of the soil amongst six millions of proprietors inclines each one of them to leave the holdings of the others undisturbed, in order not to provoke assaults upon his own; not even the wildest Radical would venture to invite the poor to rise against the rich. But even without any collateral outgrowth of that kind, the situation is serious enough as it stands; for the entire status of the upper classes towards the rest of the nation is at stake.

Of the many changes which have occurred in France during the last eighty years, there is not one which would be more innovating than the suppression of the upper classes as a recognised and valued national force; and such a suppression would make itself felt with especial keenness in the country because of the impossibility of avoiding frequent contacts between its inhabitants. France is, however, apparently marching towards it with a speed which is only explainable by the abandonment of all endeavour to prevent it. There is not one chateau in a hundred in which any practical attempt is being made to win the neighbours back to confidence, to goodwill, to esteem. The owner sulks; his wife sulks with him; their friends sulk round them; and they all unite in calling the peasants *canaille* because they no longer take off their hats when the carriage of the chateau passes. And yet, in the few cases of exception, in the rare instances in which common-sense and the instinct of self-preservation have led the gentlemen to adopt a different tone, the results attained have almost always been of a nature to indicate that the hatred of the peasant is not against the gentleman in the abstract, but against the particular opinions which are supposed to be proper to him, and which the peasant conceives to be inimical to himself. No one seriously professes in France, that a rich man, or an educated man, should be detested simply because he is rich or educated; the ground of the aversion which is now so general is to be found in the resentment of the poor man at what he conceives to be the use of wealth and knowledge to keep him down. This being the core of the difficulty—and that it really is so can be discovered in a quarter of an hour in any village in France—it would seem that it ought not to be difficult to get at it and dig it out. It certainly would be pulled into the daylight quickly enough if it existed in England; for luckily for us we have a habit of looking at difficulties in the face, and of dealing with them promptly according to their nature. But the case is different across the Channel. There the so-called Conservatives do not appeal to reason or to right; their one notion of defence is to talk loudly about the *canaille*, and about shooting every one who does not agree with them. This is strictly and positively the sort of language which is habitually heard in a great many of the drawing-rooms of France. The peasants know this, and it is not surprising that they object to it. The consequence of it all is, that the severance between the chateau and the cottage is growing less curable from year to year, and that little disposition to patch it over is left in the peasant's heart. He goes on accumulating rancour; he uses his tongue to teach his children that

the chateau is a foe, and his vote to elect municipal and departmental councillors and deputies who will be disagreeable to the chateau. Putting aside the exceptions, this is a true picture of the situation.

Under such conditions rural life not only loses one of its noblest and most fruitful uses—the strengthening of the tie between rich and poor—but it becomes, in many cases, a career of pain. Complaints that annoyances and humiliations are becoming more and more frequent are heard in every direction. Some excited people go indeed so far as to prophesy that, at the next revolution, half the chateaux will be set on fire, as an expression of opinion by the country round. It will therefore certainly be admitted now that this question of relations with the neighbours does really constitute an important element of the subject which we are considering here, and that if it had been left out, the story would have failed. A country life without hunting, without fishing, without riding, appears at first sight to be somewhat incomplete; but if the absence of these diversions is compensated by the probability of being hated and the possibility of being burnt, it will be acknowledged that there is still a little animation left in the situation, and that it may become almost as exciting to be a country gentleman in France as it used to be a few years ago in Tipperary.

This, however, is caricature. French villagers of our time are quiet, laborious, money-grubbing people, with nothing of assassins or incendiaries in them; and it is a pity that their would-be masters should aggravate difficulties, by suspecting them of dispositions which, most certainly, will never enter into their heads. What appears, however, to be true, to English eyes at least, is that the gentlemen still have a chance of saving the little that remains of their old standing, and of reconquering some fragments of influence, if only they could bring themselves to use the means which we employ. We cannot get it out of our heads that absence of sport means absence of vigour; that superiority of right and place over the masses is most easily and most assuredly maintained by a constant practice of the external forms of energy; and that popularity with the crowd is a result of a variety of causes, amongst which skill in bodily exercises still holds a not unimportant place. And the same idea has a certain limited application in France. The labourer there, like his fellows everywhere else, attaches value to mere strength; he admires those who possess it—he has a sort of instinctive scorn of puniness and weakness—and he *is*, instinctively, more inclined to recognise ascendancy, as he understands it, in a man of physical activity, than in one who sits at the fireside, reads "right-thinking" newspapers, and gnashes his teeth at the wickedness of the epoch. If the women could only be got to comprehend this, there might yet be a faint prospect of saving something from the wreck. If they would drive the men out of doors instead of doing precisely the contrary; if they would urge them to try to take up a new *attitude* towards country life, and to show a liking for its special pleasures,—one step would be taken towards a reconciliation. The step could never be a long one, for it is not *in ordinary* French nature to really love field-sports; and furthermore, the nation has no money for them, and the land is cut up into so many little holdings that no wide *range* is attainable anywhere but in forests. Still, such as it might be, it would do some little good, for it would introduce some unity of feeling, and

would evidence to the peasants that the gentlemen find the country worth living in for its own sake.

The real solution, however, is not there. It lies, after all, not out of doors but indoors; not in the legs and arms, but in the heads and hearts of the upper classes. They may all learn to ride and shoot, and they may buy fly-rods, and feed prize pigs, but efforts of that kind will not suffice alone. They must change their very thoughts if they want to hold their own; and there is no more present sign that they will do so, as a class, than that they will all keep hounds or all sail about in yachts. It is precisely in their thoughts that the fatal obstacle lies; it is in their clinging to old prejudices, to their wilful blindness to the realities and the necessities of to-day, to the folly with which they are allowing an irresistible tide of advancing opinion to gain on them all round without attempting to reach a level of safety, to the persistence with which they go on "forgetting nothing and learning nothing," that their rapidly progressing effacement is due. Power in France will soon arise exclusively from below; it will cease to descend from above; it will no longer be a recognised attribute of social position or even of education: and the responsibility of the change will be charged by history, not to those who claimed it, but to those who did not prevent it; not to those who gained by it, but to those who lost by it; not to the conquerors, but to the conquered. The pity which spectators habitually accord to the vanquished will, in this case, be withheld. When the immense majority of the upper-class country residents of France have succeeded in getting themselves finally excluded from public life, from influence, and from exercise of the prerogatives and the duties of their station; when the nation has contemptuously passed them by, and has learnt to do without them,—Europe will tell them that they have reaped what they have sown; that they might have reared a very different crop if they had so pleased; and that, though the fact of their disappearance as a power in the nation is, for political and social reasons, deplored in other countries, no personal sympathy can be extended to them, because they have brought destruction on themselves.

But when all this has happened, when this vast change has been effected in the political situation, country life will still continue, all the same, to be pleasant. The chateaux will not be burnt; the peasants will not become more rude—on the contrary, they may, not impossibly, show the generosity of great victors and treat their victims with particular respect; the cookery will remain excellent; the vine-shoots which light the autumn fires will blaze as brightly as now; rents will continue to come in exactly; the flowers will be as brilliant and the fruits as juicy as they have been this year; and the women's dresses will persevere in invention, their tongues in talk, and their lips in laughter.

After all, so far as the chateaux are concerned, nothing will be really changed; so it is useless to lament. The extinguished gentlemen of France will learn to do without position amongst their countrymen, just as they have ceased to need other privileges which have been successively taken from them. And the women, true to their mission, will console them.

THE FRUIT AND VINTAGE OF HEREFORDSHIRE.

According to an early nineteenth-century inquirer into the rites of the British Druids, the prize wreaths of the Welsh bards were composed, not of ivy or laurel, but of apple-blossom. A fervid Ariconian, with a clear strain of Cambro-British blood in his veins, would like to believe that these minstrels owed their excellence in song to the inspiration of a beverage which, if well pressed and duly kept, is worthy the title of "Silurian Nectar," and which John Philips, the Cider poet, vaunts, in his native Georgic, as simulating the choicest wines of the sunny south. Yet such a belief would be untenable, inasmuch as scant and fugitive as are the ancient notices of the apple and pear in Britain, at least under cultivation, the mention of liquors extracted from their juices is, up to the thirteenth century, *nil* in England, and for at least a century later not to be found in its Herefordshire home. Mead and metheglin were the beverage of bard and Druid; and though there is mention of a pear-grove in a charter of Edmund's (Cod. Dip., 1145), and the apple-tree figures in a poem ascribed to Llywarch Hen, and enters into the composition of more than twenty names of hundreds and parishes,—nay, though early in the twelfth century William of Malmesbury speaks of the county to the south-east of Herefordshire (Gloucestershire) as having its highroads fringed with self-sown apple-trees,—candour demands the admission that there is far stronger testimony to the medieval manufacture of red and white grape wine between the Severn and the Wye, than of the cider and the perry which have since rendered that inland district of the west the match, if not the peer, of her more maritime Devonian rival. In his "Monk's Tale," Chaucer's line—

> "This Sampson never Sider drank ne wine"—

in all probability only sets "sider" in the first place *metri gratiâ*; and the various reading of the passage in the angel's visit to Zacharias, Luke i. 15, where, for "neither wine nor strong drink," the Hereford Wycliffe MS. Bible, treasured up in a glass case in the Cathedral, has "not drink wyn ne sider," may as probably have been due to the verbal similarity to the Hebrew σίχερα of the original, as to the surmised impression of Wycliffe's persecuted followers in North Herefordshire that the strongest of drinks was "sider." As a matter of fact, the sixteenth century seems to have been the epoch of the general use and production of cider in the west of England, borrowed, it would seem, on the score of the greater aptitude and kindliness of soil and climate, from Kent and the neighbourhood of London. Cider, indeed, may have existed, as Mr Noakes surmises, in his history of Worcester Cathedral (1866), as early as 1533 in Worcestershire, though not mentioned in the chronicles of the monastery, "under some other name or as wine." And the same would apply, *a fortiori*, to perry. In 1662 a hogshead of cider in that city cost ten shillings more than the same measure of strong beer. It was a little later in the seventeenth century that "the noble example of my Lord Scudamore," one of the truest of patriots and most devoted of royalists, as well as most self-sacrificing of

Churchmen and worthiest of Herefordshire worthies, so wrought with other public-spirited Herefordshire gentry, in fruit-planting for the general improvement of the country, that, as Evelyn testifies, "all Herefordshire is become in a manner but one entire orchard."

It is foreign to our present purpose to dwell at length on the mythology or archæology of pear and apple. The 'New Herefordshire Pomona,' which we shall have frequent occasion to quote hereafter, has gathered up the cream, or rather flower, of these in an introductory essay—gleaning, for example, from Cox's Aryan mythology, the singular interchange of the two meanings of μῆλα, "apples" and "sheep," in Greek mythology, as symbols of the golden wealth of field and orchard, which might seem prophetic of the same conjunction of agricultural and horticultural produce in Herefordshire's palmy day, when the poet of Cider could challenge

> "The fleece
> Bætic, or finest Tarentine, [to] compare
> With Leominster's silken wool"
> —*Cider*, i. 587;

the "Leominster Ore" of Drayton's Polyolbion and Ray's Proverb; and citing quaint stories from Northern Yuletide stories which attribute the abnormal disfigurements of royal noses, and the antidotes thereto, to the gift of magic apples, selected, we can well believe, on the score of certain suggestive mycologic features. In truth there is more material in the myths of pomological lore than in their trustworthy ancient history. The Hebrew word for "apple," in our translation of the sacred writings, may have been more correctly rendered "the citron;" and it is only one of many competing fancies of ecclesiastical writers which regards the apple-tree as the veritable wood of the Cross. The monks who, if they did not introduce it to England, yet planted, grafted, and lovingly nursed it in the abbey gardens, along with the choice pear-trees derived for the most part from their original Norman home, would as naturally associate their most familiar and favourite tree with the sacred wood, as one of them—a very early mapmaker, a monk of Hereford in the thirteenth century—actually represented the Shropshire Clee Hill as the sole mountain of the west of England in his famous 'Mappa Mundi.' Of apple-culture there is not much notice in the Latin writers, though perhaps a little more about the pear. Cato the elder, Varro, Columella, are the earliest writers on the subject; and the oldest of these, in the third century before Christ, gives special directions about planting, grafting, and propagating, as well as storing orchard fruit. The encyclopædic elder Pliny has gathered most of the research of his predecessors into the fifteenth book of his Natural History, upon which we could wish that Dr Daubeny, a late professor of botany at Oxford, had bestowed some elucidatory notice in his published lectures on Roman Husbandry. Our chief debts to Pliny, anent apple and pear history, respect their number (twenty-two sorts of apples and thirty-six of pears), and their assorted names, in apples designatory of the grafter, whether an Appius Claudius, or as ignoble a name-giver as must have been the Herefordshire "Tom Putt"—of their shape, size, flavour, or downy or shrivelled skin; in pears due to colour, perfume, weight (*e.g.*, Libralia or pound pears)—and peculiarities of shape and taste. Pliny's sole inkling of their "vinous" properties is where he says that "wine may be made both from apples and pears; and doctors take

advantage of this property in their treatment of the sick" (Plin. N. H., xv. 15). The context tells us that this was a medical resort for the purpose of a cooling drink; and certain it is that modern physicians appreciate the value of Herefordshire cider as a diuretic, and therefore good, for its "malic" acid, in case of diseases of the kidneys; but we suspect that it is only by comparison with stouter, stronger, and more pervasive fluids that the elder Redstreak or the modern Foxwhelp cider, the Barland perry and the Taynton Squash, could be credited with the euphemism of coolness.

The Crab is, we may assume, indigenous to Britain, and the apple is but a cultivated crab. Its orchards, with those of the kindred pear, must have been cultivated and multiplied by Roman civilisation; and there is evidence of their replacing the trees of the forest in Normandy, when in the fifth and sixth centuries the native Britons emigrated to Armorica or "Brittany." There is a dearth of evidence of apples or pears of named sorts in England at an early period, though we have enough to "swear by" in the Edwardian Pearmain and Costard apple, the Wardon or Warden pear of native origin, and the Kaylewell, Rewle, and Pesse-pucelle of French or Flemish extraction. The earliest record of the Pearmain occurs in a Norfolk tenure, dated 1205, which requires that 200 Pearmains and four hogsheads of its liquor be paid into the Exchequer every year at Michaelmas. This is supposed by Dr Hogg to be the winter variety, though it might well have been the autumn Pearmain, which ripens early in September. The name is, according to the same authority, analogous in its last syllable to that of Charlemagne, and indicates an apple like a great pear. Of its fellow and coeval fruit, the Costard apple, known by the synonyms of the Coulthard and the Prussian Pippin—still reckoned a first-rate culinary apple, in season from October to Christmas—the earliest notice is in the fruiterer's bills of Edward I., and there is no authority for regarding it with Lindley as synonymous with the Catshead. A little out of fashion nowadays, the "Costard" once grew so large and so widely that a pomologist of the sixteenth century advised steading "the Costard tree on the north side of your other apples; thus being placed, the least will give sun to the rest, and the greatest will shroud their fellows;" and what is more, from its size and favour with the consumer, it seems to have given its name to the *costermongers*, as a synonym for *scolding applewomen*. In its shape and configuration we find more warranty for Dr Hogg's derivation from *costata*—*i. e.*, "ribbed"—in reference to its oblong, angular, flank-like sides, than to Dr Johnson's "cost," a head, which looks like an adoption of the erroneous confusion with the "catshead." It must be admitted, however, that Shakespeare calls one of his characters Costard, and more than once uses the word in the old English sense of "head." Other special apples enshrined in the dramas of that world-wide genius are the John Apple or "Winter Greening," an excellent keeping apple, though, like Falstaff in the First Drawer's account (2 Henry IV. ii.), it is apt to look "old and dry and withered;" and the "Leather Coat," an excellent cooking-apple, grown in Shallow's garden in Gloucestershire, and still favourably known to modern apple-fanciers under the *synonym* of the Royal Russet. The pippins—if, indeed, the citation which most pomologists have accepted from Fuller be more than a verbal

explanation—were introduced in the sixteenth year of the reign of Henry VIII., and planted at Plumstead, Sussex, by Leonard Mascal, who also, we are told, brought the first carp to England. Pippin, however, may have been simply a name for any plants from "pips," or mere stocks for grafting.

The Wardon pear, which is of native origin, owes its name, as has been said, to the Cistercian monks of Wardon in Bedfordshire, and was a baking-pear of high repute as a pie-fruit in the last days of the monastic foundations. The deed of surrender, dated December 4, 29th of Henry VIII., 1538, preserved in the 'Augmentation Records,' bears, as the abbatial arms of Wardon, "a demi-crosier between three Wardon pears." The name is apparently given somewhat loosely to all kinds of large baking-pears, though the variety called Uvedale's Wardon or St Germain is an improvement on the original. In translating the lines of the 2d Georgic, 87 and 88—

"Pomaque et Alcinoï silvæ; nec surculus idem
Crustumiis, Syriisque piris, gravibusque volemis"—

Martyn's correspondent, Mr B——, identifies the Crustumian pear, which was reckoned first-rate by Columella, and finest-flavoured by Pliny, as the Wardon,—taking the Volema, as derived from "quia volemam impleant," *i.e.*, "hands full," for the Pounder pears (or Libralia). His lines are—

"The same variety the orchard bears
In Wardon, Bergamot, or Pounder pears."

A recently deceased scholar, who in his Christchurch days translated the Georgics, the Rev. W. Bathurst of Lydney Park, Gloucestershire, claiming for himself the licence of lapse of time and impossibility of exact identification, rendered the same lines as follows—

"Thus pears in different size and flavour swell,
The Bergamot, Swan's Egg, and Jargonel."

Of the French pears above noticed, which were planted by a royal mandate and writ of Henry III. to his gardener at Westminster, the editor of the 'New Pomona' states that one, the "Rewl" or De Regulâ, is noticed by Neckham, abbot of Cirencester (A.D. 1157-1217), in an unpublished work, 'De Naturis Rerum' (MS. British Museum). We have been unable to find any mention of such a pear in the prose treatise 'De Naturis Rerum,' or its accompanying elegiac poem, 'De Laudibus divinæ sapientiæ,' though both works have been edited, in the series of chronicles published at the order of the Master of the Rolls, by the late Thomas Wright, M.A. and F.S.A., with a learned introduction, in 1868. The information we glean from the quaint monkish naturalist about pears and apples is scant and dubious. "Pears," he says, "are less fragrant than apples, but nevertheless better. Apples swim, too, but pears in water go to the bottom." He further notes that pears are injurious unless taken with wine; and adds, as a corollary, that all soft fruits—*e. g.*, cherries, mulberries, grapes, apples—should be eaten on a fasting stomach, not after a meal; whereas pears and quinces, on the contrary, are more wholesome after eating.—Wright's Pref., p. xxxiii.

The 8th book of the companion poem discusses fruit-trees, and amongst them "pears," but with little or no fresh information. It is a natural inference from Neckham's dietary rule that the pears of his age were more iron-hearted and of the nature of stewing-pears, than

the mellow, melting, aromatic Beurrés and Doyennés of the nineteenth century. Neckham would doubtless have noted, had he known the fact, that the pear is a longer-lived, tougher, firmer-wooded tree than the apple. Thus in the fine deep soil of the old abbey-garden of Lindores, on the south bank of the Tay, in Fifeshire, there are old pear-trees which still bear abundantly, though the apple-trees have wholly disappeared. Of another orchard of pear-trees, on Monkland farm, between Malvern and Worcester (and Worcestershire, with its vales of Malvern and Evesham, is *par excellence* the paradise of the pear), Mr Lees, the veteran botanist of Worcester, records the tercentenary longevity in his botany of the Malvern Hills. They are said to have been planted by the monks of Worcester, and are in number some seventy trees of the famous Barland sort. "It has been said," writes Mr Lees, "that in particular years the value of the produce of a hop-yard would be equal to the fee-simple of the land occupied by the plants. Almost the same might be said of a fine perry orchard. The one in question occupies from five to six acres, and the price of perry varies from 6d. to 1s. 6d. per gallon. Now, supposing the average price of £3 per hogshead to be made in the 'hit' year, the perry produced would be worth £600; but a 'hit' must not be expected every year, and the trees are now becoming very old."—P. 62.

It would seem to have been in Henry VIII.'s reign that a special impetus was given to the more general improvement of the realm by fruit-planting, and cider and perry soon followed. Parkinson in his 'Paradisus Terrestris,' in the reign of Charles I., has his "orchard of all sorts of fruit-bearing trees," appended to a "garden of all sorts of pleasant flowers, with a kitchen-garden of all manner of herbs and roots." He enumerates fifty-eight sorts of apples, and sixty-four of pears. Later on, amidst the troubles of the civil war between the king and his Parliament—a sore time for the estates and patrimonies of the devoted loyalists of Herefordshire, a good fifty of whom, officers representing the best blood of the county, marched out and surrendered at discretion only when the stables were burned, and water-supplies cut off from the sorely-distressed garrison of Goodrich Castle—we find from John Evelyn, who published his 'Pomona' some eighteen years later, that Lord Scudamore, of Hom Lacy, had established the fashion of encouraging the intelligent growth of cider-fruit, and was so adding another obligation to the various indebtednesses of his neighbours to his honoured name. Born in 1600, he had represented his native county in Parliament as early as his twenty-first year, and had been raised to a Barony and Viscounty by Charles I. He was on the Duke of Buckingham's staff, awaiting his projected expedition, when the favourite was assassinated by Felton; and it is handed down, that to divert his grief he betook himself to his country-seat and applied himself, among other country pursuits, to planting and grafting apples, particularly the Redstreak, which meetly received the synonym of "Scudamore's Crab." This famous apple of the Restoration date is described by Evelyn as within the memory of his contemporaries a pure wilding, scarce known save in the neighbourhood; and yet by the time of the publication of his Appendix, it was difficult, he says, to show in the whole district a Redstreak that grew from a kernel, all being since become "grafted trees." Of its virtues and excellences, according to this author, there is no

end, though he has a good word too for Pippins and Pearmains, and seems to have a presage of the "Foxwhelp," which was ere long destined to supplant this whilom paragon of apple fruit. Meanwhile he upholds the "Scudamorean plant" as the very antithesis of what is effeminate and soft, therein dealing a sly hit at the Foxwhelp, Gennet-moyle, and like cider-fruits; and especially vaunts its celerity in becoming an orchard, as full of fruit at ten years' growth as other apples at twenty, and the Pippin and Pearmain at thirty. In Evelyn's context, indeed, he tells a curious story of the rapid maturity of the Gennet-moyle "*sans* art or grafting," where, on the faith of the Herefordshire antiquary, Mr Blount of Orleton, he affirms (*Credat Judæus!*) that "some of the rejected spray or prunings" of that cider-apple, "taken by chance to *rice* a plot of pease (though stuck into the earth but in April), put forth root, grew, blossomed, and bore apples the same year."—(Evelyn's Pomona, p. 75.) Evelyn, too, is great on the merits of old, strong, pleasant cider, such as, he says, "My Lord Scudamore seldom fails to keep for three or four years, and liberally offer for trial;" and is prepared to warrant it as a specific against all disorders of the kidneys, especially if it be genuine Irchenfield Redstreak. One might fill a chapter with the romance of cider-fruit and cider-tasting, as it is gathered from Evelyn and his correspondents; and in it might figure Blount's Jack-and-the-Beanstalk-emulating Gennet-moyles, and the London vintners' Wager-of-Battle, in which Mr Taylor of Herefordshire, before three, and afterwards thrice three, umpires of diverse ages, unanimously won the preference for the vintage of the Redstreak as against that of French wines, Sack, Canary, and Malaga. But perhaps it may be a simpler task to glance at the blank-verse lines of Philips in the first book of his Cider poem, and learn thence (from a poetical march-past of his contemporary cider-fruits, *circa* 1700) how far in his day the Redstreak as yet excelled them all. Philips, although his poetry smacks somewhat of affectation, mannerism, and the cloister rather than the orchard-garden, had a right to speak, on the score of his hereditary connection with the still cider-growing parish of Church Withington, and of his friendly intercourse with his Herefordshire friend and neighbour, William Brome of Ewithington.

Indulging in the latter half of his first book in the poetic licence of a freight of precious fruits from Phæacia to Ariconium, he enumerates—

"The *Pippin*, burnished o'er with gold; the *Moyle*
Of sweetest honey'd taste; the fair *Pearmain*
Tempered, like comeliest nymph, with red and white.
Salopian acres flourish with a growth
Peculiar, styled the Ottley: be thou first
This apple to transplant; if to the name
Its merit answers, nowhere shalt thou find
A wine more prized or laudable of taste,
Nor does the *Eleot* least deserve thy care;
Nor *John-Apple*, whose withered rind, entrenched
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepit age; nor that from Harvey named,
Quick-relishing. Why should we sing the *Thrift*,
Codling or *Pomeroy*, or of pimpled coat
The *Russet*, or the *Cat's-Head's* weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth—for various use
Though these are meet; though after full repast
Are oft required, and crown the rich desert?" —I. 461-478.

After a slight divergence to the pear-tree and its vintage, wherein, as the shrewd and scholarly commentator Dunster notes, our poet is not sufficiently at home to supplement the Bosbury or Barland perry

with the Oldfield or the Taynton Squash, Philips returns to the apple-fruit in the lines :—

"But how, with equal numbers, shall we match
The Musk's surpassing worth, that earliest gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading bough
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippings and cold sideral blasts?
Yet let her to the Redstreak yield, that once
Was of the sylvan kind, uncivilised,
Of no regard till Scudamore's skilful hand
Improved her, and by courtly discipline
Taught her that savage nature to forget;
Hence styled the Scudamorean plant."
—I. 495-506.

Of those apples mentioned in the two last extracts, Pippins, Pearmains, John-Apples, Codlings, Eleots, and Harveys were esteemed in Evelyn's day; while many of them, with a choice of Harveys, bespeaking his appreciation of their fellows, seem to be figured by Thomas Andrew Knight in his Herefordshire 'Pomona' of 1811. We shall come upon Pearmain, Catshead, Pomeroy, and Harvey yet again in what follows: of the Ottley it may suffice to say that it is an apple no longer much known in its native Shropshire, where it seems to have hailed from Pitchford, near Shrewsbury, an old manor-house which came into the possession of the Ottleys, a family near Ellesmere, in the fifteenth century. It does not appear by name or by delineation in Knight's 'Pomona,' where, by the way, are given all those famous producers of the best perry, the Oldfield, Holmer, Longland, Huffcap, and Taynton Squash pears, as well as the thrice-famous Barland. Twice over in his Cider books does Philips honour with notice as a meritorious cider-apple, albeit rough, the Eleot, which Knight designates as "the Yellow Eliot," and the juice of which he describes as harsh and astringent—no demerit, it should seem, to a cider-fruit, for such was apparently the recommendation of the Forest Stire, or, as Philips calls it, "Stirom," a strength and potency to beware of:

"Stirom, firmest fruit
Embottled, long as Priameian Troy
Withstood the Greeks, endures, ere justly mild:
Softened by age, it youthful vigour gains,
Fallacious drink!" —II. 351-355.

Like the Musts, which it should seem that Philips miscalls *Musk*, the "Stirom" is clearly a fruit whose beverage is improved by keeping and mixing.

Out of the two books of Philips, one might cull other curious data respecting Herefordshire "cider;" as, for instance, the localities where it is especially famous, the manner in which his observation taught him that it was made, and, above all, the testimony he bears to the practice of mixing the ciders of diverse apple-fruits with a view to a perfect draught. Upon this last question his views are practically sound; whereas on the special homes of the cider-fruit he is partially incorrect, and as to the process of cider-making his ideas are obsolete. It seems to have occurred to the poet, from the circumstance that the Stire and one or two other fruits did best on light soils, that such soils, like the Forest of Dean, were most desirable for apple-orchards. But in point of *fact it is* a loamy deep clay which imparts to cider its strength as well as its richness; and it is therefore singular and noteworthy; that of the seven places or parishes which Philips celebrates for cider, five are composed of a rich loamy soil, with a clay subsoil, although his own context would have led us to expect a light gravelly land. But apparently the passage, which we

append, was meant to commemorate families rather than orchard-grounds.

Having first misdirected his reader to "look

> "Where full-eared sheaves of rye
> Grow wavy on the tilth; that soil select
> For apples,"

he proceeds to illustrate as follows:—

> "Such is the Kentchurch, such Dansean ground;
> Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel; such
> Willisian Burlton, much loved Geers his Marsh;
> And Sutton Acres, drenched with regal blood
> Of Ethelbert, when to the unhallowed feast
> Of Mercian Offa he invited came
> To treat of spousals."—*Cider*, i. 67-73.

Sutton Walls, the traditional scene of this murder, and the adjoining parish of Marden, where St Ethelbert's well sprang up miraculously below the pavement, in the church where he was first interred, will tell their own tale of rich loamy soil to the traveller by rail through water-meadows and lovely orchards *en route* from Hereford to Leominster. The "Dansean ground" represents Brinsop—a property formerly of the Danseys—and Willisian Burlton, an estate formerly belonging to Brown Willis, the antiquary, in Burghill parish,—these two localities lying, the former west, and the latter east, of Credenhill, an old British camp, some three or four miles to the north-west of Hereford, where, as we can testify, may be tasted the primest Foxwhelp cider. From this outlook might be seen Bridge-Solers, in which parish the estate of the Marsh, belonging to the representative of the old family of Geers, was celebrated, as it yet is, for its fruitage. The Capels are parishes between Hereford and Ross; and in that direction lies also Marcle, which produces good cider, though Philips "did not advise or reprehend it," for a poetical reason—namely, to afford an opening for a digression anent a landslip in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which is said to have moved two acres of land to a distance of about a hundred yards. We have said that the apple prefers a deep rich loam; it may be added that the pear-tree is of a more hardy nature, and will thrive, as is abundantly proved, on "penurious clay" or "sandy gravel."

The old cider-mill in which was wont to be ground and pressed the fluid which waked to song the professed disciple of Milton and the author of the "Splendid Shilling," would, as we have said, be *de trop* in days when such modern inventions as Coleman's Cider-Press have utterly or commonly superseded it. A good description might be gleaned from Marshall's 'Orchards and Fruit Liquor of Herefordshire,' published in 1789; but Philips's mock Miltonic cautions about care "to dispart

> "The husky terrene dregs from purer Must,"

and to find for rolling the millstone an old horse,

> "Blind Bayard, rather worn with work and years,"—

a routine as monotonous, we should think, as that of the donkey which turned the wheel of the draw-well at Carisbrook Castle—could at best only provoke a smile. The process now current is so much more thorough, as may be seen from a reference to any of our modern encyclopædias, under the article "Cider," that no one can sigh for the old mill, unless it be an unfortunate landlord, whose ancient

tenant leaving the farm expects him to allow him "summat" on the fixture, which he put up forty years ago at his own expense. More valuable and suggestive than aught to be gleaned from Philips on cider-making and fruit-pulping is the support which he gives by anticipation in his second book to the now general opinion of growers, that for a superior quality of cider the large well-matured apples of several varieties should be ground up, pulped, made, racked, and fined together. Here is what our poet says, after recommending just before, in Virgilian language, that cider of prime quality should be two years in cask:—

"There are that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
Rough Eleot, sweet Pearmain; the blended streams
Each mutually correcting each;"

after more in which strain he goes on to add what Evelyn and his correspondents vie with each other in capping anecdotically in scarcely soberer prose, *e.g.*—

"Some ciders have, by art or age, unlearned
Their genuine relish, and of sundry wines
Assumed the flavour: one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product; this to Gauls has seemed
The sparkling nectar of Champagne; with that
A German oft has swilled his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestowed
The generous rummer; whilst the owner, pleased,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertained
With foreign vintage from his cider-cask." —*Cider*, ii. 287-307.

We doubt whether any Herefordian does not accept as an article of faith the story of the author of 'Magna Britannia' (1731), where, speaking of the county of Hereford, he notes: "It is said that some of the best sort of this country cider was sent over into France when the Right Honourable the present Earl of Manchester was ambassador there, and it passed among the noblemen there for an excellent wine, though they could not guess from what country it was."

Scant details, however, are extant of the local history of cider and cider-fruit in the interval between Lord Scudamore's raising the Redstreak to a pedestal above other apples and the period, early in the present century, when Thomas Andrew Knight gave a new and European impetus to scientific horticulture. No doubt the praise which King Charles I. passed upon Herefordshire cider, when he quaffed it in its native home and pronounced on it as courtly encomiums as at the Monmouthshire "Troy" he did upon the Marquis of Worcester's "Apricots," set the fashion of preferring it to French wines, which would naturally increase in the reign of William III. and Queen Anne. Even yet it may be doubted whether Herefordshire really loves free-trade. Certain it is that it made one of the longest and latest stands for protection. Though, however, we find that the Redstreak within a few years of the Restoration had given place in general estimation to the still highly esteemed Foxwhelp, and that yet other claimants had arisen to dispute a claim to the prize of cider-fruit excellence, which Mr Knight admits was at first the Redstreak's indubitable right in Herefordshire and perhaps in England, it does not appear that the new dayspring of scientific inquiry and experiment gave any sign of dawning until circumstances of birth and natural bent of genius directed Mr Thomas Andrew Knight to devote himself to vegetable physiology, and

more especially to experiments in the growth, phenomena, and improvement of fruit-trees and vegetables. Born at Wormsley Grange, in a parish of the same name, amidst the rich woods and picturesque valleys of the district to the north-west of Herefordshire, in the direction of Weobley and Canon Pion, Mr Knight was the second son of a clergyman, the elder being Richard Payne Knight, M.P., the famous critic, commentator, and *virtuoso*, whilst the younger won, in his long life of experiment and research, a rank which can scarcely be overestimated amidst England's characteristic roll of inventors and benefactors. From a sympathetic memoir of this remarkable man in the 'New Pomona of Herefordshire,' just issued, as regards the first part (in imitation and devout following of so worthy a master), we have gleaned a few data of his life and works, whilst, in illustration, the 'Old' and (as we have said in part) the 'New Pomona' lie before us as we write.

Mr Andrew Knight's earliest years might be said to have been spent in a paradise of woodland scenery, meet nurse for a student of nature, as it was, in his brother's, for a poetic child. At Oxford he silently laid the foundations of special studies, such as natural science and botany, for which even then the university offered encouragements, unhampered, perhaps happily in his case, with the modern test of examinations. On leaving college he settled down at home as a practical agriculturist. Pursuing agriculture and the improvement of stock, as well as field-sports, with zeal and alacrity, he soon bent his chief thought to the study of the vegetable productions of the farm and garden—the growth of plants and seedlings, the phenomena of germination and hybridisation, and the production of new varieties of fruits, flowers, and vegetables. Through his brother's introduction of him to the President of the Royal Society—Sir Joseph Banks—his peculiar gifts found scope, sympathy, and encouragement; and hence arose the many famous communications to the Royal Society which have done so much for horticultural science. It was in the first of these,—"Observations on the Grafting of Trees" (April 1795), and in another (1797) on the "Culture of the Apple and Pear, and the Manufacture of Cider and Perry,"—that he propounded a theory, not, indeed, altogether new—for it is doubtful if it does not date from the time when grafting was first practised—but received and accepted by his contemporaries in the light of a new discovery. It was, in effect, that "a graft will not live longer than the tree from which it is taken;" in other words, that "there is no renewal of vitality in the process of grafting, but that the scion carries with it the debility of the tree from which it is taken" (Herefordshire Pomona, p. 31). This theory seemed so explanatory of the cankered and diseased state of most old varieties of Herefordshire cider-apples that it received prompt acceptance, as founded on the doctrine "that vegetable, as animal life, has its first periods of duration," and dies out in the course of nature. It commended itself to those who esteemed the weight and authority of the natural philosopher. But, as the essayist in the 'New Pomona' lucidly states the case, "Mr Knight was right in attributing canker in the graft to the age and debility of the individual tree from which it was taken, but wrong in supposing it due to the age of the variety of apple. His theory was, that all the trees of any given variety were really nothing more than separate and isolated branches of

one tree; whereas every bud, in essence, is a new tree with a new life. Mr Knight's experiments had indeed proved that "the existence of a variety of fruit may be protracted beyond the natural terms of the original seedling by grafting or by unusually favourable circumstances of soil and situation." Had he carried out these experiments further, he would have hesitated to state, as he then does, "that there is a period beyond which the debility incident to old age cannot be stimulated." This is now believed not to be correct.

It is almost supererogatory to remark that the circumstance of Mr Knight in this one theory and the predictions which he uttered on the faith of it standing to modern horticultural science in direct antagonism of the almost unanimous belief of contemporaries, does not one whit abate the debt due to a patient research, which, if it did not originate hybridisation, was the first to apply it practically to fruit-trees; which wrought on tenaciously, with a faith in the Virgilian lines so appositely quoted by the essayist Dr Bull—

"Jam, quæ seminibus jactis se sustulit arbos,
Tarda venit, seris factura nepotibus umbram" —*Georg.* II. 57, 58;

and was content in the tardy reward of an apple-tree seedling here and there coming to bear after half-a-dozen or a dozen years, while a pear-tree often took longer. His experience in crossing plant varieties led him to the conclusion that seedlings mostly follow the habits and constitution of the seed-bearing plant—a discovery which helped him in new pear varieties, in which he was very successful. "The pear-tree likes a warmer climate than the apple. To get good hardy varieties of pears to suit Herefordshire, he introduced the pollen of such rich-flavoured and more delicate pears as St Germain, Crasanne, Colmar, Bezi de Chaumontel, with the blossoms of such autumn and winter pears as Autumn Bergamot, Swan's Egg, Aston Town, &c., in order that the character and habits of the new varieties might be hardy." His success was signal, if slow, and had the fiat and imprimatur of the Horticultural Society in two official reports. It would be superfluous to tell of the prizes awarded to him by this Society for his researches and discoveries, as also by the Caledonian Society, and kindred associations in Sweden and North America. The Knightian Gold Medal, founded in his honour, and bearing his profile, is still one of the most coveted prizes of practical physiological research. Mr Knight was president of the Royal Horticultural Society from 1811 to the time of his death in 1838; and it is needless to say that, notwithstanding the slightly discouraging influence of his prophecy touching the speedy end of the Foxwhelp, "because the grafts partook of a life two centuries old, and the young stock could give nourishment only, not new life," he gave a wonderful impetus in his native county, where he lived successively at Wormsley, Mary Knoll, and Downton Castle, an honoured and useful life, to the cultivation of its special and characteristic fruits. It is within the memory of the writer of this paper that, in his latter days and after his death, a common topic at the dinner-parties of north and west Herefordshire squires was the discussion of choice apples and pears, for the most part raised by Mr Knight, and named, as his pleasant habit was, in compliment to the homes of his friends and neighbours. Garnons, Foxley, Belmont, Eastnor, Whitfield, Moccas, Shobdon, and Eywood are amongst the names

which illustrate this habit, and recall some of the chief Herefordshire houses. And it may be added that a post-prandial talk about pears and apples (illustrated by examples) proved, if our memory does not play us false, on the whole as agreeable a topic of general conversation as the hunting-field, the pheasant-covert, or the magistrates' meeting. We would hope that the 'Pomona Rediviva' is destined to revive the exhibition of choicest native fruits on the county dessert-tables; and even, with due discretion, another old-fashioned pastime of Herefordshire squires — to wit, a perambulation of their farms, with a view to the tasting of the choicest and primest ciders.

It was in 1811 that Mr Thomas Andrew Knight published, for the Agricultural Society of Herefordshire, his 'Pomona Herefordiensis,' with coloured engravings of the old cider and perry fruits of Herefordshire, and a descriptive account of each variety. His amateur artists were Miss Mathews of Belmont, a sister of the accomplished author of 'The Diary of an Invalid;' and a daughter of Mr Knight, we believe the venerable Mrs Stackhouse Acton of Acton Scott. As might be expected, the learned author's "preliminary observations" are practical and perspicuous; and if his descriptions strike modern readers as stiff and dry, the book is still, for its record of his observations, one that should be in every *county* library. One of the uses to which it will be put in them, now that a 'New Pomona' is in progress, will be a comparison of the plates in each which delineate the same apple; and it is only fair to remember that considerably more than half a century has elapsed to account for the far better figure the Foxwhelp apple cuts, as drawn by Miss Ellis, and chromolithographed by M. Severeyns, of Brussels, in the later work, than that of Mr Knight's amateur artists in the former. Mr Knight's first description is of the Redstreak, to which he assigns a date as old as the Golden Pippin, of which extensive plantations were made in Herefordshire before the end of the seventeenth century. Of both, he deplores the debilitated old age; and of the latter, he pronounces the cider as crude, thin, and frequently acetous in consequence. But he writes of the Foxwhelp also in the past tense of excellence; and, in words to which we have already referred, predicts that grafts taken from the old trees, however healthy-looking, will not be successful, "for they necessarily partake of a life that is nearly two centuries old, and the young stock can give nutriment only, and not new life." In plate vii. he figures and describes the Grange Pippin, a prize seedling of his own in 1792, and a modern apple, therefore, of which he formed high expectations as cider-fruit. It is in describing this apple that he enunciates the maxim, that as with stock so with plants, the males and females must not be too nearly allied if the breed or race is to be improved. The Orange Pippin (viii.), a larger and sweeter apple than the Loan Pearmain, seems to have puzzled him by its free growth and abundant bearing, though he had seen trees of it at least eighty years old. He conceived it, hence, to be not an old variety, yet discouraged its further culture. Another of his own apples, the Downton Pippin, appears in fig. ix. of the 'Old Pomona,' and is interesting as sprung from the same parents as the Grange apple—viz., a seed of the Orange Pippin and the pollen of the Golden. This apple, by the way, Knight held foremost amongst his varieties as a dessert fruit. In plate xxiii., the

Siberian Harvey, of which the original tree at Wormsley Grange sprang from a seed of a Siberian Crab and the pollen of the Golden Harvey, Mr Knight notes as an experiment at combining the hardy character and early maturity of the former with the tendency of the latter to generate saccharine matter. Of more than 300 varieties of this family, but three or four seemed to him to possess any merit; and the Siberian Harvey alone would, he thought, deserve a place in the orchard. Of the pears in Knight's 'Pomona,' mention has already been made in passing, and we must be content with naming but two more apples: the one the Pawsan, because it is still common in Herefordshire orchards, and produces, as we learn from Mr Knight, a rich yellow pulp and unsurpassed liquor; the other the Friar, a ruddy apple, which, with good conditions of soil and climate, is said by him to make excellent cider. Enjoying the synonym of "Red Richard," this apple is surmised to take its name from some imagined resemblance between its deep red colour and the countenance of a well-fed ecclesiastic.

But we have yet to say a few words of the 'New Herefordshire Pomona;' the general editorial supervision of which does all credit to Dr Hogg. Naturally, and as if in championship of the vitality of the Foxwhelp, that famous apple has a plate and four pages of letterpress to itself. Behold, then, the "Foxwhelp" apple in blossom and fruitage! the former fit, if not too fugitive, for the most blushing of bouquets; the latter of a roundish uneven outline, ending in ridges near the eye, which is small and set in "a narrow shallow-plaited basin." The skin is beautifully striped with deep crimson and yellow, the crimson prevailing on the side next the sun. The flesh is yellow tinged with red, tender, and of rough acid flavour. The obliquely-set stalk is some three-quarters of an inch long. Not even those patchy scabs on its surface which indicate a microscopic fungus, and are common to all aged apple-fruit, in some seasons more than others, shall persuade us that the Foxwhelp's days are numbered, if only modern growers will humour it in its favourite home—the deep clay loam of the Old Red Sandstone—and devote themselves to its cultivation with care and watchfulness. The secret of its comparative rareness in modern days is doubtless that it has been found a slow and capricious grower, the grafts of which have not succeeded well of late years. Besides which, there is much excuse for those who prefer a mixture of other cider-fruits with that dash of Foxwhelp juice that imparts at the same time strength and aroma. Neat "Foxwhelp" is scarce sweet enough for the stranger's palate; yet it is not the less the most valuable cider-apple to grow and propagate; and those who have tasted its unmixed product, poured out of bottles which have been a couple of years in the cider-cellar into clear glass jugs, in foaming effervescence and clearness unabated by exposure, will not tarry long to discuss the name and origin of the fruit, but thank their stars which placed so veritable a nectar within their reach.

The second plate of the 'New Pomona' contains chromo-lithographs of the Early or Herefordshire "Pomeroy" and the "Winter Pomeroy;" the first a dessert apple of great merit, with flesh of delicate texture, which ripens in September and begins to decay in October — the second a winter apple, coming in as the other fails, and in season from October to December. The earlier Pomeroy is below medium size, short conical

or ovate, of greenish-yellow skin, with streaks of red and russet where shaded, and on the sunny side covered with a dense cinnamon-russet patch over a surface strewn with russet dots. In flavour rich and sweet, its flesh is yellowish, tender, and juicy. Its later cousin, an excellent culinary apple, is somewhat larger and more ovate, strongly suggestive of a baked apple-dumpling. Its skin is a smooth deep yellow, strewed when ripe with russet dots; and on the side next the sun it has a bright-red cheek. The difference of aspect and configuration betwixt the two is given to the life in Miss Ellis's drawings; and the two Pomeroys will strike Herefordshire residents as equally familiar friends, inasmuch as, though probably of Devonian rather than French extraction, they have been lovingly naturalised in Herefordshire garden-orchards.

A batch of eight lovely dessert apples is figured in plate iii., which it would tax a better poet than Philips to describe with the justice done them by the manual artist. The small round yellowish-green, and, in the eye of the sun, sub-orange *Joanneting* (an essay on whose fanciful synonyms, and probable connection with St John the Baptist's Day (June 24) as marking its early maturity, we spare the reader); the somewhat larger summer Golden Pippin, a delicious apple, of firm, juicy, yellow flesh, and vinous, sugary flavour, which, grafted on a Doucin or Paradise stock, is an early and plentiful bearer, and grows larger in Herefordshire than elsewhere; the rich-hued "Court of Wick," so healthy and hardy, yet, through the fault of its clear orange skin and sunward carmine cheek, so obnoxious to the attacks of birds and insects; the deep purple Devonshire Quarrenden, which in the rival orchard county is fully as hardy, prolific, and profitable as at home,—these, with the *Worcester Pearmain*, a recent but approved seedling of the last named, which promises excellently as a culinary and dessert fruit, and the invitingly yellow-and-crimson-skinned Early or Herefordshire *spice apple*, with one or two others, offer a choice of pomological temptations which might have pleaded the excuse of our mother Eve, had the issue been tried in Herefordshire.

Not but that the pears—Monarch and Althorp Crasanne—figured in plate iv., and each of them a favourite seedling of Mr Knight, are equally inviting. The latter ripens in October and November; the season of the former is January and February. But that the Monarch is capricious in some situations, and apt to lose its fruit prematurely when it lacks shelter, it would well deserve the name its originator gave it in compliment to our Sailor King; and the Althorp Crasanne—a white, buttery, juicy pear of rich and slightly perfumed flavour—justifies to the full Mr Knight's averment that it is "as hardy as a Swan's Egg."

Two other plates complete the first instalment of the 'New Pomona:' one a quartette of culinary apples, the largest and finest of which, the noble *Wormsley Pippin*, was Mr Knight's favourite seedling apple, a fruit unsurpassed in its native county, but so hardy that it has been found to succeed well as an espalier, even in Ross-shire. It is, however, closely run in point of excellence by the "Stirling Castle," a splendid kitchen fruit, which we agree with the "Herefordshire grower" in pronouncing "a gem of apples." It may be used from August to December. In character it is described in the 'New Pomona' as akin to the "Hawthornden,"

(plate vi.), which is first mentioned in the catalogue of Leslie and Anderson of Edinburgh, and which, with the Lancashire earlier cooking-apple, "Lord Suffield," our experience would lead us to place highest in esteem of the apples in the last group.

But enough has been said on 'Pomona' and pomological lore; and those who have not yet learned to reckon prime Herefordshire cider as the best and wholesomest of beverages, will not be converted to the belief by the evidence of this deponent. Were there space we might "subpœna" a *quondam* vicar of Dilwyn to prove how it conduces to longevity, or recall the poet Philips to show that, in the civil war, it was a specific for loyalty:—

"Yet was the Cider-land unstained with guilt;
The Cider-land, obsequious still to thrones,
Abhorred such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
Of Monarchy."
—Philips's *Cider*, ii. 514-519.

May such as in our day emulate the *quondam* Roundhead's part, lack for ever the good fortune of tasting good genuine Foxwhelp! A word in conclusion for something else than the apple-juice. We have seen it doubted whether the orchard-like aspect of Herefordshire, as a whole, does not detract by sameness from the picturesqueness of the county. Surely not,—when in May it blushes with blossom and is redolent withal of fragrance; and when the undulating slopes and uplands of the Lugg, Frome, and Wyesides boast the variety of sylvan scenery, thriving pastures and arable land and hop-yards, which add yet another element of diversity to the *coup d'œil*. This, indeed, is yet more impressive and palpable in the later season of fruitage, when, in most years, a railway journey through the country between Hereford and Leominster would introduce the traveller to a variety of sensations anent the beneficence of boon nature, as apple-orchards, bent with teeming and ruddy or golden fruit, are succeeded by the graceful clusters and festoons upon endless hop-poles. We need "seek no further" for a perfect idea of "mellow England," though, if an arbitrary choice between the apple-fruit and the hop-bine were required, ours would be to be placed, as the Dorsetshire poet, Barnes, sings in his racy Doric,

"Where leaves that leätely were a springèn
Now do feäde 'ithin the copse,
And païnted birds do hush their zingèn
Up upon the timber's tops;
And brown-leaved fruits a-turnèn red,
In cloudless zunsheen, over head,
Wi' fruit for me, th' apple-tree
Do lëan down low in Linden Lea."
—*Poems of Rural Life*; *Coll. II.*

THE PROGRESS OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

THE subject of Naval Architecture has generally been regarded as one of so technical a nature, and involving so much mathematical investigation, that it has not received much attention from non-professional people. Yet, when treated in a popular style, apart from the laborious calculations which underlie the science, it is full of interest for every one, especially in a maritime country. The volume before us deals with the subject in this manner, and we propose to set forth some of the leading points of interest which it contains. The author, who is one of the staff of constructors in the department of the Controller of the Navy, has been for some years employed as instructor in naval architecture at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich; and the present work is in great measure an amplification of the lectures there delivered.

The last forty years have witnessed a complete change in the form and mode of construction of ships, whether merchant-vessels or men-of-war. The bluff bows and full sterns of former days gave place to the finer entrance and run of later designs, and these became further modified by Mr Scott Russell's "wave-line" system. So long as the paralysing effect of the great war lasted, little advance was made in this science; but when, after the peace, a rapidly-increasing tide of emigration commenced to flow from this country to the United States, the competition therefrom arising produced the famed American "liners," which were in their day the fastest vessels afloat, but were in turn doomed to extinction by the successful accomplishment of ocean steam-navigation. The gold-discoveries in the Australian colonies, and the competition of the China trade, kept alive, however, the stimulus to further improvement in the designs of sailing-ships—for the passage across the North Atlantic was the longest voyage then remunerative for a steam-vessel; and to such perfection have our clipper-ships now attained, that they rival steam-vessels in the Australian voyage. For this they are, however, specially favoured by the prevailing west winds of the extra-tropical seas, which are fair for them during all that portion of their circumnavigation which lies in the great Southern Ocean. The same feature in the atmospheric circulation operated against the sailing-ships in the North Atlantic passage, because for nearly three-fourths of the year the winds are foul for vessels bound to Canada and the northern ports of the United States.

The development of steam-navigation brought about an entire change in the form and proportions of ships, for reasons which will be discussed hereafter. In former times the length of some of our fastest frigates was little more than three times their breadth, whereas it is now common to see clipper sailing-vessels with a length of nearly six times the beam. And the change of proportions in steam-

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A Manual of Naval Architecture. By W. H. White, Assistant Constructor, Royal Navy, &c. Murray, London.

ships is even more striking; for it has advanced from six times the breadth in the Great Western, built forty years ago, to no less than eleven times the beam in the case of some of the Atlantic mail-steamers of the present day. But it is worth noting that, as regards draught of water, little change has taken place, and this circumstance has contributed in a great measure to such an extreme proportion of length as we shall presently see. It would, however, have been impossible to have constructed wooden ships of the last-named proportions capable of withstanding the tremendous strains they would be subject to in encountering ocean waves; and the revolution which has taken place in the form and proportions of ships has only been completed by the adoption of iron as the material for their construction. While there is absolutely no limit to the size that iron vessels can be built beyond that of convenience—as witness the Great Eastern—there are very distinct bounds which cannot be exceeded in the case of wooden ships without entailing undue weakness of structure. And when, in addition to this, it is considered that, in cheapness and durability, iron-built vessels have a great advantage over those of wood, it is not surprising that we find the latter material rapidly falling into disuse for the hulls of ships. Mr White tells us—

"In 1850, out of the 133,700 tons of shipping added to the British mercantile marine, only 12,800 tons, less than *one-tenth*, were iron ships. In 1860, out of 212,000 tons added, 64,700 tons, nearly *one-third*, were iron ships. In 1868, out of 369,000 tons added, no less than 208,000 tons were iron ships. In 1875, out of 420,000 tons of newly-built ships, 374,000 tons, nearly *nine-tenths*, were iron ships."

While the results as regards steam-vessels only are still more striking:—

"In 1850, out of 275,000 tons of British mercantile steamers on the register, *four-fifths* (218,000 tons) were of wood. In 1860 the total had increased to 686,000 tons, and nearly *five-sixths* (536,000 tons) were of iron. In 1868 the grand total on the register had nearly doubled again, being 1,341,000 tons. Out of this total, wood ships only represented 122,000 tons, steel ships about 8800 tons, and the remainder (1,210,000 tons) were iron-built. During 1875 a tonnage of 179,000 was added to British steam-shipping, and 176,000 tons were iron-built."

In truth, the progress of iron shipbuilding in this country is one of the striking features of the age, and is among the chief causes of the commercial prosperity of the last quarter of a century. For the supply of timber in these islands being far inadequate to the requirements of shipbuilders, the materials for the construction of wooden vessels had to be imported at considerable expense; and when, therefore, the bar to the introduction of foreign-built ships into our mercantile marine was removed by the adoption of free-trade principles, the result was the transfer of the shipbuilding trade to other countries. But from the moment when iron took the place of wood, the conditions were reversed; the shores of the Thames, Humber, Mersey, and Clyde rang with the clang of hammers, and our shipbuilders supplied the world.

It is interesting to examine the different points wherein iron vessels have the superiority over those built of wood. Mr White enumerates them as—"(1) Lightness, combined with strength; (2) durability, when properly treated; (3) ease and cheapness of construction and repair; (4) safety, when properly

constructed and subdivided." Most of the comparisons in his work are taken from the case of vessels of the Royal Navy, both on account of his official position giving him the advantage of special information relating to them, and because the necessary data for forming such comparisons with respect to merchant-ships cannot be collected without great difficulty.

With regard to the first point mentioned, a considerable advantage has been gained in saving of weight—amounting in some cases in vessels of war to 10 per cent of their displacement, and in merchant-ships to even 30 or 40 per cent; but the superiority of iron is chiefly exhibited under this head in the increased strength of the hull, for "forms, sizes, and proportions are now commonly adopted that could never have been used with wood as the material." The reason of this is easy to see. When the dimensions of a ship are such as to require frames and beams beyond what a single piece of timber can furnish, two or more pieces must be joined together; and an element of weakness exists in every such joint. The countless pieces of timber of which a wood-built ship is composed must be joined by metal fastenings; and the alternation of the severe tensile and compressive strains to which the fabric is liable, tends to produce a destruction of those particles of the softer wood which are in contiguity with the hard metal; and this ultimately brings about decay, and results in a loosening of the bolts. The larger the ship the more is this tendency experienced, by reason of the multiplication of parts. Again, there is very great diversity in the quality of timber, not only in respect of different kinds of wood, but even between pieces cut from the same tree; and this only becomes apparent in lapse of time. None of these drawbacks accompany the use of iron. There is practically no limit to the size that iron can be manufactured; so that, whatever may be the dimensions of the ship, the beams and frames may be constructed in one piece, and the former always are. But the necessary joinings of the beams, frames, and plates are no source of weakness, since the rivets which form the fastenings of one piece with another being of the same material, it only requires that the riveting shall be properly performed in order to constitute a degree of strength and durability in the joint equal to that of the parts themselves. Again, the difference which likewise exists in the quality of iron—and which is indeed as wide as in the case of timber—is a matter entirely under control; it is simply a question of expense. Iron of any specified quality may be manufactured, and its similarity can easily be determined by simple tests, so that the precise strength of the article is accurately known, and no margin for uncertainty need be left.

In durability, iron-built ships are considered to have, upon the whole, the advantage: but this altogether depends upon a proper state of preservation of the metal; for the rapid corrosion to which iron is subject—aggravated as it is by the chemical action of salt water, changes of temperature, damp, and other causes at work in a ship—would very speedily bring about complete destruction of the fabric, were not effectual means taken for its preservation. On the other hand, properly-seasoned timber will last for a very long time.

"The Sovereign of the Seas, built at Woolwich in 1635, is said to have been pulled to pieces forty-seven years

later, the greater part of the materials having been found in such good condition as to be used in rebuilding her. Still more notable is the case of the Royal William, built about 1715, which remained in service for ninety-four years with only three slight repairs."

Instances of this sort are still to be found, as in the case of the famous old Victory, which carried Nelson's flag at Trafalgar seventy-three years ago—and the Canopus, now used as a hulk at Devonport, which was captured from the French in the great war; while it was only the other day that an old collier-brig terminated a peaceful career of nearly a century. To attain even a much more moderate age than these, however, thoroughly well-seasoned timber was indispensable; and this was got by allowing the vessels to stand in frame while the process of seasoning was being perfected. Visitors to the royal dockyards in former days will recollect the stately row of line-of-battle ships and frigates in various stages of progression in the now empty building-sheds, some of which had been ten or fifteen years in course of construction; but this leisurely mode of building was of course out of the question for mercantile purposes, and it was incompatible with the wants of the Royal Navy in time of war. Mr White tells us that the average durability of wood-built ships on active service, under the most favourable circumstances, was found to be from twelve to sixteen years—taking this to mean, that after this period the cost of necessary repairs would be so great as to make it expedient to replace the ship by a new one. The examples quoted above were altogether exceptional cases, and no dependence could be placed upon any similarity of endurance on account of the extreme difference in the quality of timber, resulting from the conditions of its growth, the season of felling, and the process of seasoning. Imperfect ventilation of the hull, the chemical action of bilge-water, and the effects of heat and damp, as well as the mysterious disease called dry-rot—all combined to produce deterioration of the wood, in addition to the process of natural decay inherent in it. And since a rotten timber, like a decayed tooth, infects others in contact with it, mischief of this sort once begun spreads rapidly.

Iron, though free from inherent natural decay, is subject to many causes operating to produce corrosion; but this can be prevented to a great extent by protecting the surface of the metal with a coating of red-lead, or other preservative.

"The causes of decay in the iron ship lie upon the surface, and are to a great degree preventible; those in the wood ship are deep-seated, difficult to discover, and practically incurable in the parts attacked. A corroded plate or bar can be scraped free from rust, cleaned, and painted; and if corrosion has not proceeded far before such measures are taken, it is little or nothing the worse. On the contrary, a rotten timber or plank must be wholly or partially removed, often with very considerable difficulty. Neglect of preventive measures, of course, leads to the rapid decay of both iron and wood ships; but when the best is done for both, iron proves immensely more durable than wood."

The comparatively short time since iron ships have come into use, and the fact that the experience of the proper means for their preservation has been of a progressive nature, has not yet admitted of any definite conclusion as to their average durability. But some idea may be formed of this from cases cited by our author:—

"Mr Grantham records that the Aaron Manby, the first iron steam-vessel, built in 1821, lasted thirty-four years; the Garry Owen and Euphrates, river-steamers, were in good order after twenty-four years' service; the Nemesis and Phlegethon, the earliest iron war-ships, built for the East India Company in 1839, were still at work twenty years after. . . . The Great Britain, merchant-steamer, was built in 1840, but is still afloat, and said to be strong and sound. In the Royal Navy the troop-ship Simoom is twenty-seven years old, but is still in active service. The Himalaya won golden opinions during the Crimean war, has been almost continuously employed since, and is quite as popular now as she was twenty years ago. The Warrior, and other iron-built ironclads, dating from 1859-61, are yet strong and sound, whereas their wood-built contemporaries in the French and British navies have fallen into decay."

The comparative ease and cheapness with which iron ships may be constructed and repaired are, without doubt, the principal cause of the rapid transmutation of the merchant navy. Great difficulty is often experienced in procuring suitable timber for the curved parts of the frame in large ships, and much labour and skill are necessary to fashion them into shape; whereas iron may be manufactured in any size and shape desired. Moreover, the various component parts of the iron structure can be put together with far greater facility and economy than in the case of wood. Iron ships may thus be run up much more quickly than wooden ones, with a proportionate saving of cost as to time; and this rapidity of construction is no detriment whatever to the iron vessel, while, as we have seen, it materially affects the durability of the wood ship.

In the case of repairs, the advantage lies also greatly on the side of iron.

"The injured parts can usually be reached, examined, and replaced without any great difficulty. Wood ships, on the contrary, are not so readily examined or repaired. The various parts are so closely associated, interlaced, overlapped, and fastened, as to render a considerable disturbance unavoidable if any considerable repair is needed."

Mr White gives us some interesting cases of the ease and effectiveness with which the repairs of iron ships may be executed. Amongst others take the following:—

"The Great Britain was for many months ashore in Dundrum Bay, and although the bottom was battered by beating upon the rocks, and the boilers were forced up about fifteen inches, yet the damage was almost confined to the lower part of the hull; her form remained unaltered, and she was got off and repaired. The Tyne, an iron steamer, ran ashore on the south coast, and remained for several months in an exposed position; but she too was ultimately floated and repaired, being made as strong and sound as ever, although a large portion of her keel had been torn off, and her floor much injured."

And he tells us further that cases have occurred where iron ships which have grounded and broken in two have been floated, the separate parts reunited, and the ships again serviceable. We may remark, in passing, that in all the above cases a wood-built ship would have been totally destroyed.

As regards the cost of maintenance, the superiority of iron ships is also strongly marked; and we are told "it is probably within the truth to say that, on an average, the deterioration in a wood ship is not far from twice as great as that in an iron ship, in equal times and under similar conditions of service."

The greater safety of iron ships,

claimed by our author, is altogether a conditional quality, for it depends entirely upon the mode of construction; and unfortunately this is, in the case of most merchant-vessels, far from satisfactory in one respect —namely, under-water subdivision. Apart from the accidents of collision or striking the ground, an iron ship may be built, at moderate expense, of sufficient strength to withstand all the strains to which she can be subject by the action of wind and sea; and this is generally the case. But the dangers above indicated can only be guarded against by a careful subdividing of the ship by water-tight bulkheads, and by the system of a double bottom; and then the cost of construction becomes so much increased, that vessels built in these respects like our ships of war, would probably entail loss instead of profit upon the owner. Moreover, such a number of these bulkheads as are necessary for absolute safety would materially interfere with the stowage of cargo. Unhappily there is too much proof of the insufficiency of these subdivisions in merchant-ships from the rapid sinking which so often follows a collision or striking a rock. That it is possible to guard against the damage caused by the latter may be seen in the case of the Great Eastern, which, after having a hole of 80 feet in length torn in her outer skin on the American coast, was brought home across the Atlantic with her inner bottom intact.

Although there is no question as to the strength with which it is possible to build iron ships *as a whole structure*, they will always be *locally* weak when compared with wooden ships; that is to say, the side of an iron ship is more easily broken through by a blow than is that of a wood ship: hence this necessity for internal subdivision. In ships of war, which are further subject to the attacks of projectiles and torpedoes, nothing is allowed to stand in the way of this subdivision; and although there were serious imperfections in the way this principle was carried out in some of our ships—notably in the Vanguard class—the loss of that ship has brought about so many improvements in this respect, that, had she been constructed as are our most recently built vessels, she would most probably have been kept afloat long enough to reach port; and had the Grosser Kurfürst been so built, there need have been no loss of life, and the ship would very likely have been saved. The question of the under-water subdivision of iron ships has been, however, discussed so recently in these pages that we need not now enlarge upon it.*

The points in which iron ships are inferior to those of wood are, their more easy penetrability, as just mentioned, and the rapidity with which the bottom becomes foul. Wooden ships sheathed with copper foul very slowly. It was a common thing for our vessels of war to be absent on foreign stations for four and five years, or even more, without being docked, and with a very slight diminution of their speed. But iron ships require docking twice a-year in order to maintain their speed unimpaired—so rapidly does the growth of weeds and zoophytes take place. It is of course possible that means may yet be devised to remedy this defect, though hitherto the best that have been tried have served only to retard, but not to prevent, fouling. This drawback becomes of course

* See "Ironclads and Torpedoes," Blackwood's Magazine, Feb. 1878.

more apparent in vessels employed on long voyages; and where competition required the highest rates of speed to be maintained, before the days of the Suez Canal—as in the case of the China tea-clippers and the Australian passenger-ships—iron hulls were out of the question. The composite system was therefore introduced, by which, combining as it does iron framing with wooden bottom-planking, metal sheathing is used, and fouling prevented. All the unarmoured vessels of the Royal Navy up to the size of corvettes, are now built on this system; but for larger ships a bottom skin of iron plating is needful in addition to give the requisite strength. The plan adopted in the Navy for composite vessels is to have two thicknesses of bottom-planking, and then to sheath with copper outside all. The object of the double planking is to insulate the copper sheathing from the iron, and thus to prevent galvanic action being set up, which would speedily effect the destruction of the latter. The inner planking is bolted to the iron frames—or skin-plating, as the case may be—and the outer planking is bolted to the inner; but the latter fastenings are not allowed to touch either the iron hull or the bolts of the inner planking. Thus insulation is maintained, and experience has shown the success of this method. But its great cost prevents its general adoption in the mercantile marine; and where it is made use of, the planking is usually single, and Muntz-metal sheathing is applied instead of copper, on account of its weaker galvanic action.

Zinc is now coming largely into use for the sheathing of iron ships. Being electro-positive to iron, the galvanic action set up between the two metals does not, as in the case of copper, cause the iron to perish; but the effect is of an opposite nature, as a gradual wasting, or exfoliation, of the zinc takes place, which prevents the growth of weeds, &c., and keeps the surface clean. But when the zinc is placed in close contact with the iron, this action is so rapid that the zinc soon becomes destroyed; and therefore the practice is to interpose a single thickness of planking between the two, but without being caulked, so as to admit of the water communicating with the iron skin. This plan has a double advantage over the copper sheathing; first, in being cheaper in application—and next, from the fact that if a copper-sheathed iron ship should suffer any damage to her bottom, by which the wooden planking is ripped off and the iron skin exposed to the salt water, the insulation would be destroyed, and a powerful galvanic action would at once take place between the iron and the torn copper-sheathing, to the detriment of the former.

Great as is the revolution which the use of iron has accomplished in shipbuilding, a still further advance in strength and economy is likely to take effect by the substitution of steel for iron. Until lately there were drawbacks to the use of steel, otherwise than for certain internal parts of the hull, not only from its being double the cost of iron, but from the want of uniformity in regard to its qualities of strength, ductility, and malleability.

"But during the last two years great progress has been made both in France and England, and a so-called 'mild steel' has been produced free from the objectionable features mentioned above. The manufacture of this material in England is mainly due to the efforts of Mr Barnaby,

Director of Naval Construction, who had previously conducted most of the experiments on steel made in the royal dockyards, and done much to develop the use of the material. 'Mild steel,' or 'homogeneous iron,' has a tensile strength of from 26 to 30 tons per square inch, being about 25 per cent stronger than the best iron ship-plates: it is very ductile and malleable, and will not take a 'temper' even when heated to a cherry-red and plunged into nearly cold water. It will withstand all the operations of the shipyard quite as well as, if not better than, wrought-iron; and its cost is not great as compared with the high-class iron used in the ships of the Royal Navy. In no respect is it inferior to iron, and in very many it is much superior."

The Iris and Mercury, fast despatch-corvettes, are built wholly of this material, and they are of extraordinary lightness, combined with strength. Mr White considers it a fair estimate that ships built of this steel will be from 20 to 25 per cent lighter than iron ships of the same strength; so that in a merchant-steamer of 5000 tons displacement there would be a gain of 320 tons in cargo-carrying power. The remarkable result of the use of steel in the construction of swift steam-launches is too well known to particularise; and the great superiority of this metal over iron for shipbuilding is becoming every day more apparent.

It is difficult for non-professional persons to realise the amount of calculation necessary for the designing of a ship, and the immense number of different considerations involved. The splendid works of civil engineering which the last half-century has witnessed are justly regarded as triumphs of human skill; and yet, when the question is closely examined, even higher qualifications are requisite for the successful naval architect. For the civil engineer has in most cases only one description of strain to allow for in the calculations for his structure, and is very often free from any arbitrary limits of weight of material; whereas a ship is subject to sudden and violent strains of every description by the action of a disturbed sea, and every pound of superfluous weight is so much loss of profit in a merchant-ship, or impaired efficiency in a man-of-war. If ships were all built after the same type, as used to be the case formerly, the calculations necessary for the designs, which are very intricate and laborious, would not need to be always repeated, for practice would easily determine what modifications were necessary in the design to meet a certain increase or decrease of the proportions; and so it is still with regard to many merchant-ships, where the necessary fittings and equipment are similar, and where a certain part of the hold-space is set apart for cargo. But in the case of vessels of war—and especially in iron-clad ships—it is altogether different, for the fittings and equipment (including in these terms the armour and armament) are, from the varying condition of things, constantly changing. And therefore it is that the designing of war-ships is in these days such a very much more difficult and complicated problem than it formerly used to be.

The strains to which ships are subject are of various kinds and origins; but, as in civil engineering, they may all be included in the two categories, "tensile" and "compressive" strains. It is in this particular respect that the complications of naval architecture arise — that every part of the structure is liable to both these strains, and that they occur alter-

nately and with rapid intermission in the action of a seaway. And besides these local strains there is account to be taken of the strains upon the ship as a whole structure —the strains experienced by the ship during the passage of a wave, when she is lying across the wave-hollow, and when upon the top of the wave-crest. These, technically called "sagging" and "hogging" strains, are at a maximum when the length of the wave is the same as that of the ship, and when the ship lies at right angles to the path of the wave. In the case of such long vessels as the Minotaur class of ironclads, and many merchant-steamers, these hogging and sagging strains are enormous, and could not be safely encountered in wooden ships of like proportions. It is to be observed that both these strains are resolvable into the two before mentioned; for when the ship lies across the wave-hollow, and is subject to sagging influences from an excess of buoyancy at the extremities, the strains upon the upper part of the structure will be of a compressive nature, while those at the keel will be tensile: conversely, when the ship lies across the wave-crest, and the excess of buoyancy amidships gives rise to hogging movements, the upper works will be subject to tensile, and the lower to compressive, strains. It is easy to imagine an iron vessel so weakly built as to be incapable of supporting such strains, especially those of compression, under which thin plates without proper strengthenings will crumple up like paper. Instances are given of vessels breaking across in the middle at sea, but these have generally been vessels of shallow draught, and not intended for ocean service. The system of longitudinal framing, which was adopted in the Great Eastern with such success, is of immense value in strengthening long ships, and it enters largely into the system of construction in all classes of iron-built ships in the Royal Navy; but from what our author tells us, it would not seem to have been brought into such general practice in merchant-ships, which is to be regretted.

The mode of estimating the tonnage of ships has varied from time to time, till a considerable amount of uncertainty prevailed respecting the comparative carrying powers of different vessels. The object was of course to determine the quantity of cargo that could be carried; and Mr White tells us that the term "tonnage" is probably derived from the number of "tuns" of wine that the hold of a vessel could contain, and which was most likely originally ascertained by actual test. But the inconvenience of having to fill the hold of every new ship for this purpose brought about a method of determining the capacity by calculation, the formula for which involved terms of the length, breadth, and depth of the vessel. So long as the general proportions of ships remained comparatively unchanged, this rule answered sufficiently well; but when the old type of vessel was departed from, and radical changes took place in the forms and proportions of ships, the rule became worthless, except for comparing vessels of similar type. Considerable difficulty has been experienced in establishing a satisfactory law for expressing the capacity of merchant-vessels, and at the present moment there are several rules in operation, into which subject we need not here enter; but in the case of our ships of war, where no cargoes are carried, and whose weights are constant, a very simple and satisfactory method of

expressing the tonnage measurement has been adopted—namely, that of "displacement." This depends upon the well-known natural law that a floating body displaces a volume of fluid equal in weight to itself. The displacement tonnage is therefore the actual weight of the ship and all she contains; it is fixed at the "load-draught" condition, when all the weights are on board, and the ship, consequently, at her greatest immersion, and it is easily calculated from the drawings of the vessel. It is only a few years since this mode of expressing the size of a ship has, in our navy, superseded the former, or "Builders' Old Measurement;" but that the time had fully arrived for this change may be gathered from the following illustration. The Warrior and Devastation have almost the same load-draught displacement — between 9100 and 9200 tons—but by B.O.M. the Warrior is 6109 and the Devastation 4407 tons. Again, the Howe, a wooden three-decker, and the Bellerophon ironclad, are nearly alike in B.O.M.—4245 and 4270 tons respectively; but the displacement tonnage of the Howe is 6557, while that of the Bellerophon is 1000 tons greater. It is evident, however, that displacement measurement is not applicable to cargo-carrying ships, whose immersion varies with the nature of the cargo on board; and it affords no proper estimation of the capacity of the hold-space, which is the real point required for mercantile vessels.

We have seen that the proportions of ships have greatly altered since the adoption of iron for building. There has been a steady increase in the ratio of length to breadth, and with it a corresponding advance of speed, until we have steamers with a length of from nine to eleven times the beam, making voyages across the Atlantic at a rate of 350 miles a-day. It is difficult to say whether the limits of proportion of length to breadth have yet been reached, for assuredly twenty years ago such a ratio as the above would have been deemed impossible for ocean-steamers; but the tremendous competition of these days, and the desire for rapid passages, has effected results which would not otherwise have been obtained, and this competition is in no way declining. Such an extreme ratio of length to breadth, however, necessarily entails a parallelism of the sides for a long extent of the length; and this is not a form of body which naval architects like, nor is it pleasing to the eye; but it is unavoidable if the draught of water is restricted. Now many of the principal commercial harbours in the world have shallow entrances, and the depth of the Suez Canal imposes a fixed limit to the draught of ships which may have, in the course of trade, to pass through it; and it is from these limitations to draught, together with the desire for large capacity, that the long parallel middle body has become a necessity.

Although advance of speed has followed increase of length, it is not to be understood that a high speed depends alone upon great length. Experiments upon the resistance of ships have proved that for very high velocities a certain length of fore and after body, or what are called "entrance" and "run," is necessary, and that these lengths must bear a certain proportion to the maximum speed in order to obtain it with the minimum of propelling power. In theory there should be no middle body—that is to say, the curves of the fore body of the ship should blend into the curves of the after body without any intervening parallelism. For some years past Mr

W. Froude has been carrying out a series of elaborate experiments upon the forms of ships, as well in respect to speed as to the effect of wave-motion upon their stability, &c., and he has arrived at definite conclusions upon this point. Mr Froude says:—

"In view of the importance of large carrying power combined with limited draught—a limitation which the Suez Canal has done much to emphasise—and I may add, in view of the practical sufficiency of what may be called moderate speed, the prevailing tendency to great length, including a long parallel middle body, is a fair result of 'natural selection.' This form, if rationally treated, is perhaps, under the conditions indicated, the best adapted for commercial success; though where deep draught is unobjectionable, a shortened form with no parallel middle would be, as I have shown, unquestionably superior; or were it an object to attain very high speed, without notable increase of resistance, parallelism of middle body would, even with the longer form, be inadmissible."

We must here mention that the "moderate speed" of Mr Froude is the 14 or 15 knots of the Atlantic steamers, which, although a high rate for a continuous voyage, is not a great speed when compared with vessels built specially for swiftness, as we shall presently see.

Comparisons are not unfrequently made between the performances of merchant-vessels and men-of-war, to the disparagement of the latter; but it should be borne in mind that the conditions are so widely different as to render such comparisons misleading. A merchant-steamer is designed for a specific purpose—to carry a certain quantity of cargo and so many passengers for a particular voyage at a fixed rate of speed. It is required in many cases that she shall perform this voyage within a stated time; and as it has proved to be more economical to trust entirely to the engines for this purpose (except for the passages round the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, which we are not now considering), the equipment of masts and rigging has been reduced to only such as will suffice to keep the ship's head in the right direction in the event of accident to the machinery. There is therefore no need for such stability as is required in the case of a full rig, and so the proportion of length may be increased to an extent which would otherwise be very dangerous. But in the design of a vessel of war, a multitude of considerations are involved which have no place in the mind of the mercantile ship-owner, but which impose arbitrary restrictions upon the naval architect, beyond which he cannot venture. The exigencies of the naval service require that vessels should be capable of cruising under sail to save their fuel, which may be urgently needed at an important juncture; and an amount of stability is therefore necessary to meet the pressure of the sails, which, as we have seen, may otherwise be left out of account, besides that required to balance the top weights of armour and armaments—all of which the merchant-ship is free from. Hence such proportions as in the mercantile marine have given such economical results, are not attainable in war-ships. When, however, it is a question of speed only, the naval architect has his hands unfettered; and the performances of the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, and more recently of the despatch-corvette Iris, show that the ship-building department of the Admiralty is in no whit behindhand in this respect; while in comprehensiveness of idea, skill of design, and excellence of work, our ships of war stand unrivalled.

In the case of the Iris, the wave-line theory and Mr Froude's conclusions have received remarkable confirmation. Her length is 300 feet, and breadth 46 feet, or a proportion of 6½ to 1. The fore and after bodies are of extreme fineness, and there is no parallelism of middle body. This, combined with the lightness of the hull, and the immense engine-power—7700 indicated horse-power to 3735 tons of displacement—produced a speed of 18.6 knots at the measured mile; a speed much beyond that attained by any other large ship, and only exceeded by steam-launches, which are altogether exceptional vessels. But her expenditure of fuel to produce this speed was very great in proportion to the size of the ship, though not so for the power developed. The ordinary coal-stowage of the Iris is 500 tons, but 750 tons can be carried on an emergency; and since about 9 tons per hour were consumed at the above trial, it follows that at such a rate of expenditure the coal would only last from 2⅓ days to 3½ days—according to the quantity carried—and that the ship could only steam at this speed a distance of 1000 miles with the smaller, or 1500 miles with the larger coal-supply. Such a vessel would be entirely unsuited for commercial purposes; for although at a lesser speed a much greater distance could be traversed, yet the want of cargo-space in a vessel of these proportions would render her a ruinous property to her owners. But for the Royal Navy of England it is a necessity that it should possess the fastest vessels afloat.

Mr White tells us that the Iris and Mercury were designed for a speed of 17 to 18 knots in the measured mile. Now, according to Mr Scott Russell's formula for estimating the proper length of fore and after body for a certain maximum speed, the total of these lengths for 18 knots should be 304 feet. And as Mr Froude has shown that for such a high speed there should be no middle body (so called), the length of the Iris is therefore just that proper for a speed of 18 knots. But we have seen that she actually accomplished 18.6 knots, and the length of fore and after body proper for this speed is 324 feet. It follows, therefore, that there is really a surplus of power in the Iris, and that a ship 20 feet longer, with proportionate breadth and depth, should give a similar speed with the same engine-power, and would have considerably greater coal-endurance. It is probable that these considerations will operate to modify the design of any future vessels of this class in the direction we have indicated; but as these ships are of an entirely new type, the extremely successful result which has been accomplished in them reflects the highest credit upon the department of the Controller of the Navy.

Although, however, a very high speed is most desirable for certain purposes, yet since it cannot be obtained without the sacrifice of other qualities essential to a ship of war, it is not likely that many vessels will be built with a sole view to this object; while in the mercantile marine economical reasons effectually prevent the designing of vessels for speed only. The ideal form, therefore, as sketched out by Mr Froude, is unsuitable for commercial purposes, as he himself admits; and a long parallel middle body, with a fine entrance and run, is a necessity. With such a form a steamer of 455 feet long, 45 feet broad, and 26 feet draught of water, can steam across the Atlantic in eight days at a rate of 15 knots, with a coal-expenditure

under 100 tons a-day, carrying 200 first-class passengers and 3000 tons of cargo. There is no war-vessel in England, or any other country, capable of performing such a voyage; and the constructors of the Royal Navy are not unfrequently, but with much injustice, twitted with this fact by non-professional writers. But seamen know well that a vessel with such proportions would be useless as a regular ship of war. She could carry none but the thinnest armour, if any, and only the lightest armament; and would, moreover, be extremely unhandy for manœuvring. Her machinery would be of necessity far above the water-line, and exposed to the enemy's projectiles. She would therefore be of no avail in the line of battle. But as armed cruisers, for the protection of our commerce against similar vessels, and for the destruction of the enemy's trade, such ships would be of great service; and their large cargo-space could contain a store of fuel which would enable them to keep the sea for many weeks. For the ordinary duties of the navy in peace time, these vessels would be also unsuited; and as the mercantile resources of our country may always be drawn upon to an extent more than sufficient for the above purpose, it would not be advisable to increase the standing navy by the addition of such ships, unless for a special service. The Admiralty, fully alive, however, to their value for the purposes mentioned, had during the recent crisis quietly and unostentatiously perfected arrangements for the speedy equipment of thirty merchant-steamers as armed cruisers, carrying 64-pounder guns; and in less than a month from a declaration of war these vessels would all have been at sea. One such vessel, the Hecla, has been purchased and added to the navy list. She is of 6000 tons displacement, 390 feet long, and carries eight 64-pounders. She is fitted up as a torpedo store-ship to attend upon a fleet, having workshops for this special service, and a number of torpedo-boats with every requirement for submarine warfare.

The experience of the Royal Navy gives the same result as to the economical performance of long steamers. The Minotaur and Warrior classes of ironclads, which approach the most nearly in their proportions to the mail-steamers, having a ratio of length to breadth of 6.7 to 1, are much more economical in coal-expenditure than the shorter vessels which have succeeded them; and as they have also a larger proportionate carrying capacity, they are capable of steaming much greater distances. But their length makes them difficult to manœuvre; and as they are essentially fighting ships, the development of the ram and torpedo system of attack brought this defect into greater prominence, and produced a shorter type of ship. To obtain a sufficient speed in these shorter vessels, however, it was necessary to give a large engine-power; and accordingly, while in the early long ships the proportion of indicated horse-power to displacement was little more than half, in the later vessels it has risen to equality. The measured-mile performances of the later ironclads have been very satisfactory when the proportions of the ship are considered; but the consumption of fuel to produce this result is very great, so that even in smooth water their coal-endurance is small when compared with that of the mail-steamers. But the actual performance of such short ships when steaming against a head sea is very far short of that at the measured mile; and it is here that their weak point lies. Here also is the

weak point in Mr Froude's theory. Granted that for the attainment of the highest possible speed in smooth water such a form of body as he has prescribed is requisite, the conditions are entirely changed when ocean-waves have to be encountered. Here is, in fact, the key to the successful performances of the trans-Atlantic steamers. Their form and proportion, though not that calculated for developing the very highest speed, is nevertheless, on the whole, the best adapted for insuring a rapid passage across the storm-beaten Atlantic. It is questionable whether — economical reasons apart — the theoretical high-speed form of hull would be found productive of the best results in a seaway. The extreme fineness of the fore body would render it liable to be buried at every plunge of the ship to such an extent as to absorb a large amount of the propelling power in lifting the mass of water overlying it. Mr Froude's experiments on this point have necessarily been confined to still water; and the theory of the resistance of ships, even in this condition, is still confessedly in an imperfect state, while in the condition of a confused sea the problem becomes so enormously complicated that long experience can alone determine the question. Mr White, in summing up this chapter of his work, says:—

"It will suffice to say that the state of the sea and the motions of pitching and rolling vary so greatly at different times, that any attempt to express the increase in resistance by an exact method would be hopeless, even if there were a complete theory for resistance in smooth water. Experience, however, confirms the accuracy of an opinion which would be formed on the most superficial investigation—viz., that great length, size, and weight in ships give them a greater power of maintaining their speed in a seaway. The regularity of the passages made by the large trans-Atlantic steamers, under very various conditions of wind and weather, supply the best possible illustration of this general statement."

We have seen how that the proportions of our modern ships of war are governed by considerations of handiness; and it is interesting to observe that the same considerations affected the designs of the old sailing-ships, not only in the Navy, but also in the mercantile marine.

"It was formerly assumed that the length of a successful sailing-ship should not exceed four times the beam. In many vessels having a high reputation for performance and speed, the length was not much more than three times the beam. The great increase in the proportionate lengths of steamships, and the consequent improvement in their performance, appears to have affected the construction of sailing-ships. The clippers of the mercantile marine frequently have lengths of from five to six times the beam."

But the fact is, that the earlier proportions were maintained for the purpose of handiness. Though speed was desirable for our old sailing men-of-war, it was just as essential that they should be quick in manœuvring for the purpose of the naval tactics of those days as it is for the ironclads of the present epoch; and it was found that the above proportions gave the proper balance between speed and handiness for sailing-ships in the same manner as it is found necessary now to fix a limit to the length of our armoured vessels. So also with regard to the merchant-ships in the days when steamers were unknown. Handiness was a necessity for them to beat in and out of harbour, and to navigate narrow waters; and while the rate of speed has been

raised by the increase of length, so has this quality of handiness been lessened to a very serious extent, for the modern clippers are slow in tacking and difficult to get off the wind. The result is, that the employment of a steam-tug for entering and leaving harbours, except with a leading wind, has become a necessity. It was not till the introduction of the screw-propeller that the increase of length took place in our ships of war. The proportion of length to breadth of our very latest-built sailing-frigates and line-of-battle ships was much the same as it had always been up to that time; and it was only when the adoption of the screw could make up for the loss of manœuvring power which resulted from the greater length, but which was required to be maintained for fighting purposes, that the old proportions were abandoned. It is worthy of notice that the general proportion of length to breadth of the present racing yachts is from 4 to 1 to 5 to 1; but here carrying capacity is, of course, left out of question.

Handiness was not, however, the only reason governing the old proportions in men-of-war. Actions having to be fought under sail, it was important that the ships should possess, as much as possible, the quality of stiffness — that they should incline as little as possible under the pressure of their sails, in order to use their guns with the best effect. And a small proportion of length to breadth (other conditions being equal) gives the best result in this respect. But stiffness under canvas is now of less importance, for actions will always be fought under steam alone; and the object now sought after by the naval architect is to minimise the rolling tendency. Referring to the qualification above—"other conditions being equal"—it must be observed that the stiffness or stability of a ship mainly depends upon the position of her centre of gravity, or, more properly, upon the position of the centre of gravity below the metacentre. Speaking generally, the greater the metacentric height the greater the stability, but, at the same time, the greater the rolling tendency. As the centre of gravity is raised and the metacentric height diminished, the stability becomes lessened, and so does the rolling tendency. Since, then, on the one hand, there would be no sail set in action to steady the ship and check the rolling, and, on the other hand, not the same necessity for stiffness under canvas, it has followed that the designs of our full-rigged unarmoured cruisers have become gradually modified by these conditions; and as a natural consequence, the more recently-built ships of this class carry a much smaller proportion of sail-power than did the old type of ship, while they heel more readily under the pressure of even this reduced spread of canvas.

Before leaving the subject of speed as depending upon proportion of hull, a word must be said respecting the fast torpedo-boats and steam-launches, whose performances have excited such interest.

"Vessels of from 50 to 100 feet in length have been driven at speeds of from 16 to 20 knots per hour in smooth water, considerably exceeding the measured-mile speeds of the fastest sea-going ships."

An example is given us in the case of one such boat, the Miranda, of 45½ feet length, 5¾ feet breadth, and 2½ feet draught. Her displacement on the trial trip was 3.73 tons, her engines developed 58 horse-power, and she attained a speed of

16.2 knots. We must observe, in passing, that she is one of the smallest of her type, and that very much higher results have been obtained than the speed mentioned. Now, according to the formula before alluded to, the combined lengths of fore and after body to produce this speed most economically should be 260 feet, or nearly six times as great as the whole length of the boat. How then is such a speed produced if this theory is correct? The answer is simple: By power. While, as we have seen, the indicated horse-power per ton of displacement is in the mail-steamers 0.5, and in ironclads from 0.6 to 1, it was in this little craft no less than 15.55; though in the Inconstant, unarmoured frigate of 5238 tons, at even a slightly greater speed, it was but 1.38. Now there must be a sacrifice somewhere to produce this result, and it is seen from what follows. The percentage of weight of boilers and machinery, with respect to displacement, is in the case of the Inconstant 19; in the Miranda, 54. And the percentage of the Inconstant class; with respect to vessels in general, is exceptionally high; therefore the contrast is all the more striking. The coal-supply of the Inconstant is 11 per cent of the displacement; in the Miranda it is only 4 per cent. There remains for the weight of hull and the entire equipment 70 per cent in the Inconstant, but only 42 per cent in the Miranda. It is thus plain that the great speed of these little vessels is due to the enormous proportion of engine-power, to which everything else is given up. They only carry fuel for three to four hours at their maximum speed; they are built of extremely light scantling and the thinnest plates, and have no carrying capacity whatever. Moreover, the slightest addition to the weight of their equipment materially affects their speed. As our author says, it is not likely that the experience of these boats will in any way influence ship-construction.

We have referred above to the improvements which have been brought about in steam-ship machinery of late years. Though not strictly within the subject of Naval Architecture, yet the work of the marine engineer is so closely associated with that of the shipbuilder, that, as Mr White says, in order to fulfil all the requirements in the design of a steam-ship, joint action is necessary on the part of both. The question of some expression to denote the power exerted by a marine steam-engine is nearly as difficult a one to settle satisfactorily as that of the tonnage of ships. Formerly the method employed was an arbitrary rule, depending upon certain assumed conditions which gave a result called nominal horse-power. This, although it did not pretend to be an actual measure of the power developed by the machinery, answered fairly well for the purpose of comparison, so long as the form of boiler, pressure of steam, and type of engine remained without change. But as soon as these were departed from, this rule became as useless for expressing the power exerted by an engine as did B.O.M. for representing the size of a ship. Various methods have been proposed as a substitute, but the most satisfactory one, and which has been adopted in the Royal Navy, is that of the "Indicated Horse-Power," a measure of the actual work performed by the steam in the cylinders. This is not an absolutely correct measure of the power exercised in propelling the ship, since it takes no account of the amount absorbed in overcoming

the friction of the engines, but it is sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes. To show the worthlessness of nominal horse-power as a measure at the present day, Mr White gives a table showing that nominal horse-power varies from one-half to one-eighth of the indicated horse-power in nine vessels of different classes.

There have been two great revolutions in the type of marine engines and boilers. First, the substitution of the surface-condensers for those of the old jet system, together with the introduction of superheated steam; and secondly, the adoption of the "compound" system of engine. But besides these radical changes of construction there has been a gradual increase in boiler-pressure during the last thirty years, from 5 lb. on the square inch to 60 lb., and even more. The result is a very great advance in the economical performances of steam-ships, enabling some voyages to be made which were formerly impossible under steam only, and rendering other passages remunerative which could otherwise only be performed at a great loss of profit. In round numbers the consumption of fuel has been reduced to one-half of what it formerly was.

"The progress made in steam-ship construction has enabled the longest ocean-voyage that requires to be performed, from England to Australia, to be successfully accomplished by steamers. This crowning triumph of steam-navigation deserves especial mention. Ships are now running on the Australian line which perform a voyage exceeding 12,000 miles at an average speed of 11 or 12 knots, and consume only 1500 or 1600 tons of coal to drive a weight of 6000 to 7000 tons from port to port. Placing these facts beside the corresponding figures for the Great Western—a successful ship in her day—one is enabled to appreciate better the progress of forty years. That vessel had an average ocean-speed of 8 or 9 knots, and consumed from 400 to 500 tons of coal in driving a weight of about 2000 tons a distance of 3000 miles. Contrasting the pioneer Atlantic steamer with the magnificent vessels now employed, no less remarkable evidence of progress will appear. Existing vessels are four times as heavy as the Great Western, but can make the passage at an average speed of 14 to 15¾ knots, with an expenditure of coal only twice as great as that of their predecessor."

Again—

"The longer the voyage, and the larger the proportionate coal-supply, the greater are the gains of the modern type. For example, a steamer which has now to carry a weight of coal equalling *three-tenths* of her total displacement, in order to perform the voyage to Australia, might have nearly *one-fourth* of the displacement available for cargo. But if she had engines of the early type, consuming coal twice as rapidly, she would require to carry coals amounting to *three-fifths* of her total weight, and could carry no cargo. . . . It is to the improvements in marine engines, which have brought about such great economy in consumption of fuel, that the moderate size of these successful ships is due. When the design of the Great Eastern was in contemplation, no such results had been attained; and it appeared necessary to build a ship of extraordinary dimensions for a service which is now successfully accomplished by ships of less than *one-fourth* her displacement."

Space will not permit us to follow Mr White further in this most interesting work, but it is with reluctance that we lay down the pen. We have left unnoticed some chapters of the book—those relating to the more abstruse branches of the subject, such as the theory of wave-motion, the oscillation of ships, the

investigation of rolling and pitching tendencies, the action of the water upon the rudder, and other points in which some acquaintance with the science of hydro-dynamics is requisite; although, as we have said before, these matters are treated by our author in such a manner that but little mathematical knowledge is wanted to accompany him throughout. We recommend to all our readers interested in the subject a careful perusal of this volume, which is one of the most valuable contributions to popular science that the teeming literature of the day has produced. And the merit of the work is enhanced by the vigour of the style, and the well-chosen language in which it is written. The constructive department of the Admiralty is to be congratulated on such an able member of its staff; and the students of the Royal Naval College are fortunate in having a lecturer who can expound a difficult science in so clear and forcible a manner.

THE COTTAGE BY THE RIVER.

[*Note by Mr Thomas Wyatt.*—The occurrences described in the following pages happened nearly ten years ago; but for reasons, some of which will be obvious on perusal, and others with which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader, the publication of the account of them has been deferred until the present time.—T. W.]

A BUSY man, living by my pen, wearied of and worried with work, when the time came round for taking my usual summer holiday I had almost lost the power to make the effort needed for the start. Switzerland, Norway, even Scotland,—to reach any of these countries involved a journey which I felt in my present mood and state of health an extreme disinclination to take. This state of feeling should have warned me of the necessity for rest and change. My nerves were unstrung, and I wanted rest; but I was in the slavery of authorship. I had given up for a time the press and magazine writing which afforded a sufficient income for my simple wants, in order to devote myself to a considerable work from which I hoped to gain more reputation than could be got from anonymous contributions; and I was under an engagement to deliver a certain quantity of manuscript to my publisher by the autumn, on which, unfortunately, I had received a considerable advance. The weight was still very short, and I knew well that if I took a regular holiday I should never make good the deficiency in time. Had I been living with friends, they would have made me take the rest I needed; but I was my own master, living in chambers, with no one to criticise, or to keep me to regular habits, save my housekeeper, whose frequent remarks on my ill-looks and late hours had become at last simply irritating. And thus the days passed, with the inclination to work growing ever less, without recreation or amusement,—in the appearance of industry without its results.

One sultry evening in July, at the close of a day spent in the seclusion of my chambers with little result save a headache and a feeling of exhaustion, which was now the only form of hunger I ever experienced, while sauntering down the hot and stuffy street by way of taking exercise, more to gratify my housekeeper than myself, I met my friend Tom Wyatt, whom I had not seen for some time, and who at once noticed my ill-looks.

"You are looking as if you had taken too large a dose of the London season, my dear fellow," he said. "You ought to anticipate your usual holiday, and be off to Switzerland at once. I never saw you look so used-up before."

I repudiated the cause ascribed for my appearance, for I had been leading a hermit's life, and said that I did not see the way to going abroad this year, or anywhere far from town.

"Then why don't you do as I do," he replied, "and take suburban lodgings on the river? I am living down at Stainham. I have got a lodging at the man's from whom I hire my boat. I get a swim in the river every morning before I come up, and a pull every evening after I go down. You have no idea how fresh and jolly

the air is on the river of an evening—quite different to this stuffy London air. Lots of fellows I know are living down there for the summer, and the best inn is next door to my lodgings; so there is plenty of company. We have a capital train morning and evening, and we have just time for a rubber going down. It's far better diggings than Switzerland or the Rhine, and ever so much cheaper." And my friend went on to urge me to come down and stay for a few days with him, and get some boating and fresh air.

But the prospect of living in a bustling country town, next door to a river-side inn, which Wyatt mentioned casually was doing a "roaring trade" at this season, had no attraction for me in my present mood, still less the making one in a rubber while being hurried along at forty miles an hour. The notion of a month or so passed on the river, I replied, seemed a very pleasant one; but I should like some quieter place than he had chosen. For I wanted quiet, and freedom from interruption for study and writing. I was in arrears already with some literary work I had on hand, and must make up for lost time. A secluded cottage on the river, now, or lodgings in a quiet farmhouse, would be just the thing for me.

Wyatt observed that cottages with a river frontage commanded very high rents at this season; but if he saw or heard of anything likely to suit, he would let me know.

Two or three days after this I got a note from him, to say that he had found the very place that I wanted; and he proposed that we should go and look at it together that afternoon, starting by the five o'clock quick train.

I met him, accordingly, at the station, at the time appointed. We did not stop at Stainham going down, for Wyatt said that it would be too long a pull from there up to our destination. So, passing that place, we got out at Maddeley, a station some twenty minutes further down the line, also on the river-bank. Here hiring a boat, Wyatt took the sculls, and I sat lazily in the stern, as he pulled up stream for our destination.

It was a lovely summer's evening, and the quiet of the peaceful scene acted like balm on my worried nerves. This was evidently just the sort of life to suit me. I wondered that I had never thought of spending the summer on the river before; and I was ready to take the cottage before I had seen it, and determined to be pleased with it, whatever sort of place it might prove to be.

Wyatt had not seen it either, although so familiar with the river. It was on the tail of a mill-stream, he explained, and separated from the main channel by an island. He had heard of it from a friend, who, coming down the river, had stopped to bathe in this back stream, and had observed the cottage, with a notice that it was to let. Rather a jungle of a place he reported it to be, and looked damp; but it might do well enough for the summer. "Here we are at the place itself," continued Wyatt, "and shall be able to judge for ourselves." And as he spoke he turned the boat to the left, off the main channel, and pulled up a narrow branch scarcely wide enough for plying the sculls.

He rowed for about a furlong up this channel. On our *right* was the island which separated it from the main stream, meadow and osier land; on our left also a meadow, succeeded by a wood, which terminated in an ill-kept lawn of three or four acres, overgrown with

shrubs, on which, about fifty yards back from the stream, was the cottage. A board suspended to a post on the bank announced, in letters almost obliterated by damp, that the house was to be let, furnished, and that the key was kept at the mill. Of this mill we could just catch a glimpse, higher up the channel, through the thick underwood that lined the banks, and between the posts of some neglected eel-pots; but we could hear plainly the sound of the water rushing through the race of which this channel formed the termination; and for this point, accordingly, we now made, Wyatt with difficulty forcing the boat through the eel-pots, and punting past the overhanging bushes. Approaching the mill, our progress was stopped by some stakes, partly above and partly under water, which crossed the channel where it narrowed, just below the bridge that connected the mill with the mainland. Fastening the boat to these stakes, where they joined the shore, we proceeded in quest of the miller, whom we found indoors.

The miller told us we should have found the cottage open; it was always left open during the day to air it. His daughter had just gone to shut it up for the night, but we could get there in time to see it first, if we went back at once. So leaving our boat fastened below the bridge, we crossed it and walked back.

Passing through an orchard we entered a little wood which extended along the bank of the stream, so thick and overgrown that the path could hardly be made out, which enclosed the upper side of the lawn on which the cottage stood. Emerging from this wood, and crossing the lawn, we now saw, what no doubt we might have seen in the first instance, that the front door was wide open, and several of the windows, to let in the mild summer air, of which certainly too much could not reach it through the overgrown vegetation which surrounded the place; and we now entered the cottage to inspect it.

It seemed in bad repair, although habitable enough as a summer residence, and bore that air of neglect which makes a shabby house look still shabbier when unoccupied. A low veranda ran along the front; and on each side of the door in the centre, which opened into a passage, was the window of a sitting-room, opening nearly to the ground. The one on the right was a drawing-room, that on the left a dining-room. At the back of the latter was a smaller room, used apparently by the late occupant mainly as a receptacle for fishing-tackle. The staircase was in a recess opposite to this spare room, and at the back of the drawing-room. At the end of the passage was a door communicating with the kitchen and offices. The furniture was faded and shabby, but sufficient for my purposes. There were some easy-chairs in the drawing-room, and a couch, all covered with faded chintz; it also boasted a piano very much out of tune, as Wyatt ascertained by striking a few chords on it. The dining-room, in addition to the ordinary furniture, had a writing-table near the window, at which I thought I would establish myself. The least satisfactory part of the rooms was the state of the walls, papered with a dull and dismal paper, now discoloured with damp, the more conspicuous as they were bare of pictures or ornament, save in the drawing-room, over the fireplace of which hung the portraits of a man and woman,—coloured photographs apparently, not badly executed, although somewhat overdone. The woman's was the better work of the two; the figure was tall and grace-

ful, and the face, although not altogether prepossessing in expression, a very handsome one. Whether the person represented was quite a lady could not be told, but the man was certainly not quite a gentleman, and the painter, perhaps in trying to please, had laid on his colour too coarsely. The representation was of a swaggering fellow with a broad chest and a fine head of greasy hair, with black curly whiskers meeting under the chin, moustaches, and a black imperial, wearing a good deal of jewellery, carefully picked out by the colourist; altogether a beauty man of an objectionable type, whom some women may be found to admire, but no men. "The last occupants of the house, I suppose," remarked Wyatt; "the lady had a temper of her own, or the artist has libelled her; and that fellow was not the sort to stand it, either, I'll be bound; he thinks a good deal too much about number one for that."

We wanted to find the miller's daughter, to get some information about the amount of crockery and kitchen utensils available, but she did not appear to be anywhere about the place; so I passed into the kitchen to make a rough inventory of its appliances, and afterwards went up-stairs and looked over the bedrooms, while Wyatt returned to the garden to have a smoke.

I found him lying on the grass by the bank of the stream. "I say, Phil, my boy," he observed, as I strolled down towards him, "you will be establishing a flirtation with the miller's daughter if you are not looked after—and a very fine young woman she is, I am bound to say. Don't you think so?"

I answered that I was not yet in a position to form an opinion, not having seen her.

"Why," exclaimed Wyatt, raising himself on his elbow, "do you mean to say you didn't meet her inside? Why, she went in not two minutes before you came out. She came out of the grove here on her way from the mill."

I replied that I supposed I must have been up-stairs when she entered, for I did not see her, nor even hear her.

"You may well not have heard her, for she walked so lightly—glided rather than walked. Our friend the miller must have given her lessons in calisthenics; rustic beauties seldom make the most of themselves in the matter of carriage."

We now went up to the house together, and called out once or twice. No one answered, and we came away. "Well, she is an uncommon fine girl," continued Wyatt, as we returned through the thicket to the mill, "if her face is at all equal to her figure. I didn't see her face. I whistled to attract her attention, but she kept her head turned away, with a hood over it. She came quickly out of the thicket, as if she were in a hurry and thinking about something, and went straight into the house. What a jungle this is, to be sure!" he continued, as we made our way in single file along the traces of the path, now overgrown with thorns and bushes. "You will have to get leave to have some of this cut away."

We found the miller smoking his pipe on the bridge. He said that the rent of the cottage was four guineas a-week; and on my demurring to that amount, he added that very likely the agent would accept less. He could not take upon himself to lower the terms; his share in the matter was simply to get a commission on the let. Had I not better see the agent in town, and make an offer. The agent wanted very much to get a tenant. He had been told to name four guineas, but he dared say something

less would be taken to secure a tenant. "Offer three guineas, and you will get it," Wyatt observed to me aside, "and the place will be cheap at the money; it would fetch three times that amount in most parts of the river, with so much ground about it." "How long had it been empty?" I asked. Two years, the miller believed, but it was empty before he came to the mill. "Two years!" said Wyatt; "why, from the look of the place it might have been uninhabited for twenty. The last occupants must have been fond of a jungle life; but perhaps they did not stay there long?" The miller said he did not know much about it; they left before he came there. He spoke with an air of constraint, as if not wishing to pursue the subject; but Wyatt, who was not easily put down, asked if the pictures in the drawing-room represented the late occupants, and the miller replied in the affirmative, but with a marked reserve of manner.

We now turned to go, and as the miller accompanied us to where our boat was moored, a few yards below the bridge, his manner became more free and open. "These stakes are very handy, gentlemen," he said, as Wyatt stooped to unfasten the painter; and on our expressing concurrence, he went on: "Ay, they come in handy to fasten boats to—they are main handy in more ways than one. These stakes are what I call my bait-lines; I catches some very large bait here, mostly in them deep stakes there, in the middle, under water—dead-bait I calls it. You see this is the way to the ferry over my bridge, and sometimes parties come along here of a night, tight or what not, and they loses their way over my bridge, and falls in, and then instead of floating down, they get caught in these here stakes; and so I sees 'em of a morning, and pulls them out. But it's too late then to send for the doctor."

"Does this often happen?" asked Wyatt.

"Wonderful often; it's wonderful how many folk about here gets tight of a night, and misses the road over my bridge—wonderful many, considering how few folks there be in these parts altogether. 'Tisn't like as if it were London, you see, or even Stainham; there's only villages about here."

"You ought to have a railing put to your bridge," called out Wyatt, as he pushed the boat off, and sent her stern-foremost down the stream.

"So I ought, master—so I ought," chuckled the miller in reply; "leastways I ought to draw them stakes away, and then I shouldn't be troubled with dead-bait of a morning."

"That old fellow thinks himself a wag," said Wyatt, as we dropped slowly down; "who would have thought an old clown like that would have such a stylish daughter!"

Now it so happened that, before we went down to the boat, I had stopped to have a few words with the miller about the best way of obtaining supplies, and so forth, while Wyatt wandered about the island to find a good place for boating in the morning. Just as I was preparing to follow him, the miller's daughter came up to us to tell her father that she had returned from the cottage, who bade her put the key on the hook over the fireplace; and I took the opportunity to arrange that she should be there to meet me when I expected to arrive the day but one following to take possession. And but that I could make allowance for my friend's infatuation about the fair sex, and his disposition to discover some

beauty in every woman he met, undistinguishable by any one else, I should have been astonished at the hyperbole he employed about the miller's daughter. A comely wench enough, no doubt, but certainly to my view the reverse of graceful in either carriage or figure. When I put this to him afterwards, he retorted that nothing better was to be expected from a sedentary misogynist, who knew women only in books.

And now we had made our way past the cottage, looking cool and quiet if somewhat gloomy and overshaded with its tangled garden and setting of dark groves, and shot out into the main river, which, peaceful though it was, and little tenanted at this hour, seemed quite lively in contrast with the lonely creek, which, with its overhanging trees and bushes, was settling into the gloom of twilight, while the open river still remained light and clear. Passing by Maddeley, where we had stopped coming up, Wyatt rowed on to Stainham. I had not for a long time enjoyed anything so much as this row down, or rather, as sitting in the boat lazily while my friend did the work. This river-life, so near at hand, yet of which I had made no use before, came on me like the revelation of a state, where peace and quiet could be found to refresh and strengthen me for the labour before me. I thought to myself that, sitting in the silence of that cool parlour, the work to be done, which seemed so irksome and repulsive in my London chambers, would become easy again as it used to be in the months gone by, before I had fallen into listless and yet restless habits; and I experienced all the agreeable sense of expectation while partaking of Wyatt's hospitality for the night in his little lodgings at Stainham. As we sat on a bench in front of the house on the river-bank after our light dinner, while he smoked his pipe and I looked out on the tranquil river, I felt how far pleasanter and more wholesome in my present state would be this mode of life than stopping in London, and that the quiet of my new tenement would be pleasanter and more soothing still. For even at Stainham the laughter of some of the town-folks—shop-boys and their sweethearts, I suppose, out after the day's work—as their boats passed up and down till late into the night, harsh and noisy as it sounded, jarred on my nerves. I wondered it did not annoy Wyatt as it did me; but he retorted that it would not bother me more than it did him if I would only take to smoking.

We returned next morning to town, and I hastened to call on the agents for the cottage, whose address had been given me by the miller. The member of the firm into whose room I was shown, made but little objection to the proposed terms. Evidently they would take almost anything to get the house let. The lease, it appeared, was still held by the late occupant; it had come into the hands of the firm as a bad debt. "Who was the late occupant?" I asked, as I rose to go. Well, he was believed to be a person of independent means. "Why did he leave, and where was he now?" That was just what they would like to know. "Was he a married man with a young wife?" Well Mr Perkins believed he was. "Then," said I, "I suppose those are their likenesses which I saw in the drawing-room." Mr Perkins believed they would be, but added that he really knew very little about the matter. They both left the place quite suddenly, for some reason unknown, and he had never heard from them since.

The rest of the day and the succeeding one went speedily in the necessary preparations for my coun-

try housekeeping; and in the afternoon of the latter, Wyatt and I again set off together, and by the same train as before. For it had been arranged that he should spend a few days with me at the cottage, to see me started, as he called it. I must confess that I would almost have preferred to make the beginning by myself, possessed as I was with perhaps a morbid craving to be alone; and if Wyatt's good spirits could be appreciated at times, they were somewhat oppressive at others. But of course I could not refuse the offer of his company, and I trust he did not detect any ungraciousness in my manner of responding to it.

We stopped as formerly at Maddeley, whither Wyatt had this time sent his boat on in advance, and he rowed me as before up from there to our new quarters, where we arrived while the long summer evening was still young. The fine weather continued; and in this return to the river I experienced a revival of spirits and calmness of mood to which I had for long been a stranger, and I began to look forward with a keen sense of anticipatory pleasure to a lengthened stay here. Arrived before the lawn, and making fast the boat to the bank, we walked up to the cottage, and found Mrs Bond, my housekeeper, who had come down by train direct at mid-day to the station at the village about a mile and a half from the river, at the back of the cottage, busily engaged in getting things into order, and preparing our supper. My books had been unpacked, and, with a few other articles which had been brought down, they gave already a home-like and comfortable aspect to the dining-room. I may here mention that a difficulty had occurred in the first instance about service, for Mrs Bond was supplemented in my chambers by a charwoman, who came in daily to help, and who was irremovable, and alone she would not suffice for the work of the cottage; but the difficulty had been surmounted by Bond volunteering to bring down with her a niece, now out of service, and staying with her father in town, and who would be glad of this easy place under her aunt for a few weeks. This girl, whom I had not seen, had gone, Bond said, to the village to make some necessary purchases. Eggs, too, it appeared, were a difficulty; the miller's daughters, who had been there great part of the afternoon, had promised to bring some, but had not returned with them. Thereon Wyatt said he would go and fetch them, and set off in the boat, while I lay down on the bank pleasantly occupied in doing nothing. I knew that I could not go to bed till I had completed my prescribed portion of work, or at least spent the time I had prescribed for myself in pretending to make the attempt; but I put off the hour for setting down to it till after supper.

I was lying thus, lazily looking at the lawn and cottage before me, now overcast by the shades of evening, for the sun had set, and in this shady spot it was already dusk, when I saw the figure of a female issuing from the grove by the path which led from the mill, and going towards the house. I am rather short-sighted, nor was it light enough for any one to see very clearly, but the woman, who was evidently tall, and from her figure young, appeared to have a scarf or hood of dark material over her head, which she held with one hand, and which concealed the face. She passed with quick but even step along the little lawn, and entered the cottage by the open door. The miller's daughter with the eggs, I thought—Wyatt will have had his

pull for nothing. The young woman might, however, have gone in by the back door. I suppose she has been so accustomed to the empty house that she has forgotten her manners. But I was too lazy to go and intercept Wyatt, who, indeed, presently appeared coming through the eel-pots, and displayed a basket of eggs deposited on the floor of the boat. It was lucky he went for them, he observed, as he came up and joined me on the bank; the young lady at the mill said it was too late to go back that evening, as her sister was away, and she would have had to come alone, and but for him we should have gone without our omelet. Then it must have been Bond's niece whom I saw just now, I thought—a fine young woman apparently, and with a graceful carriage for a maid-servant.

It was late when we had our supper, served by Bond herself; through the open door we could hear her niece employed upon the plates and dishes in the kitchen. Supper ended, my companion smoked his pipe awhile, and then declared for bed. I felt inclined to follow his example; for although in the habit of keeping late hours, having lost the power of sleeping in the early night, the exercise and the unusual spell of fresh air had made me both tired and sleepy. But I had done no work for the last two days; the enjoyment of the holiday would be lost if I was perpetually oppressed with a weight of arrears pressing on me; let me make a beginning of steady industry to-night, and the effort to work would be all the less next day. So when Wyatt took himself off to bed, I moved the candles to the writing-table before the window—we had forgotten to bring down any lamps—and drew out my manuscript from the drawer. The pencil-note marking the date of last leaving off was more than a week old; I really must waste no more time; let me get a fresh start made to-night, and I should be able to go on all the more vigorously to-morrow. Wyatt remonstrated. I should lose all the good to be got by coming down here, he said, if I did not keep rational hours. Brain more active at night, was it? That was just the pity. An active brain meant a sleepless night. How could I expect to be fresh in the morning if I did not give myself a fair chance? It was odd I did not see myself what everybody else could see—that my nerves were not in a state for me to take liberties with myself.

I must have expressed myself with unreasonable warmth at the well-meant caution, for Wyatt became quite apologetic about having said anything to hurt my feelings, and so went off to bed, while I sat down and addressed myself to my task.

It was probably the consciousness of the truth of my friend's remark which had made it so unpalatable. It was plain from what he said that the change I had supposed to be apparent to myself only was visible enough to others. But to-night, at any rate, the state of impotence which now usually beset me when I tried to write was quite absent. The sensation of holding a pen no longer set up that nervous irritability, that vain desire to seize upon ideas always eluding me, combined with a loathing for my task, which had of late been always present with such distressing force. I now felt calm and even pleased with my employment, and could think out my ideas with a distinct sense of mental power. I felt once again something like my old self. Assuredly the cure had begun to take effect already. If I could only maintain this frame of mind I should be able to enjoy my holiday, and yet make

good progress with my task. And it was with a sense of infinite relief that I once more resumed a favourite position, which of late I had been obliged to abandon, exchanging the upright chair for an easy one, and putting the candles behind me, so that the light fell on the paper which I held upon a portfolio. In this way I could write fast enough and comfortably, and then letting the book lie on my lap, could stop at times to rest and think.

Yes, it was the charm of the quiet and the country air which had wrought this restoration already. Why limit my stay here to a few weeks? why not stop on till the winter? It will be easy, no doubt, to get an extension of the lease, and perhaps the agent would put the house and the neglected garden into a little better order. A brighter wall-paper alone would make the cottage quite cheerful.

Sitting thus, writing in an easy-chair, the head may rest while one stops to think, and as I lay back thus now and again, sometimes in happy contemplation of my own improved condition, at others reflecting on the order of my argument, closing my eyes the while, I must have fallen asleep, for when I opened them I did not at first recollect where I was; then I became aware that I had been awakened by a noise. Somebody was moving in the drawing-room on the other side of the little passage,—Wyatt, no doubt. What had he come down-stairs for? But no, it is not Wyatt. It is the rustling of a woman's dress. Mrs Bond perhaps, locking up for the night. Then, as I glanced at the candles nearly burnt out, I knew that it must be long past midnight. I jumped up, curious to know who it could be moving about so late, although the idea of robbers never occurred to me, or if it did was at once dismissed; for who would think of breaking into a house with one of its occupants sitting up with candles before an uncurtained window? As I rose to my feet I again heard the person moving, and stopped to listen. The woman, whoever it is, has come out from the drawing-room, and is passing along the little passage with a light swift step. Now she is going up the stairs. It must be Bond or her niece. What can she want at this hour? and taking up a candle I opened the door and looked out. The staircase, as I have mentioned, was in the recess at the back of the drawing-room opposite the back parlour; at the top was a landing-place, with a door communicating with the servants' rooms over the offices. Bond or her niece, whichever it was, must have passed through this door to her room. She has been quick about it, for I was close behind. But no! for as I was about to follow I notice that the door is both locked and bolted from this side. She must be still somewhere close. But yet there is no hiding-place. The passage, which corresponded with the one below, was bare of furniture. Opposite the head of the staircase was the lumber-room, over the back parlour. This was unlocked, and not without a certain thrill of excitement I opened the door and looked in. It contained an old chair or two, and some boxes, but was otherwise empty.

There remained only the two bedrooms. I listened at the door of Wyatt's, which was over the drawing-room, and then opened it quietly. He was sleeping the sound sleep of a healthy man in good training. My own room was empty.

As thus what seemed at first so simple failed of explanation, my

heart began to beat loudly as I found myself in presence of the supernatural. The power of motion left me as I stood with the candle in hand, while suddenly, as connected with what had just happened, there flashed across my mind the recollection of the mysterious figure seen in the afternoon. My knees trembled, and I confess that it was more the feeling of protection from Wyatt's presence on the other side of the door than my own resolution that enabled me to recover the power of my limbs. Yet withal I felt thoroughly ashamed of my poltroonery, although finding a salve to my conscience in being able to ascribe it to the state of my nerves. Yes, it must be that! I had become excited again over my work, and waking up suddenly I had allowed this foolish hallucination to possess me for the moment, for hallucination it must be. What more absurd than to connect this prosaic house, tenanted by a couple of young men, with a supernatural presence? Yet it was not without an effort and until after some delay that I went down-stairs again. And how to account for the drawing-room door being open? I am certain I heard Mrs Bond close it before she went to bed. I looked in. We had made no use of it as yet, and it bore the same untenanted look it had always worn. Shutting the door, I returned to the dining-room, which was just as I had left it. Blowing out the candle I had left lighted there, and stealthily putting my papers away in the drawer, as if afraid of the sound of my own movements, I went upstairs again, schooling myself to go slowly, yet feeling every moment more assured as each step brought me nearer to the sound of Wyatt peacefully snoring, and then seeking my own room, turned the key. It was now between one and two o'clock. Had not the cottage been so overcast by the shade of trees, I have no doubt a faint glimmering of dawn would have been perceptible in the east. Getting into bed and extinguishing the light, I waited in rapt attention for further sound, but nothing could be heard save the dull murmur of the water passing over the weir higher up the river. The distant village clock struck two, and then three, and it was not until the morning light made the paper on the wall distinct, and resolved all the forms in the room into their proper shape, that I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, and the bright sun streaming on the lawn announced another glorious summer day; and although the occurrence of the night at once returned to my mind, the sight of Wyatt in his boating flannels coming up from the river after his bathe, whistling as he went, was enough to banish all sense of misgiving. Equally disillusioning was the prosaic voice of Mrs Bond, outside the door, as she set down the water for my bath, announcing that it was eight o'clock, and that Mr Wyatt wanted breakfast at half-past, in order to catch the 9.30 train. And when I came down-stairs, the view of Wyatt engaged in chopping up some tobacco on the mantelpiece with a penknife, and the cheerful breakfast laid out on the table, was so completely matter of fact and commonplace, and at the same time cheerful, that I felt thoroughly ashamed of my nervous alarm of the night. I would put the matter aside, and not think of it one way or the other. And it did not strike me as odd that when Mrs Bond's niece brought in the kettle to replenish the tea-pot, she proved to be a short, stout girl of about sixteen, who looked as if she might yet take a start and grow to a pro-

per height, although later in the day I remembered that this left the appearance of the figure in the garden still unaccounted for.

Wyatt set off for the station across the field after breakfast, promising to return by the half-past five o'clock train, when we would go for a row on the river; and I announced my resolve of setting to work as soon as he had started, so as to make a good beginning and get over my day's task before his return, and thus have all the evening free. But with the whole day before me, it seemed only allowable on this the first day to take a little stroll. Down stream, beyond the other strip of wood which closed in the lawn on this side also, were pleasant meadows, in which the cows were taking their first nip after the mowing. The day was hot, but shade could be got everywhere along the hedgerows. After my long sojourn among stuffy streets, the sense of pleasure at drinking in the fresh country air while wandering among these rich meadows by the water, redolent of beauty as they were, was like a feast; it seemed impossible to tear one's self away, and it was not until a degree of appetite asserted itself to which I had for long been a stranger, that I returned to the cottage for luncheon. In my absence the post had arrived, bringing a book from Germany, lately published, and bearing on the subject of my studies, which I had been anxiously looking for. I must now make myself master of some of its contents before proceeding with my own writing, to see how far I have been anticipated. The book was ingenious and original, yet happily still leaving room for the statement of my views on the case, and the afternoon passed quickly and pleasantly enough, as I lay on the grass, by the bank of the stream, with the book for a companion, till the time for Wyatt's return. He must have missed his train, however, for up to six o'clock he had not come; and after waiting till all chance of his arriving by it had passed away, I determined to stroll down to the station to meet him, making, however, a detour by the mill. There would be plenty of time for this, as the next train was not due till seven. Even then we should be able to get out on the river before supper.

The shortest way to the mill was by the path through the wood, parallel to the stream, and some fifty yards distant from it. So overgrown was it that the pathway was barely wide enough for one person to pass, and the shrubs, underwood, and briers gave no view of what lay beyond. It was a perfect jungle. When about halfway through, I noticed what appeared to be the trace of another path turning off to the left—that is, away from the river. The shortest way to the mill was no doubt the one straight on, and this other showed even less sign of being used; but I was seized with a desire to get out of the wood, which this evening was oppressively close, so turned aside. The wood was certainly not so wide as long, and I should probably be able to get out of it the sooner by taking this line.

After pushing my way along for thirty or forty yards, the path opened into a small circular space, explained perhaps by the large oak-tree which checked the undergrowth. Against this were the remains of a rustic seat, consisting of a few planks nailed against the trunk, once painted green, but now fast rotting away. A quiet retreat certainly, and pleasant enough no doubt when this shrubbery was a little better kept; and I wondered whether the young couple whose

pictures hung in the drawing-room had ever sat on this bench in their honeymoon days, if they had passed them at the cottage, as seemed probable. But no; I can hardly fancy that gentleman with his hard face, and his curly black whiskers under his square chin, playing the lover, or indulging in much sentiment of any sort. He would expect more attention than he gave, I fancy; and the bride once gained, there would be little of sentiment, or sympathy either, in my gentleman, or I am no judge of character. And the lady, would she be the sort of woman to take the cue from her husband, and to shrink from uncovering the hard side of her lover—content to make the best of him; to humour him when angry, and to play on his weaknesses in his lighter moods? Again, I am mistaken if that is not the face of a woman charged with pride to measure against his selfishness, and vanity against his conceit, —a woman to scorn and upbraid rather than yield without a struggle. If they came here in their honeymoon days, the place had certainly not been used since; it showed no signs of occupation, or even of having been lately visited; but in the centre of the open circle I noticed that the grass had been removed, and the soil raised, as if a beginning had been made of a flower-bed; but no flowers would flourish in a place so gloomy, and the attempt might well be abandoned almost as soon as begun.

Retracing my steps to what in comparison might be called the main path, I went on to the mill, to find the miller standing as before on the bridge over the mill-dam, smoking his evening pipe. After salutations the miller observed that I need not have come through the wood unless I liked; there was a path round by the orchard and the Nine-Acre—a daylight route, as one might say; and then proceeded to ask if I found myself comfortable at the cottage.

He put the question in an indifferent tone, but yet I fancied I could detect an expression of curiosity in his face, as if he half expected to hear that I had something to tell.

In company with the miller, and standing there in broad daylight, the alarm of the night had now succeeded to a feeling of indifference, or at most of contempt for myself at allowing my self-possession to be disturbed; but my curiosity was excited by the man's manner, and I asked him somewhat abruptly what he knew about the former occupants of the cottage.

Marking the eagerness of my question, a flash of intelligence passed over the miller's face, but his manner became at once more reserved. They had gone away before he came to the mill, he said, as he had told me before: his brother was here then; he himself was up in Oxfordshire—waving his hand up-stream in the direction indicated—at that time, along with his father. How should he know anything about them?

"Where was his brother now?" I asked; for his evident reserve made me curious.

Well, his brother had emigrated, to be sure—gone to America; and why shouldn't he? He thought he could better himself, and went off; and so he, the speaker, came and took the mill.

Had the man spoken unconcernedly, I should probably have thought no more about it; but I could not help noticing that he seemed to feel I had a sort of power over him, and that although unwilling to give me information, he was also anxious to avoid the appearance of withholding any-

thing. And this made me ask the further question, how long before he came did the lady and gentleman leave?

"A few days before, he answered," rather sulkily, as I thought; he didn't rightly know how long exactly.

"And they went away quite suddenly?" I continued; and left everything behind them?

"Yes, they went away without giving notice," said the miller, almost repeating my words, and in a sort of defiant manner.

"And left everything behind them?"

And why shouldn't they? They might come back, perhaps, any day, of course. They had the house on lease. But he must go in and have his supper, if I would excuse him. Would I step in and take a glass of anything? Well, then, perhaps I would allow him to take his supper; and so saying, the miller wished me good evening, and turned to go indoors, while I stepped out towards the station, across the fields, unable to form any conclusion about what had passed, but looking forward with a sense of relief to Wyatt's arrival.

As I passed along the path across the fields from the mill to the village, I met a young woman whom, although I am not quick at remembering faces, I concluded to be the miller's daughter. She gave me a look as of recognition, but passed on without speaking, and I turned round to look after her. Yes, it must have been her I saw; she is tall and slight, although there is certainly nothing graceful or gliding in her gait; she walks as awkwardly as most rustics; it must have been the dim light of evening that threw a glamour over her movements. And under a sudden impulse I called to her, and she stopped and came back a few steps to meet me.

I asked her if it was she who had been down to the cottage on the evening of our first visit.

Yes, she said; she and her sister had been down there that afternoon, to lock it up.

"Your sister?" I asked,—for I remembered that the miller had spoken of sending only one of his daughters. "Then you did not go alone? I thought your father had sent you by yourself? He said so."

"So he did, sir, truly; but my sister was going to the village, so she went along with me. We didn't say nothing to father about it, because he would have said it was nonsense. But I beg your pardon, sir, I must be getting home," and she turned to go on.

"Stay one moment," I said; and then, as she stopped and turned round again, I asked, "Where was your sister when you came out by yourself through the wood?"

"Me come out by the wood!" cried the girl, her mouth opening wide, and her eyes and face alike expressing astonishment; "why, I wouldn't go through the wood for worlds. I should expect to see——"

"What would you expect to see?" I asked eagerly, interrupting her.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she answered, her manner changing abruptly to one of caution, "I didn't mean anything. I beg your pardon, sir, but father would be very angry if he knew I had been talking to you about such things. I wish you good evening, sir," and bobbing me a curtsey, she turned on her heel and pursued her way to the mill.

Had this conversation passed near the cottage itself, or the grove, or while the events of the night had left their first impression, I believe I should have been startled by this corroboration of my own alarms; as it was, in the broad daylight of these pleasant meadows, with the

village and railway station in full view, it was not difficult to succeed in putting aside all sensation of uneasiness; but I could not help looking forward with extreme satisfaction to the return of Wyatt, to whom I determined to communicate my experiences of the night, not without a strong suspicion that my story would be received with considerable ridicule.

Although the sun had not yet set, it was now hidden behind a bank of clouds which had been gathering during the afternoon. The air was still and oppressive; and, never a good walker, I slackened my usual pace for the heat, and thus had the mortification to see the down-train arrive and pass on before I could reach the station. When I got there the passengers by it had already dispersed. As Wyatt did not expect me to meet him, of course he would not have waited for me, and I set off to overtake him along the other footpath, which led also across fields, direct to the cottage. But I could not make him out ahead of me, and on reaching the cottage I found that he had not arrived there. He must have got out at Maddeley, the next station before our own, and be coming up by the river, I made sure; and I wandered down along the bank, in hopes of meeting him, till warned to return by the rolling of distant thunder, and the large drops of rain now beginning to fall.

As I approached the house it was almost dark; the wood beyond it looked more dreary than ever. I almost wondered, looking at it now, that I should have ever ventured to enter it; and I looked uneasily towards it, half expecting to see some mysterious form issuing from its gloomy recesses. But nothing appeared this time, and I hurried indoors, to find a telegram on the table which had been brought from the village in my absence. It was from Wyatt. The governor had sent him into Essex on some business, and he should not be back in time to return that evening, but would come down by the early train in the morning to breakfast, and take a whole holiday.

The feeling of discomfiture produced at first by the news of this desertion, and that I was destined to spend the evening alone, was succeeded by a sense of the absurdity, to say the least, of allowing myself to feel nervous, as I heard the cheerful noise of Mrs Bond and her niece engaged in preparing supper in the kitchen. The rattle of plates, and the chatter of their voices, were enough to exorcise any demon of timidity and low spirits; and I was able, after a brief toilet, to find complete distraction from such foolish thoughts in the newspapers of the day, which Hannah, the girl, had brought from the village this evening. It was too hot, and I was too tired after my unwonted exercise, to eat much dinner; but I enjoyed all the more the tea which shortly succeeded that meal, and of which, although warned by my doctor to abstain from that form of refreshment at night, I drank even more freely than usual. Some rain fell during dinner, but only the edge of the storm came our way; the rumbling of the thunder could still be heard. The night was still and oppressive; and the windows, although wide open, seemed to let in no air. Awhiles I read, putting off the task of the night from one half-hour to another, hardly disturbed by the inmates of the kitchen taking their supper after mine, and talking, after the fashion of servants, as loudly as if they had been calling to each other from different rooms, instead of being seated at the same table. At another time the noise would

have been offensive; just now it was the reverse of disagreeable. About half-past ten o'clock Mrs Bond came in to remove the tea-things; and then, after fastening the drawing-room windows and locking the hall-door, she looked in again to know if I wanted anything more before she went to bed, and wishing me good night retired.

I was on the point of calling her back, to tell her to open the door of communication at the top of the stairs, but for very shame did not do so; I could not think of any excuse: to say anything about precautions against fire would have sounded ridiculous. I heard her make fast the door leading from the hall into the offices; then there was a certain amount of talking and shutting of doors and windows, followed by steps going up the back staircase, and then the little house became quite still.

Not until then, and I felt absolutely alone, did the terror of, I knew not what, against which I had been struggling all day with more or less success, return in full force. Above all, while trying to reassure myself by setting down what I thought I had seen to disordered nerves, there came on my mind, with renewed force, the recollection of the fact that it was not I alone who had to deal with the unaccountable. It could not be the state of my health which made me imagine only that I had heard Wyatt speak of the figure passing into the house from the garden. I was sure he had told me of it. And although the thing had not surprised him, he did not know that the explanation of the appearance which he had suggested, failed altogether to explain it. No! During bright daylight the notion of the supernatural might be dismissed as foolishness; but in my present solitude the possibility seemed real enough. The very silence seemed horrible. I was ready to fancy sounds all round me. But nothing broke the silence. If only Wyatt had been here! or even if the doors in the house had been left open, so that there might have been the sense of security from proximity of other living beings! If only Mrs Bond's hearty snore could have reached my ears!

Thus I remained for a while under the influence of the terror that possessed me, of I knew not what, yet withal thoroughly ashamed to confess my cowardice, even to myself, till at last, summoning up courage, I lighted the chamber candlestick, and opening the door, placed it on a bracket in the hall, and then quickly returning, but leaving the door ajar, addressed myself to my papers. I had forgotten, as I have mentioned, to bring down any lamps with me, and had commissioned Wyatt that morning to buy three or four cheap ones and bring them down. The darkness of the house during the event of the past night, when the single candle was hardly reflected by the dingy walls of the passage, had contributed not a little to the horror of the situation, and I had resolved to light up all the rooms and passages this evening with a brightness that would banish all chance of a recurrence of such a thing. The non-arrival of these lamps had been almost as keen a disappointment as the absence of Wyatt himself; but even a single candle burning in the hall would be something.

At first the very click of the pen heightened my sense of insecurity, it seemed to challenge a response with the unseen world; but at last the sound became familiar and even soothing. The chime of the village clock at midnight came to

remind me that human beings were not so far off; the rattle of a train in the distance passing down the line was even more grateful; I became impressed with a sense of the incompatibility of such matter-of-fact things as railway trains with supernatural apparitions; and for the first time that evening I had succeeded in composing my mind, and concentrating my attention on the work before me. My brain assumed something of its normal activity, and I was getting interested in my work, instead of feeling it to be the distasteful labour which of late had oppressed me. I felt as if I could go on with it all the night through. Say what the doctors might about the importance for health of working only by day, there was nothing like night-work for cultivating the play of fancy and imagination.

Thus I felt for the moment, rather than distinctly thought out the idea, while the busy pen plied its task. But what is that which suddenly makes the hand fall nerveless on the paper, and leaves me bereft of motion save for the quick beating of my heart?

Some one is moving in the drawing-room opposite.

Instinctively I felt that, be it what it may, it is the presence of the night before.

Now I hear the drawing-room door open; the rustling of a dress in the passage.

I started to my feet. At first it seemed as if my limbs would refuse to perform their office; but seizing a candle, I staggered to the door, and opening it wide looked out.

Besides the candle I held in my hand, the light which I had placed in the passage was still burning, so that, dark and dingy as the passage was, it was yet lighted up; and at the other end, in the act of turning to mount the stairs, is the same apparition as had appeared the previous night; the same female figure that had entered the house from the wood. Tall, slight, and erect, robed in dark clothing, the face averted, and the head partly covered by a mantle, the figure was as clearly seen as if it had been daylight. Seen only for a moment, as, passing up the staircase, it disappears from my view.

Surely it must be a real human being, for I can hear the old staircase creak as it makes its way up. Had I stopped to think, I could not have gone on; but under a sudden impulse I too hurried up the staircase after the apparition. Again there is no sign of any moving thing. The landing-place and passage are void of occupant; the passage-door is locked. I peep into the box-room, and again find it empty. There remain only the rooms of Wyatt and myself; and I enter each of these in turn, almost expecting as I do so to find myself face to face with the thing. Seeing nothing in each case, I venture to examine them carefully; but there are no hiding-places; the search is soon ended.

My first impulse after this is to knock loudly at the passage-door and awake the two women; even the sound of my own voice would be a distraction in the horrid silence. But even in my terror I was restrained by shame. Even if they thought me serious, they would put down my impression to mere nervous imagination. Mrs Bond would think she had more right than ever to tax me with keeping late hours and living on unwholesome diet.

It is an effort to go out again into the passage, still more to go down-stairs; but I manage to do so, and also to look into the drawing-room, the door of which is open, while it was certainly shut before.

The room itself shows no signs of having been visited. There is no key to the door; but shutting it I return to the dining-room, the lighted candle in which invites me to enter, and sitting down again I try to compose myself. Surely it must be my disordered health that has conjured up this vision. I was not always such a coward. It must have been mere illusion that I saw something. But no! I was never more convinced of the reality of anything than of the reality of this object. And yet if it be a visitant from the other world, why should I be thus fearful about it? Why should I not boldly face it? I *will* do so if it comes again; if I hear this sound again on the other side of the door, I will rush out and confront the figure, and intercept it: if incorporeal it will vanish perhaps; if it be real I need not fear to grasp it. What a change has come over you, Philip Merton, that you should be arguing in this way about it, and trying to screw your courage up to the sticking point! Be yourself, be a man, and do not be afraid of a spirit, if spirit it be. Why should it harm you?

By some such way of reasoning I did succeed in composing myself sufficiently to take up my pen again, and make an effort to continue my writing; not very successfully indeed, for while the hand was busy the ear was on the strain to catch the sound if it should recur.

And while in this state, the hand falls helpless, the cold sweat bursts out, the very blood seems to curdle within me, as I am again startled by the sound of something moving, this time close to me, outside the open window, just on the other side of the table. Good God! why am I to be tormented with these horrid visions? This time it is the figure of a man. The light of the candle comes between us, so that the figure is only obscurely made out in the darkness—the figure of a tall, dark man. I can just distinguish a sort of cloak covering the figure, and the glance of a searching eye under a slouched hat.

I sank back speechless and powerless in my chair. I felt my heart stand still, then begin beating again as if it would burst.

Suddenly a sound issued from the apparition. It spoke.

"How long have you been here?"

The voice, although low and cautious, sounded harsh and hollow, but it reassured me. This was no apparition. This at least was a human being. And sinister though the man looked, the presence of one was a sort of comfort.

I made no answer, for my voice literally stuck in my throat; nor did I want to show the fear that possessed me.

"I could not help myself," continued the voice; "I stayed away; I wandered here and there. I tried to get rid of it; but I had to come back after all. I saw that you were alone, and I thought I would come in. You have got no evidence against me," the man continued, moving back as I stood up, for at the continued sound of the human voice my prostration had ceased. "You have got no evidence against me. I don't want to hurt you," he added, as I started back on the threatening attitude he assumed. "I don't want to hurt any one. I have got enough of that on my mind to last me my life. Look here," he went on, in the same stealthy voice; "I have been tramping all the day, and I'm damnably wet and thirsty. Haven't you got a drop of spirits in the place?"

It seemed to me from the man's manner that he had been drinking already; but to be engaged in the

homely office of supplying liquor was an agreeable diversion from the occupation of the night. Wyatt's brandy-bottle was on the sideboard. I took it up, and was about to mix some for him with water, but he whispered to me impatiently from the window to hand him the bottle and glass. He poured out nearly half a tumbler, and drank it off.

"How long have you been here?" he repeated, as he set down the glass on the window-sill. "Only two days!" he said, as if to himself, after I had answered him. "So if I had come sooner I should have found the place shut up! Only two days! Only two years since we two were living here, she and I; and the place doesn't seem much changed. Only two years!" he continued, turning round, and again speaking as if to himself. "Only two years since she and I were here together! it seems like two hundred. Look here," he continued, turning round again and stepping over the window-sill into the room; "I want just to see the other room. I have come several thousand miles to see it, I tell you. Yes, I know the way well enough;" and, taking up one of the candles, he led the way into the drawing-room. I followed him.

He looked round the little room, casting a curious look on the floor by the hearth, as if he expected to see something on the faded carpet, and then, advancing towards the fireplace, held the candle up to the picture of the woman above it, before which he stood gazing, the expression on his face a strange mixture of terror and ferocity.

As he did so, the light fell also on the portrait of the man. I saw then who my visitor was. Altered though the features were—brute though he looked now, unkempt and sodden, and disfigured by drink—it was still the same face; and he had been a fine-looking man once.

A few moments he stood thus, his hand trembling as he held up the candle. Then he turned the light on his own picture, and looking back on me with a scowl mixed with a drunken leer, said, "Damn it, drink and bad nights change a fellow, don't they? But I was a good-looking chap enough then."

Just what I was thinking.

"Yes; and Judith was a fine woman too, and no mistake. We were a handsome couple as you would wish to see. And I never, never cared for any woman as I cared for her. She could be pleasant enough, too, when she liked. O Judith, Judith, my girl!" he continued, turning again to the picture, "why couldn't you keep that damned temper of yours under a bit? You might have been here now, and me too, quiet and happy, instead of wandering about the world, afraid to show my face anywhere, regularly gone to the dogs." And he stood looking at the woman's face remorsefully.

"Look here," he said, turning round fiercely to me, although still speaking under his breath, "I didn't pretend to be better than other fellows. The women used to run after me, and how could I help being a bit gay? She knew that when she took me. But I would have treated her well all the same, if she would have taken me as I was. What right had she to open my letters, I should like to know? A man who has lived gay can't get square and right all of a sudden."

"That's how it happened," he continued, after a pause, as if he were trying to restrain an insuperable impulse to speak out; "a nice thing for a man, isn't it, when he comes home after a day's worry, and wants to have a quiet time of it, to find his wife behaving like a perfect devil? That's how it happened," he went on, in

a hoarse whisper, while the foam stood on his dry parched lips. "That's where she stood, there, behind the door, when she pulled out the letter—my letter from the other woman, and marked private—and shrieked at me till they might have heard her up at the village; called me a perjured villain, and said she wouldn't let me touch her again. I let her go on for a bit," continued he, with a cunning leer; "I knew it was no good stopping her in her tantrums; and it was a bit hard on her to find she was not the only woman who thought me a fine man. Then she went away up-stairs, and I thought it was all over. Oh! why didn't she stay there? I thought she would go to bed and sulk a bit, and that we should make it up in the morning. But no; down she came again, and walked up just here," dragging me back, and pointing to the hearth, "and began again just as bad as ever. Declared she would go off at daybreak, and that that other fellow was ready to receive her, and that she had always cared for him more than me. I wasn't going to stand that, you know. What fellow would that had any respect for himself? I told her to hold her tongue or I'd make her; I told her she was telling a damned lie, and she knew it. Oh! why would she go on? Look here; on my oath, I didn't mean to hurt her—I only meant to frighten her a bit. I thought if she found out my rough side she would learn to hold her tongue. Look here," he went on, in a hoarse whisper, pulling me further back, and holdout the candle with his other hand; "that's where she stood, looking a very devil in her rage and beauty, just by the picture; and there," he said, pointing downwards, "is where she fell. I didn't mean it, I say; I swear I didn't mean it. Her head struck the fender. She never moved again. And I've been punished for it, and she knows it. She will never give me any rest as long as she lies where she does. Look here," he went on again; "how could I help doing what I did afterwards? How was I to go and tell? How could I prove it was an accident? I didn't mean to hurt her. Come away from this," he continued, wiping the sweat from his brow with his sleeve, and moved back into the other room, whither I followed him.

The brandy-bottle was still on the table. He poured out another large glass, and drank it off. Far from making him more drunk, it seemed to steady him. "You must know the whole of it," he said, as he put down the glass. "Come along with me. You're not afraid, are you?" he said, with a sneering smile, as he noticed my sudden drawing back; "I wouldn't hurt a fly to-night. Come along, I must make a clean breast of it, or I shall go mad. Come along," and so saying, he stepped out into the veranda, pulling me by the arm.

But I made no difficulty about following him, and he let go my sleeve. I knew whither he was leading. He said truly that I had been frightened at first, but I was so no longer.

He led the way across the lawn to the grove. Dark though the night was, he made as if by instinct for the path that led through it. The wet leaves showered their drops on us as we brushed through the narrow passage. Suddenly he stopped as if in doubt about his way. I knew what he was looking for. "Here it is," he whispered, and turned up the narrow pathway to the glade which I had visited the previous afternoon.

We reached the glade, knowing that we were there more by the freedom from the pressure of shrubs

and branches than from the sight, although the clouds had now passed away, and it was a starlight night.

"Here is the place," said the man, grasping my arm, and speaking in a whisper close to my ear. "No; dont step on it; keep back; perhaps she hears us: there, down there, just in front, is where it is. I carried her there myself, that very night. All night long I dug. It was just such a night as this, as hot as hell. And all the time I was digging she lay there and never moved; and I covered in the grave, and she never moved; and then I ran off, and wrote to say we had both gone away suddenly together. She never moved then, all the time I was at work, but she never leaves me alone now. I used to think it was all fancy, and the brandy; but it is just as bad when I am sober. Hush! perhaps she is listening to us now; but she never comes except when I am alone.

"Now you know why I wanted you. The thing that lies under here must not be allowed to stay there. I shall know no peace till it is moved away, and put into the churchyard; then, perhaps, she will leave me alone. You must promise me that. You'll do it for your own sake, I know. I shall be far away again, but I shall hear about it. I shall know if it is done; and if it isn't, I shall come back and trouble you again. Come away, we have been here long enough." And so saying, the man turned and led the way back to the main path. That reached, he made as if about to start off, but stopping again, seized me by the hand, and went on.

"I haven't told you all yet. There was one man nearly found me out. I was coming out of this infernal place, just at daybreak, when I met a man,—it was the miller. My plan for concealment was discovered. He would know that I was alone,—that she was not with me. No! I didn't kill him, though I was minded to; I got him to leave his mill, and come right away to America then and there. He didn't know what I was after in this wood, and I never let him come here to find out. I never lost sight of him till I got him out of the place; but he suspects, and I have nearly ruined myself trying to keep him him quiet. But he may blab now if he likes, and he won't get any more out of me. I am not going back there again to lead that cursed life."

Then he added, "Now you had better go back to the house; I ain't afraid of your following me, but mind you keep quiet till morning, or it will be worse for you. I know my way out of this." And so saying, he passed on in the direction of the mill, and in an instant I felt rather than saw that I was alone.

To hasten instantly out of the wood and regain the open lawn was my first impulse. Thence I could see the light still burning in the parlour, but I had not courage to enter the house again, still less could I stay where I was and brave another meeting with the apparition. I was now standing in the very spot where I had first seen it, as it moved from the wood into the house; and as soon as I remembered this, I hurried towards the field at the back of the cottage, and so by the path across the field to the village. In these open spaces, tenanted by the quiet cattle, whose forms could be made out recumbent on the grass, there could be no pursuit of these horrors.

By the time I reached the village the first ray of dawn could be made out, and it was soon light. And with the light my courage returned, although the anxiety possessed me not the less strongly to pursue the mystery to an end, if only to satisfy myself that all the scenes I had passed through were not merely

the creations of a disordered and enfeebled brain. Faint though I was and weary, my head seemed clear enough, and presently a draught of milk, obtained from an early milkman, gave me some strength. If Wyatt really came as he had promised, by the first train, he would be here at seven o'clock.

The sun rose bright and unclouded, but I had still a long time to wait. Under different circumstances, there would have been abundant scope for enjoyment in watching the gradual birth of another lovely summer's day—all nature refreshed by the night's rain. But now I was only weary and impatient.

The train arrived. Wyatt stepped out, the only passenger for this station. He quite started on seeing me; my face and appearance evidently reflected the excitement I had gone through.

To his anxious inquiry, what was the matter with me, I could only reply by urging him to press homewards. He should see and judge for himself what was the matter. And at last Wyatt, seeing my condition, gave up questioning, and we pursued our course in silence.

Entering the vegetable garden by the back gate, we came to the little tool-shed. A spade was lying there which I took up and gave to Wyatt, and taking a hoe myself, I led the way to the grove. Arrived at the little glade, I pointed to the mound in the centre, and beginning to ply the hoe, urged him to dig too.

He set to work; but after a few strokes I was compelled to stop from want of strength. Never since childhood had I felt so weak and helpless. Leaning on the hoe, gasping for breath, I urged Wyatt to his task.

He dug away, casting every now and then a doubting look at me, as if he questioned my sanity. The morning was hot, and Wyatt, though a sturdy fellow, began to feel the strain of the unwonted exercise, taken while fasting; and at last he stopped, and leaning on his spade, looked sulkily at me, as if to say that he had humoured me enough.

I replied to his look of reproach by taking the spade from him, and stepping into the hole which he had made, resumed the work of digging. But my labour did not accomplish much; nerves and muscles were both equally relaxed.

Wyatt stood watching my feeble efforts for a time, wiping his brow with his shirt-sleeve. At last, observing that if this tomfoolery was to go on, it had better be done by him, he stepped into the hole again, and taking the spade from me, set to work.

But he too was tired, and did not work with a will; he began grumbling to himself as he dug, speaking in an undertone.

Suddenly he stopped digging, and looked down eagerly. His spade had caught in something.

It was a piece of rag of some sort. The spade severed it easily, and a fragment was thrown up with the earth, and lay exposed on the top of the soil. Another portion could be seen still in the hole, mixed with the loose earth.

My companion's listless manner had left him; he dug now with a will, throwing up large spadefuls quickly.

Presently the spade again met with an obstacle. Something stayed below, when the loose earth was thrown up, projecting above what was left.

Is it a stone or a piece of decayed wood?

Wyatt stopped digging and stooped down to look at it, but drew back again quickly with an exclamation of disgust.

I drew close to the spot, and kneeling, looked down too. The thing was not wood. It was the end

of a human foot; the long bones could be seen, with some decomposed flesh still hanging to them.

Wyatt looked at me for a time, in silence, then he got out of the grave, and laying down the spade, said, "We had better not deal with this matter alone; let us get somebody else to go on with the job. Let us go and call the miller."

He put on his coat and led the way. I followed him—taking a last glance round to where the silent witness of the foul deed protruded from the soil—along the narrow path through the grove, till we got into the open meadow. Then we walked along side by side.

"Not now," said my friend, as I essayed to speak; "tell me all about it by-and-by, when you are cooler. I beg your pardon for having doubted you."

We walked on in silence. As we drew in sight of the mill, we saw a couple of persons, women, standing on the bridge which crossed the race. They were the miller's daughters. They hardly noticed us as we came up; they were staring in rapt attention, looking down towards the stream where the stakes were, at the tail of the race.

As we came up with them, the miller appeared from his house carrying a rake and a rope.

"Another drunken fellow, I suppose," he said, "missed his way over the bridge last night;" and so saying, passed down the bank towards the stakes. We followed him with the girls.

As we approach the spot a dark limp mass can be made out in the water, swayed idly to and fro by the eddy of the stream.

It needed not to see the bloated features, as they dragged the body out of the water, to tell me who it was. I knew from the first moment that I was once more face to face with the visitant of that dread night.

Note by Mr Wyatt.—The foregoing account was the last thing my poor friend wrote, and finding it among his papers, carefully corrected, as if intended for publication, I believe I am justified in publishing it for the benefit of his estate. The truth of it is of course sufficiently corroborated by the discovery of the body of the woman, precisely as described, and of the drowned man, and the interest which the matter excited at the time will be fresh in the recollection of many. Of the occurrences of the night there was no other witness than himself, and the reader must judge how far it was coloured by the condition of his health, the melancholy state of which has been only too faithfully portrayed in his narrative. I can only say that to the day of his death, which happened only a few weeks after the events described, my poor friend always asserted in the strongest terms the truth of what he has written; and the only shade which passed over our friendship during his last illness arose from my having ventured to express somewhat too strongly my doubt whether he was not labouring under a delusion. I am bound in candour to add that his belief in the apparition seems to have been fully shared by the female occupants of the mill, although expressed by them under great reserve. The miller's connection with his brother, the former occupant of the mill, was never fully cleared up; and I cannot but corroborate my friend's account of my having myself seen the female figure passing from the house to the wood, exactly as he describes it, although I should be sorry to say with equal confidence that the appearance was not susceptible of rational explanation.—T. W.

THE RETREAT, STAINHAM LOCK, *October* 1878.

THE BERLIN SETTLEMENT.

THE speech of Lord Beaconsfield at the Guildhall came most opportunely for the purpose of restoring satisfaction to the public mind. The disappointed opponents of the Ministry perpetually endeavour to bewilder themselves and their listeners; and it is not very wonderful if, in the constant vicissitudes to which the progress of Eastern affairs is exposed, they are able occasionally to raise a fog and obscure the public judgment. Consistency in their criticism is no object to them whatever. The one principle which runs through it is, that the last incident which has occurred, no matter what it is, is to the eternal discredit of the British Ministry. Never was seen such insensate folly in planning, such culpable shortsightedness in executing! At one time the most cherished desire of all right-minded politicians is to protect Christians and insist on reformed administration; at another, it is perfect madness to undertake separate supervision with that view in Asia Minor, joint supervision in Europe. At one time joint action with Russia is the only policy which a true Briton would adopt so as to divide the credit of the greatest stroke yet made for human happiness and freedom. At another, nothing but the most reckless imprudence prevented our insisting at Berlin upon collective action against Russia. Formerly, nothing good was to be said of the treaties of Paris; not a blow should be struck in their behalf. Those treaties were dead and gone; and the sole object of British solicitude was the welfare of the Christians. Now, it appears that the settlement at Berlin robbed us of all those advantages which we gained in 1856; and it is all owing to the incapacity of the Ministers that the Russians are across the Danube. Nothing could be more wicked than to offer armed opposition to the Czar; but at the same time nothing is more outrageous than that his power should be increased, or the sphere of his influence extended. To defend the integrity of the Sultan's dominions was the highest of political crimes; to consent to its partial dismemberment after a disastrous war was equally outrageous. For England to undertake responsibility is an insane covenant; but English Ministers stand condemned before the bar of Liberal opinion for every Bulgarian atrocity and for every Ottoman reverse.

No wonder that people get bewildered at times, and while the voice of "sense and truth" is silent, fancy that Eastern affairs are doomed to interminable confusion. Doubtless there are and will be for a long time to come elements of disturbance. The mutual hatreds of rival races, and the utter disorganisation of society which resulted from this long, brutal, and unrighteous war, so wantonly fomented by some English Liberals, will not be speedily corrected. The unfortunate victims of pseudo-philanthropy have not yet reached the term of their sufferings. But nothing can be simpler, clearer, or more straightforward than the policy of Great Britain in the past, the present, and the future. For three years, through good report and evil report, we adhered with tenacity and singleness of purpose to the Paris Treaty. When the result of the war rendered it no longer applicable, we insisted on that settlement being revised by the signatory Powers, and

repudiated any treaty made by any two of them. The signatory Powers substituted the Berlin settlement for the Paris treaties, and now we insist that that settlement shall be carried out to the letter, and to the complete spirit. It is idle to say that in the course of these events massacres occurred here and misgovernment occurred there. The men who say this know that England could not have prevented them, and are the first to denounce her for having undertaken greater responsibilities in the future, so as to be able to exercise control. The one point upon which the conduct of England is vulnerable is this: show that the Berlin Treaty is less efficacious than the Paris Treaty for promoting the welfare of the East and the security of the British empire, and that rather than submit to it, war would have been a wiser alternative, and then the policy of the Ministry stands condemned. But no one dreams of arguing to that effect. No one comes forward to suggest any alternative course which was possible to adopt. Most people were astonished that such an advantageous arrangement was possible under the circumstances, and without a serious struggle. Party critics indulge in general skirmishing, and endeavour to press into their service the smaller incidents of the hour, possibly under the necessity of being obliged to make an effective speech to an admiring audience. But all such ephemeral criticism dies away as soon as it is uttered. The broad features of the settlement remain, and the great mass of Englishmen are proud of the result, and of the manner in which it was accomplished.

For our part, we think that all discussion which goes behind the Berlin Treaty is unpractical and good for nothing. The whole of that long controversy on which the attention of this country was riveted is consigned to history. We watched its course as carefully as most people, and, except for the dismay with which we found the Russians approaching Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and no declaration of war from this side of the Channel, we did so with satisfaction. But the Treaty of Berlin gave us nearly or quite as much as we could have hoped to get from a successful war. No doubt we undertake responsibilities, but these were inevitable, and were the price at which a costly and arduous struggle was averted. Has any politician suggested any course better adapted to the end in view, and, at the same time, likely to obtain the consent of Europe? If not, he may throw his negative criticism to the winds. It is worthless. No one will attend to it. It is doomed to perish as soon as it sees the light, however much it may be cheered by the nincompoops at Scarborough and Rhyl.

As regards the Treaty *itself*, of what possible avail is it to impugn any particular provision, unless it is shown what other and better provision Europe would have assented to? For instance, Sir William Harcourt denounces the absence of any stipulation securing collective action against Russia in case the settlement is impeded. He thinks that without such stipulation the Russians will never be cleared out of Turkey; and that England prevented its insertion. But if he refers to the Blue-books he will see (Turkey, No. 39, p. 232) that the proposal or hint at collective action came from Russia, with, no doubt, very different views from those which Sir W. Harcourt has so tardily and unexpectedly expressed. Turkey was opposed to it (p. 239). Prince Gortschakoff's proposal for a collective guarantee that the resolutions

of the Congress should be executed was rejected not by England, but by Prince Bismarck. No doubt England would have objected to an arrangement so well calculated to be used for the purpose of oppressing the Turks. But the President of the Congress himself pointed out (p. 240) that it was impracticable, and that "if the Powers engaged themselves jointly to use force at need, they would risk the provocation among themselves of grave disunion." The demand, he said, exceeded the resources of the Congress. So much for the complaint that no collective action against Russia was provided for. It is extremely refreshing to hear that an advanced Liberal could contemplate, under any circumstances, collective action against the great champion whose stroke for freedom and good government has been the grandest ever made in the history of the world. But wonders never cease, and no inconsistency in their criticism is too great for men whose only line of policy is that every act done or omitted by their own Government is morally wrong or intellectually purblind.

Then as regards the execution of the Berlin settlement, there is absolutely no occasion for any doubt or uncertainty as to the duty and policy of this country. There is undoubtedly need for great watchfulness and patient resolution, but scarcely for any anxiety as to its ultimate success. We endeavoured to enforce this idea when the Treaty was only three months old. Nothing has since occurred to disturb it. The "harebrained chatter of irresponsible frivolity" goes for nothing. The due execution of the Treaty of Berlin depends upon this —the disposition of the Powers to give it effect. At present there are no indications that any one of the signatory Powers contemplates retiring, or has changed its mind with regard to the anxious determination each and every one of them has expressed to have the entire settlement carried out and completed. When it is said that the Berlin Treaty settled nothing, that is true as regards the internal affairs and conditions of the Turkish empire. With regard to these it laid down the principles on which a settlement should thereafter be made, and prescribed the mode of its accomplishment and the time within which it should be effected. The actual settlement was confined to this; and it was the all-important indispensable preliminary to any reconstruction of South-eastern Europe—viz., the terms on which the discordant purposes of the Powers should give place to the united voice of Europe. The Berlin Congress pronounced the decree, and prescribed the mode of its execution. It averted a general war. The same causes which brought about a general peace in July last are in operation now, and will continue to operate. It is not till Russia is in a condition, and manifests an intention, to make a fresh appeal to the arbitrament of the sword, that there will be the slightest occasion to fear any general disturbance growing out of the state of affairs existing in South-eastern Europe. Unfortunately we cannot help the scenes of misery which ensue, and are only too likely to recur. They are the inevitable result of this barbarous war, and must be laid to the account of its guilty authors. The scenes of desolation and misery which have been enacted in the name of freedom and humanity shock the conscience of mankind; but, unfortunately, they are not the first, and will not be the last, of the sanguinary consequences of hypocritical ambition.

The duty of this country in the present conjuncture is so exceedingly plain and simple that we cannot understand any reasonable politician allowing the subject to be obscured by the utmost efforts of Opposition journals and orators. With a patience which knew no limits, and which was ultimately successful—with a tenacity of purpose which foiled the utmost craft and violence of Muscovite statesmen—the English Government succeeded in maintaining peace, and in substituting the Berlin settlement for the Paris treaties. We cannot play over again the same patient and waiting game which we have played for the last three years. The honour of the country is concerned in having this Berlin Treaty carried out to the last clause. We do not mean to say that the course of events may not show that some revision, here and there, by the signatory Powers will be advisable. But it is absolutely impossible that Great Britain should allow the execution of the Treaty to be impeded in any important particular, or to any extent which in the least degree jeopardises the balance of power as it was finally struck at Berlin. We shall stand convicted of cowardice and indecision in the eyes of the world if we submit to the slightest chicanery or trifling on the part of Russian agents. The Berlin Treaty is the outcome of years of suppressed strife, and is the last plank which separates us from a general war. We cannot again allow the creation of a state of things to which the Treaty is inapplicable, and again enter a Congress in order to effect a fresh resettlement. Such a procedure would render us the laughing-stock of Europe. The honour as well as the place of this country amongst the nations of the world, is staked upon the due execution of the Treaty of Berlin. We must have that settlement carried out in its entirety, or consent to recede in the scale of nations.

There has been absolutely no indication up to the present time of any settled or growing or incipient determination on the part of the Russian sovereign and Cabinet to retire from the Treaty, or to impair in any way its "solemn and obligatory character," which at the Congress Count Schouvaloff was so eager to strengthen. At the same time we do not deny that minor incidents have occurred of some considerable importance. Still they are of a character which all must have expected who know how ineffective occasionally is the control exercised over Russian agents by the Central Government. As the probability of our being embroiled in Affghanistan increased, and in proportion as symptoms (however delusive) of a reaction of feeling set in amongst the English people, so will attempts, no doubt, be made to wrest some advantages from a change of situation. Moreover, there have been news of alarming disturbances in Macedonia, the aggressors being the Bulgarians, possibly with the connivance of the Russians. There is jealousy on the part of the Russian troops in regard to Austrian movements towards Salonica. There was the address of the Russian Governor-General of Bulgaria previous to his leaving Philippopolis. There was also the declaration of Prince Lobanoff that the Russians would not withdraw from Turkish territory until the final convention with Turkey was signed. There has been, and there will always be, danger that the local Russian authorities may encourage insurrections and disturbances with a view to profit by them. Prince Dondaukoff-Korsakoff—who is at the head of the Bulgarian administration, frankly declares that his

object is to effect the union of Bulgaria with Eastern Roumelia regardless of the Treaty of Berlin. The Foreign Office at St Petersburg occasionally disavows the violent language of its subordinate, and the Prime Minister of England has denounced his harebrained chatter. The Prince, however, is on the spot, and under his influence the Bulgarians petition for the restoration of the Treaty of San Stefano, and denounce the wrong which has been done to their compatriots in Roumelia and Macedonia. The Prince, no doubt, represents the will, but not the power, of Russia to reverse the settlement. The military party of that country is not the most influential, and its recent policy is felt to have been disastrous. Besides these indications of hostility on the spot, the tone of the Russian newspapers was menacing and wholly unrestrained.

The anonymous paragraphs to which Lord Beaconsfield drew attention were sprinkled over almost the entire Russian press. They professed to regard the Berlin Treaty as already extinct—destroyed by its own injustice. There will be no peace, they declared, while the trans-Balkan lands lie under the control of the Turks. The huge Bulgaria must be restored, the great struggle between England and Russia must be fought out in Roumelia and Affghanistan; any alternative is better than a ruinously expensive armistice, and a radical change in the history and position of one of these two great Powers must be the result. Is it wonderful that with all this "irresponsible frivolity" afloat on the surface of international life, our great Liberal leaders were impeaching everybody, denouncing everything; doing their utmost to disturb the public mind and unsettle its resolution? If the Berlin Treaty depends for its execution upon the disposition of the signatory Powers to give it effect, it is equally clear that unless that disposition is strengthened by the determination of England, it will certainly fail. The one security for general peace is, that England should guard with resolution the provisions of that Treaty, and make it understood abroad that she will enforce it at the point of the sword.

In spite of these indications on the part of the Russian press and subordinate officials, it is impossible to believe that the Russian Government has swerved at all from its determination to carry out this Treaty. Russia would never have assented to this Treaty if she were in a condition to go to war with Great Britain, after all the losses in men, money, and material which she has incurred. She needs to recruit her energies, restore her credit, and develop her resources. The prospect of internal commotion and disorders is by no means a pleasant subject; that which lies before her financiers is positively alarming. According to the St Petersburg 'Exchange Gazette' the National Debt has been nearly trebled in the last two years, and henceforward one-third of the entire revenue will have to be devoted to the payment of interest. There was a deficit before the war began; and in addition to the enormous increase of public debt, there is also the loss entailed by the profuse issue of paper-money. Before the war, the uncovered notes amounted to seven hundred millions of roubles; during the war five hundred millions were added. The result of the two together is to depreciate the currency by one-half, with, of course, a corresponding increase in the rate of exchange. Meanwhile the war expenditure continues, and probably will not be greatly diminished so long as any

part of the Berlin Treaty remains unexecuted. Sooner or later the financial condition of a country must react upon its foreign policy. The resources of Russia have already been enormously strained. Its recent schemes of annexation have not been crowned with much success. The burdens which they have entailed are out of all proportion to the advantages reaped, and although the "irresponsible frivolity" of Prince Dondaukoff and others may be utterly unteachable, the leading statesmen of Russia, the commercial and agricultural classes, all who are interested in industry and prosperity, must long for peace as absolutely necessary for the salvation of the country. "Were Russian victory ever so complete," says the 'Exchange Gazette,' exasperated at the insane projects of its contemporaries in Roumelia and Affghanistan, "it would have to be succeeded by the permanent display of immense military forces in and on the Black Sea and on the Indian frontier. Where then should we find the promised facilities for domestic development? Let us have done with the Eastern Question at length, and devote ourselves to home affairs." We rejoice to think that it is not only at the Guildhall, and on Lord Mayor's Day, that the voice of "sense and truth" is to be heard. In recent years we have seen a change come over the spirit of the French. It may be that the lessons of the last two years, less sharp but more prolonged than those which were taught in 1870-71, may lead to the Russian Government and people exchanging their restless and ruinous system of foreign policy for plans of internal reform. The harebrained chiefs of the Russian war-party are *hostes humani generis;* but the confusion and distress which have attended their impolitic and impracticable manœuvres will probably effect the downfall of their influence, and bind over their deluded country to keep the peace for the future.

We may rest assured, however, that there will be little wisdom in the English people relaxing in any degree their determination to have this Treaty carried out in all its provisions. That is the ultimate and unfailing guarantee of success. Hitherto there has been nothing to complain of in the acts of the Russian Government. Under the Treaty, as Lord Beaconsfield has recently reminded us, Russia has retired from Constantinople and from the Straits of Gallipoli, both of which were within her grasp, and were of vital importance. Under the same Treaty she restored to the Porte the city of Erzeroum, "which soon will in all probability be the scene of the strongest fortifications in Asia Minor." And on the other side, in pursuance of the same Treaty, the Sultan has surrendered the Danubian fortresses and the Bay of Batoum. At the same time committees and commissions have been appointed to mark out the boundaries of the different states and provinces created by that Treaty. These, no doubt, are its leading provisions; and it is not very reasonable to suppose that the Power which has so far observed good faith, does so with the deliberate intention of violating it hereafter. It is, of course, conceivable that the Government of the Czar may be overborne, or attempted to be overborne, by the reckless fanatics who, in every country, lose sight of national interests in their own headstrong infatuation. If so, the resolution and firmness of this country will not merely be the salvation of England and Europe, but will be the protection of Russia from her internal and most deadly enemies.

The position which the British Government has taken up in the matter was defined by Lord Beacons-

field at the Guildhall with the utmost clearness and precision, and in terms which won the cheers of his audience and the applause of the nation. Nothing can be more distinct and definite than the following pledge, and both Government and people will alike be covered with discredit if it should ever be pointed to as unredeemed:—

"I can say this on the part of her Majesty's Government, that it is their policy and their determination that the Treaty of Berlin shall be carried out in spirit and to the letter. And believing that the settlement of Berlin expressed in the Treaty, is one that will advance the progress and civilisation of the world, and that it includes provisions admirably adapted to secure peace and the maintenance of peace, her Majesty's Government would, if necessary, appeal with confidence to the people of this country to support them in maintaining to the letter and the complete spirit the Treaty of Berlin with all their energy and all their resources."

That is a pledge from which it is impossible to recede; and from the policy expressed, thereby, it would be most unwise, as well as unsafe, both for ourselves and for other nations in any degree to depart.

The day after Lord Beaconsfield's speech at Guildhall the Emperor of Austria assured the delegations that he would support the Berlin Treaty with the greatest fidelity. He regarded the Treaty as "calculated to prevent the recurrence of dangers which menaced the peace of Europe and the interests of Austro-Hungary." And as regards the Austrian share of the duties imposed by that Treaty, he called upon the delegates to support his Government. The heavy task of occupying and administering Bosnia and the Herzegovina had been undertaken in order to promote European peace and Austrian welfare, and must be conducted to a successful conclusion. The Czar has also given assurances, if we may trust the daily papers, both at St Petersburg and at Paris, of his firm determination to carry out the Treaty. And as we reminded our readers last October, both M. Waddington and Prince Bismarck took an early opportunity of declaring their earnest hope that the Treaty would be carried out completely and loyally. Prince Bismarck also intimated his opinion, which recent events have so fully justified, "that the close of the late and the prevention of the threatened war are a pledge of peace, and that the reactions resulting from unsolved details no longer have the power to disturb it."

Over and above the duty of watching over and insisting upon the due execution of the Treaty of Berlin, Great Britain has other subjects of attention in the East. In 1856, besides the Treaty of Paris, there was a tripartite treaty between France, Austria, and England, by which the three Powers agreed, at the instance of one of them, to defend the integrity and independence of the Turkish empire by force of arms. That treaty was concluded apart from the rest of the signatory Powers. So also in 1878 the Anglo-Turkish convention was in further pursuance of our policy in the East, in furtherance of the general settlement, but pledging the parties concerned to a defined course of action. It was extremely satisfactory to hear from Lord Beaconsfield that the island of Cyprus, in reference to which political and other evils have been so profusely prophesied, will not merely pay its own expenses, but will become a most important military and naval station, from which England can watch over its interests in Asia Minor and Egypt. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the cordial and friendly explanations with France in reference to that matter which have recently

been published. They were taking place at the time when Mr Gladstone and others in the House of Commons were endeavouring to sow the seeds of suspicion and jealousy between the two countries. It must be satisfactory to every one to learn that England and France are thoroughly at one with respect to Egypt, and that, in fact, any designs which Russia may have conceived against the security of our Indian route have been rendered impracticable.

Moreover, the English scheme of reforms in Asia Minor is progressing satisfactorily. In its fundamental points the Porte appears to have accepted it, and we may rest assured that it will not be suffered to remain a dead letter. A *gendarmerie* will be established, as stipulated, and organised by European officers. The regulations have been already drawn up. Reforms in the administration of justice will be secured by travelling inspectors, two for each vilayet, one of whom is to be a European. They will be empowered to receive complaints against the judges, visit the prison, and watch that justice prevails. Tithes are to be immediately abolished and replaced by a new system of land taxation. In fact, the financial reorganisation proposed by England is accepted, but its application, as well as that of some other reforms, will be gradual, and depending from time to time on the finance at the disposal of the Sultan.

These Eastern troubles have certainly resulted in a most magnificent triumph for this country. A prolonged war could scarcely have given us more, and it would not in any degree have alleviated the responsibilities which we had no option but to incur. If, after all that has happened, no one undertakes that good government shall be guaranteed and invasion brought to an end, the vast dominions of the Sultan must gradually but inevitably roll into the open arms of the Northern conqueror. A war such as that of twenty years ago, followed by inaction, effects only a temporary respite. Great Britain must either retire from the controversy and abandon the defence of her Eastern interests, or mount guard over the settlement which is made. We have chosen the latter alternative. We have the advantage of the co-operation of Austria, whose introduction upon the scene of action is a new factor which serves to restore the balance in the European provinces. We must discharge similar functions ourselves in Asia Minor, and we could scarcely have escaped from it even after a successful war. Russian designs were evidently foiled without a blow, and with a minimum of expenditure. All the European Powers rallied round this country, which has once more assumed its rightful place, and exercises an influence which is gratefully acknowledged and universally felt.

It is not to be expected that a great national triumph of this sort should be achieved without raising in the breasts of vindictive opponents a large measure of vituperative wrath. Mr Gladstone, of course, is stung to the quick at his rival's brilliant success, and consumes his utmost energies in his interminable and inconsistent attacks. In anticipation of Lord Mayor's Day he poured forth a speech at Rhyl. Immediately after Lord Beaconsfield's speech there appeared a querulous letter from the same opponent in the morning papers. The few public appearances of the Prime Minister are always the fruitful theme of his rival's discourse. Audible hisses precede his entrance and greet his departure. In the speech at Rhyl Mr Gladstone declared that the Liberal

party—by which we presume he meant himself and his friends—had always been anxious to give the Ministry a fair field, and to find "an excuse for refraining from attack, an excuse for maintaining silence." We regret, for their own sakes, that they have been so eminently unsuccessful in their search; at all events Mr Gladstone did not find it at Rhyl. He knows that the one hope of peace is that the Berlin settlement should be carried out—that whatever its merits or demerits, it is the last refuge of Europe from a general war. Yet there is nothing too strong for him to say against it, with a view to create dissatisfaction and diminish the sense of international duty in regard to it. In the spirit of a Philo-Turk he complains that it had given Russia the territory which she had demanded, which she had won by the sword both in Asia and in Europe; it had replaced her upon the Danube from which the Treaty of Paris drove her back; it had not given to Turkey a day of tranquillity nor a district in which her independence remains. In Europe she is to be supervised by the Powers; in Asia she is to be supervised by England. And a few days afterwards he complained that Lord Beaconsfield, who has secured those priceless advantages to the Christians, consistently neglected their interests. The whole Treaty, he insisted, was the result of concealed hostilities, narrow and selfish motives, unsatisfactory sentiments and aims; and then he contrasted it with the Geneva Arbitration, much to the advantage of the latter. The present Government had spent six millions, and made eighty millions of enemies; he had spent three millions and made forty millions of friends. When he paid the Arbitration money he neither haggled nor made difficulties, for he felt "that that method of settling public controversy was just, wise, politic, and Christian." In fact, whether Mr Gladstone looked at home or abroad, he could see nothing but a wilderness of confusion. The eye brings with it what it wishes to see. Mr Gladstone is smarting under the sense of defeat, — the supremacy of his rival. Everything is wrong: whether Russia is beaten or victorious, whether Turkey is whole or dismembered, whether Christians are neglected or supervised. The one green spot in the melancholy survey was "a paper in the 'Nineteenth Century' by a gentleman of the name of Dunckley." That alone gives him any comfort. Behind the shelter of "Verax," the ex-Prime Minister of the Crown was not above aiming his shaft at the sovereign. "Make her an Empress, forsooth!" The Queen had lately, he considered, taken up a position of personal responsibility, and if that were allowed, our liberties are gone. It is astonishing how often of late our liberties have vanished. We were told over and over again that they were gone when the vote of credit was passed; and as for the bringing some Indian troops to Malta, the independence of St Stephen's was at the mercy of the Sepoy. An unprincipled Minister could bring an army up the Thames without the consent of Parliament. Hitherto, he significantly declared, the champions of liberty had never been driven to impair the dignity of the Crown; but now, the foe of loyalty appears upon the scene, and questions have been raised which concern most of all the deepest interests of the Throne. This is pretty well for an ex-Prime Minister who himself, when in office, cancelled a decision of the House of Lords with the aid of Royal prerogative, and who cannot point to a single act of the present Ministry in relation to the Crown which

both Houses of Parliament have been at any time willing to question. The whole conduct of Mr Gladstone—his refusal to lead his own party, his refusal to give the slightest support to the Queen's Government during any part of the perilous and critical times through which we have passed, the paralysis which he has inflicted upon the Opposition, and the manner in which he has striven to create public confusion and increase the difficulties of the Ministry,—will tell heavily against his reputation in any fair estimate of his career. Nothing like it has been seen in the memory of the oldest politician. In marked contrast to his restless volubility, Lord Granville and Lord Hartington preserve the reticence of statesmen. In their places in Parliament they will discharge the constitutional duties of Opposition, and no doubt will be listened to with respect by their opponents as well as by their followers.

Sir William Harcourt also found it necessary to make one of those telling speeches, which absolutely glitter with indiscretion and reckless disregard of the public interests. The collapse of the Berlin Treaty necessarily implies war; but Sir William Harcourt glibly and delightedly prophesied its utter and speedy failure. "Everybody," he exclaimed, "is accusing everybody else of violating that Treaty, and no one seems to pay much respect to its provisions." Instead of peace with honour we were on the eve of great complications; the Treaty was put together by unskilful artisans; the only parts which had been executed were the cessions to Russia. Austria was not yet at Novi-bazar. Greece must inevitably occasion a conflict; every morning there were fresh insurrections in Albania and Macedonia. The Eastern Roumelia Commission was already in difficulties. Of course Russian intrigue was going on in Roumelia, and would continue so long as there was a Turkish Government to the province. Russian rights under the Treaty of San Stefano would practically nullify the Treaty of Berlin. The Berlin settlement was the Dunciad of diplomacy; the Anglo-Turkish Convention was worse; the fiasco of Cyprus was the laughing-stock of all military men. The Turks would sign any plan of reform, but all that the Ministry wanted was to cover their defeat at Berlin. In fact, he revelled in prophesies of ruin, and gloated over the prospect of disaster which he conjured up to gratify his own and his hearers' political animosities. Challenged by the 'Times' to point out what was his alternative proposal, his one sovereign remedy was immediately propounded. It was "to take the control of affairs out of the hands of men who have so grossly and deplorably mismanaged them." That was the grand specific. Restore the Government to the hands of Messrs Gladstone and Harcourt, and all will go well. Only five years ago and the same authority assured us that Liberal statesmanship was a lost art. Pending, however, the return of better times, we have at least this clear admission from him, that it is against Russia that the collective action of Europe will be in all probability chiefly needed; that what is really wanted is a European sanction to enforce the Treaty as against Russia (see letter in 'Times,' Nov. 2, 1878). Mr Gladstone, moreover, at Rhyl, used language in denouncing the Treaty which would have cheered the heart of a Philo-Turk, and actually sneered at the Government's want of spirit in not calling Russia to account for sending a mission to Affghanistan, while they hold the Ameer responsible for receiving it.

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